





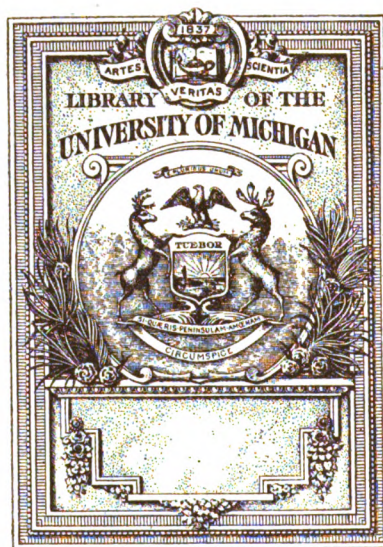


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SEVENTH SERIES

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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Bernardine*, *The Forgotten Rock*, &c.

CHAPTER I.—SOLWAY SANDS.

NEAR the tip of a sunburnt finger of the Solway Sands an old Galloway country-house stands cresting a heugh—the Galloway vernacular for a sea-cliff—unscreened by so much as a single tree, naked to every blast that blows.

What the house is like, what its name is, where it exactly stands, whether between Dee and Cree, in Stewartry or Shire, are of little concern with this tale. Enough to say that it is now a long, rambling shooting-box; that from the hall-door one can see, not seldom through mist, the tops of Sreel, Bengairn, and old Criffel—their names are as virile as their shoulders!—and that at every falling of the dusk, St Bees' light across the Firth blinks compassionably towards it from canny Cumberland.

Looking southward through its diamond panes, the eye (given a clear summer day) may trace far out on the jewelled floor of the sea a faint pencilling marking the Isle of Man. Nearer, the blue peaks of Skiddaw, Scafell, and their comrade hills, guardians of the dales, keep watch on the English coast. Breaking the middle distance sparkles a line of silver-blue, the chain-mail of the Solway when the swift squadrons of her tide charge up the Firth. At the ebb, the fugitive sea, unrolling a magic carpet shot with red and gold, with russet brown, with glowing splashes of lemon, lays bare the wide stretch of sand to bask in the sun, its great curve narrowing down to a tawny border of rocks all laced with seaweed, in the little bay at the heugh's foot.

Behind the house rises a rampart of hills, hard-featured, ill-fringed with rough grass and heather, pitted with dour granite seams, raggedness in its contour, tenanted only by a few moor-fed sheep and the shy birds that love solitary places, rugged and boulder-strewn, yet with a character and presence of its own, of a pattern with the lonely seaboard parish that it watches and crowns.

Not beautiful, perhaps, this tiny notch in the coastline of Old Scotland; but to me, a wanderer, a dear and friendly memory, for no one—an he would—shall escape from the glamour of his boyhood's environment. Dull city square, quiet of stately woods, a mean, clamorous street, an island-od of turf floating in the Atlantic—if one

of these but spells home and youth, the call of the blood is towards it; a trifle—the scent of the hay, a song-bird's rhapsody, a long-forgotten 'accent' holding the heart for an elusive moment—and a man's thoughts on some sudden rainbow of memory bridge the leagues and the lost years. At least so it is with me, Francis Herries, for I am a Galloway man. If I sit down by the rivers of Babylon, be sure that I have a vision of the 'channel' of the Nith and the purple glow on Criffel. Wherefore the old house on the shore, far off the beaten track, haunted by piping sea-fowl and the voice of the tide, is a lodestone of memory. For there I dreamed and dreamed, and nursed the secret, sensitive thoughts of a boy.

A delectable corner this for a long-legged boy to quest and range around in! For were there not the heughs, dangerous and beckoning, starred with yellow tansy, rich in strange birds' nests and eggs on uncanny ledges; enchanted caves where the echo of one's voice boomed round the roof like a giant's, startling the blue-rocks to a sudden whirl of wings; musical burns with plump brown trout in them; blaeberries in secret green gussets of the hills; mysterious black hill-tarns, drops of ink in the heather! The place was a boy's El Dorado of imaginings. Romance clothed it like its heather mantle. Covenanters lurked among the rocks, dragoons passing within a yard of them; bright-eyed brownies peered, popping in and out of the bracken; the caves held treasure-trove, contraband silks and kegs of brandy, hunted Jacobites, smugglers, pirates; all the gallant and inspiring phantoms of youthful dreams.

All healthy boys, I think, are more or less Romanticists, so it came about that my cousin and I soon enrolled the urchins of the village hard by under our banner of high adventure. Of my cousin more anon, but I was by consent dreamer-in-chief to the gang. I remember a huge tree lying where it had fallen after a gale, across a burn on the hillside. With the limitless resource of youth, we would make it serve one day as a castle with a portcullis, moat, pit and gallows, complete; another time it would be a sailing-ship, a long branch of it the yard-arm, where miserable captives (of course off the Spanish Main) 'walked the plank'—into the burn; or

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it was the dizzy main-truck, the acrobatic lookout spying the Jolly Roger running up twenty times a day; or there the lone chief of the Blackfeet, sated with the single-handed slaying of buffaloes, would pensively await at his wigwam the return at eve of his braves, bearing many 'pale-face' scalps—that is, turnips, and, like kisses, the more theftuously obtained the better. And if we tired of the hills, there was always the mystery of the sea, the welcome call of the ebb and flow of the tide, inviting and close at hand.

A giant's thumb-mark carpeted with green turf near a heugh's brink was my favourite lair; and there, the fresh wind singing round me, I would lie by the hour, spyglass in hand, picking up the ships beating up the Firth, or watching the blue distances and the smoke rising from the towns on the English side. Once, greatly daring, I dipped the flag in front of the house to a gunboat on survey close inshore, and, to my joy, the Queen's ship made stately answer. I strutted and put on airs for a week after this marked honour. But there were not very many craft about, for the ports on the Scottish side of the Firth are small. However, this was merely a whetstone to my zeal. The ships I did see were in imagination promptly hauled-to, boarded, rechristened, put about, and their prows set for the Isles—alas! now lost—the Isles of Make-Believe. What though they bore the humdrum, registered Board of Trade names of the *New Importer*, the *Mochrum Lass*, or the *Jane and Elizabeth of Maryport*, and their cargoes were of prosaic huckster stuff like salt or oilcake? To me their tarry crews were Argonauts, their gray sails the wings of Romance, glittering and authentic. They were purple-sailed, with the tiger-stripes of Carthage. They were beaked triremes shining with the shields and helmets of old Rome. One I would fancy a lonely straggler from the Armada, a great Cross on her mainsail, a haughty Castilian looking down from her high, carved stern; another, bold Yawkin's lugger running before the wind with a rich cargo of French brandy, and the revenue cutter astern; or I would conjure up the pale ghost of Paul Jones at the wheel, abeam of the shore road under the lee of Criffel, hard by where he was born; or a gallant old 'seventy-four,' her white ensign on the wind, the fifes of the Marines shrilling, drums beating to quarters, and the seas creaming white in her wake.

Ay de mi! oftentimes since then, under burning suns, over the estranging seas, I have ached for a sight of the Solway shore and the sweet, wet tang of her southerly gales.

CHAPTER II.—'THE AYRESHIRE ROSE.'

ONE notable morning stands out clear against the background of those boyish days.

My cousin Hugh, four years my senior, for distinguished conduct in the turnip-fields as dog-

leader and game-bag carrier, had been presented with a rook-rifle, and in the first delighted flush of his new dignity unbent so far as to extend to me his patronage.

'Would you like to come with me to the loch to-morrow, kid?' said he. 'I'm going to try a cast, and if the fish aren't rising I'll practise with the rook-rifle at a target. I've spoken to my guv'nor, and it'll be all right.'

He added carelessly that I could look after the luncheon-basket, and exercise Glen and Topsy, two of the dogs, to keep me, I supposed, in my place, lest I might harbour wild dreams of being allowed to fire a shot. I accepted my honour meekly but promptly, in case he should show signs of revoking.

'But you won't be allowed to go if the weather is at all bad. Be up at half-past five, for we have a long drive to the loch,' he concluded, and continued a wholly unnecessary scrutiny of his brand-new lethal weapon. I prayed for fine weather twice that evening, and woke up four times to peer through the window.

Alas! next morning, when I rose and feverishly scanned the weather signs, my hopes sank, for a veil of mist hovered and lifted, and lifted and hovered, between a leaden sky and a leaden sea. I dressed hurriedly, and met my cousin with a blithe front but a sinking heart.

'I think the weather is going to clear, Hugh,' quoth I glily.

'Bluff! Not much!' was the terse reply. 'You're not coming. That's flat!'

It was flat—as flat, I thought with a gulp, as being told off to learn the Shorter Catechism or weed the garden, my two most dreaded 'fatigue' duties. But there was no help for it. In gloomy silence I watched him drive off, hoping that no one would notice that I was 'near the greetin'.

But mark the sure law of compensation working towards the comfort of crestfallen youth. I had turned towards the sea, and stood glowering at the thin curtain of the mist and the shadows marshalling, dissolving, taking form and shape again. The morning was windless; but in a short time I was like to be wet to the skin, for with the flow of the tide a soft rain was falling so quietly as to be scarcely audible against lattice and roof. The tide was stealing up without a ripple and almost without a sound. There was an uncanny quiet in the trailing mists and the secretive voice of the sea as it crept surely and swiftly on its way. The weather, too, was unlike the uncompromising rain of the Solway, the morning more like one of the tear-stained West Highlands, where, hardly conscious of the suggestion of a shower, one suddenly discovers that the crafty weather, silently, without haste, without rest, has filled the burns and veiled the hills.

Shivering, I made up my mind to go down to the shore to see the salmon stake-nets fished,

and ran briskly for warmth along the sheep-track that winds along the crest of the heugh. A short-cut, with the charm of danger in it, trailed down the scarred face of the Gled's Rock, a steep ladder of boulders and loose stones that sloped gradually to the sands two hundred feet below. I started to clamber down it. I was as active as a goat, and knew every inch of the way. About half-way down, on a handy ledge, I stopped to take a breath for a minute or two, when I fancied that I heard a hail. I strained my ears to catch a sound, but there was nothing but the cautious answering calls of the whaups and the thin bleat of the distant sheep. Suddenly the sound arose again, unmistakable, inexpressibly beseeching and mournful, the long-drawn howl of a dog. It came from the west, on my right from where I stood. A minute or more sped, and again the sound arose. I would have paid but little heed, for wandering dogs in the parish were common enough, until suddenly it was borne in upon me that the sound came from the sea.

I listened. Down on the shore, about two hundred yards below the house, looking as mean and treacherous in the gray morning as the hand of a wrecker, a long dagger of rock narrowed down to a point that sheathed itself in the sand. The mists were clearing a little, and I could just make out its sombre outline, when the sound arose again yet nearer, and it seemed to me from beyond the little promontory. Just then a half-bearded streak of sun pierced the haze, and, to my amazement, I thought that I caught a glimpse of the spars and sails of a ship peering over the rock's ridge. I say I was amazed, for it was little short of miraculous for a ship of any draught to have been so close inshore unless driven there by stress of weather. Even a small sailing-boat required delicate handling among the sands and currents. But there was no wind, and the flow of the tide was so calm that scarcely a whisper of it reached me. The thing was inexplicable. It might have been a mirage. I rubbed my eyes, and even as I did so the sun took heart, the mist parted swiftly like a torn curtain, and there, rounding the point, was a fore-and-aft schooner, boom-foresail and standing jib set, a light-green hull with a broad white band on it, coming tardily, listlessly, head on, straight to the shallows a hundred and fifty feet below the ledge on the cliff where I stood. I obeyed my first instinct, gave a loud, warning 'Ahoy!' and signalled frantically to her to stand off. For all answer came again the long, dolorous call of the dog and the shrill cries of the startled sea-fowl around me.

The schooner was now so near that I could hear the groaning of her tackle and the faint wash of the feathering water at her bows. I shouted again; and, as if at the sound of my voice, she swung round a point or two, and lumbered forward, just grazing a half-covered rock.

I knew little of seamanahip, but it was plain even to me that she was being grossly mishandled. She would make a hurried little run of a dozen yards, then hang for a moment motionless and undecided, for all the world like a masterless dog. Then she would yaw, to run forward again as a faint breath of wind touched her, always with a curious hesitation, blundering in her tracks like a blind thing.

'Hallo, laddie!' A voice hailed me from the heugh's foot. I looked down.

It was one of the coastguard from the Lot's Wife Station, eastward. I had been too busy staring at the schooner to notice him before. He beckoned to me, and I came down the heugh's face with all speed, the loosened stones rattling and jumping down before me in my hurry. Soon I stood beside the coastguard, one Tam M'Kinnell. He wiped his wet red beard, and gazed, a puzzled frown on his weather-tanned face, at the wreck.

'I've seen mony a temptin' o' Providence,' said he, 'but never as daft a business as this. It coves a'.' He stared hard again at the ship.

An ugly sandbank ran eastward from the stake-nets. Luckily for the schooner, the tide was nearly at the brim, and even as it was she must have had two or three narrow shaves over hidden rocks. On she lumbered slowly foot by foot, her sails scarcely drawing, until she was abeam of the seaward 'pocket' of the salmon-nets, holding on unsteadily on her strange, blind course, until it almost seemed that if she fetched a point or two she might be carried to comparative safety out in the 'channel' by the tide. But this was not to be. The sea's sure warrant was out for her arrest.

'She's no' bein' sailed. May I never have stood my trick at a wheel if she's bein' steered! Her crew's either asleep or drunk or deid.' Thus Tam, spyglass at eye.

'What's her name, Tam?' I asked.

'Hold on! I'm just on to it.'

He spelled out the letters: 'T-h-e A-y-r-s-h-i-r-e R-R— *The Ayrshire Rose*. I dinna ken her.'

He handed me the glass, and I read the name picked out in green letters on the white band on her hull. There was a rude sketch of a flower above the name, the little, wholesome rose that one sees all over the south-west of Scotland in village gardens, cool white clusters in the sun, fairy lamps in the summer dusk.

By this time *The Ayrshire Rose* was about a couple of hundred yards out, making a little way in the height of the tide. Suddenly, as if waking, she yawed again, her unhandled tiller veering like a vane, and then came straight at us.

'She'll never shake a reef oot again! Another meenit an' she's bedded,' cried the coastguard; and the homely word chimed exactly with what happened. There was no sudden shock, no cry from her timbers. She lolled along for a few

seconds, took the sandbank three-quarters on, and heeled gently over to starboard, her masts at an angle of about forty-five. 'Bedded' she was. I thought of her as of some faithful animal, tired after a long, hard day, lying down thankfully to sleep. Her futile sails drooping listlessly, there she lay, settling inch by inch into the comfortable ooze, her bows on a great pillow of sand.

'Just as snug as if she was cuddlin' the Broomielaw,' quoth the coastguard.

CHAPTER III.—STRANDED.

THE mists had melted, the drizzling rain ceased, and the morning broke clear. From where we stood we could pick out every detail, from the tiller to the white figurehead of a woman. But there was no sign of life on board other than the almost human note of despair of the dog and the inquisitive gulls mewing and mewing round and round the masts.

A couple of the salmon-net fishers joined us, and together we waited for the ebb. Already the brimming gray-blue of the sea had lessened. A curve of wet sand glistened in the early sun, the tide ebbing as swiftly and silently as it had carried *The Ayrshire Rose* to her last berth.

Soon we were able to read the figures on the watermarks on her stem, and waded out to where she lay like a great, stricken seabird, her wings picked out like snow against the wet, dark sand. She had slipped off the sandbank a little as the ebb caught her, and now lay heavily canted to starboard. One of the salmon-fishers 'made a back' for the coastguard, and Tam swung up by the bobstays as actively as an ape, lowered a rope-ladder, and in a trice we were all on the slanting deck, my heart in a flutter of expectancy and adventure. The coastguard looked round with a sailor's comprehending eye.

'All ship-shape and Bristol fashion! Um! Welsh, or maybe fra the English Channel. She's no' Scotch at ony rate, for she's got a tiller,' said he, as we began a tour of inspection. Any dreams I might have had of Captain Kidd or *The Bounty* soon vanished. I had scented a romance (a failing or a habit that I have never shaken off), and I felt a little douche of disappointment, for there were no signs of mutiny, piracy, or even stress of weather. The ship mocked my hopes in its order and reticence.

The planking on the decks was swabbed clean to spotlessness. Her brasswork shone like a battleship's. Wherever she came from, there were no traces of *The Ayrshire Rose* having made heavy weather of it. Her spars and yards looked trig and sound. The ropes were curled neatly on the after-hatch; sails, other than the two in use, all stowed; life-buoys, with her name on them, lashed in their places. Everything was orderly except where a bucket and a hen-coop, with a couple of excited fowls clucking under it, had slid down to the scuppers when the

schooner heeled over. The very pots and pans in the galley were in their places, and some potatoes, ready peeled for boiling, hung there in a net. What was significant, her port and starboard lights were burning, and a red glow shone in the ashes of the dying galley-fire. There was no boat. So far the deck.

We stood for a moment in puzzled silence, until the coastguard gave a loud 'Ahoy!' From below came the voice of the dog, this time in a sharp, inquiring bark. He had heard us. Tam led the way, the search-party following his red head as it disappeared down the companion. The cabin-door opened easily, and out bounced a sable collie, a handsome beast, with white-stockinged forelegs and a beautiful eye. He sniffed round us delightedly, vastly interested; and, having given us as polite a welcome as his haste warranted, rushed off and searched, whining for his master, all over the ship. But he found no one, and neither did we.

The little state-room was empty. The cabin was empty. The forecabin and the bunks were empty. We took off the hatches. The hold held but a ballast of stones. The cabin was spick-and-span with newly painted bulkheads and excellent fittings, and a clock swinging from a hook ticked busily, marking the exact time—seven minutes past seven. A medicine-chest in the stern locker was rummaged by Tam—successfully, it appeared, for he discovered a whisky-bottle more than half-full. He uncorked and smelled it, the two others watching him. It was an anxious moment. A pause, then 'Muzzle not the ox when he treadeth out the corn,' said he, his eye a-twinkle, and the three men swiftly went through the ritual of the 'drum'—'Ma respec's,' a gulp, a deep breath; and the search was begun again.

A few well-thumbed books—*Norie's Epitome* and a Waverley Novel or two—but with no owner's name, stood on a shelf in the tiny state-room; and we found some good clothes laid past both aft and forward, these also with neither makers' nor owners' names marked on them. The signal-flags, with a Union-jack and a red ensign, were found, but no burgee. A thorough overhaul was made for her credentials. There were no lockfast receptacles. They all opened easily, but were surprisingly bare of information. We found nothing—ship's papers, log, Board of Trade certificates, letters, not so much as the scrape of a pen. The after-part of the combing of the hatchway was new, and without the ship's official number. But for her name and her port of registry on her stern—*The Ayrshire Rose, Glasgow*—the ship was as silent concerning herself as the new barnacles on her hull.

'I dinna like the repairs where her number should ha'e been,' said Tam, his brows puckered, after we had thoroughly examined her. 'Levanted, I doot! But they have dune it decently an' in order, as the minister says.

Weel, weel, I'll mount a watch, an' send word to Dumfries, an' they can mak' a kirk or a mill o' her. I'll tak' the hens for my bother.'

He suited the act to the word, and we dropped over the side to the sand. I was sent back for the dog. He point-blank refused to desert, and it required a rope and much cajoling to get him off. Eventually I succeeded (and kept the good beast for years); but the most of his first week ashore was spent in staring at the schooner as dejectedly as any old 'shell-back' at the wreck of his ship.

We turned to go, the coastguard halting to take a last look at her.

'Bide a wee,' said he, 'till I close her een. She minds me o' an auld ship o' my ain. Poor lass! she'll never move again.'

He went to the port and starboard lights, now burning low, and put them out. There was the sadness of finality in the little incident; the end of something, a good-bye, and to strangers—a last breath. None of us spoke. For the moment I think I could have lifted my glengarry.

The coastguard was right when he said that *The Ayrshire Rose* had made her last port. She never left the clutch of the sands.

Of her voyage, her owner, master, or crew, no traces were found till years afterwards; and, to add to the mystery, it came out that no ship of the

name of *The Ayrshire Rose* was on the register, or had ever been known at Glasgow or elsewhere. She was a masquerader, and her history for some time remained a blank. A Clyde-bound tramp had passed a schooner, green-hulled with a white stripe, apparently all trim aloft and aloft, sails set heading east with a fair wind. This was on the evening before the stranding. Probably that schooner was *The Ayrshire Rose*; but it was by no means certain, and beyond this crumb of conjecture nothing was heard of her for long. So in the official archives there stood for many a day the meagre record of how a well-found ship, unidentified, with evidence on board her of having been recently manned—witness the fire and the lights—with no signs on her of any peril of the sea, had sailed up the Solway, and stranded in fair weather, without a living soul on board.

The Receiver of Wrecks soon dismantled her, and there she lay on the threshing-floor of the sands for years, her gallant back broken, a silent hulk, keeping her secret; to my boyish fancy as nameless and unknown as though phantom hands had held the tiller and steered her there from the misty leaguer of an underworld; naked to many a blazing sun, many a winter sea to charge over her, shouting, *Doomed! doomed! doomed!*

(To be continued.)

ANCESTRAL MEMORY AND DREAMS.

By M. M'INTYRE WILSON.

[T is now some years since a curious and interesting article appeared in one of the English monthlies, written (if I remember rightly) by the Rev. J. Forbes Phillips, and dealing, under the title of 'Ancestral Memory,' with a common but disconcerting human experience. We all know, more or less, the feeling, when something is happening, that we are experiencing it now not for the first time, that we have seen a thing or known a person on some previous occasion; yet on reflection we cannot recover more than this feeling of familiarity.

As a rule the sensation is vague and evasive, a memory struggling to the surface and escaping before we can capture or define it; but sometimes it is distinct and lasting.

The explanation usually offered is that of previous existence—reincarnation, in fact. Of this we have a fascinating study in Kipling's *Galley Slave* and Lester Arnold's *Phra the Physician*; but many of us repel the bare idea, feeling it to be incompatible with almost any form of Christianity. The author of the article in question, however, meets us with a fresh notion. He argues that, as we undoubtedly inherit our physical features, habits of mind, tricks of manner, as well as constitutional tendencies, from our forebears, we can also inherit, more or less decidedly, fragments of our

ancestors' memories. More emphatically would this be so in districts like the Scottish Highlands, where families and clans have held together for centuries, intermarrying at frequent intervals, till various threads of memory become interwoven into an intelligible whole.

Now, it may be objected that as we have by this time some thousands—nay, millions—of ancestors, those memories must not only be infinite in number, but so faint and confused as to be incapable of even momentary disentanglement; yet as it is possible for a physical feature to emerge, after centuries have passed, practically identical with that of some distant progenitor, so if the right note were struck there might be a sympathetic vibration along those usually dormant memories.

To many it may appear that the memory is more connected with the soul than with the body, with the personal identity on which the Christian faith seems to insist, and that in another state of being we shall 'wake and remember and understand'; yet, again, it must be admitted that memory has a physical aspect as well. It may be impaired by illness; it may be disordered or destroyed by a violent mental or nervous shock. Certainly physical sensations have the power to awaken it, and in their turn respond to its call. There are few things more potent than the sense

of smell to arouse vivid mental pictures of the past.

If memory, then, were 'heritable property,' one would expect to find it strongest in those families where responsiveness to impressions and retentive memory have been handed down from father to son; but people are so shy of alluding to these uncanny experiences that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain proof on this point.

As has been said already, this sensation of recollection, or semi-recollection, varies greatly in definiteness and in length of duration. Usually it is gone almost before we can put the feeling—not always a pleasant feeling—into words. On one occasion, within my own knowledge, a party of friends were talking together, while one of the ladies stood silent, listening, when suddenly I noticed she was staring at a man near her with an extraordinary expression of pleased surprise and recognition. She told me afterwards that she had been for an instant on the point of 'remembering *who he was*,' but that the recollection faded as suddenly as it had come. An example of the more lasting type is offered in the case of a little, hard-headed, hard-working friend of mine, who, on going for the first time to visit one of our small east-coast towns, found it so perfectly familiar that she not only could find her way about, but knew instinctively where every street and road led to, and what she should find at the end of it.

I cannot but feel that in this direction must lie the explanation of that most interesting little book, *An Adventure* (Macmillan, 1911), which presents an apparently inexplicable psychical problem. The solution tentatively offered by the joint-authors is the least convincing part of the book, but it appears to me that 'ancestral memory' would meet the situation at practically every point. The authors are apparently unaware that a namesake of one of them was prominent in Paris during the Revolution, and it is not impossible that an ancestor of the other was employed about the Trianon at the same time. This would solve the difficulty of the two experiences, double, yet not identical.

That one of his ancestors had been a Roman soldier Mr Forbes Phillips felt convinced on account of a singular flash of memory which occurred to him while he was visiting a Roman camp in Italy, and which enabled him to identify places and reconstruct the military life of those times, yet vanished in an instant and left his mind a blank on the subject. Another cleric wrote to say that he too had a Roman connection, as he had a clear recollection of riding with a company across the moors of ancient Britain.

My own experience is confined to two occasions on which a spot in a landscape roused a vague yet powerful memory, connected with the seventeenth century; but so painful and un-

pleasant was the sensation that absolute terror destroyed the vision just as it was becoming clear. I realised enough to make me feel that my ancestor was a soldier, probably a trooper, about 1680, more especially as similar impressions persistently haunt my dreams. I dreamed once that I was a young non-commissioned officer in the old Scottish Life Guards, engaged in escorting a powder-wagon from Stirling Castle to Bathgate; and not only the country, but the details of the route followed, were surprisingly vivid and convincing. At the time Bathgate as a destination seemed to me a *reductio ad absurdum*; but I have since discovered accidentally that about 1675 a company of the Life Guards was actually quartered at Bathgate!

The mention of my dreams, however, opens up the subject considerably. Is it not possible that those extremely clear and vivid visions of people and places (certainly unknown to our waking hours) which visit us in dreams may also be fragments of the ancestral past?

Dreams are not always a farrago of nonsense, a pot-pourri, as it were, of our waking thoughts; there are occasionally a coherence and a choice of incident not to be explained by our everyday lives. The books we have been reading are sometimes the source of inspiration, but not always; they cannot supply us with that certain knowledge of sensation or emotion which, waking, we have never felt.

It does not fall to the lot of the average modern girl to witness a hanging; yet once, many years ago, I did—in a dream—and with the most horrible realism. It happened in the course of a surprisingly coherent and consistent narrative, lasting through many chapters, with a complete plot, *dramatis personæ*, and setting, and some of the incidents stand out now in my mind as vividly as any actual fact of my life. Never can I forget the absolute paralysis of terror which held me, as my own heroine, rooted to the pathway of the ancient walled garden, while a group of infuriated villagers strung up a shrieking wretch (my servant, though an unprofitable one) to the branch of a plane-tree, till, thrusting my fingers into my ears to shut out the fearful screams, I fled to the old mansion-house, and locked myself, shaking, into my own room.

It would seem that the broken fragments of past facts which form the fabric of our dreams might, by some accident, be thrown together into something approaching their original form, as the chips of glass in a kaleidoscope may, by a chance turn of the hand, change from confusion into a geometrical design.

To this order, too, may belong the constantly recurring dream which lasts throughout a lifetime. A friend of mine searches continually in her dreams for a small room or closet which she never by any possibility can find; yet it is always the same, and has been ever since she can

remember, no matter when or where the dream has occurred.

Again, comparing notes with another dreamer, I found that she and I dreamt practically the same dream, which comes at intervals and repeats the same incidents more or less exactly. Although this lady and I are not in any way related, and do not resemble each other either mentally or physically, yet the order of the incidents in each case is so exactly similar as to suggest a common origin for the dream, a common ancestry for the dreamers! Certain it is we both trace back our families on one side to the same district of the West Highlands.

This idea of a common origin has been most beautifully enlarged upon in George du Maurier's masterpiece, *Peter Ibbetson*—a book too little

known—in which the hero and heroine, descended from twin-sisters, find a meeting-place in the land of dreams. Not the vicissitudes of life, not the bolts and bars of a prison, not even death itself, can keep Peter Ibbetson and Mary Séraaskier from each other's society or from the strange and wonderful past which they share in common, and which they haunt hand-in-hand.

It would be the work of a lifetime to follow out this fascinating subject, but the way is beset with difficulties. People are so shy of these uncanny experiences that they hide them away even from their own sight, and only unearth them on rare occasions—even then shamefacedly. If the fear of being unorthodox, and even heretical, were removed, it is probable we should have some most interesting revelations.

A CASE OF NERVES.

By THEODORA WILSON WILSON, Author of *Moll o' the Toll Bar*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'AFTER such a very lucidly expressed opinion, Charlie, our argument closes—naturally!' Louie hoped that she was making some impression at last, and she looked ostentatiously at her watch. Then, as silence ensued, she rose from the rough oaken seat in the shrubbery, and became intent upon arranging her soft slouch-hat at an exactly becoming angle amongst her bright, springy hair.

'If the argument is closed, nothing now remains save the decision.' The young man had also risen. Charlie Mason stood six feet under the measure; but just now he stooped a little, as he steadfastly regarded his fiancée's aggressive shoulder. His tone was hard and terse, and he called her 'Louie' instead of the familiar 'Lou.' These points she noticed reluctantly.

'The decision is simplicity itself,' she said with a smartly assumed carelessness. 'If I understand this extraordinary outburst aright, it is your deliberate opinion that I am robbing you in some mysterious manner of your share of a bargain which you allege I have struck. I never give you time, I am so busy, so restless, so selfish; in short, I am a cheat at a game I never understood, and you are keen to throw it up. I quite admit that it amounts to a tragedy that I should have wasted so much of your valuable time.'

Charlie Mason thrust out a foot as though his one object were to shake down his carefully creased flannels. Yet his hands were clenched, and he knew that his lip was bleeding. 'Louie,'—the tone startled her into turning her head, and for a moment he captured her eyes—'that is a most dishonest tirade, and you know it!' he pronounced hotly.

She answered his passion by a smile altogether

maddening, yet a deep pink flooded her cheeks. 'Your pronouncements, Charlie, carry with them exactly the weight they deserve.'

So she left him, and hurried along the moss-grown path which led into the park, and thence out towards the village.

'How absolutely tiresome Charlie is growing!' she thought. 'He used to be such fun, but he is becoming positively little better than an exigeanite old woman. As if in the twentieth century the whole duty of woman, even though she does happen to be engaged, is to lounge round after a man! Thank goodness this is the last week of Charlie's visit! He really does interrupt my work too distractingly.' Then she heaved a tremendous sigh, and rushed on still quicker.

'Of course, now that I have shown him his place, I shall be thoroughly nice to him,' she mused. 'I'll give him an hour to-morrow with his flute if he likes.'

Again she looked at her watch, yet she could hardly walk faster. As she reached the village one and another nodded and smiled at her, for Miss Louie was a general favourite on account of her wit, her kindness, her generosity, her sparkling initiative. Miss Louie was 'in' everything, and without her affairs became suddenly flat and pointless. Just now her talent was the talk of the county. A September pageant and carnival, first mooted in the village schoolroom, had now grown and developed under the energetic fostering of the squire's daughter and housekeeper until it had become not only a county but a well-nigh national event. In her swiftly conceiving brain she had worked out the whole scheme, and her enthusiasm had brought eager workers to her command. True, her scenes and costumes might appear to an expert to be inaccurate, but to the

ignorant general public they seemed amazingly clever. 'It is the general effect we want to arrive at,' she would say to cavillers.

At this instant she was hurrying to catch the school children to drill them in morris-dancing, careless of afternoon tea, a pile of unanswered letters, and the decoration of the table for a dinner-party that night.

The children greeted her with beaming countenances, keen to follow her cool, clear instructions; and they watched her with delight as she danced the steps before them and inflamed their enthusiasm through the fire of her own eager personality.

The lesson over, she hurried away, with a party of adoring children trailing behind her to the park gates. With a farewell nod, she escaped; and, with youth on her side, and spurred onward by her inexorable watch, she ran a few paces. Then suddenly she slackened. Had she known it, her face was white and her eyes had dulled. Still, it was not necessary that they should sparkle for the mere edification of the Alderney cows or the heavily leaved beeches which sent a cool wind to her damp brow. Only when a great hound careered down the drive towards her her manner changed, and she welcomed him and caressed him vivaciously.

Arriving indoors, she went to her room to attack her day's letters. She tore them open and answered them with quick decision. 'Louie Holland always answers her letters by return,' so said one of her admirers. 'She is quite the most capable girl in the county,' said another.

Yet, as the time fled forward, it appeared that Louie was going to be late with the flowers after all. But no! she was in the dining-room pealing the bell, and in another moment was giving directions to a stammering man-servant, new to his duties.

Having done all to her satisfaction, she glanced into the empty drawing-room to note the grim silence of the dressing-hour, and escaped to her room and her now anxious maid. The frock was new, and Miss Holland had not even tried it on. Hence the anxiety.

But Louie's luck followed her, and she was safely dressed and downstairs, coolly wandering round the conservatory, before her father appeared or the first of the expected guests arrived.

Mr Holland, a widower of some years' standing, adored his daughter and believed in her to the uttermost. At times the incessant rush in the house oppressed him, for he was essentially nervous, and absorbed himself in leisurely country occupations. He would have been satisfied with a much less active environment than his daughter provided for him; but he was proud of the county admiration, and he supposed that life had changed since his father's time. Girls could not be expected to sit on cushions and sew seams when sewing-machines were so cheap. Sports, tennis, golf, hockey, votes, politics, dancing,

bridge—girls were untiringly diligent at them all. Life was growing most uncomfortably marvellous, yet he was proud that his own daughter appeared to be the most marvellous part of it.

But to-night there was a shadow on his thin, fallow countenance. 'Little girl'—so he used his usual intimate term—'by all that's foolish, what have you done with Charlie?'

'Charlie!' The hint of blame flushed her cheek and brought the light to her eyes. 'Shown him his place, and not before it was time.'

'His place!' murmured the squire. 'You have driven from you one of the finest boys God ever made.'

'Nonsense!' Though her whole being was startled, she still had nerve enough not to betray her surprise. She waited for more.

'Louie, are you mad? Are all these things you do really worth the loss of a good man's heart? When Charlie wished me good-bye he explained things like the gentleman he is. But I am sorry. I thought that I had found a son.'

The girl shrank involuntarily from the look in her father's eyes, for the sorrow of his life had been the death of his one boy. Louie had prided herself that she had wholly filled the void; and, lo! the abyss was still gaping.

But the door opened and visitors entered. The young hostess greeted each and all with small-talk admirable in its suitability and vivacity.

At table Charlie was missed, and his absence was the first topic of conversation.

'He has had news which sent him off suddenly,' said the squire from the foot of the table.

'Horrid luck, isn't it?' acquiesced the young hostess to her neighbours; and she received their condolences with bright eyes and radiant cheeks.

Then the talk passed naturally to the pageant, and Louie proved herself an able *raconteuse*, as she gave smart, humorous sketches of the villagers, who were so consumed with their own importance at the characters which she had designed for them.

After dinner they settled down comfortably for bridge, and it was very late when Louie at last passed to her room.

Somehow she and her father did not wait for their usual chat after the guests' departure, and from his own room the squire heard the rustle of his daughter's skirt as she crossed the passage.

The lines of worry in his face deepened. Louie was a little fool, and he had spoiled her. If only his wife— He glanced up at the quiet eyes of the portrait, behind the lamp, of a woman, little more than a girl, who had been killed across a fence, 'for all the world to see.' She would have understood this daughter, and she would have aided him in the stupendous task of guiding a woman safely through the portals of life. And now a duty to which he felt himself wholly unequal overwhelmed him. Yet was he to let this woman's daughter, the child she had

nestled against her heart, bring herself to disaster through his own weak *laissez-faire* and his want of pluck or moral force to grasp the nettle?

That Louie was her mother repeated was not the fact. He knew well enough that, together with her mother's physical well-being, Louie had also inherited his own high-strung temperament. He had sufficient perception to realise that his daughter was seeking to lead the ample life of her mother's strong physical powerfulness, handicapped by his own nervous weakness. He had never seen it so clearly as on this evening, when with enlightened eyes he had watched her forced brilliance.

How he had rejoiced when Charlie Mason, the keen, sensible, humorous young engineer, had found his way not only to the Hall, but, as he had hoped, into the very centre of Louie's being before she was old enough fully to realise herself as a woman of presence, power, and wealth!

Yet that afternoon how clearly young Mason had spoken! 'Mr Holland,' he had said as he gripped the squire's hand at parting, 'what is the use of saying things? What is, is! If I worry and torment her hourly now, there can be no possible future for us. I have sufficient perception to understand the hint she gave me, and God give me pluck to take it—that is all!'

'But, Charlie'—the squire groaned.

'Please don't!' Charlie returned with white lips. 'Only—tell her I am sorry I ever bothered her.' There was no hint of blame to his daughter, only a complete decision in the man's tone which the squire was bound both to respect and accept.

And now, at midnight, as the squire recalled, point by point, little things he had noticed during this most uncomfortable fortnight, he gave a great sigh, rose, called a dog, and went out for a walk.

His daughter heard his step on the gravel, and watched him through her lattice. Now that the silence of the night had fallen, she was putting off the evil hour of a hot bed and an uneasy pillow by lingering over her toilet and watching the moon and the clouds weave shadows in the park.

'How absurd people are!' So she kept repeating over and over, in order to force herself into believing it. And yet, why had she not found out what Charlie had really said to her father? Her father was pacing the garden outside. He alone knew what Charlie had said. She did not know. As if it mattered!

She thrust the blind across, making the rings scream on the rod. She stared in the long mirror at her dressing-gowned self. She blew out the mirror-candles fiercely, and groped her way to bed.

Her flushed cheek set the cool pillow burning. Her eyes refused to close, and stared persistently into a room dimly living through the moonlight which besieged the blind. Thought flooded and refused control, and a bewildering panic sickened her spirit. A fierce illumination centred forth in

true focus the rightness of Charlie's stupendous indictment. She flung off the bedclothes and lighted a candle.

Lately she had rejected the common habit of sleeping at night, and, as often before, she forced aching eyes to read till dawn. Then she blew out the light and fell into an uneasy slumber till the arrival of her morning tea.

It was with relief that she rose. She hated the night, for was it not a mere interruption to the business of life? A cold bath would put her right with herself; and, however tired she felt, and however full the house was of guests, she never failed her father at their private breakfast.

Charlie had recently taken to intruding upon them; but to-day there was no Charlie. Silly boy! As soon as she had done her housekeeping she would write him a charming letter which would bring him back apologising.

Yet on this particular morning she was shy of her father. When he entered the room she was busy over the coffee, and she looked so entirely her usual self that the magnetism of her presence brought a smile to his eyes.

'Good-morning, little girl!' and he kissed her with an affection which she returned.

Yet as they chatted over their letters Louie was shrewd enough to realise that her father's talk was perfunctory. Under ordinary circumstances she would have rallied him on his gravity and said insistently, 'Well, dad, why in the grumps?' But just now she could not.

When at last he set down his empty cup there was an instant's pause, and then he jerked out, 'How would it be, Louie, if you and I took a trot up to town before our next invasion of guests? I rather want to do one or two things, and we could go to the play at night—anywhere you chose.'

Louie was startled. Her father was not in the habit of suggesting London. That was one of the drawbacks to her existence.

'Of course I should love it,' she began; 'but I have a pageant committee this afternoon, and a lot of girls coming later on about costumes, and—oh, fifty things!'

'Put 'em all off!' said the squire. 'One day can't make any difference. If we catch the two o'clock we can get to the "Cecil" comfortably for dinner.'

'But how long do you propose to stay?' Louie queried undecidedly.

'Oh, we can come back to-morrow, I suppose,' he said lightly. 'Unless you find you want a longer dose.'

Perhaps the long night and a repentant compunction made the squire's task easier. At least, his daughter was persuaded to his will.

Afterwards he took a long walk far out of her reach. 'I am a brute—an absolute brute!' he groaned.

(To be continued.)

SIR WILLIAM ARROL THE WORLD'S GREATEST BRIDGE-BUILDER.

By JAMES H. YOUNG.

IT is not every day that a firm—even a firm enjoying a world-wide reputation—can boast of securing two orders which in the aggregate represent five years' work to the men employed upon them. This, however, is just what has happened to the great engineering firm of which Sir William Arrol is the head and front. One order is for the caissons in connection with the naval dockyard at Rosyth, and the other for a large lifting-bridge over the river Trent at Keadby.

The universal fame which this renowned Glasgow firm has won for itself in the engineering world is a tribute to the sterling quality of the work which it produces, and to those wonderful bridge-building achievements which have made the name of Sir William Arrol second to none in the profession which he so conspicuously adorns. Indeed, had Sir William lived a century earlier he would have been crowned king of the mechanical geniuses of Great Britain by that indefatigable prose-poet of the engineers, Dr Samuel Smiles. As it is, his life-work forms an illuminating example of the value of self-help, of grit, and of refusal to submit to defeat under even the most trying and adverse circumstances. Sheer ability and persistent effort have raised him from the humblest beginnings to the highest position in his profession; and, without fortune or favour, without influence or luck, he has indelibly stamped his genius and personality upon some of the most wonderful engineering achievements in the world.

Born over seventy years ago in the little Renfrewshire village of Houston, the future builder of bridges was not allowed the advantage of an extensive scholastic education. His father was a cotton-spinner, and at the tender age of nine young Arrol was taken from school in order that he might help to add to the family income as a bread-winner. He began as a cotton-piecer in a mill. Two years later found him in a bobbin-turning factory, and at the age of fourteen he attained his heart's desire by being apprenticed to a blacksmith and engineer in Paisley. It was here he obtained his first knowledge of engineering; it was here also, on his own confession, that for a time his most important duty was to 'sing sheep's heids for the neighbors.' But the young apprentice was out for something better than this; and, as a stepping-stone to higher things, he eagerly applied himself to the improvement of his education while serving his apprenticeship.

Apprenticeship days over, and thirsting for more craft-knowledge, he set out for what the Germans call his 'wander-year.' He wandered to some purpose; and in the workshops to which

his skill and strength gained him admittance he more than paid his way. Back again in Glasgow, in his twenty-fourth year he was made foreman in the yard of a local firm of ironfounders and bridge-builders.

The years rolled on, and in 1868 William Arrol stood on the threshold of what for him was a momentous venture—he determined to start business for himself. His savings amounted to eighty-five pounds—not a large sum, by any means, wherewith to launch his boat on the wide sea of individual enterprise. But he was pluck personified, ambitious for the higher rungs of the ladder, and confident in his ability to 'get there.' Modest indeed was the initial effort, an insignificant shop situated in the midst of green fields that are now covered with colossal factories and busy streets. 'For some time after I started business,' he says, 'I, along with one man, commenced work at five o'clock every morning, and went about as if there were enormous contracts to finish.' As a matter of irrefutable fact, the man who was destined to write his name large upon the engineering history of the world was at this particular period passing through a crisis which tested him to the very uttermost. Never did man carry a braver heart through a more trying time. For a year or two he never knew from week to week how much longer he could keep a modest roof over the heads of himself and his devoted young wife, whom, with characteristic daring, he had married a few years earlier. 'I should not like to tell the story of those years of struggle and privation,' he has said; 'it would be too painful.'

But the days of small things—of the making of boilers, girders, and general structural work—were drawing to a close. Fortune, which he had wooed so bravely and patiently, at last smiled upon his efforts. Instead of having to seek for orders, as at first, orders began to seek him. His business gradually developed until he was compelled to remove to more commodious premises, and the Dalmarnock Ironworks were the result. Any doubt about the turn in the tide vanished entirely when his first tender for a bridge—boilermaking had hitherto been his forte—was accepted; this, too, against formidable rivals. The contract was for a viaduct across the Clyde at Bothwell, and the plan adopted by the young engineer was at once novel and effective. Departing from the orthodox method, he built his bridge on the bank, and rolled it out, span by span and from pier to pier, across the river. As the work advanced it became increasingly evident that the new bridgemaker had found his true vocation; and

so satisfied was the railway company with the expert manner in which the contract was carried out that Mr Arrol was commissioned to build another bridge over the Clyde at the Broomielaw.

A different style of bridge was required here, and he produced a different plan. To meet the requirements of his new idea he devised tools such as no engineer before had ever dreamed of. A drilling-machine was the first of these, and then a hydraulic riveter. As one writer has aptly said, 'These tools opened up a new vista of possibilities to engineers. He made them simply because he wanted to tackle bigger problems than other men had grasped, and did not realise the greatness of the idea which his hard thinking had evolved. But other engineers did; they clamoured for tools like them, and he suddenly realised that here were unsuspected potentialities of wealth. He patented the ideas, and found fortune coming to him by a side-path. A patent drawer-and-stoker for gas-furnaces was added to his name, and was successful; and very soon he found himself a manufacturer of tools and appliances wholly new to science.'

A huge pontoon for the sinking and building of piers for bridges across water was another of his inventions. This was fitted with four massive legs, which, when the pontoon was in position, were let down and fixed in the bed of the river, thus imparting extra stability to the pontoon, and lifting it clear of the water. To the lay mind it sounds exceedingly simple, but it was new to engineering, and was to be of immense utility in the big undertakings to come, for which the erstwhile blacksmith was unconsciously equipping himself. The first of these was the Forth Bridge, the contract for which was placed with the intrepid subject of our sketch. The original design for this stupendous undertaking was the handiwork of the late Sir Thomas Bouch, the engineer of the ill-fated Tay Bridge. In the preliminary preparations, and in the erection of workshops for the structure which was to cross the Forth, Mr Arrol had already spent a considerable sum of money, when disaster, in the shape of the dreadful Tay Bridge catastrophe (in which about eighty lives were lost), compelled a pause; Sir Thomas's scheme afterwards being abandoned. This terrible calamity was a staggering blow to all concerned in the erection of the bridge; but the man was at hand who was soon to redeem the prestige of the engineers and restore the shattered confidence of the public.

Mr Arrol was entrusted with the rebuilding of the Tay Bridge. It was an opportunity for a display of his engineering genius which the ambitious bridgemaker eagerly welcomed. A rigorous examination revealed the old foundations to be insecure, and it was decided to build an entirely new bridge a short distance farther up the river. Within five years from its commencement—1882 to 1887—a remarkable erec-

tion, over two miles long, and constructed at a cost of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds, spanned the estuary, a structure strong enough to defy the fiercest gale that ever blew. It was the greatest engineering triumph of the age, until it was eclipsed by a greater—the Forth Bridge.

Not the least of the extraordinary feats accomplished by this redoubtable bridge-builder was the fact that at one and the same time he carried on two such gigantic contracts as the Tay and the Forth Bridges. It was a striking tribute to his great powers of organisation and to his genius for engineering on a mammoth scale. The construction of the Tay Bridge was only half-finished when he made a start with the gigantic undertaking which now spans the Firth of Forth, from the designs of Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker. The design adopted was that technically known as the cantilever and central span, which it was confidently expected would overcome the many peculiar difficulties that confronted the engineers. Over a year was spent in the preliminary preparations alone—the designing and making of special plant, the erection of workshops on shore, and the thousand and one things essential to the success of such a huge scheme.

The cost of temporary plant ran to half-a-million sterling, and included thirty steam and other barges, tugs, launches, and boats, sixty steam cranes and winches, fifty hydraulic cranes, forty-eight steam-engines, and hydraulic jacks, hand-cranks, and drilling-machines almost innumerable; not to mention one million cubic feet of timber and sixty miles of wire.

Adequately to tell the story of this bridge's wonders and how these were wrought would require the technical vocabulary of an engineer. It is hopelessly impossible for any one not versed in the technicalities of engineering comprehensively to grasp the magnitude of the task represented in the construction of the Forth Bridge. The difficulties actual and potential were stupendous. Where one was overcome two others rose in its place. The natural physical obstacles as they presented themselves to the eye were enough to appal the stoutest heart. As they came to be tackled, and the conflict between nature and the engineer came to be developed, the resolute, dauntless Scotsman found himself committed to a task equivalent to the building of ten bridges.

The enormous nature of this engineering wonder of the world may be gathered from the following figures: The total length is over a mile and a half, and consists of two main spans, each nearly a third of a mile long; two spans of six hundred and seventy-five feet each; and fifteen of one hundred and sixty-eight feet each. In the piers there are about one hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards of masonry, and in the superstructure over forty thousand tons of steel and some fifteen thousand tons of iron, the latter metal being used only as a part of the founda-

tions. It took six years to build, with an army of seldom less than five thousand men daily employed upon it; and the total cost in labour and material exceeded three million pounds. Of tremendous strength, and awe-inspiring in its sublime, massive dignity, the heaviest load upon it can never reach one-half the power of resistance which the bridge affords; and, so far as the records of science go, there has never been a hurricane in the history of the world which could challenge its stability.

Never was there a worthier recipient of the honour of knighthood than the builder of this titanic triumph of engineering, an honour which Queen Victoria conferred upon him, and which brought Sir William—modest and unexcited, as usual—felicitations from all over the world.

Other notable achievements at home and abroad have since become monuments to the great gifts—unique gifts, one might truly say—possessed by the world-famous builder of bridges, such as the Tower Bridge, the widening of Blackfriars Bridge, bridges over the Nile, the novel transporter-bridge over the Mersey, and other constructions of a similar nature in different parts of the world. That remarkable metropolitan highway, the Tower Bridge, in many respects the most novel bridge in Great Britain, is the structure by which Londoners are best able to judge of the rare craftsmanship of Sir William Arrol. One cannot overestimate the immense utility to Londoners of the Tower Bridge in establishing a safe and commodious means of communication between the two sides of the river, where the population is vast and the traffic increasing.

The two latest contracts secured by this celebrated Glasgow firm are both of the uncommon order. The bridge over the river Trent near Keadby is designed to carry the metals of the Great Central Railway. It will supersede a swing-bridge which has been in use for many years; but in addition to serving the purposes of the railway company, it will afford facilities for vehicular traffic and foot-passengers. There will be an opening-span of one hundred and sixty feet, which will enable the barge traffic on the river to pass beneath without interruption. Of the four spans in all, the lifting-span will weigh two thousand seven hundred and seventy tons, and will be operated by electric motors. Further, the

span will be mechanically and electrically interlocked with the railway-signals. The bridge, it is anticipated, will take two years to build, and when completed it will be the largest and heaviest lifting-bridge in Great Britain. Contract number two is an Admiralty order for the whole of the caissons in connection with the naval dockyard at Rosyth. There are seven caissons in all, six of the sliding type, and one a ship type. The order is considered to be one of the biggest of its kind ever placed with any firm, and it is expected to take three years to complete.

What of the personality of the man who dominates Arrol's Limited—the modern Cyclops whose strenuous career is now drawing to a close? It has been well said that in Sir William Arrol you see a strong man, of fine, matured strength upon a rugged foundation. We look instinctively upon the self-made man, the bold contractor, the eyes and ears of the designing engineer, who has fought his way upwards, for whom rough homespun is still dress sufficient. You see in him a sturdy Scot, without the grace of club or West End mansion, with the appearance of a farmer minus the leggings, with his face hardened to the weather, and with the stern, unbending expression of the Covenanter of old. Shrewd and practical in all things, he is yet possessed of a most sympathetic and generous nature, and in him these qualities take a very real and tangible form, to the comfort and advantage of many. Quite unspoilt by fame and fortune, he is as simple and as accessible to-day as when, long years ago, he 'sing'd sheep's heids for the neighbors.'

The reconstruction of his firm a number of years ago secured for the knight-engineer the necessary leisure to devote to the scientific, political, and philanthropic work in which he is interested. But it is at his 'ain fireside,' as it were, in his beautiful house at Seafeld, near Ayr, that one sees Sir William at his best. A lover of the fine arts, he has gathered together a choice collection of beautiful pictures and other interesting curios, and amid such surroundings it is a delight beyond telling to spend a quiet evening with the distinguished host. It is then that one may study his strong personality and understand those hidden forces which have carried him from obscurity to pre-eminence, which converted the humble blacksmith into the greatest bridge-builder in the world.

IT IS TIME TO GO ABROAD.

By LADY NAPIER of Magdala.

THE curious unrest, the craze for wintering abroad, was upon them. Their home was full of charm, of comfort. The quiet days were drawing in, gray and still; leaves were rustling softly to the ground; the garden was being tidied and put to bed. Robins were singing their little

songs; bold as brass, they would superintend digging operations, perching sometimes on the spade as it paused in its labours for a moment, peering with round, bright eyes where the earth looked rich and hopeful as to worms. The mournful cry of the golden plover and the wail

of the curlew echoed on the hill, and the strange note of the wild geese streaming high overhead to the shores of lonely islands far out at sea had already been heard more than once. All was lovely and peaceful, and a great hush brooded over the land. What though a winter gale would sweep down now and again, shrieking and wild, beating furiously on the old gray house? The walls were thick; the windows did not rattle; peat-fires glowed with gentle warmth on the hearth; comfort reigned within. Comfortable old servants did their duties with satisfaction to themselves and their employer; the days slipped quietly by.

It was, however, time to go abroad!

To the mature and experienced, to those on whom the weight of years is beginning to make itself felt, to those who have verified to the full the fact that glitter does not always mean gold, what vistas of chill discomfort and disillusion may open out before the eye of the mind at the thought!

'To the South of France!' cries the gushing friend. 'To the delicious Riviera; to the adorable Côte d'Azur! Such sunshine! Such a climate! You are indeed to be envied,' and so on. And, to cut the story short, you go.

You go to face the yelling mistral, the clouds of dust, the blazing, glaring sun that scorches your eyes and face, while the wind ices your back for five days out of seven, roughly speaking; and you fail to realise the charm of place or climate, or to see wherein you are to be envied. You smile on the wrong side of your mouth at it all, and over the bills of the palatial hotel which condescends to house you. You do not feel well perhaps, or you feel old, and you pine for comfort and privacy, of which there is none.

The distastefulness, the publicity, of the meals in the crowded restaurants, the indifferent waiting, the lengthy menu containing but little to eat that you fancy, the ogreish dishes of rubicund meats prepared to suit the supposed taste of the sons of 'perfidious Albion' or the flesh-devouring Teuton, the sameness of the mawkish puddings disguised under high-sounding names, the dab of wet ice as a treat on Sundays—you know it all of old, so well, so well! Then the evenings passed in the *salon* may not smile on every one; the mixed crowd, the bridge-parties aglare at the non-bridge players, and so on.

For the rich and extravagant there is, of course, the private sitting-room, to be had for a consideration not to be called modest by any means. It has velvet furniture usually, and a sofa so constructed as to accommodate no normal human frame, and an arm-chair also of that type; but there are many mirrors which may console you, and what faces of disgust and fatigue they must have reflected, you think as you look at your own long, peaky face! There is, however, a fireplace with an iron screen that conceals its

emptiness and that rattles hideously in the draught from the chimney. You may have a wood-fire if you like, also for a consideration; and you may huddle and sit over it, and listen to the slamming of doors and of outside shutters as the mistral shrieks with fiendish joy.

There are yet, however, a few of the older and smaller hotels extant for those who do not like the caravansaries—smaller but full of modest comfort, and making modest demands on your purse; but they are few and far between as are the lands of the 'Jumbies' as sung by the immortal Lear, and they are being rapidly improved off the face of the earth, to reappear in gaudy advertisement-sheets as 'full of all modern comfort, up-to-date, and under entirely new management.'

One such delectable little hostel I recall, with high red roof embosomed in a mass of mimosa bloom and sober olive. From its door you might step at once with book or sketching materials into quiet corners full of beauty without running the gauntlet of mopping and mowing German waiters, smiling and bowing *concierges* in gold lace and cap, and a crowd of hostile-looking hotel guests wondering who on earth you were and where you came from. To the friendly proprietor and his sharp, bright-eyed wife you were an object of personal interest not by any means wholly connected with your hotel bill. They honestly liked you, and admired your sketches, and were sorry when the day of your departure arrived. The days, however, of this restful little abode are numbered. Clamour and unrest have stepped in as usual, and it is to be enlarged—but 'greatly enlarged,'—and filled with all modernities and 'comforts,' and you will know it no more. Perhaps it may even have a band to bray at you while you eat your dinner. 'Well, well!' as the West Highlander says. But is it well?

You do not like the mistral. You do not like being roasted and iced at the same moment, and being reminded in your person of the ice once fashionable at smart dinner-parties, which was served with a boiling-hot sauce to pour over it, and called a something-surprise. Why not harden your heart and adventure into Italy? Go home by the Italian lakes, for instance, if not too early. They have, however, been known to be arctic in April, and well into April, with Motterone and his brethren on fair Maggiore looking like Christmas-cakes with snow to the water's edge. Possibly, however, this may be an exceptional state of things.

Perhaps, too, you may not like the Teuton who there abounds, having of late years taken to descending in his thousands in spring-time on this fair land, of which he is also absorbing some of the trade, we are told. The Teuton is doubtless often ungracious and lordly; but there are exceptions, and a pleasing recollection comes to the mind of the writer of a journey from Genoa to beautiful Maggiore; of a terrible scramble

at the Genoa station for seats in an ordinary corridor train, an odious class of English and American tourists pushing and crushing in the corridor, and garlic-scented *facchinos* thrusting through you and trying to clamber over you; and of eventually being hurled into a compartment occupied by four of the dreaded race, to the unspeakable dismay of the travellers—a dismay which proved to be quite without foundation, for their courtesy, kindness, and good-breeding will never be forgotten. They hailed, however, from southern Germany, and were as good to look at as to speak to. May all pleasant things attend them!

Travelling by the ordinary train is an abomination in Italy, unless you can speak the language and assert yourself. No one will tell you anything or from which platform the train starts, and the crowd and confusion is terrible.

Of course in the restaurant-car train, with booked seats and all cut and dried, it is plain sailing enough; but you may not wish, or be able, to travel there. Learn the language, therefore, young people, or you who wish to travel in Italy and to get to know the inhabitants and the ropes. Take a leaf out of the book of the dreaded Teuton, who is so thorough in all that he does. He speaks Italian, and he can return your slighting remarks about him, if you are so ill-bred as to adventure on such in his hearing, in your own language. He could doubtless equally enter upon an *entente cordiale* or otherwise with a Frenchman.

To return, however, to journeyings. A journey from the French Riviera to Genoa is one of pure delight as to the outlook, it is so lovely in spring-time, say April. The masses of flowers, the great banks of mesembryanthemum with thickest blossoms, rose-coloured and gold, clothing the railway-cuttings in places almost down to the rails; the palms, the beautiful flowering shrubs, strange and nameless to the writer; the turquoise and emerald and jade-coloured waters of the Mediterranean breaking in creamy surf close to the line; the startling blackness of the tunnels, which only serve to intensify the colour and brilliancy into which you emerge, blinking and owl-like, beggar description. Then, when Ventimiglia is behind you, and the train thunders on into Italy, a change comes over the spirit of your dream, and a still beauti-

ful but grimmer note is struck. You are back in the past. The power of the Church of Rome comes over you as the splendid old churches, the age-old ecclesiastical buildings, pass before your wondering eyes, venerable, time-stained, impressive, indescribably stately and suggestive. Albenga, with her rose-red towers, her history and traditions, is a dream of beauty backed by snow-crowned mountains, and you fain would tarry; but then you do not know where you would most wish to tarry; your eyes at length grow tired; you are sated with beauty. Evening advances; the carriage is warm; drowsiness besets you; you sleep.

You sleep until Genoa wakes you with its noise, its clamour, its trams, and its icy wind that rushes to meet you through open windows and doors of the railway-carriage.

Next day, when you are once more settled in your places in the train, and are beginning to recover from the hideous agitation of securing sitting-room therein, and from the reminiscences of the hotel bill, fresh and varied beauties unfold before you. The fat plains of Lombardy are unrolling themselves for you. The exquisite greens are in their pristine beauty; the rice-fields are flooded, and reflect a still and pearl-gray sky such as Corot loved to paint; slim poplars bereft of foliage and boughs nod quaint, plume-like heads, and are reflected in the quiet waters; peasants are labouring in the red-brown fields, splashes of red and blue and white garments looking like beds of huge anemone flowers in the distance; and splendid oxen, cream-coloured, red-and-brown, move about their avocations with stately step and slow.

Small and clustering towns are wonderful in colour and picturesque effect, and the old churches rise in towering grandeur above them, cutting the quiet sky, massive, important, frowning, and strangely frequent. Have they delivered their message, and how? Have they driven it home? It is not for us to say.

On and on thunders the train. A faint haze of mountains cuts the evening sky, and a silver thread cuts the middle distance. What is it but Maggiore? Beautiful Lago Maggiore, we greet thee once again; but Monte Motterone is shrouded in mist, an unfriendly and chill little wind is blowing, and all is gray and dim, reposeful perhaps after the mistral.

AMULETS.

By ALGERNON WARREN.

AMONGST the superstitions which have not died out in the United Kingdom, that of bearing a charm on the person for good-luck is still widely prevalent. The mascot or talisman takes various forms. The burglar, for example, will frequently carry a piece of coal about with

him, the card-player will wear a 'lucky-pig' or miniature horse-shoe, and so on. But in the East, and also to a large extent in southern Europe, the charm is employed with the idea of warding off calamities which are thought likely to affect not only the unprotected individual, but also his

or her belongings. To avert misfortune rather than to bring good-luck is, therefore, the common object in using the amulet in these localities. Any one, for example, who has had the privilege of access to the collection of several hundred amulets belonging to Professor Bellucci of Perugia can scarcely fail to be impressed with this fact. Fear, not hope, underlies the Southerner's trust in the amulet.

Great reliance is set on sharp-pointed stones resembling the arrow-heads of the Stone Age, termed thunder-stones, which, having been found in the soil in the immediate vicinity of objects struck by lightning—buildings, trees, animals, human beings, &c.—are credited with the virtue of protecting similar inanimate and animate objects from later flashes of lightning. To such an extreme does the credulity of the Italian peasant go that it is very commonly believed that the preservation of one of these thunder-stones in a house will not only safeguard the building, as well as the persons, animals, and crops pertaining to it, but will likewise afford protection to seven houses in the vicinity. Consequently these stones are handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another.

The thunder-stone is frequently to be met with at the head of a bed amongst the images of the saints to whom the occupant pays devotions; it is occasionally discovered in the wall of a building, generally at the base of the foundation; and these stones have also been found amongst human bones in the foundations of walls in Italy. Sometimes the stones are set in silver casings, and rings are often attached to them. One so set, having been picked up near a blasted oak, was firmly believed by the original possessors to have been a fragment of the lightning that struck the tree. In times of tempest the owners of such stones will light candles in front of the places where the charms are deposited, and pray for protection from the lightning-flashes, making each stone an object of great devotion. A cook in a country house, whose fear of lightning was no doubt accelerated by the metallic utensils with which she was surrounded, used to keep a thunder-stone, now in the Bellucci collection, on her kitchen-table.

Faith in these stones extends beyond the preservation of life and property; they are credited with healing powers, especially in cases of infantile ailments. Collectors have discovered them sewn up in leather bags, to be hung round sick children's necks by a ribbon; and even adult Southerners have been known to wear the stones in the hope of being thereby cured of some ailment.

Much trust is put in jade; and the religiously inclined, as also superstitious, Italian is wont to maintain tradition, and yet obey priestly mandates, by the adoption of that stone. Repeatedly the Church of Rome has formally prohibited the use of amulets or talismans, and

enjoined her followers neither to use them nor put faith in their virtue. The Italian confider in amulets accordingly solves the difficulty by wearing a cross of jade, whereby he cannot be accused of disobeying the clerical injunction, and at the same time he has the restful feeling that he has an efficacious amulet on his person. Small, heart-shaped amulets made of jade were formerly hung round children's necks in the belief that the jade would keep them from becoming frightened. These were called 'stones against fear.'

Although such superstition may seem ridiculous to the less apprehensive present-day Briton, it is not more so than the ignorance which existed in his own country in the eighteenth century, if we are to credit Addison's statement that in his time a mountebank had set up a stall and sold pills that were 'very good against the earthquake.' Even in modern times the English rustic sometimes carries a potato to ward off rheumatism.

Another form of amulet in Italy is the blood-stone, otherwise red agate. These stones are supposed to possess the virtue of stanching the flow of blood from any part of the body, and likewise a healing virtue in checking it by application of the stone.

Amber tablets are supposed by the Southerner to be specially efficacious against witchcraft, curses, and incantations; while to the use of sapphire drinking-cups is credited the power of alleviating headaches, and also of keeping the possessor in good humour and a contented state of mind.

'A day to be marked with a white stone' is a common enough British term for the indication of a fortunate event. Amulets of white chalcidony are termed milk-stones in Italy, and are supposed to strengthen nutritive powers. Nurses' bodies have been found with globular-shaped milk-stones hung over the breast.

Star-stone is the decidedly pretty name given to fossil madrepora, which in the form of a heart is a favourite amulet as a preventive of the 'evil eye' and bewitchment, and for keeping children free of intestinal worms.

Any one who has been in Italy and understands the language of a disappointed beggar there should readily believe that much weight is attached to the likelihood of the effect of the curse. Especially dreaded is a suspected witch's curse. Amulets termed 'stones against witches' are consequently in considerable vogue. They are of various kinds, some being naturally pierced stones, others portions of hone-stone and iron-stone. These are frequently attached to animals. One now in the Bellucci collection was taken off the neck of a sheep, and was supposed to have protected the entire flock to which the animal belonged. Then there are birth-stones which are believed to exercise protection over both women and female domestic animals. Many of these are pieces of argillaceous limestone.

In some parts of Italy considerable faith is

placed in a piece of lead as an effective amulet for the preservation of flocks of sheep and herds of swine. When any of these animals have purulent affections, leaden amulets are often attached to their necks to aid recovery.

In cases of violent nose-bleeding, the wearing of a fragment of hæmatite as an amulet is commonly considered an efficacious remedy.

A widespread form of amulet in southern Europe consists of coral in various shapes, comprising horns, a closed fist with the thumb placed between the first and the middle finger, a hand with only the forefinger extended, and other forms too numerous to mention. Great is the belief in the efficacy of a coral amulet, the virtues attributed to coral being manifold; but it is adopted more frequently as a protection against the dreaded *jettatura*, or 'evil eye,' so apprehended at the present day not only by the illiterate but by numbers of educated Southerners. As for the Neapolitans, the fear of the 'evil eye' appears to amount to a form of insanity, so fostered has it been by tradition. It must be remembered that a large amount of capital is embarked in coral-dredging, and there are not wanting those who have 'an axe to grind' in fostering this credulity with a view to maintaining a sale for a once excessively and still comparatively lucrative commodity. It is with the proceeds of the coral-dredging that time after time the inhabitants of Torre del Greco have been able, after the devastations caused by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, to rebuild their dwellings more sumptuously than before. Pietro Colletta has recorded in his *Storia del Reame di Napoli* how, towards the end of the eighteenth century, six hundred large barques used to set out yearly for the coral-fisheries off the coasts of Africa. These vessels, manned by more than four thousand sailors, left in April, and returned before the beginning of winter. The industry, however, waned when it came under State control, and has subsequently suffered materially from Japanese competition, which has lowered the market value of coral. But to this day the belief in its powers of averting the baneful influence of the 'evil eye' is so strong in the Neapolitan provinces that it is unusual to find an inhabitant who does not wear a coral amulet. When the writer was in the island of Capri, not many years ago, on the terrace of an hotel which is always besieged in the season by smiling women with their baskets of coral pins, necklets, bracelets, brooches, &c., he noticed one of these sellers appealing most emphatically to a couple of English visitors, who had a pretty child with them whose golden hair and general appearance elicited a good deal of outspoken admiration. The two English visitors had made some purchases from her, but she persisted in pressing them to buy a coral necklace for the child. Seeing that they were indifferent to her solicitations, she forthwith took out of her basket a coral necklace with a coral charm in the

shape of a finger attached to it. This she presented to the child, even putting it round the child's neck herself. Subsequently the woman confided her motive, which showed her belief in the prevalent Eastern superstition that it is unlucky to be praised with particular warmth, and said that as the child's beauty was attracting much notice, some one might come and cast the 'evil eye' upon her unless she had a coral charm on her person to avert its influence. A waiter who was standing by nodded approvingly, and lifted the flap of his coat-front to show that he had a coral charm fastened underneath it. Early Italian writers have written much in support of the efficacy of the coral amulet; some have cited it as a charm able to overcome illusions and fears caused by the devil; others declared its ability to cause tempests and thunder and lightning to cease, and to make plants grow. Painters of the Holy Family have frequently depicted the Babe in the manger as wearing coral.

Many crystals, both clear and tinted, are employed as protective amulets against the 'evil eye'; and malachite amulets of heart-shape which are similarly accredited with virtue are often seen.

The teeth of various animals are utilised as amulets, and their possession by children is supposed not only to avert the 'evil eye,' but to assist dentition. Necessary limitation of space will not permit further description; but now that Italy is developing commercially with such rapidity, it will be curious to note in a few years' time whether industrial progress has deadened belief in the amulet.

FROM A WINDOW IN ZANZIBAR.

SUNSET.

THE sea is still; an Indian dhow
Crosses the sunset's gold;
Breathless the night, the palm-trees bow
Above the buildings old.

Along the twisting, narrow street
Slim native figures pass—
Veiled women, men with silent feet—
As wind-blown leaves on grass.

Down in the garden far below
The shadows creep like snakes,
The mottled croton-bushes grow,
The sleeping moonflower wakes;

Her flowers are fragile, silken things,
Scented and milky-white.
Listen! as for the death of kings
A drum throbs through the night.

The stars are points of silver fire,
The tufted palms are black;
The dhow, a ghost of sea-desire,
Follows the sun's last track.

And nigh above all things that jar,
Life's frets and fevers cease.
I watch night steal o'er Zanzibar,
I breathe the Eastern peace.

NITA H. PADWICK.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SOME PATIENTS AND THEIR WAYS.

By EDITH WHITESIDE

IT will be generally conceded that, as a class, doctors have better opportunities of studying their fellow-creatures—seeing them as they actually are—than any other body of men. In this respect the clergy run the medical profession very closely, associated as they are with their parishioners in their moments of overwhelming grief and their hours of deepest joy. But owing to the very nature of his occupation, the doctor has the advantage of seeing more of the inner life of people in general, because he is so frequently called in to emergency cases when there is no time to polish up the surface of things, to clear away the habitual litter, to put on fresh linen, to give the bedroom and house generally a superficially spick-and-span appearance. An apparent tidiness of the makeshift order is often quickly attempted to hide the bareness of the domestic surroundings; but the doctor's practised eye rapidly detects the veneer, his training in the habit of observation stands him in good stead, whereas the average layman would not note anything unusual.

What battles the doctor has to engage in with the huge army of householders who are firmly convinced that fresh air is very bad for the patient; for, poor thing, a draught will half-kill him! Even more fatal is clean water combined with soap, for the dear, delicate victim will inevitably catch cold after the much-needed bath. Oddly enough, it is quite as common to find people in the most beautiful and healthy country districts as much opposed to sweetness and light, fresh air and cleanliness, as are their less favoured town cousins in the crowded slums.

In Cumberland and Westmorland, as well as over the Border, there are some quaint proverbial sayings which cast an unsavoury light on the notions of some of the inhabitants. 'The clartier the cozier' is an adage which in itself is cause for suspicion. What an appropriate motto it would have been for Mrs MacClarty of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie* fame!

If you'd live for ever,
Wash your feet seldom,
And your head never,

is a curious rhyme, a belief in which may afford a key to the superstitious repugnance which many people apparently have to soap and water.

A patient in a Westmorland village was found

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to be in such an offensive condition that the doctor ordered a hot bath right away. 'Nay, nay,' was the old man's rejoinder. 'I've never had a bath since I was a baby, and I isn't going to start now.' Another of the same class who had sprained his ankle was told that he must have his feet washed. 'Wash my feet!' he cried. 'Not me. I'd as soon think of washing my head.'

One day a young mother brought her child, a pretty little girl, to her doctor in the Midlands. 'I can't tell w'at ails 'er, doctor. She's goin' for six, an' she only looks about four; she 'as no appetite, an' she whines all day. I'd like you to examine 'er an' see w'at's wrong.' The doctor quickly diagnosed the case. 'Take her home, heat plenty of water, and give her a good bath; and mind you use plenty of plantol soap. Then bring her here again. Now, be particular, and remember the name—plantol soap.' The everyday pale-yellow soap would have answered the purpose equally well on this occasion for the necessary cleansing of the unfortunate child; but it was no part of the doctor's scheme to let the woman see that the virtue of the simple treatment did not lie in the use of any particular variety of purifying medium, or she might not have followed the advice closely enough for efficacious results.

It might reasonably be thought that the slums of Edinburgh would furnish more uninviting cases of dirt, squalor, poverty, and neglect than could possibly be found in the country. Yet a doctor in the English Lake District solemnly asserts that he has found more nauseous and poverty-stricken surroundings in that highly favoured playground of England than in some of the dingiest and lowest haunts of Auld Reekie itself. In one case an unhappy woman was lying on an apology for a bed; beneath her was an old sack; there was no mattress, or any approach to one. More ragged, dirty, unsavoury bags of the same material—coarse brown canvas or sacking—were arranged as the sole covering to this wretchedly uncomfortable couch. Chairs, tables, &c. were non-existent. Moreover, the most elementary articles of domestic use and necessity were conspicuous by their absence. Not far away, in the same parish, was another glaring case. Here the husband was a hard-

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working, capable little fellow who made what his class call 'good money;' but the helpmeet (!) was a complete failure. Gradually the stock of furniture got reduced to worse than sticks, for the children were put to sleep in old sugar-barrels, a packing-case inverted served for a table, and smaller rough boxes were used for seats; and the landlord's property was sadly misused, for any available wood in the cottage, such as cupboard-doors and stair-rails, vanished for firewood. The woman had one bucket, which was utilised equally for carrying out soap-suds, dish-water, &c., and for bringing in the clean drinking-water; in fact, it was the *omnium gatherum* bucket of this worse than pigsty of an establishment. In common with her more thrifty and civilised neighbours, Meg had the saving virtue of baking bread at home; but her method of keeping the dough warm was more effectual than sanitary or appetising. Having duly kneaded the dough, she carried it into her bedroom and placed the pan in the bed, which was unaired and untidy, just as she had got out of it earlier in the morning. She covered up the pan with such grimy blankets as she had in order to retain the heat as much as possible. If Tommy, her husband, who was sometimes on night duty, happened to be occupying the bed, so much the better—the dough would be kept warmer; only he was duly admonished to be careful, and not to knock the kneading-trough out on to the floor.

If Meg had clothing given to her, she used the garments just as they were, irrespective of size. So it was no unusual thing to see her with a train a foot long, collecting mud, refuse, microbes, anything; for she never troubled to lift her trailing robe. Under such hopeless conditions it was inevitable that the physical and moral state of Meg's household should be pernicious.

What the eye does not see cannot grieve the mind, or poor appetites would often ensue. For instance, a doctor in his rounds on the borders of the Lake District had a strange find, akin to blanket-surrounded dough. The family bread-pan was amissing, or more probably had never existed. Anyway, the week's batch of bread was snugly reposing on the bed, spread in repelling fashion on a once white blanket, in company with sundry trifles such as a man's 'dicky,' greasy cap, soiled collars, and other odds and ends of personal wear; in effect, the bedstead was couch, wardrobe, and larder combined, going a step farther than Goldsmith's neat cottage, where

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

If some patients have odd notions as regards cleanliness, others are equally at sea on the question of medical usage and etiquette. A doctor who had been attending an old farmer for a fortnight or so pronounced the patient so much improved that it would be unnecessary for

him to call again professionally. Next day the medico was not a little astonished to find the ex-patient in the surgery with a half-consumed bottle of medicine in his hand. 'I thought, doctor, as you said that I was all right again, that I needn't finish t' bottle, so I've brought it back, as it'll happen come in handy for some other badly [sick] body that's got t' same complaint as I had. And you'll likely knock something off my bill, seeing that I've only supped half of it;' thus showing a shrewd, saving turn on the convalescent's part. Then other patients are apparently under the impression that the medical profession is one huge joint-stock concern. Thus a doctor in a small Yorkshire town was not a little surprised to receive a visit from the wife of one of the opposition doctor's patients. 'What can I do for you?' 'Why, Dr Squills said we had to go to him for some lotion; but as it's such a long way from our street to his surgery, I thought it would be all as one if I came to you instead, seeing your place is handy like.'

Some sick folk—more particularly men—take themselves very seriously if they are ordered to bed and limited to milk diet. A practitioner, on his rounds one morning, came to the bedside of a woman who was lying in great pain, waiting patiently till her condition warranted a most critical operation. She greeted the doctor with a welcoming smile. 'Why,' said he, 'you are nothing less than a marvel for pluck and endurance; and your bravery is all the more striking because I have just come from a man who thinks he is going to die from a carbuncle. In fact, he is keeping the whole family running about, with long faces, trying to get him first this and then that old wife's remedy to ease the ulcer.'

Even the gravest crises in life often have their ludicrous side. The following incident is a case in point. In what turned out to be a rash moment, a young doctor in the north country warned the friends of a man who was lying in a very bad way that the end was probably very near; he suggested, too, that as he saw no hope, humanly speaking, the patient should be told that he was in a moribund condition, and that he would probably pass away before midnight. The sick man took the painful intelligence with characteristic north-country coolness; then, after hearing the clock strike twelve, he roused himself vigorously and called out, 'That doctor lad's all wrong. I isn't going to die yet; the time's gone by. But I is ter'ble hungry, so fetch me a good collop o' fried ham.'

Naturally the food question is one of the biggest troubles with which doctors and nurses have to deal; for relatives and patients alike too often think that they are scoring off the doctor if they can manage to give an invalid an appetising but indigestible and unsuitable tit-bit. Some people are apt to place too literal a construction upon the doctor's orders to the injury of the sick one. As an instance of mistaken

kindness, the following occurrence affords a striking example of ignorance or of wilful misconception. A physician happened to pay his visit when a sick woman was having her dinner, and he noticed that she was attacking the food with suspicious relish. 'Ah, I see you are enjoying your dinner, Mrs Smiggs.—What is she having?' he asked the daughter. 'Just some jugged hare, same as the rest of us.' Jugged hare, when the woman was suffering from an ulcerated stomach! 'What on earth'—and Dr A, usually a mild-tempered man, all but swore. 'Did I not order milk, and so on?' 'No, sir; you said she had to have spoon-food; and spoon-food she's had all along; though it's a bit awkward for the poor dear not being allowed her knife and fork regular.' In point of fact, this delicate-stomached creature was habitually feasting on 'what was going,' with the slight difference that she was manipulating the food with a spoon; and the practice might have gone on indefinitely or until the woman was past all curing had not the doctor happened to pay his call at an unusual hour.

A sense of humour is sometimes conspicuously absent in persons who consult a medical man. A woman who was evidently unable to see the ludicrous side of things said to her doctor when he was attending a member of her family, 'A horrible thing happened to me the other day, Dr B.' 'Ah!' 'Yes. I was eating some plasmon chocolate, and all at once I found something hard in it. And what do you think, sir? It was actually a tooth!' 'Shocking carelessness!' remarked the doctor. 'It reminds me of the Chicago tinned-meat horrors one heard of a few years ago.' 'Just what I thought myself, sir.' The doctor suggested that the woman's husband should write to the chocolate manufacturers and make a statement as to the undesirable substance found in their sweetmeats, for something was due to the firm as well as to the public. 'Yes, sir; and do you think that William should mention that it was one of my own teeth?'

'Your own tooth! Do you mean to say'—Words failed the medical attendant, and with a 'Good-morning, Mrs C.' he left the good lady to wonder what his sudden departure could mean.

Yet another story connected with teeth. The family doctor was called in early one morning to see a farmer's wife. 'Eh, doctor, I am pleased you've come, for I feel that bad I shall die before night if you can't cure me. You see, I've swallowed my false teeth. I had them in last night when I went to bed, and I woke up this morning with a terrific pain here'—indicating the place—'and I can feel them with my hand. There's the shape of them exactly sticking just there, and they'll neither go up nor down.' The doctor tried to reassure the dame. Surely she must have made a mistake. 'No, I haven't. Besides, where are they if they are not in my inside?' The practitioner suggested the most likely remedies, gave certain instructions as to diet, and said he would call in again before noon. He left the old lady rocking herself in fear and looking the picture of misery, and while he was on his rounds he gravely considered her case and the probable necessity of trying X-rays. Later on he came back to the farm, where the good lady was now bustling about, cheerfully engaged in household work. 'Well, Mrs Stubbles, you're feeling brisker evidently?' 'Eh, doctor, I'm as happy as a queen, for I've got my teeth back,' showing two pearly sets. 'How did you manage that?' 'Why, you see, sir, I had never swallowed them at all. Our Ralph had got up early to see to a horse that was ailing at a neighbour's, and he found my false teeth lying on the floor. He thought he wouldn't wake me, so he put them by safe in the corner cupboard. I remembered afterwards, when he came in and found me in such a miserable way, that my teeth had hurt a bit after I had got into bed; and I thought I had put them under the bolster; but I was that sleepy I must have put them too near the edge of the bed, and seemingly they'd dropped off on to the carpet.'

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER IV.—ARCADIAN AND PHILISTINE.

FIFTEEN years later. Near me the purring of the tide, the Glen Burn talking drowsily to herself, the wind hisping through the bracken, the hum of myriad insects. Above, mellowed by distance, the vibrant whirr of a reaper in a haze-set golden patch of corn; a faint tremolo from the distant specks of sheep on the hills; the hectoring *G'back-back-ack-ck-k-k-rrr* of a cock-grouse in the heather, rippling the melodious silence of a summer day. Fifteen years of wandering behind me, I heard the sounds, faithful and remembered, of my boyhood, and beheld again the friendly hills and howes of home.

My cousin Hugh, more fortunate from the material point of view or more deserving than I, now owned the old house. I was there on his hospitable invitation, and, comfortably tired after a long tramp under the August sun, we were resting in the shade of a silver screen of birches in the lap of the hill.

As a boy, my senior and near relative, Hugh had been my mentor and critic, a superior being, idealised by me through a haze of admiration and envy; and even in after-life, such is the influence of the plastic years, I sometimes took from him caustic comments

that I would have hotly resented from any other man.

Nevertheless, we were firm friends, with the friendship that is often welded by basic and polar differences. Each was the antithesis and complement of the other. Unfortunately, I had an income just sufficient to keep me from the blessing and spur of regular work, and had become a wanderer on the face of the earth. Hugh had won his spurs at the Scots Bar, owning one of the best junior practices there, and his profession and his instincts kept him at home. My bent was for literature, romance, the desire to create something, born of a temperament; his was towards, as I thought them then, the dismal and dictatorial twins, political economy and mathematics.

I was as a boy, and am still, a dreamer; but if in school-days I wove our youthful plots, the practical Hugh took the initiative, organised and carried them out. My outlook was sanguine to iridescence; his was in relentless black-and-white. I would go miles to see a sunrise; he was as matter-of-fact and unromantic as a washing-bill. Marcus Aurelius's 'Wipe out the imagination' might have been taken to his heart literally. His only dreams were of the Bench, and I doubt if he would have turned aside from a brief to look at the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi or the burning of Moscow.

There may never have been a great advocate, but there have been sound lawyers lacking in the divine gift of imagination; and if Hugh eschewed or was incapable of rhetoric, he was a monument of industry and accuracy. Figures were his delight, and—which is saying a good deal—the most chartered of accountants who ever transmogrified a balance-sheet did homage to his hard-headed qualities. His freckled, indeterminate boy's features had given place to a good rectangular face. One of his shrewd eyes scanned the world through a monocle; and though his cast of countenance, clean shaven and alert, recalled a modern American type, he was capable of a devastating 'who-the-devil-are-you?' British stare.

The day was perfect. We lounged in silence for a time, my senses revelling in the glowing cardinal colours of blue and gold interwoven on the mighty canvas of sky and sea and sand. Hugh pulled stolidly at his briar-root.

'I envy your having a *piéd-à-terre* near the shore in old Galloway, Hugh,' I said. 'To me there is a spell and a fascination in the long level of the sands.'

'Um!—um!' He weighed the pros and cons. 'Well, the telegraph-office is eleven miles off, and the *Scotsman* doesn't reach us until four o'clock. Still, the building fiend hasn't vulgarised the spot as yet. Yes! It has its good points. I suppose this isn't a bad corner of the world. You might have had one of your own, Frank, but you preferred stravaigin' over

half of God's earth, pigging with Digger Indians'—

'Not quite!'

'Well, something akin to it. Loafing in Japan!'

'Loafing indeed! Man alive! the colouring there! the radiance! the—the quintessence of poetry of the country! the—the most'—

'Don't enthuse. It's too warm. Besides, I've heard all that transcendental rubbish scores of times. I can reel lots of it off by heart: all about the blaze of the wistarias and the azaleas and the lotus-flowers, and the message of the dark cryptomerias, and the'—

I cut in, humming the lines half to myself:

'Thundering great camellia-trees,
Decked with blossoms gay,
Adorn the road to Nikko,
The mountain road to Nikko,
In the month of May.'

'There you are!' he cried. 'I never knew a rolling stone who wasn't able to hypnotise his reason with a jingling verse or two! Then, the Argentine! the Cape! Vancouver! You've lived in them all!'

'Yes, "*Ich habe gelebt und geliebt*" in them all,' I conceded.

'I guessed as much,' he grunted.

'Yes, Hugh, I have heard the songs at evening by lone camp-fires in the Rockies; I have watched the stars above the veldt; seen the Great Bear dip and the Southern Cross lift; held my breath when the dawn burst over the Golden Gate. And the South Sea Islands! I have stood by R. L. Stevenson's grave; I remember the tropic moonrise there, and the long, musical roll of the Pacific on the beach'—

He was not impressed.

'That's rococo! Strikes me you'll see more of "on the beach" yet,' he interrupted. 'What have you made out of it all?'

'Health, sport, romance, the *joie de vivre*, zest,' I replied truthfully.

He turned and gave me a long stare. Then slowly and with forbearance, as one might instruct a backward child, he said, 'I—meant—to—ask—if you had increased your capital at all.'

'That,' I replied loftily, 'is a bagman's estimate of life.' (I would get back 'some of my own,' I thought.) 'My dear chap, you have the huckster sense. Art, a—a creation, can't be labelled in bawbees.'

'If the "creation" happens to be a new hat for your wife, unfortunately it can't—in bawbees,' he said feelingly.

'You are flippant. The—the Greek spirit, originality, work done for the love of it, the reward of such cannot be computed in little gold discs stamped with His Majesty's likeness!'

'Your reward can't, you mean. Come, old man, confess! It wouldn't lower their artistic value if you could sell your productions, would it?'

I was silent. I had published a volume of verses, an *édition de luxe*, printed on superb paper (at my own expense, for private circulation); but editors and theatrical managers were as fugitive as the other efforts I sent them. These returned to me with the singular, or rather the plural, and disconcerting regularity of a boomerang.

'Fact is,' he continued, 'you dream dreams and see visions and weave romantic mists round the obvious. You've been cursed'——

'Or blessed.'

'With a competence and a temperament. The Romantic Movement may have done much for Europe, but it hasn't done much for you. Man, I get cargoes of romance out of my work at the Bar.'

Thrice happy, he held one of the great secrets of life. He raised his voice. 'Harness your imagination, Frank.' His eyeglass impaled me. 'Harness your imagination! You're too near the Edge of the Cliff of the Useless Wonder-Seekers.' He spoke still louder, and brandished his pipe at me. 'Ach Gott! drive some Chariot of Work, thou poor Wanderer, however it may creak and lumber. Be a living Working-Man!'

He nettled me. 'I don't deal in imitation chunks of Craigenputtock,' I rejoined. 'Give me the real stuff—this, for instance, "The understanding is indeed thy window, . . . but phantasy is thy eye."'

He was silent, and I thought that the *riposte* had silenced him. So it had. But there exists in Scotland a nauseous habit, indigenous as Highland Malt, Athole Brose, or the Personal Devil. It consists in producing a half-nasal, rude sound, neither grunt, sneer, nor ejaculation. Something of each. Perhaps the reason

of its existence is the national instinct of economy applied to human speech. It is all-pervading. It flourishes in the Parliament House as well as in the Cowgate. The travelled Scot returning slips into the habit again—if he ever loses it—as easily as into his mackintosh. The sound is very imperfectly indicated by the spelling, 'Imphm!' Accompanied by a portentous headshake, it is the stock-in-trade of many a blockhead, the dullard's delight, the secret of his reputation for shrewdness. He may not understand what you are talking about, but he owns in it a grand non-committal stop-gap. Its *nuances* may convey surprise, interest, indifference, derision, satisfaction, dissatisfaction, defiance, fear, 'yes,' 'no,' 'perhaps,' anything or nothing—a mean, wriggling worm of speech without the character or the directness of a curse. Compared with it, even 'Hoot awa, mon!' another northern flower of diction, is as an orchid to a thistle. It has always had a peculiarly maddening effect on me, and Hugh knew this.

He turned the full searchlight of his eyeglass on to me, and said, 'Imphm! Imphm!'

I rose, outwardly calm. 'Man, you haven't got a soul above the Christmas Number of the *Juridical Review*, if there is such a thing. I think I'll stroll home by the sand,' I said, with too obvious a yawn. 'See you at dinner.'

Then I took the cliff path through the bracken. Five minutes in the bright sun routed my irritation, for blithe, exultant birds were singing, bees boomed in busy content to and from the heather, and every blue peak of the Galloway hills, every turn of the track, was a landmark of old days.

(To be continued.)

THE PANAMÁ RAILWAY.

By W. B. LORD.

DURING recent years a strip of land curving about four hundred and seventy miles, so that it closely resembles a bent finger, has occupied a large amount of public attention. Since the days of Grecian glory no such small patch of land as the Isthmus of Panamá has gained equal distinction. It has been the scene of stirring adventure and the site of the wealthiest city in the world. It has been the subject of epoch-making diplomacy and a sphere of political disturbance. It is the seat of the greatest engineering enterprise in history—an enterprise which is destined to—— But that is another story.

As the construction of the Panamá Canal progressed it became necessary from time to time to abandon small sections of the original Panamá Railway line, which was constructed in 1850-55 by three Americans—Aspinwall, Stephens, and

Chauncey. In 1908 the section between Mindi and Tiger Hill was lifted and placed elsewhere, as the old line passed right through the site of Gatún dam and locks. In 1910 the section between Pedro Miguel and Corozal was shifted, establishing a line permanently at an elevation sufficiently high to be above the level of the Miraflores Lake; and on 15th February 1912 the new line between Gatún and Matachin was put into service, as the rising water of the Gatún Lake, due to the closing up of the Chagres River at Gatún, would soon have flooded the old line between these points.

Finally, with the completion of the Panamá Canal, a new railway will have been constructed, running from Colón to Panamá, entirely on the east side of the waterway, instead of continually crossing the track as it did previously. During the whole of the changes traffic across the isthmus was not suspended at all, although pas-

sengers for some considerable time travelled in a roundabout way between the two cities at each side of the republic. Engines had to be changed at one point and the train taken back almost whence it had come, so as to enable it to negotiate the newly made line which extended in a different direction. Here another locomotive attached itself at the head of the train, and it proceeded to the end of the journey.

The new line of the Panamá Railway is 47.1 miles long, or slightly shorter than the old one. From Colón to Mindi, 4.17 miles, and from Corozal to Panamá, 2.83 miles, the old line is used, but the remaining forty miles are new. From Mindi to Gatún the railway runs in general parallel to the canal, and ascends from a few feet above the tide-water elevation to nearly ninety-five feet above that level. At Gatún the line leaves the vicinity of the canal, and runs east along the valley of the Gatún River to a point about four and a half miles from the centre line of the canal, where it turns southward again and skirts the east shore of Gatún Lake to the beginning of the Culebra Cut at Bas Obispo. In this section there are several huge 'fills' of rock and earth, occurring where the line crosses the Gatún Valley and near the north end of Culebra Cut, where the line was taken round so as to furnish waste-dumps for the dirt excavated from the canal. Originally it was intended to carry the railway through the Culebra Cut on a forty-foot beam ten feet above the water-level, but the numerous landslides made this plan impracticable, and the line was taken around the cut, and is known locally as the Gold Hill Line.

Leaving the canal at Bas Obispo, the Gold Hill Line gradually works into the foothills, reaching a distance from the centre line of the canal of two miles opposite Culebra; thence it runs down the Pedro Miguel Valley to Paraiso, where it is only eight hundred feet from the centre line of the canal. This section of the road is laid down on a maximum grade of 1.25 per cent., and has a total length of nine and three-eighths miles. The sharpest curve on the whole line is seven degrees. From the south end of Culebra Cut at Paraiso, the railway runs practically parallel with the canal to Panamá, with a maximum grade of 0.45 per cent. Where the railway crossed the Gatún River, a bascule steel bridge has been erected; and a steel-girder bridge, a quarter of a mile long, with a two hundred-foot through-truss channel span, is in use across the Chagres River at Gamboa. Small streams are crossed on reinforced concrete culverts. Near Miraflores a tunnel seven hundred and thirty-six feet long has been built through a hill.

The relocated line was made absolutely necessary by the new plans of the Isthmian Canal Commission for building an eighty-five-foot level lock canal. Some serious landslides occurred on the new line during the process of construc-

tion, when several peculiar accidents happened to various kinds of heavy machinery and to the railway metals. The greater part of the time taken and expense was necessitated by the crossing of the Gatún Valley. From the point where the road leaves the Gatún ridge to the hills near Monte Lirio, a distance of three and a half miles, the line crosses the main valley of the Gatún River and its tributaries. In this section there have been placed five and a half million cubic yards of embankment. The foundation of a part of this embankment was very poor, causing its base to be spread over a much wider area in order to reduce the pressure per square foot on the natural ground, and prevent upheaval beyond the foot of the slope. The total cost of the new line is estimated at nine million dollars, American money. The first line cost seven million dollars, which was considered an enormous sum.

As late as sixty years ago the city of Panamá was more difficult to reach than is Tibet to-day. The only means of communication after the rule of Spain had ended and the paved road across the isthmus from Portobello, on the Atlantic, had become a ruin, was either by sea or by the Chagres River, in canoes or small vessels as far as either Gorgona or Cruces (Venta Cruz), and thence by mule-road through the densest of jungle to Panamá. The isthmus was a complete wilderness from shore to shore, when all at once it became a centre of attraction for interocean transit. The first concession for a railway across the isthmus was granted to a Frenchman in 1847, but he failed to raise the money necessary to build the line. In December 1848 a concession was granted by the Colombian Government to Aspinwall, Stephens, and Chauncey, and this was modified to the advantage of the company in April 1850. The *cessionnaires* had in view the handling of the immigrant trade bound for California and Oregon, then recently opened to settlement, and Aspinwall had already, in 1848, established a steamship service between San Francisco and Panamá. The discovery of gold in California made it possible to raise the money to begin the undertaking. The promoters took the first steps on general principles; they believed that a road across the isthmus would pay; but it did not enter their minds, or the mind of any other living mortal, that their scheme would prove the dazzling bonanza which it did.

As Mr Aspinwall had been prominent in everything relating to the success of the undertaking, it was proposed to name the Atlantic terminus after him. It had been called Navy Bay or The Bay. The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm, and it was supposed that the name would be permanently established. But the Colombian Government decided that the place should be called Colón, arguing, no doubt, that Christopher Columbus was a much greater

man than William H. Aspinwall. The former had visited the bay in November 1502, and had named it Bahía de los Navíos; and although Aspinwall was used very generally the world over, especially by Americans, for a good many years, Colón became the legal name.

Even when the commission of an American consul for Aspinwall was made out at the state department in Washington, the Bogotá Government refused an exequatur on the ground that there was no such place in the country. It was perhaps an ungracious act on the part of a friendly state; and it is probable that Secretary Fisher so regarded it, since he would not have a new commission made out for the consul, preferring to send the official out as a commercial agent, for whom an exequatur would not be required. But of course all subsequent commissions were made for Colón, as the right of Colombia to label all towns within her territory had to be conceded.

For a time Colón-Aspinwall and Colón (Aspinwall) were written and printed; and a funny thing happened, if a wreck can be called humorous. A captain strange to the port came sailing in one day before the strong trade-winds, and, to the surprise of all who saw him, held his course straight away past the lighthouse and the wharves, under full sail. People looked and wondered, and said beneath their breath, 'Tis our belief that you will soon be piled up on the reef!' And, sure enough, he was! The vessel became a total wreck, and the cargo was lost. The captain and crew were saved with great difficulty. It was thought that the skipper must be insane; but after he had been questioned, the cause of his strange conduct was made plain. On his chart was marked 'Colón-Aspinwall'; and was not Aspinwall after Colón? 'Vat ish der madder?' he said; and he could not be convinced of his error. He had found Colón all right, and was simply steering for the other place when he struck! He was an honest old chap; the disaster was put down as a peril of the sea, and his insurance paid.

Later the Colombian postal authorities gave notice that all correspondence addressed to Aspinwall would not be delivered, but would be sent back to the places whence it came. Thus, finally, the present name was adopted; although for a long time, in the United States especially, the old name was better known. Curiously enough both Columbus and Aspinwall will shortly be honoured in another way in Colón. The statue of the former, a beautiful production in bronze, is shortly to be set up in the garden in front of the new Washington Hotel, now in course of construction on Colón Beach, and a bust of Aspinwall is to be placed in the grounds at the back of the hotel. The latter is just as ugly as the former is beautiful, and since they were landed on the isthmus both monuments have passed through many vicissitudes, which almost eclipse the adventurous

lives of the notable men they represent. Like the Tivoli Hotel at Ancon, the Washington Hotel is being erected on behalf of the United States Government, and will cater for tourists as well as accommodate official visitors to the canal zone.

At the time of the building of the original line railways were in their infancy, and the project of a line fifty miles long across a notoriously unhealthy country was regarded as a distinct hazard. Money was scarce in 1851, and the progress of the work was not encouraging, as the line had been completed only to Gatún, seven miles inland. In November of that year a ship unable to land its passengers at the mouth of the Chagres River, as sometimes happened, landed them at Colón, and at once the railway came into use. The rates charged were exceedingly high, but the service was prompt compared with the canoes on the river. From 1852 to the present time the line has paid a dividend of from 3 to 61 per cent. annually.

Clearing was begun in May 1850, and the first train crossed the isthmus on 28th January 1855. As originally constructed, the line was forty-seven miles three thousand and twenty feet long, and the summit was two hundred and sixty-three feet above sea-level. From the beginning the traffic in passengers and goods was heavy, as the route was used by people all over the west coast of North and South America. Until an arbitrary decision of the management drove them from the trade, there was a line of steamers which carried European freight from Panamá to Wellington, N.Z., and Sydney, N.S.W., and up to that period—1868—no regular steamship route lay through the Strait of Magellan to the west coast of South America. In 1869 the railway across the United States was completed, and thus a considerable amount of the goods traffic and almost all the passenger traffic for California and Oregon were diverted. Notwithstanding these losses in traffic, the line continued to pay good dividends.

In August 1881 the French Canal Company purchased sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven of the seventy thousand shares of the railway stock at two hundred and ninety-one dollars per share. The railway was absolutely necessary for the construction of the canal. When the United States completed its purchase of the French rights on 4th May 1904, it came into possession of the sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven shares of the railway stock, and by private purchase acquired the balance.

The heavy equipment purchased for the canal work made it necessary to relay the road—a double track forty miles long—with eighty-pound rails, and otherwise improve the property. Since 1904 the equipment has been renewed, and there are now one-hundred-ton oil-burning locomotives, large and comfortable day-parlour, and hospital carriages, as well as forty-

ton freight-cars. Hospital-carriages are novelties on railways. They are fitted with comfortable bunks, loose beds, and easy-chairs, to accommodate men who are injured or fall ill while engaged at any part of the canal works. Thence they are taken by train, ordinary or special as the case may be, to Colón or Ancon, where well-equipped hospitals are maintained by the United States Government.

The commercial usefulness of the Panamá

Railway has been somewhat handicapped by the canal work, because all considerations are made secondary to this. At present it cannot handle all the freight between the east and west coasts of the United States that could be procured, but it does carry an average of thirty-five thousand tons of commercial freight a month. This is about half of the total freight carried, the balance being for the construction of the canal and for railway purposes.

A CASE OF NERVES.

CHAPTER II.

ON Friday morning Louie and her father were seated at breakfast in their private sitting-room.

'Slept all right?' he asked.

'Not a wink, dad.'

His brow clouded, and she laughed out.

'Nothing unusual,' she said lightly. 'Sleep is such waste of time! And last night—after the play, and the racket of the traffic, and the big-city feeling, and the knowledge that thousands and thousands are awake and working—it seemed a crime merely to sleep.'

With a new insight, the squire read that strange, tired look in his daughter's eyes, and somehow she altogether failed to blind him by the studied vivacity of her expression.

They turned from the table. The squire took out his pipe, and Louie began to fidget vaguely with the *Morning Post*. She had not yet written that letter to Charlie. Perhaps—

'Louie, I want you to do something for me.' Her father interrupted her thought abruptly.

She dropped the paper, and realised her father's nervousness. 'I will do anything, so long as you don't stare at me like that, dad,' and she rose and came and sat on the arm of his chair. 'Unless,' she added, 'it is something foolish about Charlie.'

'It is nothing about Charlie.'

'Then quick, dad!'

'I want you to go with me this morning to see Sir Wallace Dearman. He is an old friend of mine, and a great doctor. I think perhaps he might put you on your sleep again. Girls of twenty-two have no business to give up the idea of sleeping. For an old man like me it is altogether different.'

'Dad! I never heard such nonsense. As if it hurt me not to sleep! I am not ill.'

'No,' he agreed, 'you don't seem to be ill—that is the puzzle; but as we are in London you will go—won't you, little girl?'

'You came up for this one thing?' she demanded, turning on him.

He reddened like a boy. 'I can't lie to you,' he acknowledged ruefully. 'I wish I could!'

For reply, the girl leaned over and kissed his

puckered brow. Then she stood up energetically. 'Dad, this is really a most preposterous idea. Why should you waste precious guineas on a doctor? Far better let us go out and choose a hat—except that the choosing would bore you so frightfully, and you are too good to bore!'

'I would rather bring sleep to your eyes, little girl, than see any Parisian foolery on your head.'

'I agree,' she nodded. 'I give up the hat. But I do want a new riding-habit; and if you'd care to treat me to an up-to-date saddle'—

'If you will let me take a taxi to Harley Street I promise you Long Acre and the habit-maker,' he answered.

'It is absolutely ridiculous, of course,' she said. 'Have you made an appointment? Are you and this precious doctor in league already?'

'Certainly not,' he retorted. 'I swear you shall tell your own story, if you'll let me go to the telephone.'

'You are a poor schemer, dad!' laughed the daughter. Yet she let him go. If the truth be told, she was growing rather scared at certain feelings she had been suffering from lately, and at least it might be just as well to get rid of her sleeplessness before September. The pageant might go better if she felt more fit. Besides, her ambitions began to aspire towards an embroidered saddlecloth when she rode forth as Joan of Arc, and present obedience would spell untold indulgence from her father later.

CHAPTER III.

LOUIE was sitting with her face towards the light, being interviewed by the doctor. She was relieving her feelings by protesting that there was nothing whatever the matter with her, while the doctor now and again made jottings in a book. Louie was jeering inwardly, and wondering when the farce would end.

At last the great man looked across at the squire. 'Suppose I see the young lady for a few minutes alone!'

The squire leaped to his feet. 'Certainly—oh, certainly!' he exclaimed nervously; and he

departed to face the tortures of a doctor's waiting-room.

A sudden lonely fear gripped Louie as she saw him go, and, to her annoyance, her eyes filled with uncontrollable tears.

The squire was indeed alarmed at his own stupendous success. He had scarcely dreamed that he could get Louie beguiled into a nerve specialist's den, and as he deserted her he felt like some diabolical conspirator.

Sir Wallace Dearman was a prince in his profession, and his strength lay in his power to enforce his will on his nerveless patients.

The squire felt, as he gazed vaguely at a horrible picture of Samson and Delilah, as though he must rush back and clutch his child from the doctor's iron grasp. He trusted that Sir Wallace would not be too hard on his poor little girl.

His 'poor little girl' had hastily wiped away the betraying tears, and as the doctor returned to his seat she forced herself to meet his glance bravely enough.

'I wished to see you alone, Miss Holland, because, if we are to effect a cure, patient and doctor must work together.'

Patient! How the word startled her.

'But—I am not ill; there is really nothing wrong with me—except that I cannot sleep. Heaps of people can't sleep,' protested Louie, and an obstinate tone which her father knew well came into her voice.

'And,' went on the doctor, quite ignoring her remark, 'I never take patients who are not willing to carry out my wishes—both in the spirit and in the letter.'

'My father is such a fidget!' Louie exclaimed. 'It is so stupid of us to have wasted your time like this, Sir Wallace.'

'I think you said you were two-and-twenty?' pursued the doctor.

'Yes.'

'And you lead a fairly busy life?'

'I hate idling.'

'Exactly. Well, now—to help me—suppose you run through a typical day's engagements. What happened on Wednesday, for instance? Be quite frank, please.'

The tone was commanding, and somehow Louie found herself cataloguing her day, finishing up with the dinner-party.

'And bridge, I suppose, until, say, midnight?'

'Perhaps,' said Louie reluctantly.

'And after that you lay wide awake until'—

'It might have been five o'clock,' confessed the girl.

'And now tell me the things you are most interested in—the things you have on hand.'

For a moment she hesitated.

'Go on, please,' he remarked.

And she went on, helpless under his order.

'A busy, interesting life!' he acknowledged pleasantly. 'Apparently you get through things quickly!'

'There is no point in dawdling, is there?' she demanded.

He did not reply, but looked her up and down calmly. 'You have lost weight recently?'

'Yes; I ride a stone lighter than last year, thank goodness!' and she laughed.

'That is convenient, at any rate,' he commented. 'And now, Miss Holland, as I gather that you are quite a sensible person, I propose to use strong measures; we shall get what we want all the quicker by doing so. You agree?'

'I don't know in the least what you mean, Sir Wallace,' said Louie, seeking hard to control the tremor on her lips.

'Let me explain,' said the doctor coolly. 'I have decided to put you to bed for some weeks—how many depends upon yourself. I shall therefore arrange with your father for you to go to a nursing home at Sandlands-by-the-Sea, where the nurses are under my immediate instructions. I wish you to understand quite clearly that when there you will find yourself in absolute seclusion, and will not be allowed to receive outside communications of any description. You will give yourself up to the treatment prescribed, which will of course include massage and extra feeding. You will find the life exceedingly trying, and I am therefore relying upon you to pull yourself together to stand it and make a success of it. I shall be kept regularly informed as to your progress, and shall gradually relax the stringency of your treatment as I find you answer to it. I shall be in constant communication with your father. There is a good train which leaves Waterloo for Sandlands at three o'clock.'

The doctor spoke in swift, even tones; but at the first pause Louie rose and uttered a loud, hysterical laugh. 'I shall submit to nothing of the sort, Sir Wallace!' she exclaimed with lifted head and flaming eyes.

'Indeed!' he returned.

'But I can't! I absolutely can't go in for any mad cure just now,' she protested. 'Sometime perhaps I might'—so she temporised in face of the imperturbable expression on the doctor's countenance—'but—indeed I never lie in bed! Besides, I have so many compelling engagements, and—I never break engagements.'

'Sometimes engagements break us, as you have discovered, Miss Holland.'

'How do you know? I say this is madness!'

'Exactly. Therefore you are going to Sandlands,' and he touched a bell. 'Your father will be here in a moment, so do not distress him by showing quite useless opposition. Come, Miss Holland—your hand in proof that you have engaged to fight this thing through with me!'

'Oh, I really can't!' And she shrank back.

'Yet you agree that I am right?'

She looked at him and gave an involuntary movement of acquiescence. He rewarded her by a reassuring smile of commendation.

'So that is our engagement! And, as you say, I can quite believe that you are not the kind of person to break one.'

Louie put her hand to her forehead. She was flustered, excited, not altogether sure of herself. She felt that she was being whirled altogether out of reach of her ordinary personality.

Her father entered hurriedly, and looked deprecatingly at her.

'I congratulate you on your daughter, Holland!' said the doctor. 'She and I have made a compact which will end in her permanent cure.'

'She is one in a thousand!' blurted out the squire.

And suddenly, at her father's words, Louie leaned forward and wept impotently.

Sir Wallace watched her passively, and motioned to the squire to leave her alone.

'You are both brutes!' said Louie gaspingly, as she swiftly recovered herself.

'That is just it! That is exactly what we are!' exclaimed her father.

'Never mind, Miss Holland,' said the doctor. 'A few weeks, and your nerve will have returned to hunt us down. Now perhaps you will leave us, while your father and I make a few arrangements?' And again he touched the bell.

CHAPTER IV.

'I AM awfully sorry, little girl!' said the squire miserably as they spun through the traffic.

'Please don't apologise, dad,' said Louie, pride coming to her aid. 'I have read in sensational literature that nursing homes are convenient places in which to put away tiresome people. I congratulate you—all three of you!'

'Who is the third?' faltered the squire.

'Oh, you should know best!'

'You mean Charlie? No, Louie; I assure you that you are mistaken. Charlie has not the remotest idea that'—

'It is really of no consequence,' said Louie wearily.

CHAPTER V.

'IT is positively brutal'—cried Charlie.

'Exactly what Louie said!' groaned the squire.

'To shut her up with a lot of fiendish nurses

at liberty to boss her at every turn. Women never were made for exercising independent authority. She'll be sick and lonely, she'll get frantic, and then she'll go mad! The amazing thing is how you ever got her there, short of drugging her stupid.'

'That is the worst of it,' the squire admitted. 'Of course she would never have gone if she had not known at the bottom that she was unfit.'

Charlie rose restlessly. 'And I hadn't even the sense to see what was happening, blind fool that I was! So I rode high, and let my beastly tongue fly out at her like— Good heavens! Look here, Mr Holland; I positively must go down to her, or write, or do something to explain'—

But the squire interrupted him. 'No use. I know Sir Wallace. He'll throw up the case instantly if we play the interfering fool. I took her to the very best man I knew—you'll give me credit for that?'

Charlie turned and resealed himself. 'It is not you I blame,' he said. 'Only, how you had the nerve'—

'I don't know myself. And look, Charlie—that pile of letters, and her new horse arrived, and every one driving me frantic by asking me things, as if I knew! See, this is her last public effort;' and he drew out a sheet of paper. 'She wrote it in the train. Her "last will and testament" my little girl called it. Here are a thousand matters left to me to arrange and adjust. And as for the pageant, there is a meeting at the schools this evening, and every person I meet looks at me tragically as though I had committed a crime—as perhaps I have! I suppose the whole business will blow to bits now; and after all her work it seems hard.'

'Hang it all!' the young man burst forth, 'I can't go off to Scotland, fishing and enjoying myself, while she is grinding out her hours. Let me stay on here. You'll be getting letters, and the journey north has no temptation for me at present. I'll promise to clear out before she comes home.'

'Stay, lad; stay as long as ever you like,' said the squire with relieved heartiness.

A couple of hours later Charlie Mason strolled down into the village to learn what the world was up to at the pageant committee.

(To be continued.)

BOOT TROUBLES, AND A REMEDY.

By 'SKIPPER.'

IT has been said that it is the little things which have most effect in making our lives pleasant or the reverse; and, given the possession of prime necessities, such as food and health, there is certainly a good deal of truth in the proposition. Yet

so fierce is the strife for these prime necessities that we are content passively to enjoy or tolerate the effects of the little things, as though our efforts had left us with neither energy nor leisure so to order these details that they should each con-

tribute to our happiness. So we tamely bow to the dictates of Fashion, and wear whatsoever she and her myrmidons—the tailors, dressmakers, and bootmakers—ordain is to be worn; and of these shapers of form the last has surely the greatest power to harass or comfort squirming humanity.

Consider the modern boot, ready-made or made to order. How often does it fit? Seldom, I am afraid. We get boots new and comely, with a lambent polish and a general air of bringing comfort. We put them on and wear them, and for the first five minutes all is well. Then we become dimly cognisant of a little sensation somewhere. Perhaps our toes feel as if they were crowded together, or there is a slight tightness over the instep, or a tiny knob seems to have suddenly come into being, and is pressing into the back of our heels. No matter; it will be all right when the foot gets into the boot. The bootmaker said so; he knows—he is an expert. But it is not all right, and we spend the rest of the day in a state which may vary between slight discomfort and acute agony. Evening brings relief, and we taste the unholy joys of revenge as we remove the boots, and screw the trees hard into them till the leather creaks to the strain. Next day we take a rest from the newly acquired blisters or galls, and wear some old friends which are all right so long as it does not rain. When sufficiently recovered, we put on the new ones again, with similar but modified results; and in time the words of the expert come true, and our feet do 'get down into the boots.' In other words, our feet become callous, and the boots stretch, so that we are able to wear them all day without a subconscious feeling that we are the victims of some insidious evil. But when this happy state has been reached, we may find, to our grief, that the period of probation has been all too long, and that the soles are already showing signs of wearing through. We have then to choose whether to have them re-soled, thereby indeed renewing their life, but at the risk of losing the hardly earned 'fit,' or to discard them, and commence our troubles again with a new pair. Any bootmaker will cheerfully undertake to make a boot which shall fit, and most will profess to keep in stock ready-made all manner of sizes and shapes with which to fit any particular foot which may be presented to them. But though they make these professions in all honesty, believing themselves competent to perform them, it is a sad fact that they usually fail in execution.

Let us give the devil his due, and say that boots are capable of doing us very good service when they illustrate in actual practice the theoretical good points of the ideal. They save our feet from wear or injury underneath; they can keep out wet and snow as long as the leather remains non-absorbent; they add strength to weak ankles, and prevent many a strain and twist; and they give a very complete protection against injury from

above, such as the stamping of other feet or the more serious mishaps of dropped weights, and so on. On the other hand, the list of defects is a very long one, apart from those which have their cause in bad fitting. What is more depressing to the spirits and pretty surely to the vitality also than the matutinal drawing on of clammy boots preparatory to a plunge into the outside chill of a British winter? If the boots are dry and perhaps warmed at a fire by some kindly hand we feel no ill; but the unfortunate majority of us have to take our boots as we find them in the morning, and there is no need to dilate on the effects of beginning the day's work with mind and body below par. Incidental to the material and shape of our boots are the evils of damp and cold feet. Leather when at all old becomes absorbent of moisture, and boots once damp take several days to dry; this accentuates coldness of the feet arising from the inert state which the booted foot is tempted to assume when not actively employed in locomotion, and also from perspiration of the foot boxed up in its air-excluding cover. Both conditions are potent causes of ill-health as well as of discomfort. In warm weather, also, want of ventilation and restriction of movement result in our feet being unpleasantly hot, and the heat makes them swell and strain against their bonds. We rather pride ourselves on our cleanliness. Can anything be more unclean than our boots? Having trodden in them through the filth of the highways and byways, we thereafter bring them with us indoors, carrying on them throughout our houses particles of dirt, and leaving large or small deposits on every carpet and rug. As for the inside of a boot, it is enough to say that it is a garment worn practically next the skin, and never washed from the day it is in use till it is thrown away; and it is worn for hours at a time, not taken off and put on like a glove. Liability to chilblains is undoubtedly increased by the wearing of boots, and a pretty certain recipe for acquiring frost-bite of the toes is to wear boots which are at all tight when exposed for long to snow and severe cold.

It has already been remarked that boots tend to cramp the movement of the foot. Especially is this the case at the forepart of the foot, as is testified by our bent-in great toes and partially stunted and wholly ridiculous little toes, which in civilised feet have the appearance of being some superfluous survival, like the vermiform appendix. The settled conditions of modern life allow us to treat our toes with scant consideration, and the effect of these artificial deformities is not greatly felt. But Dame Nature had a well-defined purpose in providing us with toes; and when it comes to long marches, or swift movement on the flat or over rocky and broken ground, we find that bent-in toes soon put us out of the running. An army surgeon will tell us that a man who has lost some of his toes cannot march, and has to be

invalided out of the service; and similarly no man whose toes are crushed together by his boots can hope to keep going in a succession of marches of even average length, much less to sustain the fatigue of the forced marches which soldiers are sometimes called on to make. For work among rocks, hill-climbing, crossing moraines of boulders and such ground as may be expected in country of an alpine character, the free use of each individual toe is of prime importance, for by their agency the balance of the body is preserved or regained with much less effort than when they are crowded together, in which case the great muscles of the whole leg and trunk have to be called into play to effect the same result.

Whole books have been written on the subject of marching in the army, and minute regulations framed enjoining on officers the careful fitting of their men's boots, and the somewhat grandmotherly duty of inspecting every man's feet after a march. All this is because the boot is the most important equipment of a soldier after his arms and ammunition. And why important? Because its characteristics are such that unless scrupulous care is paid to its fit and softness it will hopelessly lame the wearer. The feet of the boot-shod soldier are soft, and he is unable to march barefoot; though he might do so within limits if time were given him to harden his feet, and if the enemy were kind enough to wait for him to do it. Once lame, he is compelled to seek refuge in the ambulance-wagon, and becomes a drag on the army instead of a factor of success. About 90 per cent. of the men who have to drop out of the ranks during a march do so from some form of foot-lameness due to the make of the boots, and not to any defect in their feet or legs *per se*; and a civilised army with boots which do not fit or which become worn-out and cannot be replaced is for all purposes disarmed until it gets new boots or learns to march without them. The hard sole and airtight upper leather are at the root of the whole evil; and, granting that footwear of some sort is necessary, it should be such as neither to demand special training to make the wearer fit to use it nor to make him so wholly dependent on it as to become helpless in its absence.

It is certain that each country tends to produce the kind of footwear most suited to local conditions. Europe is a country of agriculture and cities, with an abundant rainfall, and men found that a closed-in boot was a very suitable type for general use; but the original type has been degraded by the arbitrary decrees of fashion and the luxury of smooth city pavements. Its essentials are freedom and protection for the foot; but these are disregarded, with the result that our boots are unfit to be worn anywhere save in towns where vehicular transport is available to enable us to supplement their shortcomings. So much is this the case that if we go for a month's walking-tour in roomy boots, we find on return that our pointed town boots can

with difficulty be induced to admit the feet that have resumed their natural form.

Continental nations are either more practical or less studious of appearance than we are; and in several of their armies the boot is made large enough to allow foot-bandages to be worn, thus dispensing with the sock, which of itself tends to bunch the toes together and to wrinkle and wear into holes, and thereby cause blisters. The foot-bandage, in spite of its name, is not a bandage at all, but simply a square of soft flannel. It is worn by putting the foot down on it with the toe and heel pointing diagonally across the square. All four corners of the cloth are then drawn up round the ankle and the foot put into the boot. In comfort this appliance far surpasses the sock, as it is both warmer and cooler; and as it does not cling tightly to the foot it can be changed round if any parts show signs of wear, and it is easily and quickly cleaned. Its principal drawback is the difficulty of disposing of the loose angles of cloth that project above the boot. This has to be overcome by wearing a boot with a long top, of the shape known as a 'half-Wellington,' or by the use of a puttee or gaiter of some sort. Naturally the boot has to be somewhat larger, and consequently heavier, than one intended to be worn with the close-fitting sock. But even the use of the comfortable foot-bandage cannot obviate the defects that are inseparable from all boots; thus a nail coming through the sole, or boots too tight or out of repair, will put the wearer *hors de combat* just as surely as if he wore socks.

After so much adverse criticism, we ought to consider whether our condition would be bettered if we discarded our present form of boot and adopted some alternative; and here it may at once be said that such an upheaval is only contemplated because of its possibility, since there have been civilisations before ours which did not wear a boot. Naturally the first alternative which suggests itself is to do without any footgear and go barefoot. In the present condition of the world this is the happy privilege of young children and savages, but the innovation would not be popular. In the first place, our style of dress of either sex is not artistically suited to it. A bare foot projecting from a leg of the trousers or a flounced skirt would surely seem the height of incongruity; though it might be quite in keeping with some particular garb, such as a kilt or a hobble-skirt. Again, it requires a certain amount of training for our pampered feet to become capable of going unprotected. To cross a river-bed of rounded stones is a sufficiently painful undertaking for most grown-up people, while walking on fine gravel or sharp stones is a mild form of torture. Yet nature is ever ready to restore the efficiency which our boots have destroyed. A few weeks' gradual practice will make the softest feet quite hard enough to stand all ordinary work, and at the same time their sensitiveness to pain decreases,

and they become tolerant of collision with stones or pricks of thorns to an astonishing degree. They also acquire or regain an instinctive perception of what is likely to cause hurt, and, in fact, learn to look after themselves without close supervision by the owner. As is to be expected, the attainment of this standard of independence is not altogether free of penalties, and at first bumps and pricks will be painfully frequent unless the preliminary lessons are taken on flat and open ground or on the pavement. The weakness of the bare foot is found out when long distances have to be covered over hard or uneven ground, especially if the traveller is burdened, as a soldier is, with a weight in addition to that of his own body. The Zulus and other African tribes could cover enormous distances barefoot, but that was on the smooth grass of the veldt. Prince Charlie's Highlanders on the march to Derby looted shoes from every house. The bare foot must, therefore, be ruled out for general use; though it would be much more cleanly than our present arrangements, and much dirt and nastiness would be denied entrance to our houses if a trough of water and towels took the place of the filth-retaining door-mat.

If we continue our search for a substitute we find a fairly large field to explore. Even if we confine ourselves to present times only, there are many lands still unmolested by the boot whose inhabitants wear what seems most to suit their own habits and the nature of their country. The vote of Europe is practically solid for the boot. Tropical Africa goes barefoot; but in the grass-lands of the south the born Africander, who walks only when he cannot ride, has a partiality for the soft leather *veld schoen*. Again, in the rocks and sands of the north, the Mohammedans, also a race of horsemen, use the sandal or a loose shoe. Until America became a new Europe it wore the moccasin of soft leather suited to the forest and prairie. Now, of course, it wears the boot; but in winter the rubber snow-boot, or gum-boot, as it is called, is widely used as a protection against frost-bite and snow, though this is a very late adoption. Asia comprises many climates and many kinds of footwear. In the high, cold plateaus of Tibet a long boot of felt with soft soles is universal. China and Japan wear somewhat similar boots, with soles woven from rope or straw. Peninsular India wears loose leather shoes; but in the dry and rocky north and in Afghanistan the sandal is in common use.

Of all these devices, there is perhaps only one, the sandal, which could be copied or adapted to meet the needs of civilised Europe. Felt boots with woven soles may be comfortable, but they would be as unfit for outdoor wear in our damp climate as would the moccasin of half-cured leather, and our macadamised roads would soon wear such material to shreds. The loose-fitting leather shoe worn by the dark-skinned races of

India and elsewhere seems to combine the bad qualities of boot and slipper; it lets in the rain, has to be taken off if one wants to run, and sticks fast in muddy ground. It was largely worn by the native Indian army until a certain grand review at Panipat, near Delhi, when brigades and divisions marched past in pouring rain and left tons of shoes behind them. Since then the ammunition-boot is the wear of Jack Sepoy, who now suffers its inconveniences but does not lose it in the mud. This slipper-like shoe is a good example of how the characteristics of a race may be guessed from their footwear. It is the typical shoe of the Oriental, and specially of the Mohammedan. From it one surmises an indolent man whose normal pace is a slow walk, and who is prone to make the most of any chance of ease that may offer in a day's work. 'Hustle' and the purposeful walk of the busy man or the run to catch the morning tram are not compatible with wearing the Eastern shoe. On the contrary, those who wear it are to be found watching with 'patient, deep disdain' the boot-shod Occidental as he hurries on his unquiet way.

The sandal comes in a different category. Though usually regarded as markedly Eastern, it is in no way unsuited to an active life; nor indeed has it always been confined to the Orient, for surely it was in sandals that the Roman legionary marched over the world to conquer it and lay out those roads on which the sandal-shod citizens of the Empire had their comings and goings till the mighty fabric crumbled down into the ruin of the Middle Ages. The Greeks, too, used nothing in the shape of a shoe, but wore the sandal. Of the two, the Romans came nearest evolving a boot from the leather sock which it appears they wore in conjunction with the sandal; still, the combination was far from the modern laced boot. We may presume that Hannibal's mercenaries wore some similar device to protect their feet when they crossed the unexplored snows of the Alps; and Alexander's Macedonians wore sandals when they carried his victorious arms through the mountains and deserts of Asia Minor and Persia till they emerged upon the levels of India. If, then, the sandal sufficed for the feet of those who did such mighty pioneering while the world was young, it may perhaps, even in this softer age, be found not altogether unfit for our use. But as it is the simplest so it is the oldest form of foot-covering, and therefore has many fashions, from the rude artifice of the savage to the elaborate product of civilised artisans. The primitive form is a flat bit of bark or wood with a peg or a loop of rope or hide which is to be gripped between the toes. Hindus use this wooden sole in going about their houses to keep their feet clear of the mud and dust, but naturally it is not fit for work farther afield. In countries where dwarf palm or other fibre-producing plants abound, and where the natives have the art of spinning cord therefrom, a sole is woven

from this material and used as a sandal; especially is this the case in mountainous and rocky countries, where lightness combined with softness of tread and sure-footedness are matters of importance. Such rope sandals are largely worn by the natives of the Himalayan tracts of India and of Kashmir, in which latter country they are the invariable wear of the European sportsman in pursuit of ibex and other hill-game, as they are noiseless and do not slip on the snowfields or the more dangerous grass slopes where a mistake may mean death on the precipices below. But of course they wear out quickly, two pairs being the minimum for a day's work; and an indispensable member of the shooting-party is a man carrying a bundle of spare soles and a roll of grass-rope to bind them on to the foot when needed. A carefully made sole of jute cord is also much used by mountaineers in Europe in negotiating the cliffs on which they indulge their hobby. Except for such special work, however, the woven sole of any material must be put out of the counting, as it is not sufficiently impervious to wet.

The leather sandal avoids the defects of the woven sole while preserving its advantages. At first sight one is tempted to think that a leather sole secured to the foot by thongs of the same material should be a simple thing to make, and that one form would be as useful as another. But the method of fastening and, to a less extent, the shape of the sole vary greatly in different countries, and it is not easy to select one which could replace the boot in general use. There are also sandals with narrow thongs across the foot made by bootmakers in this country. These are sometimes inflicted by fond parents on their unoffending children to be worn at the seaside; and occasionally, if we are to believe our *Punch*, certain enthusiasts of the simple life may be viewed wearing them in the gardens of suburban villadom. Prolonged wear would soon dispose of the spurious claim of these to be regarded as true sandals, as narrow thongs would cut the flesh and lead to their being discarded. Perhaps the best form of sandal is one in which two tongues of leather project from the sole just in front of the heel, and stand up on each side of the instep. From these uprights two broad, longitudinally slashed cross-straps are led diagonally across the forepart of the foot and sewn down on the opposite edge of the sole so as to overlie the front of the instep and the toes. From the inner upright of each foot a heel-strap passes round behind the heel, and is secured by a buckle at the outer upright. This buckle replaces all our equipage of laces or buttons. To prevent the heel-strap slipping down behind, it is supported by passing through the looped ends of a strap which lies across the upper instep and ankle. This form of sandal is absolutely secure

on the foot, and may be worn on any kind of ground, as it gives all the attachments that are given by the uppers of boots. One weakness it has—the toes are not protected from the direct front. This has been overcome by giving the sole a pointed toe and sewing thereto a tongue of leather which is brought backwards over the toes and fastened to the crossed toe-straps. The toes are thus well protected from stones or thorns, but the space between the tongue then becomes a harbourage for mud if damp ground is crossed, so that this pattern is only useful in a dry climate. The only alternative is to leave the toes unprotected and let them fend for themselves. Reference has already been made to the fact that the foot quickly loses its sensitiveness if allowed freedom from the boot, while it resumes its instinctive faculty of avoiding hurt. If we were only content to avail ourselves of this provision of nature, there is nothing to prevent our using the form of sandal described; and the proof of this is to be found in the extent to which such sandals are actually worn by officers and others in the north of India at places where latitude of dress is permissible. The only drawback alleged against them is that the strap-pings are liable to stretch if thoroughly wetted; but this is due entirely to their being made of native-cured leather, and it would not happen if properly tanned hide was used.

The advantages of these sandals are very great, for they could be worn both in town and in the country. Compared with the boot they are clean and easily dried, can be put off or on more quickly, are simple to fit, strong, last longer, and, lastly, are much less liable to cause foot-lameness, as the whole interior is accessible, so that any rough part or projecting nail can be reduced with a penknife, whereas in a boot such things are often beyond reach, and necessitate the help of the bootmaker. From the financial point of view, the cost of manufacture and repair would be reduced, as less both of material and workmanship is needed.

Though the benefits are beyond all question, without trial being made we are unable to affirm that the sandal would be quite free from all faults in this climate of ours; but even if we were in a position to do so, the day is not yet when the boot could be displaced and supplanted by the sandal, for a mightier power than mere man upholds its supremacy. It is the voice of woman, which forbids the innovation or improvement, call it what you will. She will not consent to display her feet in sandals, and thereby forgo the joys of wearing dainty stockings and other frilled delights which require a natty boot or shoe as their supplement; and as long as this all-powerful vote is against the change the industry of worthy Northampton will continue to thrive and pinch our long-suffering toes.

THE OCEAN MOTOR-LINER.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

SINCE the oil-engine for propelling large vessels was last referred to in these pages great progress has been made, and at the present time more than fifty motor-ships of over one thousand tons carrying capacity are afloat or in course of construction. Of these vessels at least one-half have a tonnage exceeding five thousand tons, while their oil-engines range in size up to three thousand five hundred horse-power.

The first ocean-going motor-liner was put into service in March, and public interest in the use of oil-engines for propelling large ships may be said to date from the arrival of this vessel in the Port of London and her demonstration voyage to Antwerp. Since that time two sister-ships have been completed and put into service, together with several other vessels equal in size and power, while many oil-engined ships are now being built with a carrying capacity up to fifteen thousand tons.

No account has been taken of warships or vessels of under one thousand tons in recording this remarkable development. Our own naval authorities are stated to have ordered oil-engines of six thousand horse-power, and other nations are building motor-destroyers in considerable numbers; while for submarines the oil-engine is fast becoming universal. Then, again, hundreds of commercial motor-craft carrying less than one thousand tons are afloat or building; in fact, the smaller motor-ships have become quite common.

The motor-liner above mentioned and her two sister-ships were built for the East Asiatic Company to trade between Europe and the East, two of these vessels being constructed by Messrs Burmeister & Wain of Copenhagen; the third being built at Glasgow by Messrs Barclay, Curle, and Co., Limited. A description of the *Selandia*, the first of these ships to be put into service, will give a good idea of the arrangements in other large motor-vessels, although some alterations have been made in more recent equipments, which will be referred to later. Notwithstanding the fact that the *Selandia* would appear small compared to our huge Atlantic liners, she is a large vessel, her length being three hundred and seventy feet, and her breadth fifty-three feet, while she is capable of carrying seven thousand eight hundred tons, which, together with the weight of the ship and machinery, make up a displacement of nearly ten thousand tons. The *Selandia* is mainly intended for carrying cargo, hence her speed is only about eleven knots; but a handsome suite of saloons and berths is provided for some fourteen first-class passengers.

The chief interest in this vessel naturally centres round the engines, which work on similar principles to those of the ordinary motor-car,

excepting that they use crude oil costing about forty shillings a ton instead of petrol at one shilling and sixpence a gallon. The propelling is done by twin screws, one at each side of the rudder; consequently there are two separate engines, which together are capable of developing three thousand horse-power. Each engine has eight cylinders in a row, with eight cranks, and they are of such an enormous size that it is necessary to have two intermediate platforms between the floor of the engine-room and the tops of the cylinders. The engines run at one hundred and forty revolutions a minute—a slow speed which might be expected from their size—and they can be slowed down so that the ship's speed is reduced to about three knots. Starting and reversing are very quickly and easily effected by the aid of compressed air, only twenty seconds being needed to change the engines from full speed ahead to full speed astern. Both the pilot on the bridge and the engineers below are enthusiastic as to the quickness and certainty with which the engines can be made to respond to any manœuvring required for getting into docks or other awkward places; in fact, these oil-engines surpass the best steam-engines in this respect. As regards the actual starting from rest, it is impossible to give the necessary turn or two by hand customary with a motor-car, as something like one hundred and fifty horse-power is needed to give the first movement. Therefore this is done by compressed air at three hundred pounds pressure, which is admitted into the cylinders at the right moment, the pressure being continued for a turn or more until the oil begins to do its work. Each engine is started, reversed, or slowed down by a hand-wheel and a couple of levers; but so enormous is the gear that compressed air has to be used to change it over for going ahead or astern. The levers simply start small engines driven by air, which do what is necessary, so that only slight efforts are required from the engineer in control. The compressed air for all this work is contained in huge steel reservoirs, which are filled by compressors, the latter being driven by auxiliary oil-engines of several hundred horse-power.

As already said, the actual working of the engines is very similar to that of a car-motor, but there are two important differences. The car-motor sucks an explosive mixture of petrol vapour and air into the cylinder as the piston goes down, this mixture being compressed by the piston on its next up-stroke, and fired by an electric spark at the top, when it explodes and drives down the piston and thus turns the crank.

In the Diesel engine installed in the *Selandia* the piston sucks in a charge of air only as it

descends, the oil being sprayed into the cylinder at the top of the next up-stroke after the air has been compressed. The compression is so high (five hundred pounds) that the air becomes what we may call red-hot, and immediately ignites the oil-spray when it is injected. Almost every cyclist will have noticed the heating of the pump in the hand when blowing up a tire, and similar effects take place in a Diesel engine cylinder, only with very much greater heat owing to the high compression. Therefore we do not require an electric spark for ignition, and there can be no failure to ignite when the oil is sprayed into air at this high temperature. The oil-spray, however, needs air at nine hundred pounds pressure to blow it into the cylinders, and air is compressed for this purpose by a small compressor on each main engine.

The only important development since the advent of the *Selandia* is the adoption by several makers of what is called the two-stroke engine in place of the four-stroke type. Each piston in the latter draws in a charge of air as it goes down, which is compressed on the up-stroke. Then the oil is forced in and burns with an intense heat which expands the air and drives down the piston, thus giving power to the engine. The burnt gases are blown out of the cylinder after the piston comes up again, when it is ready to draw in another charge of air for the next 'cycle.' The above operations only give one working stroke in four, as the name 'four-stroke' indicates. In the two-stroke engine the piston uncovers two holes or ports in the bottom when at its lowest position. Fresh air is blown through one of these holes and sweeps out the burnt gases through the other, thus leaving a charge of air ready for being compressed on each up-stroke. The oil is forced in at the top of the up-stroke as before, but in this case each up-stroke compresses air ready for burning the oil and driving the engine during each down-stroke. Thus we have a working-stroke in every two, and the engine has double the power for the same size. Of course pumps for blowing the air into the cylinders are needed; but, although they are of considerable size, the construction is very simple and very little power is required to drive them.

A good many four-stroke engines are being built as well as two-stroke, but the latter now seem to be more in favour.

The advantages of oil-engines over steam propelling machinery are very great. As the boilers are entirely done away with and stokers are not needed, a very large amount of space is thus saved, which can be used for carrying extra cargo, while the saving in wages comes to a considerable sum. Then, again, the weight of fuel oil is only about one-fifth the weight of coal required to drive the vessel, and it can be carried between the inner and outer bottoms—a space which would otherwise be wasted—instead of in

bunkers which must necessarily take up cargo-room. Furthermore, in a steam-vessel of this size some four coal-trimmers would be carried to trim the coal into the shoots ready for the stokers, the wages of these men being entirely saved.

Taking in oil fuel by a pipe is a very simple and clean operation compared with coaling; moreover, owing to its value in driving the vessel many thousands of miles on a comparatively small amount, sufficient oil for a complete voyage out and home can be carried; hence it is possible to buy fuel in the cheapest market. The *Selandia* carries nine hundred tons of oil, which will drive her twenty thousand miles; and she can refill at the Eastern ports, where oil is cheaper than in this country. Less important advantages include the absence of smoke and funnels, the exhausts from the engines being taken up one of the masts, which is in the form of a steel tube. Then the dust and dirt from coal and ashes, which are such a nuisance on steam-vessels, are abolished.

The risk of disablement is also much less with oil-engines, as there are no fires to be put out by water which may find its way below in strong gales. Owing to the fires having been put out, many a steam-vessel has been lost which would have reached port safely if the boilers and engines could have been kept at work. Only a short time since the funnel of a steamship was washed overboard, leaving a hole through which the seas swept in and put out the fires, resulting in the loss of the vessel.

Last but not least must be mentioned the ability of an oil-engine to start at a few minutes' notice in place of the many hours required for raising steam in a steamship.

The engines of the *Selandia* are small compared with those of our biggest liners; but experiments with larger cylinders have shown that there is practically no limit to the power which can be obtained from oil-engines.

Very great interest was taken in the *Selandia* by the Admiralty and our large steamship companies, the vessel being visited in London by the First Lord and many representatives of famous lines, some of whom, including Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Oram, made a trip to Antwerp in her.

Although we have allowed foreign nations to take the lead in this matter, more than a dozen British firms are now building large marine oil-engines, and there is no doubt that in a few years we shall again take our proper place in the van of shipbuilding development.

A LOVER'S FEARS.

AT times I dare not raise my eyes to thine,
Lest you should see with what a light they shine.
At times I dare not even touch your hand,
Lest you should feel mine thrill—and understand.

PETER ANDERSON.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

FRESH LIGHT ON CHARLES DICKENS.

By Sir HENRY LUCY.

AFTER reading Mr Chesterton's book on Charles Dickens, published six years ago, it seemed that the last word had been said on the fascinating subject. Mr R. C. Lehmann has proved that the estimate was misleading. His *Charles Dickens as Editor* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) presents in detail a close and intimate view of the novelist only touched upon in earlier works. From his great-uncle, William Henry Wills, who for something like a score of years worked as sub-editor on *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, Mr Lehmann has inherited a large collection of letters written by Dickens, chiefly upon the business of his weekly paper.

Having founded *Household Words* in co-partnership with the firm of Bradbury & Evans, who published it, Dickens, who underneath habitual geniality of manner nourished a strain of occasional implacable animosity, quarrelled with them because *Punch* refused to give up one of its pages to the circulation of a letter explaining and vindicating the novelist's separation from his wife. In opposition he started *All the Year Round*, which speedily achieved the success instantly attained by the first venture. At the period covered by the letters to Wills, Dickens was at the zenith of his fame and in the full tide of his deathless work.

What is surprising to find is the manner in which he turned aside from his supreme, engrossing labour to bend the whole of his tremendous energies for the moment or the hour upon the current number of his periodical. He supervised its make-up, read all the proofs, not infrequently rewriting columns and pages. After reading these often scrappy letters, written under high pressure, one feels that howsoever wide his range of study, he never before knew the man Dickens.

The connection of Wills with Dickens commenced on the launching of the *Daily News*, to whose sub-editorial staff Wills was appointed, with the pleasanter duty of acting as private secretary to the editor. At page 4 of the volume there appears a photograph of Wills in the costume of the period. His clothes, more especially about the legs and arms, are fashioned in voluminous manner suggesting either that they were made for a man of more massive mould or that the owner had grievously shrunk in bodily frame since he was measured for the suit. Over

a continuous fringe of whisker and beard there beams a kindly face. On the table at his elbow is advantageously set a tall silk hat in shape and size depressingly suggestive of a tombstone. A few letters written during Dickens's brief editorship of the *Daily News* were preserved by the faithful secretary. I read one with peculiar personal interest. The first number of the *Daily News* appeared on 21st January 1846. On the 4th of February following, an interval of exactly a fortnight, Dickens writes to his secretary to inform him that he 'dines out to-morrow, Wednesday, and next day, Thursday, and shall not be here either evening until rather late. I shall not be here generally on Sunday night.'

When I was editor of the *Daily News*, a position hallowed by association with Dickens, I early fell into the habit of leaving town on Saturday morning, not reappearing at the office till Monday. It certainly was not a condition upon which the editorship of a great morning paper could be successfully carried on. I confess that in yielding to the temptation I, with judicious reticence, felt guilty. It is a relief to find illustrious precedent for the slackness. It is apparent from this letter that already in the first fortnight Dickens was beginning to feel uncomfortable in the fetters of the editorial chair. Five days later, on the 9th of February, he resigned an editorship that lasted something less than three weeks. For eighteen months I struggled on through uncongenial work reluctantly undertaken. By an interesting coincidence, Mr Lehmann was also for a while editor of the *Daily News*, filling the chair for a period longer than was possible to Dickens, but not reaching the full length of my own achievement.

It was in 1850 that Dickens, realising a project over which he had long brooded, established *Household Words*. It was a weekly paper issued at the price of twopence. Writing to Mrs Gaskell on the 31st of January in this year, Dickens describes his new venture as 'a cheap weekly journal of general literature. No writers' names to be used, neither my own nor any other. Every paper will be published without any signature, and all will seem to express the general mind and purpose of the journal, which is the raising up of those that are down and the general improvement of our social condition.' In the

proprietorship of the magazine Dickens conjoined the printers and publishers, Bradbury & Evans, who owned one-quarter share, John Forster one-eighth, Wills one-eighth, Dickens retaining for himself a full half-share. In addition to this handsome share of the profits, he drew a salary of five hundred pounds a year as editor, with payment for any literary articles he might contribute. Wills, in addition to his share of the profits, had as sub-editor a weekly wage of eight pounds. It was stipulated in the generally business-like agreement drawn up by the editor that, in consideration of his share of proprietorial profits, Forster should contribute literary articles without additional remuneration. This loosely constructed clause naturally failed in practice, and after brief experiment Forster relinquished his one-eighth share, remaining an occasional contributor on ordinary terms of remuneration.

Dickens had a great idea of the value of a title as a condition of a successful literary enterprise. His fancy was rich in suggestion. Among his correspondence, Wills treasured two slips of paper on which in the chief's handwriting are jotted down a number of titles for choice. Here they are: 'The Hearth,' 'The Forge,' 'The Crucible,' 'The Anvil of the Time,' 'Charles Dickens's Own,' 'Seasonable Leaves,' 'Evergreen Leaves,' 'Home,' 'Home Music,' 'Change,' 'Time and Tide,' 'Twopence,' 'English Bells,' 'Weekly Bells,' 'The Rocket,' 'Good Humour.' It will be observed that the title finally selected does not appear in this list. Dickens's favourite at the time was 'The Forge.' He pleased himself with setting forth this title in full form, with a quotation from Longfellow that had suggested it:

Thus at the flaming FORGE of life our actions
must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped each burning
deed and thought.

THE FORGE.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL,
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Dickens devoted himself with characteristic energy to launching and successfully floating his new venture. It was of itself sufficient to engross the full time of a man, howsoever capable of continued effort. Actually it was a supplement to the planning and writing of what is perhaps his greatest novel, *David Copperfield*. Dickens never did anything by halves. He threw himself into his new work with a concentration of energy that could not have been excelled if not merely his daily bread but his life depended upon its success. He not only liberally contributed to every number of the magazine. He supervised the list of contributors, read every proof, severely corrected them, occasionally rewrote columns of an article which, failing the magic touch of his hand, must needs have been rejected.

He was particular even to punctuation. Writing to Wills from Broadstairs on the 30th

July 1851, he says: 'I have gone through the number since returning home. Again I observe one or two of the articles in a very slovenly state, both as to the Queen's English and pointing. I have not had time to set them quite right. I wish you would look at the proofs I have sent Greening.' Ten days later he writes again from his beloved seaside retreat: 'In the "May Festival" of Miss Howitt (very good), for the Lord's love don't let us have any allusions to the Great Exhibition. Make the first sentence the first paragraph, and then go on with the second paragraph as it stands. Also substitute names for those initial letters, Mr G., and the like.'

Further quotations from his weekly letter to his sub-editor illustrate how this man of supremest genius, with Steerforth and the quaint homestead on the shingle at Yarmouth on his mind, and Mr Micawber to be provided for, focussed his attention on the lack or superfluity of a comma, the construction of a sentence, or the arrangement of a paragraph: 'In Horne's "Ballooning," always insert "Mr" before "Green." Also, insert "Mr" before "Poole," and call him "the well-known author." At the end of the third paragraph from the commencement, instead of "fanatical sentence was carried into execution," read "sentence of the Holy Catholic Church was carried into Christian execution." In the "London Tavern" *dele*. "The actor Macready." Mrs ———'s story would be very good now, I think. It would be as easy almost to write one as I found it to get point and terseness out of such an infernal hash.'

His generous habit of spending himself upon the efforts of others, often obscure, writers is illustrated in a letter to Wills returning a story eventually printed: 'An alteration occurs to me—easily made—which I think would greatly improve it, in respect of interest and quiet pathos, and a closing sentiment of pleasure to the reader. It should be delicately expressed that the man (admirably described) who comes a-courting Miss Furbey is the old lover who has always been faithful. I think Miss Furbey might have always had a miniature of him hanging up or in a pet drawer, and sometimes brought out, taken when he was a young man; and that when the narrator begins to observe him and his visits she should still see in the gray hair and the worn face something of that portrait.'

When dealing with leaders for the *Times* Delane was accustomed to add illuminative sentences, but not to the extent to which Dickens habitually devoted valuable time. To a man less loyal in disposition, less phlegmatic in temperament, than was the sub-editor of *Household Words*, the arrival of the weekly letter from an implacable chief must in course of time have grown unendurable. One letter, dated from Boulogne, 5th August 1853, fairly

illustrates Dickens's editorial method: 'In the first place, the No. is an awfully and solemnly heavy one; and, if you have any kind of means to that end by you, must really be lightened. I read it last night, and had a nightmare. I doubt if anything so heavy (except stewed lead) could possibly be taken before going to bed. Ist, "Justice to Bears." The name won't do. We have already had "Justice to the Hyæna." "Brother Bruin" would be a capital name, I think, thus introduced: "The bear symbolises savage and primitive equality, and is therefore the aversion of the aristocracy." Such is the clue to ursine facts, according to *Passional Zoology*, which subject, and M. Toussenel's treatment of it, we now resume. It would appear that Mr Sneak, in "The Major of Garratt," had much reason in him when he addressed the rough personage of the piece as Brother Bruin. Was he not a Bear and a Brother? Then read the proof—you, W. H. W.—with an eye to this fact, that it wants to be made clearer all the way through, that it is M. Toussenel who is speaking, and not H. W., conducted by C. D. Secondly, the first stage to Australia. There is a forlorn attempt at humour about the Deputy Inspector-General (page 584) that cannot be too ferociously decapitated. Pray have nothing about a detective in that direction; it looks like weakly and palely hanging on Mr Bucket. Damn "here they are" at page 585, and dele. it too. "And the onus of the idea task strangles every newly born smile that struggles for existence," and at page 584 again, strike out with a pen of iron. Look at the whole paper. If "The Glimpse of Dublin" be not by Allingham, strike it out. If it be, hold it over. "Gore House" is very poor. Page 591, first column. Stop at the Graces, and dele. the rest of that paragraph. It is Skimpole, you know—the whole passage. I couldn't write it more like him. I have forgotten "Licensed to Jungle." Look to the slang talk of it, and don't let "Ya" stand for "You." "The Stereoscope" is dreadfully literal.'

But though ruthless, relentless in tone when dealing with editorial matters, Dickens had a soft place in his heart readily touched upon occasion by his colleague. On 27th October 1854 he wrote from Tavistock House:

'MY DEAR WILLS,—I am truly sorry to hear of your poor mother's death. What you said last night had prepared me to receive the sad news; and when I was told of a messenger being sent here to inquire for you this morning I felt that the end had come. Don't worry yourself about a first article for the next No. I will have one ready, please God. Mrs Dickens and Georgina unite with me in kindest regards to Mrs Wills. Pray let me say that if in this sudden emergency you want any ready-money I shall consider it a breach of the confidence and friendship between

us if you seek it in any quarter where you have to pay interest for it.'

As a collaborator, Wills was a heaven-sent man for Dickens. Shrewd, practical, business-like, he with infinite pains guarded the interests of his chief and of the property they jointly held. As the letters quoted testify, communications passing between them were almost exclusively of a business character. Once or twice Dickens varies his contribution by allusion to a little joke he had elaborated, and to which he turned with keenest delight. He invented the story that Wills had written a nautical drama named *The Larboard Fin*, a delightful title which probably Dickens occasionally regretted should be wasted in private persiflage. He writes to Wills from Paris in November 1862: 'Your idea of our title being "taken hold of by sharks and pirated"' (see *Larboard Fin*) has also come into my head.'

He did not hesitate upon occasion to make use of Wills outside his editorial functions. When there came to hand undesirable letters or proposals for interviews he put him up to reply. A characteristic example of this method is supplied by a letter written from Gad's Hill on 28th January 1866. Dickens was contemplating a fresh course of lectures, but thought it judicious not to appear eager to accept overtures made to him. He accordingly in a diplomatically casual sort of way puts forward his friend Wills.

'I would take up the ground thus,' he writes: 'There is Mr Dickens, whose position you understand probably at least as well as I do, constantly entreated to read, and proposed to in all manner of ways. He is enough at leisure to undertake in town and country [suggesting the country places] 30 readings, or 20 or 15. The business of such things is not in our way since the death of Mr Arthur Smith. He is willing to undertake them for a sum of money. Are you willing to enter into a negotiation with me for buying him?' I would lead it to an offer if he should be disposed to make one, but I would throw the terms of it in money upon him.'

This artless manoeuvre devised for the capture of the agent did not lead to business. Elsewhere during the same year Dickens personally made a series of advantageous contracts. I have access to a private collection of autograph letters addressed to a rival agent, Mr Chappell, and am permitted to make excerpts from them which illustrate the rare combination of business capacity with the highest form of imaginative art. Writing to Mr Chappell on March 1866, he said: 'I am happy to accept your offer of fifteen hundred pounds for thirty public readings in London, the provinces, or elsewhere, as we may agree. Payment of the fifteen hundred pounds to be made—£500 on the fifth of April next, £500 when fifteen readings shall have been

given, and £500 when the whole number of thirty readings shall have been given.'

The readings proving a success, he, writing again in August of the same year, runs up the price by ten pounds a lecture. 'I am prepared to dispose my time and occupation in advance so as to read again after Christmas. I will engage with you, if you like, to read 40 times at £60 per night, and all expenses paid as before, *including my hotel charges*; or, to make one contract for an even sum of money, I will engage with you to read 42 times for £2500.' The italics are the occasionally prosaic novelist's.

In November of the following year the fee further advances. He writes: 'Always understanding, as you and I understand together, that Dolby has his ten per cent. from you, I readily accept your terms of £80 per night for the Farewell Readings at home, provided they extend to 100 in number.' Here on a single engagement is a fee of eight thousand pounds, a record in the lecturing business, at least in this country.

Dickens's wonderful memory and his orderly precision in matters of detail are illustrated in a letter written from Boulogne to his faithful factotum left in London to watch over business affairs. 'I have nearly exhausted the cigarettes I brought here,' he writes to Wills. 'Will you use the enclosed key to open the drawer in the round table you opened before—take out the same bunch as before—find another key on it that opens the corresponding table nearest to the drawing-room, and in a drawer (I think the middle drawer on the left-hand side, nearest to the sliding book-door) you will find a cigar-box with bundles of cigarettes in it?'

Dickens, penning his voluminous correspondence with his own hand, always used blue ink, a fashion adopted and observed to the end by one of the most successful of his young men, Edmund Yates. Another mannerism never omitted was to write at full length the date of his letter. We young or old men in a hurry, having occasion to inscribe a letter with a particular date, would write 30/7/51. Dickens, with a novel in hand, with the oversight of a popular magazine, and one or two contributions for its pages, wrote, 'Wednesday night, Thirtieth July 1851.'

Another peculiarity notable in his correspondence with Wills was his arrangement of paragraphs, as thus:

'XMAS No.
we will, please God, settle together here.

ALL
well. I expected to have heard from you.

WEATHER
charming. With cool breezes.'

In the course of his editorship of *Household Words* Dickens discovered several theretofore unknown literary lights which, thanks to his

sympathy and training, in due time shone brightly in the firmament. Among them were Sala, Edmund Yates, and James Payn. The first reference to Sala appears in a letter written to Wills from Broadstairs in September 1851. 'I have gone through Mr Sala's paper,' he writes, 'and have cut a great deal out and made it compact and telling. . . . There is nobody about us whom we can use in his way more advantageously than this young man. It will be exceedingly desirable to set him up on some subjects.' Thereafter he constantly suggests topics for the young recruit. He early had occasion to criticise Sala's work, but in the main stood by him. In August 1854 he wrote: 'Sala is very good. Don't run him too close in the money-way. I can't bear the thought of making anything like a hard bargain with him.'

This was a disposition that exactly suited Sala. Habitually impecunious, he often drew in advance payment for articles yet to be delivered, a tendency Dickens, always magnificent in money matters, winked at. In course of time he grew tired of this tendency, a stage marked in a letter to Wills, dated Christmas Eve, 1856. 'Will you,' he said, 'represent to Mr Sala the necessity and vital importance—quite as much to himself as to *Household Words*—of his being punctual and faithful in the performance of the work he has undertaken? Pray take care that he distinctly understands, beyond all possibility of misconception, that he can have money from you while he is at work, as he wants it; and that when we come, on the completion of "Due North," to close our accounts, I shall arrange all things with him for his advantage in exactly the same spirit as if he had not given me occasion to decide that *Household Words* must not do him the injury of accepting any further service at his hands.'

This polite but peremptory epistle remained operative through a period of two years. At the end of that time Sala was reinstated in favour, and regularly contributed to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. The quarrel arose in connection with Sala's desire to republish in book-form articles descriptive of a visit to Russia undertaken under the direction and at the expense of Dickens.

Edmund Yates appears upon the scene in 1859. At this time *All the Year Round* was firmly established in public favour. Among its features was a series of paragraphs on matters of current interest appearing under the headline 'The Register.' In April of this year Dickens writes to Wills: 'It occurs to me that for this purpose Edmund Yates is likely to be very useful. He reads all the newspapers and periodicals, and is smart.' Yates accordingly became a contributor to this scrappy column, unconsciously serving apprenticeship for the elaboration of a prominent feature in his own paper, known as *What the World Says*. In

course of time Yates won his way to an intimacy with the chief exceeding in warmth and closeness that accorded to Sala. This friendship was tested when there happened the famous episode at the Garrick Club which led to the expulsion of Yates and severance of acquaintance between Thackeray and Dickens.

James Payn is first mentioned in the correspondence in 1856, when Dickens suggests he should 'go round for a walk to a number of the old coaching-houses and tell us what they are about now, and how they look.' In this first reference to a delightful man of letters Dickens spells his name Paine. It is well the sometime editor of *Chambers's Journal* did not live to see the error in print. He was peculiarly sensitive on the point. Very early in a friendship whose memory I cherish, I in my ignorance addressed him as Payne. He wrote quite a long letter of serious rebuke and protest against this orthographic enormity.

Payn's first contribution to *Household Words* is entitled 'Gentleman Cadet,' being a sketch of life at the Woolwich Academy. In his *Literary Recollections* Payn wrote: 'When I received the honorarium (three guineas) for my little paper it seemed to me that fame and fortune had both opened wide their gates to me.' In a burst of ill-requited generosity he invested the money in

the purchase of a Berkshire pig, a gift for his tutor in Devonshire, where, he protests, 'there are no pigs worthy of the name, only a kind of dog with a pig's skin on it.' Returning to his studies in Devonshire after a summer vacation, he packed the pig in a hamper and took it with him for presentation. It was a sultry day in August, and on arrival of the train at Bristol it occurred to Payn that his precious burden must be thirsty. With the assistance of a porter they lugged the hamper out and opened it in convenient contiguity to a pan of water. 'There was a cry of panic, rage, and fear—a squeal is no word for it—a broken pan, a prostrate porter, and a mad pig gone! . . . The next moment the creature was in the market—the "open market," as it is called, but altogether out of my reach. He had joined a great band of pigs (although the owner denied it), and identification was out of the question. Such was the fate of the pecuniary proceeds of my first article.'

This slight sketch and the quotations that illustrate it will serve to show how rich is the treasure-trove discovered by Mr Lehmann, who by careful and skilful editing of a precious parcel of letters hitherto unknown to the public discloses aspects of the real Charles Dickens viewed from bypaths untrodden by his more voluminous biographer.

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER V.—AT THE WRECK.

THE path hesitated, stopped, and lost itself in the heather. I intended to cross the hill, then to come home by the sand; but I have rarely stuck to my charts or original plans in life. I changed my mind.

I had nearly reached the granite scalp of the hill, and turned to look down at the Firth. The tide was out. The sky's arc, blue and cloudless, bent down to the distant English coast and the thin ribbon of sea twinkling in an opalescent haze in the heat. The wide expanse of sand glowed like some Gargantuan harvest-field, the limner of my fancy tracing stooks and their shadows, long stretches of stubble, bright battalions of standing corn. As I looked, my wandering eye caught a tiny streak, dark against the sunlit canvas. A wreck! My memory leaped back to the far-away morning when the mysterious schooner lay down to her long sleep, for from its situation I guessed that the little, dark blotch might be the skeleton of *The Agnès Rose*.

A whim, growing into a desire, seized me, and in a short time I had made the descent by the cliff path, crossed the sands, and was standing beside the weather-scarred hull of the wreck. Hull it scarcely could be called, for there was little left of her beyond her ribs and spine,

picked clean by the tireless gray wolves of the sea.

I looked at her, a great pity in my heart; for, of all things inanimate on God's earth, none calls to me so wistfully as a dead ship. She that had felt the quick life thrilling in her sails, had listened to the sea's music at her forefoot, welcomed 'All's well' and far harbour-lights after the thunder of the gale; whose tall spars had carried the red ensign of Britain countless leagues, now lay in dissolution, her work done, lonely, broken, forgotten; lingering with her, as with all wrecks, whether of poor humanity or the great waters, the very note of tragedy.

The sand half-covered her. Part of the stern, the broken lines of the port timbers, and the remains of her bows were visible. Her deck and starboard side had gone, and she was stripped to her keel by the seas. But for the rusty rivets sticking up as in a gigantic pin-cushion, and the great brown clusters of seaweed clinging to her, she was as empty as a shell.

Suddenly I became aware that I was not alone. In the shadow thrown by the stern a man was sitting, his back against the wreck, his head forward, chin on one hand. He was staring seawards—sadly, I thought. I had made up my mind to speak, when he heard my footsteps and

rose slowly and deliberately. The sand clung to his clothes, but he did not trouble to shake himself. Curiosity to see what manner of man it could be who chose to meditate near the old wreck prompted me to give him good-day. He replied readily and politely in a pleasant voice. We were soon on a stream of small talk. Rather, I should say, I was, for I found him, I thought, shy and constrained. He allowed me to do the talking.

I had time to take a good look at him. Medium height, slim, with an oval, sunburnt face a trifle too small for the good, straight forehead and the fine eyes, large, deep blue, but sombre. Mentality of some sort was written on him. His hands and nails were well shaped and unmarked by manual labour. His features touched delicacy—in them an indefinable note of distinction. He was scrupulously clean-shaven. His clothes were clean, but shabby and rustic, a contradiction to his face, speech, and carriage; his collar was clean but frayed, and one of his boots—sure financial weather-gauge!—had a hole in it; but the man carried these insignia with an air that invited and defeated speculation.

I took out my case and offered him a cigar. He accepted it almost eagerly, with a word of thanks. Then he cut the Habana with care and knowledge, and lit up. As the incense stole over him his eyes shone.

After a moment or two, 'This is a Quileña,' he said in the exalted voice of a celebrant. My estimate of him went up like mercury.

'It is,' I said, with, I hope, modest satisfaction, for I prided myself on my judgment in cigars.

'I was sure. There's no mistaking them, for the once initiated. And I knew them—once,' he said quietly. He smoked like a gentleman.

I looked at him again. He had taken off his cap, and above the tan-mark on his brow the clear white skin showed traced with most delicate blue veins. This man had not always worn village reach-me-downs and doubtful boots.

I turned the talk to foreign travel, in which I had taken some part. My companion visibly thawed a little, and a casual mention of a recent book brightened him. The conversation ran on, an *olla poirida* of men and affairs, books, and gossip; but I still had to do most of the talking.

Thus we sat for perhaps a quarter of an hour. Then, 'You know these parts?' he said, after a remark of mine about the Solway.

'I did; but 'tis fifteen years ago since I've seen the Firth. I walked out to the wreck here to please a whim, for I was one of the few who saw the schooner come to her last anchorage,' I replied. 'I've often wondered what the story of *The Ayrshire Rose* is.'

'Story!' he repeated. 'Story!'

He was silent for a moment or two. I was not quite sure whether the words were intended for me or whether he was thinking aloud.

Then, 'Do you mean to pay a long visit, may I ask?' he said.

'Unluckily, no. I'm a guest at my cousin's place over there; but I'm off on the wander in a day or two. Heaven knows when I'll see the old spot again!'

Again he kept silent.

'Then you say that you saw *The Ayrshire Rose* strand?'

'I did. There was nothing living on board except a couple of hens and a collie-dog,' I said.

'Yes, there was the dog,' he said half to himself.

'You know about the wreck, then?' I looked at him.

'I—well—I—I know,' he said jerkily, and stopped short as one who has said too much. I did not press him. Neither of us spoke.

'Would you care to hear her story?' he suddenly said at last, laying a hand on the wreck. 'Did you hear *nothing* about her?'

'Not a syllable, and I am rather interested.' 'Rather interested!' I was on tenter-hooks to hear the story, and afraid that he might change his mind, for he was silent again, and I knew that he took a swift glance at me.

'Well,' he said, after a minute or two of revelling in the bouquet of the Habana, 'this is good. Luckily there's no wind to mar the flavour.' I liked his voice. He brushed the sand off his clothes, smoking in silence for a time, gazing abstractedly seaward, and then turned to me.

'I call her *The Ship of Shadows*. If you would like to hear the story of *The Ayrshire Rose*, and how she sailed up here alone, I'll be glad to tell it to you.'

'Thank you.'

'I am the only one who can tell it—the only one alive, I think,' he continued quietly. A faint flush showed for a moment under the sunburn of his face.

As I have said, I wanted to hear the story, and I told him so. After a moment's hesitation he said, 'I'm truly sorry, but I can't wait longer to-day. I am due elsewhere; but if you are really interested I can meet you to-morrow.'

The upshot of our talk that day was that a rendezvous was suggested, and he readily agreed to meet me under the Gled's Rock next day, after the turn of the tide.

CHAPTER VI.—'THE BERWICK LAW' SOHOONER.

NEXT morning my acquaintance of the wreck punctually met me at the foot of the cliff. We strolled over the sands to the wreck. I was instantly struck by some subtle change for the better in him. The listlessness I had marked on my first meeting with him had gone. He was strangely younger-looking, more alert, better dressed. His eye had lost its sombre look, and was lively as a bird's. Instead of waiting for

me to speak, he literally led the conversation. In his speech, just touched and no more with the pleasant Lowland accent, and in his bearing, lay that elusive something vaguely labelled 'good form.' There was nothing obtrusive, no jarring note of the professional talker. The talk rippled on, from my travels to books, and here he showed such width in his reading, such freshness and originality in his views and criticisms, that I was surprised and delighted. I had no right to be surprised, of course—I had been judging the man too much by his boots. Horace and the moderns, Shakespeare and Sardou, were on his lips. I willingly did most of the listening, and the half-hour over the sands seemed only a few minutes.

We reached the wreck, and I clambered over the battered starboard timbers and looked for a seat aft.

'No, not there!' he said hurriedly; 'not there! I'll tell you why afterwards.' I followed him forward, sat down beside him on the remains of the battered bows, and produced the cigars. Then he began his tale, thus:

'How I came, years ago, to be in Trinidad does not concern my story much. How I got out of the island does, for on my return journey to the Old Country I fell in with David Gerrand and Eric Lowden, and a woman. No, I wasn't in love. But lovers she had, and one at least to spare. And here I must tell you that beyond what you'll hear, I have no knowledge, nothing beyond mere guesswork, of the people in the story, of their previous history, or the hidden springs that shaped their lives.

'I remember a lazy afternoon—just such another as this, only, of course, hotter—in Port o' Spain. I was sauntering aimlessly enough along the wharves, with my hands, and precious little else, in my pockets. I had been burning the candle at both ends, I may as well confess; and, however much this process may yield in additional illumination, it makes the darkness immediately afterwards several degrees blacker than pitch—so dark at any rate that your friends can't see you. My only relatives were far-out ones, the breed of feminine males and female nonentities—broadcloth and black beads—who regard roaming over the world as the first step on the slope of Avernus. You can guess the sort. They don't want letters from you, and remark on your neglect if they don't get any. They hope for the best and believe the worst. Perhaps you know?'

I nodded, and quoted:

'When I ha'e a saxeunce under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town;
But when I am poor, they bid me gang by—
Oh, poverty parts good company!'

'That's about it,' he went on. 'So it was with me, I thought, as I fingered my last nickel and watched the gangs of chattering niggers on the wharves. The clamour and the flashes of

bright colours reminded me for all the world of the parrot-house at the Zoo. Nothing equals a West Indian crowd for unnecessary noise. The less work they are at the more row they make, gesticulating, cackling, crowing, bickering like the big babies they are; the real youngsters dodging in and out of the crowd half-naked, or lying sprawling in the hot sun.

'The scene had its picturesque side, in the moving bright-hued currents of humanity, the women in dainty shades of muslin and scarlet turbans, the men more or less in rags perhaps, but rags fluttering white and vivid in the sunny picture. It was all vibration and sparkle; but, truth to tell, I was sick of the place, sick of the background of the sierras, the big-leaved bananas, the palms, the cane-pieces, the skimmed-milk sky. Sick, too, of the rum! Often the exotic sounds and scents and sights were painted out in my dreams, and a picture I carried always in my mind arose—a picture of far-away Scotland, a green wood, the voice of the Solway's tide creeping up the long sands haunting it, the hills behind it laced with mist. I wanted home badly, and swore that I would get there even if I had to touch the nadir of necessity, and ship as a stoker in a tramp-steamer! And if that isn't a certificate of a man being on his beam-ends, nothing is!

'I had just failed in one attempt. It was a sample of many. A Yankee steamer, Bristol bound, tempted me, and I managed to get an interview, fleeting but conclusive, with her skipper. "Any chance of a passage, sir?" I asked that "hard-case" officer. He took me all in, shifting a big Manilla cheroot from one corner of his clean-shaven mouth to the other. "W-a-a-l—yep, if yew've got the dust—sixty dollars!" I shook my head. He might as well have asked for the Koh-i-noor. "I've got to work my passage home," I said. "I'm on my uppers!" "Can y' steer?" he asked. "No," I replied; "but"—"Then quit," he said and turned on his heel, and I "quitted." He was a man of tidy speech, leaving no crumbs about, so to speak.

'However, I was young, and not easily cast down, and that very afternoon I got what I wanted. There was a schooner, *The Berwick Law*, berthed at a wharf just below old Ferajo's. Maximilian Napoleon Ferajo, in spite of his name, was a nigger who ran a store and a middling lodging-house, and what he didn't know of the ways of the Port could have been written on a postage-stamp. Wasn't above dopping the rum when a skipper was short-handed, so folks said. I was passing his shanty when the old rascal hailed me. "De cap'n ob de *Bellwick Law* just in, sah. Him wants buckra gen'l'man. Won't have no cullud gen'l'man. Him sailin' to-night, sah, for certain su-ah. You find him on bo-ahd. You get taken awn, sah, an' not forget old Max, sah!"

"I'm down to my last coin, but you'll have it if I sign on," I said, and straightway I hurried to *The Berwick Law*, a little schooner. There I found the captain, David Gerrand. He was a tall man, with a good, square, honest face; a Scot, but with the mighty frame, fair hair, and steel-blue eyes of a Viking. A pleasanter man than the average Scotch skipper, perhaps because he owned the schooner. I don't mean that the Scotch skipper is worse than his neighbour; but most of them have difficult rows to hoe. The old red ensign runs more to owner's profits than sentiment.

I told him my story. He listened, weighing me up.

"When I had finished, "Well, it's like this," he said, in a deep bass, after taking a fore-and-aft turn along the deck. "I'll no' deny that I'd rather have had an A.B.; but there's nothing to be had here but a couple of nigger skrimshankers, fed on mashed yams, that I wouldna have in a gift." He took a long stare at me.

"Um!—um!—ye havena the cut o' a pierhead jumper, an' ye're purpose-like an' willin', I make no doubt. Mind ye, I'm no' exactly short-handed. No. I can handle her fine wi' five o' a crew, countin' mysel', but I can be doin' wi' six. Ye look like yer day's darg. I'm gettin' ye cheap, I'll no deny, so if ye like to come I'll gi'e ye yer keep. I'm on the New-fun'land run wi' fruit, an' if ye do yer job I'll land ye in St John's wi' something in yer hand, an' a chance o' a passage hame at the hinder-end."

I closed with him at once, and became a foremast hand in the little wind-jammer, got together my few belongings, and that evening we had up anchor and slid out past the cluster of islets that front the island. The Port o' Spain light soon dimmed to a pin-point and disappeared when we sailed out of the Dragon's Mouth, and *The Berwick Law*, under a sky splendid with stars, spread her wings for the great Atlantic.

(To be continued.)

THREE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

THE early opening of the Panamá Canal has stirred the interest of three Governments in the fate of Palmyra, Washington, and Fanning Islands, north of the Equator. The Governments concerned are those of the United States, Great Britain, and Australia. Fanning Island is the connecting-link for the Pacific cable between Canada and Australasia, and makes possible the 'all-red route' for a cable system passing entirely through British territory. The Washington and Palmyra Islands are close to Fanning, and the group is estimated to be equidistant from Panamá and Sydney. Early in 1912 it was reported that Great Britain intended to establish a naval base at Washington Island, and to fortify Fanning Island. It was also reported that Britain was about to establish a coaling-station on Palmyra Island. This last report set the Government of the United States in motion. The facts alleged are that an American captain annexed the island in 1852, but prior to that it was in the kingdom of Hawaii. Britain annexed it in 1889, but United States authorities contend that that annexation did not cancel the prior Hawaiian title. At all events, in February 1912 the United States asserted her sovereignty, and sent a cruiser there to hoist the Stars and Stripes. It is considered probable that the matter will be settled by arbitration.

In themselves Washington and Palmyra Islands are of little value except for coaling or strategical purposes. It is somewhat different in respect to Fanning Island. There are elements of romance in its history. It has been in the hands of private families for close on fifty years. Fanning is wholly British territory. Forty-six

years ago William Greig, a British subject, settled on the island and procured a deed of conveyance from the British authorities. He exported to the American markets considerable quantities of copra and guano. Subsequently he took into partnership one George Bicknell, and the firm became known in the copra markets as Greig and Bicknell. William Greig died in San Francisco; and his executors, disagreeing over the management of the estate, went to arbitration, but without success. George Bicknell also died; but a son was discovered in Honolulu, the father's will allotting to this son a half-share in the island and in the business of Greig & Bicknell. A receiver was appointed to wind up the estate, and six years ago Fanning Island was put up to auction. During the Greig-Bicknell occupancy the island had been greatly improved. The cable company became tenants, and placed twenty thousand pounds' worth of plant and buildings on the island. The company also extended the wharfage and harbour facilities. A little uneasiness was created in Australia by the report that a German syndicate was making preparations to attend the sale. There was no fear that the island would pass from Britain; but the Pacific Cable Board has only a lease of the cable-station, and if the syndicate were the purchasers it was not clear what would happen when the lease ran out. However, the Fiji Government resumed the area on which the cable-station stands, and so dispelled apprehensions. When the auction took place at Suva, Father Emanuel Rougier, a reputedly wealthy South Sea Islands priest, was found to be the highest bidder. Later it transpired that he merely acted as agent for

Mr Humphrey Berkeley of Suva and Fiji. In 1911 Mr Berkeley sold Fanning Island, together with Washington Island, to the Fanning Island Company, Limited, with a capital of two hundred thousand pounds; and an attempt is to be made to develop the phosphate deposits and the production of copra.

It is not the business aspects, however, that command chief attention, but the political and strategic importance of the islands. The sentiment attaching to the 'all-red route' exercises special influence. In the beginning of March the Pacific Cable Board's steamer *Iris* reached Sydney, having completed the work of surveying the ocean-bed on the line of route on which the cable from Sydney to New Zealand will be laid. The sphere of the vessel's operations covers the eight thousand miles of cables connecting Australia and New Zealand with Norfolk Island, Suva, and Fanning Island. The cable from Sydney to New Zealand will be one thousand one hundred and sixty miles long. It will connect Sydney General Post-Office with Auckland General Post-Office, and will be part of the great system for linking up the whole of the British Empire. Fanning Island is already a coaling-station on a small scale, but is capable of important developments. It lies low, within a narrow ring of coral. It is twelve miles long and six broad, and is covered with cocoa-nut and pandanus trees. Best of all, in its centre is a large lake of fresh water. The island is more than self-supporting, and could be easily made a valuable depôt to a Power having interests in the South Seas. The three islands, Palmyra, Washington, and Fanning, with the small islets cropping up in the surrounding ocean, should really be under the flag of one Power. Two or more Powers dividing the properties between them are likely to pursue different schemes of development or to sublet to

traders with different ideas as to the proper treatment of Polynesian labourers. The group of islands, taken together, would pay for official management, but singly they will remain mere specks in the ocean, far from the eye of responsible authority, and possibly some time or another liable to become the prey of private rapacity.

Excavations on Fanning Island reveal that it was once inhabited by a skilled race. The digging away of guano has uncovered the remains of a large building nearly two hundred feet long and fifty broad. The corner-stones of the building weigh fully fifteen tons each, and the other stones are all very large. No mortar appears to have been used, the stones being mortised into one another. Mr Berkeley, when residing there, opened a tomb similarly uncovered, and found the skeleton of a human being. He also found a necklace made of the teeth of the cachalot and the skull of a dog. Professor Alexander Bingham, of the Bishop Museum at Honolulu, believes the skull to have belonged to what is known as the poi-eating dog. In ancient times the Hawaiians supported their high chiefs on dogs fed exclusively on vegetable matter, such as taro, which is still called poi. The conclusion arrived at from the study these objects have received up to the present is that Fanning Island was in olden times a resting-place of the Polynesians in their many migrations. It may be found that Palmyra and Washington Islands possess similar indications of the presence of inhabitants in remote antiquity. No systematic antiquarian or ethnological examination of any of the islands has been made.

From various points of view the future of the islands possesses so much interest that their fate excites an amount of attention altogether out of proportion with their appearance as small dots in the Pacific Ocean.

A CASE OF NERVES.

CHAPTER VI.

'Of course I shall go through with it, nurse, if only to prove that you are all wrong,' said Louie, as she lay humiliatingly prostrate in bed. Nurse Mary smiled cheerfully. 'That is the right spirit, Miss Holland. We must obey orders; but I hope you will not find us as bad as we look.'

But Louie knew that the nurse was merely bluffing, and she did not feel in the least possessed of the 'right spirit.'

As the 'treatment' proceeded—the wearisome days, the long nights, the incessant meals—the dire monotony incensed her to fury.

'If Charlie were a man,' she thought scornfully, 'he would have dragged me off within twenty-four hours! But of course he was glad enough to get off his bargain; sick of me and it, and

thankful to lay the blame on my shoulders.' Then she would weep surreptitiously into her pillow, keeping ears alert lest a nurse should come in and find her thus occupied.

How the first week passed Louie could never afterwards tell. Her whole frame was consumed with a horrible physical rebellion against the suddenly forced inaction, which spent itself in wild, restless tossing to and fro.

'If I don't want to sleep I won't sleep!' she argued to herself; yet she craved sleep as a derelict craves one drop of healing water. She seldom complained. If Sir Wallace had presented himself the storm would undoubtedly have burst; but the nurses were under orders, doing their duty, and she scorned the notion of obstructing them.

'You have put on the brake too quickly,' she remarked towards the end of the first week to Nurse Mary, who had come in to tell her mild stories and feebler gossip.

'Brakes are only put on when the going is downhill. The faster the pace the harder we are forced to press the handle.'

'Until the machine is on fire!'

'You are cooling already. You have slept for three hours this afternoon.'

This was the undeniable truth, and the burning in Louie's aching eyes was relieved. Yet the fact was nevertheless annoying.

So the treatment proceeded on its awful, even way. Tiny events magnified themselves. The sweeping of the passage outside became thrilling; when the blinds were drawn across in preparation for the necessary window-cleaning the excitement leaped beyond bounds.

The patient lost count of the days, and no nurse would set her right. When she asked the housemaid the date, it seemed that young person did not know.

How could Louie picture the village life or what her father would be doing when she did not know whether it was a court-day, a market-day, or a Sunday?

My miseries are so many and so huge
That each alone demands a life to wail—
Life in captivity, amongst inhuman foes!

So she quoted the immortal Samson to herself.

'Why don't I break out and go?' she groaned. Yet she did not break out, because in the dim world beyond the nursing home the problem of Charlie loomed. Here at least she was shielded from herself and Charlie.

Besides, the relief of an overpowering somnolence was possessing her. She found herself wrathfully and impotently trying to keep awake, and became frankly annoyed when she was roused for unnecessary food.

But at last a moment came when Nurse Mary proclaimed that Sir Wallace was so pleased with her progress that she was to go out for a drive.

'I shall die of excitement!' said the patient.

'That would be a mistake,' returned the nurse, 'because your father has been told to send down your horse next week.'

'I could ride to-day.'

'A half-hour's drive will fag you out.'

Louie positively snorted, yet the nurse was right, for on her return she welcomed bed as a friend.

Another week found Louie being pinned into her riding-skirt.

'It is perfectly outrageous!' she groaned. 'I am as fat as an advertisement!'

For a few days she was only allowed to walk, for a few more to trot in strictest moderation; but at last she found herself galloping in glorious freedom out on the wide sands.

Being on parole, she reported herself after an hour's such dissipation, and was ignominiously

returned to bed for the rest of the day, to sleep luxuriously.

At the end of two months her father came for her; and as they travelled up to London Louie declaimed vivaciously concerning her recent trials, yet she carefully refrained from mentioning either Charlie or the pageant. 'You are surely not going to that beast of a doctor, dad, until we have bought pistols?' she remarked.

'I am afraid we must,' he said deprecatingly.

'You sound as though we were both on ticket-of-leave!' And the squire rejoiced to see the old glancing fun in his daughter's eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

'YOU are well, Miss Holland!' So the doctor pronounced after his cross-examination.

'My clothes are too awful for words!' said the patient.

'Good for trade!' returned the doctor unsympathetically. 'You may now go out and shop; but beware how you visit my room again. You have but tasted my cup. If you appear a second time I shall force you to drink to the dregs.'

'Some of your dregs must have floated to the top, Sir Wallace,' laughed the patient as she fastened her gloves.

CHAPTER VIII.

'I WONDER if we need waste time in shopping!' asked her father as they returned to the hotel. 'If we catch the luncheon train we shall be in time for part of the rehearsal.'

'The pageant is going on?' she exclaimed.

'Certainly! They are all very keen. I believe the only detail wanting is Joan of Arc. Her horse and trappings await her arrival. I only hope she will be strong enough to wear her armour.'

'Small enough to get into it, you mean!' she retorted. 'But who has worked it all up? Who took my place?'

'They seem all to have worked together,' the squire answered vaguely.

'My head swims!' laughed Louie.

'Pray control it,' urged her father. 'I assure you, my dear, that I have no more medical guineas to spare.'

CHAPTER IX.

'I CAN'T believe that I am really out in the big world, free to do what I like,' said Louie as they were seated at luncheon in the express. 'I suppose the Suffragettes and the Passive Resisters and the criminals feel the same. I am sure I ought to say "May I?" and "Please" to every porter, and ask the waiter how much food I really ought to eat. But don't get uplifted, dad! I must rule somebody once more, and you are the only victim I possess.'

Again the squire felt himself in a difficulty, for

the obvious reference was to Charlie, yet it was too indirect to acknowledge.

But on reaching the village there was no doubt as to the pageant. A vast turmoil was apparent everywhere. Flags were flying, arches were erected, and as the carriage drove along Louie felt herself transported into a perfect nightmare of centuries. Quaintly dressed children cheered her as she passed; Men-at-arms, Cavaliers, Round-heads, Ancient Britons, Romans, thronged; and Boadicea herself greeted Louie from her chariot, while Hengist and Horsa dashed past in wildest hurry. Puritan Maidens walked serenely by Grand Inquisitors. Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth passed in a governess-car, the one queen arranging the other's somewhat disordered headgear. All were going in one direction, to the pageant field, from whence gay music could already be heard.

Louie leaned forward with moist, sparkling eyes.

'You see, little girl, they didn't want to let anything through. I really think they have worked all the harder because you were driven off,' the squire explained, rather anxious at his daughter's silence.

'I understand,' said Louie unsteadily.

But now they had entered the park, and in another moment the young mistress was receiving an overwhelming welcome from the household. She reached her room and locked the door. Then she went to the window.

The park and the garden were undisturbed. There they lay as ever—supreme in their quiet possession of to-day and the centuries. So it seemed that every one had imagined that the one thing she wanted was a pageant. The dust and ashes of it all! And yet, how all these people must have slaved on her behalf! At least she must not show by her manner that she was drinking wormwood and gall.

Her maid knocked, and she opened her door.

CHAPTER X.

'WE were all so uncertain whether you would be here or not that people will be doubly pleased,' said the squire as, after a refreshing cup of tea, they drove off to the field.

'I feel a perfect fraud!' said Louie.

The squire turned and gazed at his daughter as though he could not sufficiently content his eyes. 'It is so wonderful to have you home again, little girl, looking—well, seventeen.'

'Fat, fair, and forty!' she retorted. 'Hallo! more warriors!' as a rider galloped towards them.

The carriage drew up with a jerk.

'Alfred the Great!' said the squire hastily.

'Charlie!' Louie exclaimed, startled into a smile of such sheer rapture that the Saxon King ventured close to the carriage and bowed low.

'King Alfred at your service, fair Joan of Arc!' he said, returning her gaze.

'You are an anachronism!' she retorted.

'And you—you are centuries too late!'

'Half-an-hour,' said the squire practically, looking at his watch. 'Has the thing begun?'

'Yes; they are doing the march past.—Drive on, Morris, and I will act outrider.'

'A king can't serve a common peasant girl,' said Louie softly.

'Yet a peasant girl can save a king,' he returned.

'But I thought Charlie was in Scotland?' said Louie to her father as the carriage drove on.

'He did not fancy Scotland. He put in two months' grind at the pageant instead.'

'I see,' said Louie soberly.

'He is staying down in the village now that you have come home.'

'But why?' asked Louie.

'I really hardly know,' he answered. 'I am sure he would be more comfortable at the Hall.'

'Much more comfortable,' said Louie emphatically.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER and daughter dined alone, and talked over the rehearsal enthusiastically. It was all more comical, more brilliant, more wonderful than Louie could ever have dreamed.

'I really think I must go up and see if I can turn myself into Joan of Arc. I feel so horribly everydayish in this frock!' she said with all her old energy.

'The sooner they know whether you can take the part the better of course,' said the squire.

'Then wait for coffee till I come down,' she ordered.

'I didn't know that Joan of Arc ever drank coffee,' said the squire. It was amazing to note the boyish interest he was now taking in the whole affair.

But Louie escaped with a laugh; and, by dint of much excited assistance from devoted maids, Miss Holland at last discovered herself as a fully armed soldier, clanking down the wide, polished stairs.

The sensation was curious, and as she was pausing to realise herself as the Fair Maid of France, before exhibiting her glories to her father, the hall-door opened, and King Alfred entered.

Joan coloured charmingly, and to cover her confusion exclaimed, 'The anachronism again!'

'My princess!' and he came forward and bent his knee.

'Don't be silly, Charlie!' she exclaimed. 'Attention! Do I look all right?' and she struck a pose before him.

He came closer, so close indeed that he captured her left hand. 'There is something wrong here. Where is your ring?'

'Oh, I can't wear it, really!'

'But why?'

For one instant she gloated over the strained

gravity of his look; then she rescued him radiantly. 'I have grown too fat. It hurts. Does it matter?'

A great relief swept across his face. 'Lou, you are incorrigible! Do come somewhere; I want to explain what a brute'—

'I'll come somewhere, but I hate explanations. Why mayn't we cry quits?'

'I'll cry anything you like so long as you take off that helmet.'

'Oh, and we had such a bother in getting it right!' she objected.

'But I can't see your hair.'

'Poor dad is waiting for his coffee. He declares that Joan of Arc never drank coffee, but she is perishing for a cup.'

'She must not perish!' said the king, as he took the young soldier's arm and led her triumphantly into the drawing-room.

THE END.

MECCA AS A TURKISH ASSET.

By A. J. PARK CRAWFORD.

TO the mind of 'the man in the street,' Mecca presents itself as merely some far-distant, desert city which is held in veneration by Mohammedans, and to which they turn when praying. So far as it goes, the ordinary estimate is correct, but the earnest student of Eastern affairs realises that Mohammed's city is more than this. The journeying thousands who conscientiously make their pilgrimage to Mecca account it such a Holy of Holies as to make death there a desirable thing. From Java, India, Morocco, they come, their colours ranging from a light shade of white to the darkest ebony; but their racial differences are sunk and put out of mind by their common object. One cannot help but admire the faith that inspires each of its devotees to sacrifice time, money, and other considerations in such a manner. It is the strength and wide extension of this faith that constitutes such a strong element in Turkey's favour as a country, for the Sublime Porte and Islam are one to the Moslem. Woe to the Nasrani, the unbeliever, who is found attempting to force the secrets of the Holy City! And if such meet with a sudden end, how much more would the wrath of the faithful be raised if the desecrating hand of a Western nation were laid on the Hedjâz! Not only this. However ready Turkey may have been to dethrone her late sovereign, when the foreigner brings the strong hand to bear and wrests her territory away, other Moslem nations remember that the Sultan is Mohammed's representative on earth, and the guardian of the venerated sacred places of the Prophet's birth, miraculous flight, and death.

The Jihad, or Holy War, is not, in a way, so much a thing of the past as might be supposed; but it is not likely, judging even from the most recent events in the uncertain East, that, as in the past, the Jihad will start from the meteoric rise of a self-proclaimed prophet setting fire to his inflammable neighbours. The march of civilisation has been such that day by day the wild frenzy and mad lust for self-immolation on the weapons of the enemy is becoming more and more a thing of the past. Such isolated pictures of wild happenings as are conjured up for the credulous newspaper public by graphically

descriptive visitors to Kairwan and other centres where exist dervishes kept for the purpose of giving exhibitions are rarely due so much to religious enthusiasm as to a desire for backsheesh. The eating of broken glass, stabbing, munching of thorny cactus till the blood pours—these are isolated instances only of madness, coldly calculated often beforehand by the chief for the money brought, which are engendered by religious mania or fanaticism by a class peculiarly liable to be thus affected. Such affairs are not at all symptomatic of the possibility of working up the general mass of the people to a frenzied rancour.

Where the religious element, however, enters the field of practical politics in such a case as the possible seizure by a foreign Power of a place sacred to Moslem tradition; but many smaller instances might be quoted. As has been clearly shown in the recent Tripolitan conflict, the religious susceptibilities of Moslems have been aroused by the mere fact of the aggressive nation being of another faith, little regard being really attached to the rights and wrongs of the matter. Complaints have been raised in India and Egypt, the latter especially, and have been in nearly all cases presented to the British throne and Government. The attitude is typically Eastern; objection is taken against war being raised by a Christian against an Islamic people principally because of the faith of the former, and complaint is made to another nation of the objectionable faith in order to persuade it to take up the cudgels for the assaulted one. Especially in Egypt is this attitude so peculiar, though at first sight wholly flattering to our *amour propre*. There the British régime is subject to systematic insult from the native press, and there exists an actively intolerant spirit directed against Christian effort. The appeal is always to Moslems in these papers; and the protection of their faith, as embodied in the person of the Sultan, is the ostensible object of the agitation against the administrative nation. The sudden recognition of our virtues and place as the real guardians of the faith of millions of Mohammedan subjects, coming as it does at a time coincident with a desire to make use of Great Britain as a peacemaker, is rather lowering

to one's idea of the Egyptian Nationalists. The significant fact, however, is that they do all they can to further the interests of Turkey—which has always treated Egypt harshly, and the memory of whose exactions still rankles—because Turkey represents the head and fountain of Islamic power on earth. Mecca symbolises Islam,

and Turkey's power is very evident in relation to it. The multitude who gather at the pilgrimage see and acknowledge the power, and in many cases, as these pilgrims are naturally the most devout of their fellow-countrymen, would esteem it glory to die in aid of the Power which holds and defends their holy places were the latter assaulted.

THE DERELICT.

By WALTER WOOD.

'WHAT'S that queer lump ahead of us?'

The captain, who was on the bridge, to which he had been called by the chief officer, asked the question.

'A derelict,' the chief replied. 'If it isn't that, it's an enormous whale.'

The captain looked again through his glasses, and gazed long and searchingly at the mysterious object. 'I think you're wrong, either way,' he observed. 'It isn't a whale—I never saw one as big; and it isn't a derelict—I never saw one like that. We're in no great hurry, and shall pass the thing very close. It's an ugly brute, whatever it is, and a proper puzzle.'

The *Western Ocean* was passing close to the object, which lay just awash, as it seemed, in mid-Atlantic, and no alteration of her course was necessary. The captain again looked searchingly through the glasses, and saw only what he had observed with the naked eye—a long, low, stripped hull, which showed no sign of life or movement. The only thing which was clear was that this was no ordinary vessel, no waterlogged timber-ship, no crippled tramp which had managed to keep afloat, no sailing craft of any kind which had been abandoned by her crew.

'It isn't a whale,' the chief announced decidedly, 'and it isn't any known Atlantic craft. It may be some experimental freak which has come to grief, but I doubt even that. The truth is, things change so swiftly at sea that you hardly know where you are from one day to another. I should say now, when we're nearer, that she's an abandoned dredger turned turtle, or a floating-dock half-capsized. What do you think, sir?'

'I give it up,' replied the captain; 'but she's neither of those things.' He descended the bridge and went to the Marconi office. The operator was in the doorway looking at the derelict.

'Can she communicate in any way with ship or shore?' inquired the captain.

'No, sir.' The operator spoke very definitely. 'She's as harmless as a canal barge.'

'That can be bad enough, if it's in the way,' observed the captain.

He returned to the bridge. 'I shall send a boat's crew and have her looked at; and I hope that very soon she'll be blown up,' he said. 'The derelict's a danger to navigation.'

He gave his orders, and while the *Western Ocean* was gently rolling on the swell he watched the lowering and getting away of a boat.

'The old man's mad,' murmured the chief; and the second officer, to whom he spoke, agreed that two hundred runs across the Atlantic were too much for the brain of any man.

'What is the brute?' asked the chief. 'I never saw or heard or read about anything like it. I suppose Crooks can tell us when he comes back.'

Crooks was the fourth officer, and he was now on his way to the strange object. The boat got very near, and Crooks was seen to stand up in the stern-sheets and hail. There seemed to be no answer, for no sign of man or beast was visible on the craft.

'It's just a derelict, some freak ship turned turtle,' observed the chief. 'I can make the shape out pretty well now, and it seems to me just the common or garden shape of an iron ship. I should judge her to be about a thousand tons. It's a pity she's there, just in the track of the big liners. I hope some warship will come along and blow her to smithereens. Let's hear what Crooks has to say.' He leaned over the end of the bridge and listened to the junior's account of his examination.

'Iron ship, bottom up, as far as I can make out,' reported Crooks. 'I didn't try to board her; there was nothing for even a monkey to hold on to. It's the oddest, weirdest floating thing I ever saw. Gives you the creeps to look at her, especially when you imagine what she's got bottled up inside.'

The captain gave a last long look at the object; then he ordered the *Western Ocean* to proceed. The occurrence was duly logged, and it was expected that in time some wandering warship would find a useful target in the derelict.

The *Leviathan* had got clear of Queenstown, where she had taken the mails on board, and smoke streamed straight aft from her quartette of gigantic funnels as she headed across the Atlantic, New York bound. It was the end of the tourist season, and she was carrying a record number of passengers. There was not a vacant berth in the ship. Besides that, the *Leviathan* was conveying more wealth than had previously

been carried by any liner afloat. There was a shortage of gold in New York, and she was taking out a supply to fill the gap. Some writers put the amount as high as five millions sterling.

When the *Leviathan* left Liverpool there were rumours of serious trouble with a great foreign Power; but there had been many scares of the same description, and in the smoking-rooms the matter was discussed as one of secondary importance. The great problem was, would the *Leviathan* beat her own record, which already gave to her the blue ribbon of the Atlantic? The weather was perfect, the ship was in admirable trim, and it was declared that neither life nor coal would be spared below to improve on previous runs. The ship's newspaper published a statement of the first twenty-four hours' steaming, which showed that the *Leviathan* had eclipsed her own achievements. For three days she added to her reputation, and the records were duly published, and gave a basis for calculation to the gamblers.

Then at breakfast on the fourth day there were some very serious faces and lessened appetites, for the *Bulletin*, the ship's newspaper, announced by wireless that matters between the two nations had reached a most sinister stage. In the same issue was a small paragraph stating that the steamship *Western Ocean*, on reaching New York, had reported a derelict directly in the track of liners, and that commanders were advised to keep a specially sharp lookout for the floating danger.

'That is the sort of paragraph which would be better unpublished, I think,' said a passenger who occupied the seat on the captain's right at the captain's table. He spoke in a low voice.

In subdued tones the captain answered, 'You're right, admiral. It was a bit of a mistake to give it. I believe the editing is being done by an amateur author who is on board. It's always a pity when a trade is attempted by some one who hasn't served a proper apprenticeship.'

'May I come and see you in the chart-room?' asked the admiral, still in a low voice.

'I'm going there now,' the commander answered, 'and I shall be glad to see you.' He rose and left the table. A few minutes later the admiral, quietly and unobserved, followed him.

He found the captain poring over a chart. 'We should be within fifty miles of the derelict now,' observed the captain. 'Going as we're going now, we shall almost run into it. I'm glad the weather's so clear.'

'Yes,' agreed the admiral. 'Fog is too big a risk even for a record-making passage. Shall I tell you what I think?'

'Please go ahead, sir.'

The admiral bent and whispered, 'I have a theory about this derelict, and that is that she isn't a derelict at all. If I'm right, her shape

is very much like this.' He drew a rough plan on a sheet of notepaper.

'Why,' exclaimed the captain, 'that would make her a sort of submarine monster!'

'Which is exactly what I mean,' said the admiral.

'And why in the world should she be skulking in the Atlantic steam-lanes?'

The admiral whispered again, and the captain's ruddy face blanched a little. He sighed, for he recollected that he had in his keeping and absolute power two thousand human lives, a ship and cargo, and specie representing a colossal fortune.

'Big as you are,' added the admiral, 'you could be destroyed in the twinkling of an eye if what I suspect is true.'

'It isn't true! It's too diabolical!' declared the captain.

'War is war,' replied the admiral.

'There is no war,' asserted the captain.

'My friend, let us go to the wireless-room and learn the latest.'

'I will go,' said the captain, 'but I feel almost like a weak fool in promising. Will you come with me, and leave all the questioning to be done by me?'

'I am merely a privileged passenger,' replied the admiral.

They went to the Marconi-room, and found that the operator was taking a message. He was so absorbed in his work that he scarcely noticed the visitors. He was writing on the top sheet of a pad of paper. One slip he scribbled on, then ripped it from the pad and crumpled it up and threw it upon the floor. He wrote on a second sheet, and dealt with that in the same way. His writing was hurried and ill-formed, and he seemed intensely excited.

'Well, what is the message that's giving you so much trouble?' said the captain when the third slip was allowed to remain.

'There it is, sir,' replied the operator. 'I hope and think I've got it right; but I can hardly believe my senses.'

The captain took up the slip and read the writing aloud, but in an awed, subdued voice, 'War is declared!'

'That's it, sir,' observed the operator, nodding his head. 'That's what the wireless has to say.'

'There's no mistake in the message?' asked the captain.

'Absolutely none, sir.'

The admiral did not ask which countries were concerned. He knew. Without uttering another word—for he was a man sparing of speech—he left the operating-room with the captain and led the way to his own cabin.

'You have five million pounds on board in gold?' he said. 'Come, captain, please do not hesitate. The time for keeping such a thing secret is past, if indeed it existed, for the fact was published broadcast when you left Liverpool.'

'You are right,' admitted the captain.

'And war is declared?'

'Yes; I heard what the operator said.'

'And, all told, you have two thousand souls on board?'

The captain nodded.

'The ship and her cargo are worth three millions, apart from the gold?'

The captain nodded again.

'So that, altogether, we have eight millions at stake? I say we, because I am concerning myself in this adventure.'

'In round figures, sir, that is about the sum.'

'And you know by this time what the derelict is!'

'I can only guess. I am not a naval man.'

'Well then, captain, I will tell you. She is the very last word in submarines—an enormous brute that has the power both to torpedo and bombard. She can destroy us with a shot.'

'The *Leviathan* will float even if she is cut in two,' declared the captain. 'That's the builders' theory, anyway.'

'The builders wouldn't care to be afloat in either half,' observed the admiral. 'But let us go on deck—dare I ask you to allow me to join you on the bridge?'

The captain nodded, and they went on to the bridge. Almost before the lookout had shouted 'Something nearly dead ahead!' the admiral had seen the derelict and pointed it out to the captain. The strange object was then about two miles away.

'She's been built and launched and sent to sea by stealth,' said the admiral. 'The people who can keep a secret like that can keep their mouths shut as to how the *Leviathan* vanished; for, my friend, if we refuse to surrender we shall be destroyed.'

'I'm not going to surrender, admiral. I'm going to see what the *Leviathan* can do by way of showing a clean pair of heels.'

'Oh yes, you are going to surrender,' observed the admiral quietly.

'I'm the captain of this ship, sir; and, big as she is, she hasn't room for two.' The captain spoke warmly.

The admiral answered quietly, 'Captain, that is well spoken, and worthy of you; but the time has come to make a pretence of caving in, anyway. You cannot be a party to the sacrificing of two thousand innocent souls. These passengers do not even suspect that anything is wrong, and there are a thousand women and children amongst them.'

The captain was silent.

'I hope you will at least stop the ship,' said the admiral.

'I shall continue full speed ahead, sir,' was the firm reply. 'I shall treat the foul thing as if it didn't exist.'

The *Leviathan* was rushing past the hostile craft at thirty knots, when a loud report was

heard and a shot whizzed across her bows, another screamed over her bridge, and a third almost touched her stern.

'That is most excellent practice,' observed the admiral, 'and is meant to show that we are absolutely at her mercy. She has come fully to the surface, and has a splendid gun-platform. She can riddle us like a sieve in less than a minute. I suggest again that you should stop.'

The captain muttered savagely, gave an almost despairing look at the sinister creation near them, and wrenched the handle of the engine-room telegraph to 'Stop.'

While the *Leviathan* was still under way a swift launch left the mysterious monster and dashed over the waves towards her.

'What's the way out of it?' asked the captain grimly.

'We can tell better when this good person has come on board,' replied the admiral. 'They are sending to demand your surrender. Look at that naval officer in the launch.'

'I'll shoot him like a dog of a traitor,' said the captain savagely.

'War is war,' replied the admiral, 'and victory goes to the strongest hand. They have us in their grip. Do the affable, and let me help you.'

The captain and the admiral were standing by the starboard-bridge ladder when the naval officer from the launch boarded the *Leviathan*. He joined the two men, and ceremoniously, with many regrets, and in excellent English, demanded the surrender of the ship.

'We're not at war with any country,' explained the captain.

'Oh yes, with mine, sir.' The visitor spoke placidly.

'Declared by yourselves, before the outbreak of hostilities,' said the admiral.

'You are Sir Bernard Hollister?' The officer spoke very politely still; and, without waiting for an answer, he continued, 'We had knowledge that you were on board. You have my profound sympathy, and I give it to all. This is the fortune of war.'

'You ask for the ship?' said the captain.

'Yes, and her gold,' replied the visitor.

'You can get off my bridge and into your launch and back to your slinking derelict,' exclaimed the captain, 'and I will give you two minutes before helping you down the ladder.'

'I will give you, sir, two hours to make up your mind,' replied the visitor, undisturbed. 'I will return to my ship and wait for your answer. —Perhaps, Sir Bernard, you can explain to the captain how hopeless is his chance of escaping.'

He saluted the captain, then the admiral, and retired, still placidly and politely, to his launch and returned to his own craft.

'It will be pitch-dark in two hours, captain,' said the admiral, 'and with luck we shall be on our way to New York again. Will you leave the salvation of the *Leviathan* with me?'

'Whatever there is to do in the way of saving her, sir, must be in my hands; but I'm not such a dog in the manger as to stand in the way of any performance that means salvation. My duty is to get the ship to New York, and I want to do it.'

'You have Mr Dallas amongst your passengers?'

'He's there in the crowd, watching the foreigner.'

'I want you to ask him into your cabin, so that the three of us can hold a council of war.'

'Very well, sir, I'll invite him.' The captain turned to the quartermaster: 'Go and ask Mr Dallas to come into my cabin at once.'

The quartermaster took the order, and Dallas joined the captain and the admiral.

'Now, Mr Dallas,' said the admiral, 'I know that you are on your way to America with a warplane to be tested by the authorities on the other side. Could you rise from the deck here? It's big enough and broad enough.'

'I can rise from anything, sir,' said Dallas.

'We have been given two hours in which to determine whether we will surrender or be sunk. War has been declared between our own country and that of our friends the submersible. I want to ask if you will do this.' The admiral lowered his voice, and the listener's face blanched as he heard the scheme.

'I will be your passenger,' said the admiral.

'I will not shrink from doing what I urge on other people.'

'I'll rise,' announced Dallas firmly, 'as soon as you like.'

'That will be just after darkness,' said the admiral. 'By that time your warplane will have been got on deck and put together.'

The submersible was showing one or two lights only as she rested on the placid waves; and the *Leviathan* was displaying a very small number of her own.

'They are making ready for the surrender,' observed the captain of the submersible; 'and I am glad. It would have been horrible to destroy her, and we shall find the gold so useful. I think we shall have her captured without trouble. Ah, what is that? It is something in the air! I saw a shadowy form. Can it be a—'

He did not finish his sentence, for his companion had drawn his revolver and shot at random into the dark air. Another bullet followed, then a little fusillade as the men of the submersible turned out in obedience to orders.

For a moment only the rattle of firearms was heard; then there was an appalling report, and a terrific flash illumined the darkness.

From the warplane aloft the admiral had dropped a bomb, then another.

'It is their doing,' he observed grimly. 'They brought it on themselves. And all is fair in such a war as this. Let them have a third.'

He dropped a final bomb on the stricken

vessel; then a thunderous report and lurid burst of flame were followed by oppressive silence.

'She's vanished,' said the admiral. 'And the depth of the Atlantic hereabouts must be fully five miles. Yet I feel callously indifferent. As for you, wealth and fame are in the hollow of your hand. The gods themselves could not have given you a better chance of proving the deadliness of your inventions.'

'I guess they've been more than kind,' said Dallas. 'I wouldn't change my place with any man that wears a crown.'

'We can venture back to the *Leviathan*,' said the admiral.

The warplane descended to the wide deck-space, and Dallas and the admiral, flushed with triumph, rejoined the captain. He also felt the exultation of victory.

'Gone, sir?' asked the captain, addressing the admiral. He was an unemotional navigator, but he took an arm of each companion and steered them to the chart-room, at the same time commanding the steward to bring a bottle of champagne.

'The thing is now being crushed by the water,' said the admiral. 'She's completely gone.'

'We'll follow suit,' said the captain. 'Full speed ahead,' he cried, and waited till he heard the faint clang of the gong below. It was followed by delirious cheers from the passengers, who were crowding the vast decks.

'There's one thing I shall have to ask you, Mr Dallas,' said the captain when the glasses were clinking for the second time. 'Those awful bombs were smuggled on board?'

'They were,' admitted Dallas.

'Then will you throw the rest overboard? I know you will, so you needn't hesitate. It's strictly against the regulations to carry them in this ship, and we've got back to the stage when regulations have to be obeyed; although I'll break one of them and give the admiral and you the run of the bridge till we reach Sandy Hook. I can't pay any man a greater compliment than that.'

THE MIRAGE.

As one who, raptured, silent stands
With lifted heart and outstretched hands,
The while he views, 'gainst golden skies,
That witching, fair illusion rise—
The mirage 'mid the desert sands;

So we, held fast in earth's grim bond,
Reach forth fain hands in fancy fond
Where, far upon the desert waste,
The lovely waving palm-tree's traced,
And mirage cheats our hearts beyond.

Yet when, at last, the long, low light
Falls but on sand, and, wan and white,
Life's vain and vapoury mists uproll,
Then, Heaven before the seeking soul,
Earth's mirage vanishes from sight.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

TIME is speeding faster now than in the days when the world moved on in an easy, comfortable kind of way, with fewer sensations, fewer shocks, and rarely a new invention that overturned existing systems. It is difficult to realise that it is eighty years since Queen Victoria was a girl, and big enough and with such keen intelligence as to keep a very thoughtful diary. It was only as yesterday that she was Queen, part of the nation, emblem of the soul of the people. She hardly seems to have gone away. But children have been born since her departure who are getting on towards the end of their schooldays now, and it is positively eighty years since the little Princess who became the mightiest of monarchs began to write down in her private book a record of her thoughts and feelings. And what a distance we are now from the ease and happiness and sweet simplicity of life in those times! Eighty years indeed! If it seems difficult to realise that so much time has gone since little Victoria was being trained for her queenship, yet there have been centuries of achievement done in it. However, we can go back to the Victorian atmosphere—and it makes a delightful change in these rushing, war-ridden times—most realistically in the reading of the extracts from the private diary of the Queen from 1832 to 1840, which, edited by Lord Esher, have just been published by John Murray in a sumptuous form. The work is one of the most interesting of its kind that has ever been produced, and it makes a most admirable supplement to the letters of the Queen that were published a few years back. The sense of intimacy, confidence, is of course better in the diary than in the letters. And little Victoria was a most admirable diarist, with a scrupulous regard for exactness of detail in all her statements. She always recorded most precisely the time when things happened with which she was concerned. No aeroplanes, no motor-cars, few railway trains in the days when Victoria began to keep a diary. The very beginning of her diary brings this fact before us, for the first entry was made on 1st August 1832, the Princess being then in her fourteenth year, and on that day setting out on a long journey northward by the road with carriage and horses. So she says: 'We left K. P. [Kensing-

ton Palace] at six minutes past seven, and went through the Laverfield-gate to the right. We went on, and turned to the left by the new road to Regent's Park. The road and scenery is beautiful. Twenty minutes to nine—We have just changed horses at Barnet, a very pretty little town. Five minutes past half-past nine—We have just changed horses at St Albans. The situation is very pretty, and there is a beautiful old abbey there.' Then she goes on to tell us further of the progress of the journey: how Meridon was reached at half-past five, and the night spent there at 'a very clean inn,' the journey being resumed next morning at six minutes to half-past seven; and she gives a picture of the 'black country' in these words: 'I just now see an extraordinary building flaming with fire. The country continues black, engines flaming, coals in abundance everywhere, smoking and burning coal-heaps, intermingled with wretched huts and carts and little ragged children.' The little Princess was a good observer.

* * *

At a ball given in honour of her seventeenth birthday she saw for the first time the two Princes who were put forward as candidates for her hand, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Ernest of Orange. She knew at the time what ideas were entertained regarding them, and was naturally critical. All her impressions were in favour of Prince Albert, the other not attracting her at all. She wrote in her book: 'Albert, who is just as tall as Ernest, but stouter, is extremely handsome; his hair is about the same colour as mine, his eyes are large and blue, and he has a beautiful nose and very sweet mouth, with fine teeth; but the charm of his countenance is his expression, which is most delightful, *c'est à la fois* full of goodness and sweetness, and very clever and intelligent.' She tells us through the diary something about her tastes and fancies as a little girl. She was very serious-minded, and had hardly the patience for any reading of novels. 'Read *Eugene Aram* for some time,' she wrote, 'while my hair was doing, and finished it; beautifully written and fearfully interesting as it is, I am glad I have finished it, for I never feel quite at ease or at home when I am reading a novel, and therefore was really glad to go on to

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Guizot's *Révolution de l'Angleterre*.' On the day of her accession to the throne she wrote: 'Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country. I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all, things inexperienced; but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have. . . . At nine came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room, and, of course, quite alone, as I shall always do with my Ministers. He kissed my hand, and then I acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the present Ministry at the head of affairs, and that it could not be in better hands than his.' As she grew up her tastes became more and more decided. She went to Drury Lane once to see *Richard III.*, with Charles Kean in it, and wrote afterwards: 'It was Shakespeare's tragedy of *Richard III.*, and Charles Kean's first appearance (in London) as Richard. It would be impossible for me to attempt to describe the *admirable* manner in which Kean delineated the ferocious and fiend-like Richard. It was quite a *triumph*, and the latter part particularly so. . . . All the other parts were very badly acted, and the three women were *quite detestable*. I but just escaped being recognised, for as the curtain was dropping and I left the box they called out, "The Queen!"' Sigismund Thalberg, who was at the top of his fame just then, enchanted her: 'After dinner, at ten o'clock, came Thalberg, the most famous pianist in the world. He played four things, all by heart. . . . *Never, never*, did I hear anything like him! He combines the most *exquisite, delicate*, and touching feeling with the most wonderful and powerful execution.'

* * *

We have as never before the story of the feelings and fancies of the monarch on the Coronation day: 'I was awake at four o'clock by the guns in the Park, and could not get much sleep afterwards on account of the noise of the people, bands, &c. Got up at seven, feeling strong and well; the Park presented a curious spectacle, crowds of people up to Constitution Hill, soldiers, bands, &c. . . . At ten I got into the state coach with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle, and we began our progress. It was a fine day, and the crowds of people exceeded what I have ever seen; many as there were on the day I went to the City, it was nothing—nothing to the multitudes, the millions of my loyal subjects, who were assembled in every spot to witness the procession. Their good humour and excessive loyalty was beyond everything, and I really cannot say how proud I feel to be the Queen of such a nation. I was alarmed at times for fear that the people would be crushed and squeezed on account of the tremendous rush and pressure. I reached the Abbey amid deafen-

ing cheers at a little after half-past eleven. . . . Then followed all the various things, and last (of those things) the Crown being placed on my head, which was, I must own, a most beautiful and impressive moment.' She was deeply impressed with the ceremony, but it was done somewhat awkwardly. 'The Archbishop had put the ring on the wrong finger, and the consequence was that I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again—which at last I did with great pain.' After descending from the Throne the Queen proceeded to St Edward's Chapel, where Lord Melbourne observed that what was called the altar was covered with sandwiches and bottles of wine. The Archbishop came in, and ought to have delivered the Orb, but the Queen had already got it. She said that the Crown hurt her a good deal; but for all the little mishaps, she set it down that the day was 'the proudest of my life.'

* * *

But the best and most entertaining part of the diary of these eight years of wonder and greatness, and the glorious expansion of this queenly flower, is the love-story as it is related by the heroine of it. The prologue to it has already been cited. After her marriage the real story soon began, and it was much more human, far less merely business-like and prosaic, than it once promised to be. She writes about it in her secret book like a timid, blushing, but warm-hearted girl. Lord Melbourne soon began to prepare her for the idea that marriage, and an early one, was a necessity in her case. As Lord Esher says, no one but Lord Melbourne could have said to her in homely language, 'You will be very much more comfortable, for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be.' Then, after discussing some other affairs of State with her on one occasion, he changed the subject with 'And now, ma'am, for this other matter,' meaning the matter of the marriage that was to be. But at this stage, having seen little or nothing of Prince Albert since her seventeenth birthday, she was thinking of the matter in the abstract, and did not altogether like it. She had a conversation with Melbourne of which she tells us this: 'Talked of my cousins Ernest and Albert coming over—my having no great wish to see Albert, as the whole subject was an odious one, and one which I hated to decide about; there was no engagement between us, I said, but that the young man was aware that there was the possibility of such a union. . . . I said I wished if possible never to marry. "I don't know about that," he replied.' But in October of that year (1839) the Prince came over, and he very soon made a considerable change in the queenly mind. On the 11th of the month, after one entrancing evening, she wrote in her book: 'Albert is really quite charming, and so excessively handsome, such

beautiful blue eyes, and exquisite nose, and such a pretty mouth with delicate moustachios and slight, but very slight, whiskers; a beautiful figure, broad in the shoulders and a fine waist. My heart is quite going. At about half-past ten dancing began. I danced five quadrilles: (1) with Ernest; (2) with dearest Albert, who dances so beautifully; (3) with Lord Alfred; (4) with Ernest; and (5) with dearest Albert again. There were no epithets for Ernest; and while the young Queen in this diary is lavish with the use of the 'dear,' she reserves for her future Consort exclusively the superlative.

* * *

Two days afterwards she informed Melbourne that she had quite made up her mind to marry Albert, and on the day after that the Prince came along for the interview which was to make the betrothal. The offer, of course, had to come from the Queen, and she performed a difficult task with skill and delicacy. 'After a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware why I wished him to come here, and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me). We embraced each other, and he was so kind, so affectionate. I told him I was quite unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy—*das Leben mit dir zu bringen*—and was so kind, and seemed so happy that I really felt it was the happiest, brightest moment in my life, which made up for all that I had suffered and endured. I told him it was a great sacrifice, which he wouldn't allow; I then told him of the necessity of keeping it a secret, except to his father, and Uncle Leopold and Stockmar, to whom he said he would send a courier next day; and also that it was to be as early as the beginning of February. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, and he congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. I feel the happiest of human beings.' Then it was sunshine and roses all the time. The girl is in rhapsodies about the charms and excellence of her future husband. 'I sat on the sofa with dearest Albert. . . . I played two games at tactics with dear Albert, and two at fox and geese. Stayed up till 20 m. p. 11. A delightful evening.' Joy! And then in due season came the great wedding, and the Queen tells her own story of it. 'The ceremony,' she tells us, 'was very imposing, and fine and simple, and I think ought to make an everlasting impression on every one who promises at the altar to keep what he or she promises. Dearest Albert repeated everything very distinctly. I felt so happy when the ring was put on, and by Albert. As soon as the service was over the procession returned as it

came, with the exception that my beloved Albert led me out. The applause was very great in the Colour Court as we came through.' There was a great gathering of notabilities at Buckingham Palace after the ceremony, and Melbourne was the last person with whom the Queen had conversation before she departed. She says: 'I pressed his hand once more; and he said "God bless you, ma'am," most kindly. Dearest Albert came up and fetched me downstairs, where we took leave of mamma, and drove off at near 4.' And the last words in the diary are: 'I and Albert are alone.'

* * *

Lord Esher gives us to understand that this is the last that we shall have presented to us in the way of letters and diaries of the great Queen. All the others will remain for ever secret. In his preface to the work he discloses an interesting fact regarding King George's views on the present troublesome Buckingham Palace question, to which reference was made in these pages a little while since. There are differences of opinion about it; but there is something like a fairly general feeling that in appearance the Palace is not at all what it should be, and that it fits in badly with the western end of the Mall, which it closes up. It has been decided to put a new front of Portland stone to it, but some architectural experts feel that the best thing would be to pull it down and build it all over again. It appears that King George would like to see it ended, for Lord Esher writes: 'King George's dream, and no one knows better its visionary character, is to pull down Buckingham Palace, to round off St James's and the Green Parks at Constitution Hill and Buckingham Gate, and then, with the money obtained by the sale of the gardens of Buckingham Palace, to reconstruct Kensington Palace as the town residence of the sovereign. For Queen Mary the place is full of memories, and, because of her keen historic sense, full of interest. Compared with most of the great European capitals, London is poor in palaces. The homes of the Tudor sovereigns in and near the Metropolis—Nonsuch, Greenwich, and Whitehall—have disappeared. London contains no single palace residentially associated with our long line of sovereigns. The Court of St James was housed in the eighteenth century in the palace of that name. It seems to have been adequate for the needs of the Hanoverian princes, who had none of the amplitude of the Tudors or the fine taste of the Stewarts.' But it is very certain that Kensington Palace will never take the place of the other as the kingly residence.



THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

'I'LL muster the ship's crew. Where are they all now?

'We were half-a-dozen all told, not counting the skipper's wife, who, I learned, was on board, but too ill for some days to come on deck. She was newly married—on her honeymoon. When she did appear— Well, I'll come to that.

'The captain, David Gerrand—the "Old Man" in sailor parlance—I've told you about. The mate, Hulse by name, was a Londoner, a little man with a gimlet face, a decent chap, nothing particular about him save a piping cockney voice and a hobby for modelling ships to take home to his wife and family, who were waiting for him somewhere down Barking way. Poor souls! . . . Every second of his spare time was occupied in whittling down matches and in the cunning reefing of tiny knots, for a model of *The Berwick Law* was taking form and shape under his work-stained hands. He lingered every day as lovingly over it as any artist over his first Academy picture. I thought it rather a childish form of amusement, I remember; but I've come to think better of any one with a decent hobby.' He gave the ghost of a sigh. 'I wish I had one—I think.

'The cook, Evan Macleod, was a Highlander, a six-footer from Skye. I gathered bits of his history gradually. We became fast friends. He had been a second-mate once. Then there had been a descent to half steward, half deck-hand, on one of MacBrayne's West Highland steamers. Lord knows how he had come to drift over far seas. A restless youth, I think; and once he gave me a hint of his being in some bother that didn't make him very anxious to return; but Skye, he said, kept calling to him, and he wanted to see it again. Perhaps the sheer love of roaming had as much to do with his wanderings as anything. He was full of harmless superstitions of the Hebrides, and the adaptability and ingenuity of the Celt. He bore a resigned-to-fate expression wholly deceptive, for his gloom was but skin-deep, contradicted by a humorous mouth. A man of hair-trigger temper, the twinkle of his eye swiftly changing to a spark. A handy man was Evan, a decent cook too, keep him off the rum; but his abilities by no means ended at the galley-door. He could take his trick at the wheel, and knew something of navigation. Indeed, had it not been for him I shouldn't be here telling this story to-day. His earthly possessions consisted of the clothes he stood in, a fine baritone voice, and a concertina. He and I became good friends, and faced some unusual music together.

'The other three of the crew were Eric

Lowden, a youngster—an ordinary cub—called Callender, and myself.

'Lowden from the first was a mystery. In appearance he was slight, erect of frame, finely modelled, co-ordination in his build, and his dark face was the handsomest of the aquiline type that I've ever seen. Physically he was a surprise, for he was as hard as nails, and showed endurance unbelievable if one were to judge from his slim lines. In spite of his commonplace sailor's clothes, many a pretty girl at the Port threw him bright glances, but he paid them about as much heed as a wooden image might. He had joined the ship at Port o' Spain. I never discovered where he hailed from, for he literally never spoke an unnecessary word. He had one of the principal parts, this silent man, in the—the—the things that happened. He never joined in the chaffing and chatter of our scanty leisure forward, and would sit gloomily for long enough, with his head in his hands, listless and sad-eyed.

'A dozen little things gave me the idea—right, as it turned out—that he was out of his ambit berthing forward. But he was a splendid and a willing seaman. He could teach us all our business. His fitness commanded respect, and with it he obeyed the unwritten laws and courtesies of the republic of the fo'c'sle, where all men are equal except the man who doesn't know or won't do his job. Beyond the bare necessities of speech, however, scarcely a word could be got from him, and a something in his eye forbade even the inquisitive Evan to draw him.

'I felt a vague sympathy for him, for whatever was wrong with his world, he was evidently of the breed who "thole" and say nothing. Although silent he was not surly, and his voice (what little we heard of it) was singularly pleasant to the ear. One thing in him I cordially disliked. He was of the scarce and uncanny breed of those who talk to themselves. I saw him frequently, his lips moving, but I could catch nothing of what he said. I thought the unpleasant habit a bad sign, and in a couple of days an idea that I had grew into a belief. It was that the man wasn't normal. I can't lay my finger on the exact data on which I built my conviction. Chiefly, I think, my belief was helped by a curious gesture of his. He would throw up his head suddenly in the midst of one of his silent broodings, as if listening for something—something that he seemed to be half-wishing for, half-afraid of. Once, in one of these moments, his eye caught mine, and held it in the unblinking stare of a relentless animal until I looked somewhere else, vaguely irritated, and he resumed his sad, stolid gaze at nothing.

Fear was not the emotion I often diagnosed in his face. The look was more of nervous, overwrought expectancy. Sometimes his wistful, staring eyes looked to me to be nothing short of haunted. Then the next moment they would glow again like an animal's, and he would listen—listen—listen, until a dreadful thought would seize me, and I had a mind to run out and see if there was something or some one in the ship moving with a step that he alone of all men could hear. I am not superstitious, but I had an uneasy feeling that there was trouble on board. So it turned out, though the trouble arose from flesh and blood, primordial, not from messengers from the underworld.

Well, on the third evening out, Martinique on the beam, Evan Macleod the cook and I had "forgathered." The *Berwick Law* was making headway in the North-East Trades, and the sky gave promise of fine weather. Evan and I were leaning over the weather-rail, listening to the water buzzing cheerfully under us, and watching a fairy sea, for our track gleamed with molten phosphorescence, and the arch of the sky was clear to the zenith.

"What will you be makin' of Lowden?" asked Evan. The soft west accent had never left him.

"Well"—I began.

"Wheesht, man!" was the whispered interruption, with a nudge from Evan's stalwart elbow. "He's chust behind us."

"I looked round, but could see no one. "Nobody about. You're dreaming, Evan," I said, keeping my voice low.

"Dreamin'," is it? We'll take a smahl walk," quoth he, and we turned and took a couple of steps quietly forward. Evan halted and jerked a thumb to the lee between the main-hatch and the galley, where, sure enough, Lowden was standing. He did not see us. He was facing aft, both hands clenched, his head in the listening pose that I had remarked. He was deathly pale, his eyes burning, almost unreason in them, I thought. His lips were moving, but no speech came from them that we could hear. I stood for a moment, fear mingling with my amazement. I see him now, even at

this distance. I felt as if I was watching a sorrowful devil communing with evil. He put a hand over his eyes as if to shut out a black memory.

Evan clutched my arm, a gulp in his throat. "Come away," he whispered; and we stole round in the shadow of the galley. "It—it's no canny to be lookin' at a man seein' things like what he will be seein'."

We went back again softly to the rail and waited in silence. I thought I heard a sound, half-groan, half-curse; then the solitary figure moved slowly away without a glance in our direction. We watched it go forward and disappear into the fo'c's'le.

"Well, what do you make of that, Evan?" I asked in a whisper.

The Celt rose like a cork to Evan's surface. "Every ship, they say, will be havin' drowned sailors' voices talkin' to her. Oh, but yess," he said, seeing me smile; "an' for those who hear them it is a warnin' that they too will soon be dead. There was my own mother's sister's son, goin' round the Mull o' Kintyre in the old *Clydesdale*. What does he hear one night in the first wa-atch but a wailin' voice out of the watter, an' there was the drowned wet face of a man with great starin' eyes, an' it looked at him the wance an' went down again!"

"Very likely a seal, Evan," I suggested, not without mischief.

"A seal! How could it be a seal at ahl, when my cousin was fery sick after at the Kyle, an' the poor man died of a fever in fower days?" asked Evan with indignation.

I forbore from arraigning the remarkable logic of this psychical manifestation. Indeed, I knew that it would have been useless; and Evan went on wrathfully, "But of course there are people who know about everything an' will not believe their own eyes, nor anypody else's. No; I tell you that we shall be seein' fery strange doin's—yess!—before we'll be abeam o' Ailsa Craig again." Then, considerably ruffled, he retired into his galley.

I paid but little attention at the time to his gloomy "haverings." But Evan was right.

(To be continued.)

STUDIES IN BIRD MIGRATION.

By the Hon. G. GRAHAM-MURRAY.

THE subject of bird migration is an aspect of ornithological study which until lately was shrouded in mystery. Even now there remains an element of mystery, that ultimate mystery which underlies all nature and all life.

To the writer of this article the geographical and the physical aspects of migration are two entrancing lines of study, and to any one interested in such subjects it is difficult to imagine

any work which gives more food for reflection than the one before us (*Studies in Bird Migration*, by W. Eagle Clarke: Oliver & Boyd). The amount of serious study embodied in these two volumes can only be described by the word 'prodigious.'

Mr Eagle Clarke tells the reader in his preface that in the year 1880 he began seriously to study the question of bird migration, and that in 1883 he was elected a member of the British

Association Committee on the Migration of Birds as observed on the British and Irish coasts. The preparing and issuing of these reports was only completed in 1903. Thus for twenty-three years Mr Eagle Clarke worked through these digests, sifting carefully every atom of the data; whilst, in addition to this work, he resided for forty-seven weeks in lighthouses and lightships in order to study the subject at first-hand. Can it, then, be wondered at that the author has produced a record which, in its line, is quite unequalled?

The first two chapters deal with ancient and modern views on migration. It is unnecessary to allude here to the views of the ancients on this subject; but in Chapter II. certain problems at once spring into being, and it is just in tackling such problems that the author reveals his profound learning.

The migration of birds seems largely to depend on food-supply, though be it noted this does not, of course, account for the *impulse* to migrate, or for the *origin* of the migratory habit; but the author advances theories to account for both impulse and origin. The fact that the bulk of all bird migration takes place by night at once gives rise to the puzzling question as to how the migrants are guided; and Mr Eagle Clarke discusses this point closely, giving the reader the benefit of his personal observations.

Chapter III. is devoted to 'The British Isles and their Migratory Birds,' whilst appendices give the lists of 'Summer Visitors,' 'Partial Migrants,' 'Winter Visitors,' and 'Birds of Passage.'

In Chapter IV. the geographical aspects of British bird migration are dealt with, and this includes the important subject of migration routes. It is wonderfully interesting to learn that birds are no haphazard travellers, but adhere to regular geographical fly-lines.

Chapters V., VI., and VII. are entitled 'Round the Year in the British Isles,' and in these the annual cycle of migration is dealt with.

Autumn marks the departure of the summer birds from our coasts; and Mr Eagle Clarke tells us that 'the various migrants usually follow the same lines of flight, but in a reverse direction, as in the spring.' The different birds leave at different dates; whilst, besides migration proper, there is a large amount of local movement among the semi-resident species.

The month of October welcomes to our shores the winter visitors, and in the carefully compiled appendix a list, with dates, is given of the arrival of these different winter birds. Winter is somewhat of a dead season, whilst spring is naturally *the* time of all the year. The chapter dealing with vernal migration is perhaps one of the most interesting portions of the whole work.

The meteorology of bird migration is a subject which has received but scant attention, and

therefore the chapter devoted to this aspect reveals absolutely new conditions and conclusions. Special weather charts have been inserted, including two particularly interesting ones depicting the advance of spring and autumn across Europe. The careful study of these charts helps to elucidate to the reader the various points connected with the weather influences.

The reader of these studies will probably be anxious to follow the journeys of different specific birds, and this he is enabled to do. Certain chapters are concerned with the migrations of the swallow, fieldfare, white wagtail, song-thrush, skylark, lapwing, starling, and rook. The various seasonal movements of each of these birds are most carefully gone into, the geographical routes of their migrations and emigrations are shown, and exact chronological data are afforded. The thoughtful study and the painstaking labour which are revealed by the perusal of these chapters must impress any serious reader, as must also the fact of the *complexity* of migration.

The last chapter of the first volume relates the author's experiences during a month spent in the Eddystone Lighthouse. Here again Mr Eagle Clarke records with the greatest precision the emigratory movements of the different birds on their autumnal journeys.

During the autumn of 1903 Mr Eagle Clarke spent a month on board the Kentish Knock Lightship with the view of studying the complexities of the autumn 'rushes.' In the chapter which he devotes to his experiences there a vast amount of information is forthcoming, dealing with every aspect of the phenomena. The height at which birds fly when migrating is a much-debated question; and, though the author acknowledges that under certain conditions birds do fly at great heights, he gives instances of 'rushes' when they were to be seen 'just skimming the crests of the waves and never departing from a true east-to-west course.'

Again, the speed at which migrating birds fly is another moot point upon which Mr Eagle Clarke is able to throw light. He writes that, 'speaking generally, the migrants pursued their way at the steady rate characteristic of their respective species. There was no hurry, though certain species habitually fly faster than others. Thus the flight of the meadow-pipit was slower than that of the other species observed; that of the skylarks, chaffinches, wagtails, and others was decidedly faster; whilst that of the starlings, martins, and swallows was the speediest of all.' Mr Eagle Clarke calculated that the skylarks were flying at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, whilst the starlings averaged from thirty-five to forty miles per hour.

Fair Isle lies midway between the Orkney and Shetland groups, being twenty-four miles south-

south-west from Sumburgh Head, and twenty-six miles east-north-east of North Ronaldshay. It is an irregularly oblong isle, having a length of two and three-quarter miles, a breadth of one mile, and a circumference just short of twenty miles, whilst it is almost surrounded by a belt of precipitous cliffs which rise from one hundred to six hundred feet in height. To this wild northern spot Mr Eagle Clarke made five consecutive visits in the autumns of 1905-9, also three spring visits in the years 1909-11, with the result that he has named the island 'the British Heligoland.' It is impossible to realise the importance of the investigations carried on at Fair Isle unless one reads the chapter which the author has devoted to the subject. In an article such as the present one can but notice a few of the many interesting points.

Mr Eagle Clarke tells us that, as a result of six and a half years' investigations on Fair Isle, it is now known to have been visited by two hundred and seven species of birds—that is, about half the number of birds that have been recorded as occurring in the British Isles. The author goes on to tell us that 'the knowledge gained from the Fair Isle statistics has thrown a flood of light upon obscure migrations such as was never before possessed for the British Isles.'

The appendix which is added to this chapter gives a complete list of all the birds observed, whilst a diary of the year allows the reader to see the dates of arrival and departure of the different species, as well as the records of the 'rushes.' To the writer of this article the chapter on 'A Year with the Migratory Birds at Fair Isle' is perhaps the most interesting in the whole work. The 5th May is recorded as one of the best days in the season for migrants; the 7th May produced the first sedge-warbler of the season; whilst the bulletin of 14th May includes two Savi's warblers, a grasshopper-warbler, ortolan buntings, sedge-warblers, pied flycatchers, and numbers of tree-pipits. The first cuckoo of the season is noted on 15th May, also the first lesser whitethroat; and other arrivals on that date include garden-warblers, redstarts, and willow-wrens. Again, on 18th May four blue-headed wagtails and two white wagtails are noted; whilst the 1st June proved another red-letter day, a dozen red-spotted bluethroats being included among the visitors.

So all through the summer a certain amount of data is always forthcoming, until the autumn, when the great southward rush begins, September and October being the busiest months.

The last entry is for 31st December, and is as follows: 'Mallards, three; teal, one; golden plover, one; black-headed and common gulls were present in small numbers; lapwings about seventy; fieldfares about a hundred.'

'St Kilda enjoys the distinction of being the remotest of all the isles in the British seas. It

Far in the watery waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls—

in latitude 57 degrees 48 minutes 35 seconds north, and in longitude 8 degrees 35 minutes 30 seconds west, and is over forty miles west of North Uist.' In the autumn of 1910 Mr Eagle Clarke spent some six weeks on this far-off and lonely spot, returning again in the following year, always with the view of studying the migration problem. The author gives a vivid account of the hardships and privations of life on St Kilda, and he also tells us that the island 'lies on the very verge of that enormous stream of migration which rushes along the British coasts to and from northern Europe.' Ninety-six species of birds came under his notice, of which 'sixty-two were migrant visitors, chiefly on their passage southwards to winter quarters, whilst fourteen were mere waifs. No less than forty-eight were new to the avi-fauna of the St Kilda group, whilst two were new to Scotland, and one to Britain.'

The bird new to the British list was the American pipit, those to the Scotch the marsh warbler and Baird's sandpiper. Other rare species to be noted included 'scarlet grosbeaks, ortolan buntings, Lapland buntings, barred warbler, black-throated chat, ruff, and great snipe.' The summer birds of passage included garden-warblers, redstarts, whitethroats, black-caps, willow-wrens, and chiff-chaffs; and Mr Eagle Clarke tells us that the most abundant species observed on passage at St Kilda were the wheatear, white wagtail, and meadow-pipit.

The Flannan Islands, situated to the westward of Lewis, were the objects of an autumnal visit in 1904. These sea-girt isles are the annual breeding-quarters of thousands of sea-fowl, amongst them the puffin, fork-tailed petrel, and fulmar. Ornithologically, however, the chief interest in these islands lies in the stream of birds which pass on their spring and autumn migrations; and Mr Eagle Clarke tells us that the avi-fauna stands at one hundred and fifteen species. In the appendix complete and ample data are given of the visits of the different birds.

The small island of Skule Skerry (thirty-five miles north-west of Hoy Head, Orkney) supplied the author with some further data concerning migration. An interesting fact in connection with this island is that from the list of the one hundred and three species recorded as having been seen the starling and the skylark were both absent. Rarities included the northern race of the willow-warbler and the Siberian chiff-chaff.

Mr Eagle Clarke has devoted his final chapter to an account of his visit to the Isle of Ushant, also to some remarks on the migrant birds as observed at Alderney. It is amusing to read that at Ushant the author and his companion were suspected of being spies, and a special gendarme was set to watch them. Police supervision is not conducive to bird-watching.

It is impossible to close a work such as *Studies in Bird Migration* without realising that this is an age of specialisation, and that this work is the outcome of years of the most painstaking and assiduous study. So charmingly is the work written that it is easy to read through the pages in a short time, but to digest the information thoroughly requires prolonged study.

No one who is interested in the subject of bird migration can fail to be grateful to Mr Eagle Clarke for his delightful record, which enables the reader to become initiated into the marvellous perplexities and mystery of migration. In conclusion, may we congratulate the publishers on issuing the work in two volumes?

THE RABBITS OF GLENDARGUE.

By C. J. DE TOLLY BARCLAY.

'WE canna pay oor rent. The rabbits ha'e eaten us out; oor cattle an' horses are starvin'; oor sheep are dyin' for want o' pasture; oor turnips are eaten to the gr'und. Winter 'll soon be on us, an' we are destitute.' Thus spake the tenantry of the estate of Glendargue, in Scotland.

The factor listened wearily. It was an old story. He had repeatedly sent orders to the gamekeepers to keep the pest within due limits; but still the tenants complained, and this was the climax.

It was rent-collection day. The one long street of the quiet, decorous village presented its semi-annual scene of bustle and animation. Men of burly port and with weather-beaten faces stood in groups, discussing things past, present, and to come. High-stepping horses in shining harness pulling high gigs or smart two-wheeled dogcarts passed and repassed.

Inside the village school the factor sat in his arm-chair, greeting, talking, listening; the clerks at the table were silently counting, receipting; the big wash-hand bowls full to overflowing with notes and bills of all denominations, the smaller bowls heavy with coin. At three o'clock the banker from the 'toon' entered, and with swift skill counted and checked the bullion into his bags, then drove rapidly away to his safety-vaults.

Now came the event of the day to us youngsters—the rent-dinner in the village inn, an event of no less importance to the innkeeper than to us. We sat down to generous, substantial country fare, ordering with more or less concealed importance what we desired, and eating as only those can eat in whom the tide of life is flowing fast.

Glendargue, situated on a firth on the coast of Scotland, is a ravine covered with a sparse growth of gorse and bracken, and varies from one hundred to thirty yards in width and runs inland eight or ten miles. The tiny stream at the bottom is the boundary between two estates.

This was before the Ground Game Act was framed to give tenant farmers the right to kill fur-bearing game. To kill a compound-interest-multiplying rabbit was a criminal act.

A few days after the rent-collection, Mr Smedden and Mr Loneburn, the factors for the two estates, sat over their wine.

Said Mr Smedden, 'The rabbit-pest at Glendargue is getting to be a serious problem. I do not understand it. I have sent repeated orders to the keepers to keep them down, and from the game-dealers' accounts they seem to be doing their work.'

'That is so. I am in the same position,' assented Mr Loneburn.

'I promised the tenants,' continued Mr Smedden, 'that I would investigate the case, and I shall send the boy to-morrow to look into it and report.'

'Very good,' was the reply; 'and as I shall be in this district to-morrow, I will drop into your office and hear what he says. There is a screw loose somewhere, I am thinking.'

Next morning I took the beautiful, fascinating road to Glendargue. It is a macadamised mountain trail even more crooked than a mountain railway. It ascends and descends with terrific gradients that are a terror to horseflesh, a trial to pedestrians who do not have the love of nature in their hearts, and hopeless, heart-breaking anathema to the luckless wight that cycles. It is unexpectation long drawn out with its elbow turns, and winding curves, and headlong dips into bosky dells where sparkling streamlets flow; and with wide reaches of purple moorland where grouse and curlew hide amidst black, sullen tarns in gloomy hollows. It is an undecided point with me whether they or the thin, white, flickering flames of a dying camp-fire in the gloom and silence of a vast mountain-side form the fittest emblem of solitude.

There are glimpses of the blue, glittering waters of our bonny firth, with a haze of hills on the other side; of far-flung views of bays of silver and coves of golden sand; of headland, dune, and crag; of stupendous cliffs and mighty caves where echoes reverberate, roll, and whisper away, the homes of innumerable seabirds whose white wings seem never to weary; of ruined castles with massive arches, gray, haunted by bats and owls, and traditions of knightly deeds that stir the heart, or unknighly deeds that bring the flush of shame.

There is a narrow, winding road that, branching off, leads to a quiet, green place above the sea, the home of the long-forgotten dead, their memory-

stones obliterated by time or tottering in decay; nameless, low mounds where Saxons, Danes, and Norsemen sleep; and ruined churches whose crumbling walls once echoed to armoured feet and the clang of martial men.

There are quaint fishing-villages that see the sun only in the afternoon; and the wayfarer can lean over the fence at the roadside and gaze at the black muzzles of the chimneys below. There is the Needle's Eye, through which you can, if you wish, crawl for fifty yards or so on hands and knees, saving yourself a wearisome detour of three or four miles. A curious sight it is, and uncanny, if you should be the first to reach the other end, to look back and see your friends coming, their white hands alternately rising and falling, their eyes glaring in the gloom as if they were wild beasts advancing on their prey. There is the green hill set inland at which you will be surprised to see the spray of old ocean issuing like smoke from an unseen cavity. This is Hell's Lum (chimney). A friend whom I took down declared he smelt sulphur and brimstone, and in the grinding of the distant waves heard the dismal wail of perdition.

Putting up my horse at the gamekeeper's lodge at the entrance to the Glen of Dargue, I ascended a footpath that led to the farm of Kelpie Wells. Auld Donald, the farmer, whose enormous bulk had weathered seventy years of sun and storm, greeted me with the gracious, kindly bearing of the old to the young.

'Weel, Jock,' he said, 'how are ye? Ye ha'e been lang a stranger hereabouts. Gang awa' ben, laddie, an' we'll ha'e a nip. Hoots, man! Come awa'. Fat fails ye? Na, na! it's niver ower early.'

I followed him into the best room, well knowing the ordeal I had to face.

'This stuff niver saw the gauger's e'e,' he said with a chuckle, as he handed me the fiery potion clear as crystal and of brain-spinning aroma. Lucky for the exciseman, I thought, as the hell-brew flowed down my throat, the fumes going to my unseasoned brain as if they were steam from unholy witches' cauldron.

'Noo tak' anither drammie to pit that till's bed.'

'Not another drop, Donald,' I gasped. 'I came to see'—

'Tak' anither; 'twill dae ye nae hairm. Bide a wee wi' yer havers, ma mannie, an' tak' it doon.'

'Thanks, Donald; but I don't want the roots of my hair burnt. I came to see you about those rabbits,' I cried, again seizing my advantage while he elevated the horn.

'The rabbits!' he said with a sigh as he set down the goblet. 'Eh man, they're terrible, terrible! They fair swarm a' ower the place. In fact, ma wife was sayin' she would soon ha'e to sweep them oot o' the hoose wi' her besom. We'll awa' oot an' lat ye see them. Bit ye ha'e nae teen yer dram.'

But I had made my escape into the outer air.

We walked along a farm-road with a high hedge on each side.

I was saying, 'It seems to me you people down here are making a big noise over nothing. The receipts from the game-dealers show'—

As we came to a gap in the hedge Donald pointed.

I looked, and was stunned into silence. I saw a once promising field of turnips a creeping, dark-coloured mass of rabbits, quietly, silently, unconcernedly feeding with slow, stealthy movements. A pair of ears or a head and shoulders rose occasionally into view, and sank again into uniformity; here and there the flash of a white tail showed. The turnips, gnawed into fantastic shapes, gleamed white against the dark ground like skulls on a field of terrific slaughter. It was a monstrous, insatiable army of devastation moving its serried ranks in slow irresistibility.

'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'how long has it been like this? Why did you not tell us? The winter will soon be on us! The keepers have been told to keep them down. Where are they? What are they about?'

'A blate [timid] cat mak's a prood mouse,' was the reply. 'The keepers are at war ane wi' anither, an' winna speak in the passin'. They winna co-operate, bit dee a bit shootin' on their ain side o' the watter, an' fat's that in a thrang like you?'

Promising relief, I bade him good-bye, and proceeded on my way to the glen, crossing once fat fields eaten to the roots. Rabbits, rabbits everywhere—gray, black, white, black-and-white, gray-and-white (ministers and monks we used to call them)—moved in countless numbers, their white tails seeming like white flowers dancing in the sun. The fields sloped to the ravine, and the ravine itself was honeycombed with holes; the slipping in and out and ceaseless activity of the nimble creatures giving a curious fluttering aspect to the landscape.

Within a few hours I had completed my investigation and faced the factors in the office.

'Well, Jock, did auld Donal' mak' ye fou with his "hamespun"?', said Mr Loneburn, with a shrewd glance and a twinkle in his eyes.

'Did you see any rabbits?' Mr Smedden asked with a smile.

'Rabbits! The country's inundated with them. The Deluge was a drizzly fog to them; the ten plagues of Egypt fade into insignificance beside them! You can't walk around without stepping on them. If you sit down they'll jump into your pockets and leave their young in them!'

Mr Loneburn laughed his noisy laugh and slapped his leg. Mr Smedden looked at me reprovingly; but there was a twinkle in his eyes, and his lips were compressed into more than their wonted sternness.

'The keepers on the two estates,' I continued, 'are cat and dog to each other; and although they are shooting, trapping, and netting on their

side of the boundary, they do not work together, and for the want of systematic warfare the rabbits go on with their destruction and multiplying habits practically unchecked. The fields are so tainted with them that the stock will not eat. The farmers have to rent pasture some distance away, and turn their stock there; and the winter will soon be on them, and there is no fodder.'

The grave, stern-faced men sat a while in silence. Then Mr Smedden said, 'Issue notices for a three days' public rabbit-shoot this day week. See the innkeepers about conveyances and supplying refreshments. Have tables and benches placed where convenient, and engage dressers to prepare the rabbits for the markets; and have carts in readiness to take them to the station. Make out a list of hospitals and such-like institutions to take what the market can't. You will take charge of the proceedings, and we will arrange to have two or three policemen to'—

'To see,' interpolated Mr Loneburn dryly, 'that the amber fluid is sufficiently diluted for the due preservation of law and order.'

'To assist you,' continued Mr Smedden, 'in checking any reckless or careless behaviour. Have the rowdy ones sent home, whoever they may be.'

'And,' added Mr Loneburn, 'all the estate employes are under your orders from this time until the proceedings are over.'

The day dawned clear. With my friend Jack Lonly—occupation, farmer; chief diversion, practical jokes—I was early on the scene. The quiet, remote glen presented a picturesque and animated aspect as the gunners arrived—doctors, lawyers, sporting parsons, farmers, fishermen, and every poacher from the near and remote neighbourhood, all filled with keen anticipation and eager joyousness, bringing with them dogs of every conceivable breed and nation, from useless, stately, kindly St Bernards to fussy, impudent terriers. They were a study in colour and noise. Their clamour filled the air. There seemed to be a dog-fight in every corner.

In time order evolved out of chaos. The gunners who wished to walk were assigned to walking squads. Those not so energetic were stationed on the edge of the ravine about thirty yards or so apart. Gamekeepers and assistants with retrievers and ferret-boxes containing five or six ferrets slung over their shoulders took their places in the ravine.

When the signal was given, the muzzled, sinister, snaky-looking animals were placed in rabbit-burrows, their mission being to follow the burrows in all their ramifications and drive out the rabbits.

The air became filled with the crackle of shots, which, increasing and decreasing in intensity, never ceased all the long day. Soldiers smiled reminiscently and talked of battles in far lands. A war-scarred colonel in immaculate shooting-

costume approached. 'The finest sport I ever had,' he said, 'was in the Zulu war. The Zulus would hide behind trees and bushes, and pot at us as we advanced, and when we came too close would break cover and run. We turned them up like rabbits;' and the hard, lean face relaxed at the happy recollection.

The walking squad tramped to and fro in orderly lines, wheeling at the word of command—discipline rigidly maintained. At the end of a beat those who desired would change with those at the stations.

A stream of carriers formed between the fields and dressing-tables, the dressers and packers working with might and main.

The rabbits, under the merciless persecution, lost all fear of man. Some, running in bewilderment a short distance, would lie down, to be kicked or clubbed; others wandered about with pathetic, fear-smitten eyes. They sought shelter under door-steps, in stables and byres, even under the stools of the dressers. One was seen crouching at the heels of a stationed gunner who was too intent to look behind. The very dogs wearied of their job, and refused to fetch and carry, slinking shamefacedly at the heels of their masters. The farm cats, gorged to repletion, lay at the corners of buildings and eyed with languid curiosity the helpless creatures as they sought some place to hide.

The air became laden with sulphurous fumes and the stench of the shambles. Men sickened, but stuck grimly to their posts; others seemed to be filled with an insatiable lust for blood, and, with glittering eyes and tense faces, they remorselessly killed the unfortunate animals. Pity seemed dead, charity fled. They were automatic killing-machines, belching flame and smoke.

In the evening, as the fire was beginning to slacken, shouts arose that filled my heart with fear. 'A minister shot! A minister killed!' 'Who is it?' 'Who killed him?' 'Jack Lonly! Jack Lonly's shot a minister!'

I stood numbed and dazed, noting vaguely the dying away of the detonation as the swift news travelled far. An intense stillness prevailed. Men passed me with white, drawn faces and eyes of horror. One thought repeated itself over and over again with grievous monotone, 'What an end to such a day!'

The setting sun glared at me, a red, fiery eye that seemed to accuse and hold me responsible for this awful deed. I staggered a few steps blindly. A soft breeze swept over my face, bringing a cooling sense of consolation and peace, of courage and resolution. Recovering myself, I descended rapidly to the ominous, silent group standing with grave, bowed heads. As I approached they made way for me, turning aside to conceal their emotion. Their shoulders heaved; their faces worked strangely.

Walking up to Jack Lonly, I looked at him. He regarded me with grave, steady eyes. With

difficulty my lips framed the question, 'Who is it? Is he killed?'

Deep, grave tones behind me said, 'Yes, he is killed.'

Wheeling round to the speaker, I exclaimed, 'Did you do it? Who is it?' and in an awed whisper, 'Where is he?'

'Here he is,' said Jack Lonly, holding up a black rabbit with a narrow band of white round its neck and another down its breast. I gazed at the animal stupidly. The raucous noise of multitudinous laughter boomed in my ears. Then kindly hands restrained me.

THE MAGIC OF PHRASES.

By G. P. GORDON.

DE QUINCEY tells us of the great influence which certain passages in his reading exercised upon his mind by reason of their mystic sense of power. One of these was the sentence in the Book of Daniel: 'Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords.' Similarly with the opening scene in Macbeth:

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

He attached an ineffable feeling of sublimity to the lines in the Epilogue to the Second Book of the *Fables of Phædrus*: 'A colossal statue did the Athenians raise to Æeop, and a poor pariah slave they planted upon an everlasting pedestal;' and this word 'pariah' is often to be met with in his writings. 'Shall I be thought fantastical,' says Charles Lamb, 'if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter and have a finer relish to the ear—to me at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? The sweetest names, which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.' We have all heard of the old woman who told her pastor that she found great support in 'that comfortable word Mesopotamia.' Whether the story is true or not, it is told of the celebrated Methodist preacher George Whitefield that he could reduce his hearers to tears, so persuasive was his eloquence, merely by uttering the word Mesopotamia. Garrick, who greatly admired his preaching, is probably responsible for the tale, which is made use of in the modern novel, *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, where it is averred of the Dean 'that his pronunciation of Mesopotamia caused the listeners' hearts to vibrate with every sorrow and every joy they had ever known, all in the brief space occupied by the utterance of that affecting word.'

In the creation of telling phrases the French are supreme. The phrase is the tyrant of our century, it has been remarked by a Frenchman, and no people have been more influenced by its use. More often than not the sound of the phrase is more excellent than its sense. It tends to become a mere catchword calculated to mislead its hearers. Curiously enough, the French Revolutionary motto, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' was not universally popular; for though its public use

was decreed by the Paris Directoire in 1791, it was dropped under the Consulate eight years later. It was, however, restored in the days of 1848, when telling phrases were much to the front. It is said that we owe the watchword 'Fraternity' to the Abbé Fauchet; but it is often a task of considerable difficulty to trace memorable words or phrases to their source; no one party or section of the nation has a monopoly in them. One of the best known, '*L'état, c'est moi*,' is a remark attributed to Louis the Fourteenth, which, at any rate, was more true to fact than that attributed to Napoleon the Third in a speech of the year 1852: '*L'empire, c'est la paix*.' 'There are no longer any Pyrenees' is another resounding phrase we owe to the Grand Monarque on the departure of the Duc d'Anjou to assume the kingship of Spain. Napoleon the First had a pretty gift in the framing of sententious phrases, one of which—'*La carrière ouverte au talents*'—was destined to more than ephemeral importance; or again, when, before the battle of the Pyramids, he exclaimed, 'Think that forty generations look down from these heights,' pointing with impassioned gesture to the majestic structures of the past. To be compared with this flight of rhetoric is the well-known remark of Canning, who, in acknowledging the independence of the Spanish-American colonies in 1823, boasted that he 'called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.' Louis Philippe's reference to the 'happy medium' in a speech to a deputation of citizens eventually proved the keynote of his reign, which earned the rather contemptuous nickname of the 'government of the *juste milieu*.' M. Thiers, indeed, on his accession had declared 'the king reigns and does not govern.' Sometimes a highly debatable statement is made to appear as a self-evident truth, as where Proudhon answered the query propounded in his book, *What is Property?* in the celebrated phrase, '*La propriété, c'est le vol*.'

Not infrequently the historic phrase is of doubtful authenticity. Thus Siéyès is supposed to have remorselessly voted for the death of Louis the Sixteenth in the exclamation, '*La mort sans phrase*.' What he actually did, we are told, was to mount the tribune and say quietly, '*La*

mort,' and on hearing the declamatory speeches of those who succeeded him, to turn to his neighbours and say, '*J'ai voté la mort sans phrase.*' 'All is lost except honour' was supposed to be the sole contents of the letter in which Francis the First announced to his mother his overthrow at Pavia; but the letter, which enters into minute details of the battle, does not contain the phrase. It was not Cambronne who answered the English command to surrender at Waterloo by exclaiming, 'The Guard dies, but does not surrender.' The saying was, we are told, invented for him by a French journalist of the name of Rougemont. It comes, too, as somewhat of a shock to hear that the actual words of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo were not, 'Up, Guards, and at them!' but simply, 'Stand up, Guards!' Several of the best-known phrases of the present time boast a considerable antiquity. Thus 'Three acres and a cow' dates at least from the time of Defoe, who in his *Tour* suggested that certain refugees from the Palatinate should be transferred to the New Forest. There the Government was to provide every man with three acres of ground and a certain quantity of common land where they could keep a few sheep or cows. The more immediate origin of the saying is doubtless Mill in his *Political Economy*, who, writing of peasant-farming in Flanders, says: 'Where the land is cultivated entirely by the spade, and no horses are kept, a cow is kept for every three acres of land.' The plausible-sounding sentence, 'The greatest happiness of the greatest number,' was employed by the philosopher Francis Hutcheson in 1725, though usually associated with the name of Bentham. The phrase 'Measures, not men,' can be traced as far back as Goldsmith. 'Measures, not men, have always been my mark,' says a character in *The Good Natur'd Man*. Canning in 1801, speaking of times of difficulty and danger, said, 'Away with the cant of "measures, not men"—the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horses that draw the chariot along.' Earl Russell tells us in his *Recollections* that the cry of 'the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' owed its origin to Lord Brougham, and was intended to prevent the introduction of destructive amendments.

Even a well-worn sentence may be capable of a great effect if produced at the right moment, as when Lord Palmerston in 1850 introduced his '*Civis Romanus sum*' at the close of a five hours' speech in defence of his foreign policy. Alliteration often enables a phrase to catch the popular imagination, as in the case of the well-known caterer who invites the public to try the merits of 'Pearce and Plenty.'

The employment of words agreeing in sound if not in sense is a frequent rhetorical device. To a letter of Disraeli we are indebted for the phrase 'plundering and blundering,' which had previously been made use of in *Coningsby*; while

in 1874, as if in parody, Mr Gladstone spoke of the leader of the Opposition as 'floundering and foundering' in the Strait of Malacca, where at that date British interests were supposed to be involved. 'Meddle and muddle' was a term used by Lord Derby in 1864, and, like 'peace at any price,' is a sample of the large collection of alliterative phrases familiar to most of us. Extra emphasis is occasionally given to a sentence by the repetition of a word. Danton pins his faith on '*de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace*,' to ensure success to the Revolution. Sir Robert Peel, speaking at Tamworth in 1839, said, 'The advice which has been given by some persons was, "Agitate, agitate, agitate!" The advice which I give you is, "Register, register, register!"' The sonorous phrase, 'Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform,' seems to have been current in the time of Earl Grey, and was referred to in a speech of John Bright in 1859 as the great watchword of thirty years ago.

Where events bear out the truth of the statement, a phrase may well become immortal, as the Duc de Liancourt's remark to Louis the Fourteenth, 'Sire, it is not a revolt; it is a revolution.' The statement that 'Providence is on the side of the big battalions' is of considerable age, being contained in a letter of Bussey Rabutin's in the year 1677, and repeated at a later day by Voltaire. The term 'the sovereign people' dates probably from an incident in 1798, when a certain nobleman, presiding at a dinner of the Whig Club, at the close of the evening gave as a toast, 'Our Sovereign—the People.'

Some sentences without the aid of alliteration manage to strike the imagination, as the 'leap in the dark' phrase attributed to Lord Derby on the third reading of the Reform Bill of 1867, and originally made use of by Hobbes, the author of *Leviathan*. 'Blood and iron' seems to sum up the policy of Bismarck; hence the popularity of the phrase, which he had employed in speaking of the position of Prussia among the states of Germany: 'The deputies must place the greatest possible weight of blood and iron in the hand of the King of Prussia, in order that according to his judgment he might throw it into one scale or the other.' The famous alternative offered by Gambetta to Marshal MacMahon was '*se soumettre ou se démettre*.'

The 'man in the street,' who is so often referred to at the present day, seems to have been known on the racecourse in the days of Greville, who in his *Memoirs* refers to "the man in the street," as we call him at Newmarket.' Emerson, in his essay on 'Self-Reliance,' writes: 'But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these.' The 'man on the car' is the usual American equivalent. The phrase, 'To the victor belong the spoils'—that is, the rewards of office—was

employed in a speech in the Senate at New York by Marcey, an adherent of Andrew Jackson. We must 'educate our masters' was the advice of Mr Lowe, though his actual words on the third reading of the Reform Bill of 1867 were: 'I believe it will be absolutely necessary to compel our future masters to learn their letters.' The economic term 'a living wage' was first brought into prominence during a great miners' strike, and has since attained considerable notoriety. The well-known couplet,

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep, and eight bob a day,

is supposed to be of Australian origin, and it was in the 'eighties that the question came prominently to the fore; although the German Socialist Karl Marx had advocated an eight hours day as far back as 1867. The ideal period of labour was put at only six hours by Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia*. Words, we know, are wise men's counters; but to many there is a magic in the repetition of a well-known word or phrase:

As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A MECHANICAL FRANKER.

THE rapid growth of the mail-order system of business, and the wider use that is now made of the post-office for circularising by business houses, have been responsible for the introduction of an invention to economise time and labour in franking envelopes. Several mechanical devices for attaching postage-stamps to letters have been produced, but none of them has proved completely successful. The system of affixing stamps by hand is to be deprecated. Attempts have been made by the use of perforating devices to prevent dishonesty; but this precaution is not an effective safeguard against improper use. This object can best be attained by the utilisation of a mechanical device which, in addition to performing its designed purpose of affixing the stamp, infallibly records the number used, and thereby provides a check. The great objection to such devices hitherto has been the liability to tear or otherwise deface the stamp, as well as the bulkiness, weight, and initial cost of the appliance. What is required is a small, compact, infallible, and light machine, similar to the familiar one for dating, which can be slipped into the pocket. The latest appliance for franking letters appears to possess these requirements. It is called the *fixo*, and is a small tool, little larger than a date-stamp. It is strongly made, and cannot easily be damaged; while, as it is composed of few parts, the mechanism will not readily become deranged. The stamps, in a roll of five hundred, now sold by the Government, slip into a small drum, and are fed downwards to the base of the machine. A single pressure of the handle, which is similar to that of a dating-machine, detaches a stamp from the roll, moistens it, affixes it to the envelope, and records the operation upon a visible indicator. The machine adapts itself automatically to any variation in the gauge of the perforations, so that each stamp is fed exactly in the correct position. The stamps are moistened within the

machine by a tiny spray pump, so that the adhesive substance on the back of the stamp is only damped sufficiently to make it adhere. The stamps, being locked within the drum, cannot be tampered with, while an accurate record is kept by the indicator of the number used. The two edges of the machine act as a guide, so that the stamps are fixed symmetrically and neatly on the corner of the envelope. By the aid of this machine a beginner can frank two thousand letters per hour, but an expert can double this speed.

A MECHANICAL MILKMAID.

At the recent dairy-show held in London intense interest was displayed in a new type of milking-machine. The majority of such appliances work upon the suction principle, and are considered far from satisfactory as compared with the nimble, sensitive fingers of a milkmaid. In this device an effort is made to reproduce the action of the human fingers, both in shape and flexibility. The inventor is a Swedish engineer, Gustaf Johnsson. The milker is made of aluminium, and the power for moving the 'fingers' is supplied by an electric motor. The milking-machine was shown in operation, and evidently accomplished its work efficiently and without pain to the animal. It was demonstrated that four cows may be milked simultaneously by one installation, thereby not only reducing the cost of labour, but also effecting an appreciable saving in time. Of course, by this method the risk of contamination is lessened if the appliance is kept scrupulously clean; and this is no more difficult than the cleansing and sterilising of churns in a well-appointed dairy, where ample supplies of scalding water and steam are generally available.

MOVING PICTURES IN THE SCHOOL.

From time to time we have drawn attention in the columns of 'The Month' to the educational possibilities of the kinematograph and its superi-

ority in some cases in impressing the young mind as compared with the methods generally practised. The London County Council has made a forward move in this direction, and before many months have passed the kinematograph may become an indispensable unit in the equipment and curriculum of schools in the Metropolis. The danger of fire has been eliminated by the use of incombustible films, and the necessity for a fireproof cabin in which to operate the lantern has been completely overcome. The subjects to be handled are of infinite variety and interest, ranging through geography, history, physics, religious teaching, chemistry, and natural history. One or two of the leading manufacturers have placed upon the market a complete projecting apparatus designed for school use, which is massively built, rigid, and comparatively cheap. At first the films will be hired from the manufacturers, and the operator and plant will also be supplied under contract. As the movement develops and spreads there is no doubt that certain firms will devote their attention exclusively to the preparation of educational films, treating the subjects in a way that will make a strong appeal to the young mind. While there is no likelihood of the film superseding actual demonstrations and experiments in the study of the sciences, it will be to some extent a supplement. By the aid of the film the initial drudgery incidental to the elementary study of magnetism, for instance, will be lessened; and, from the teacher's point of view, the lessons will be taught under more congenial and impressive conditions. It is anticipated that the result of the experiments by the London County Council will be so successful as to commend the new method to the Government, so that the system may be adopted throughout the country.

WATERPROOFING DAMP BUILDINGS.

Judging from the results of practical applications under searching conditions, conspicuous success has been achieved by the use of ceresit in rendering damp buildings dry. This is a compound which, when added to cement, mortar, or concrete during building operations, renders the structure waterproof under all conditions. Attention was drawn in these columns to this material when it made its appearance upon the market some three years ago, and many Government departments, railway companies, and borough councils have subjected the medium to severe tests. Ceresit undoubtedly fulfils the claims of the inventor, and the faith of those who introduced the compound into these islands is demonstrated by the fact that in several special cases they have contracted to carry out the work. The Isolation Hospital of the Strood Rural District Council at Meopham, near Gravesend, Kent, has been waterproofed throughout with this material. Unfortunately damp is one of the most insidious foes of the modern house-

holder, especially if the builder has not devoted the requisite attention to the foundations, or owing to the situation of a dwelling or the soil upon which it stands. Rheumatism and similar complaints often result from dampness, so that the use of a material such as ceresit acts as a safeguard for the health of the inmates.

THE DANGER OF TINNED SHRIMPS.

Although the humble shrimp enters into a variety of comestibles which are sold in tins, and is apparently innocuous, extreme care should be taken as to the manner in which the contents are packed. If the condiment is in contact with the metal it should be regarded with suspicion, as ptomaine poisoning is likely to result from its consumption. The alkaline constituent of the shrimp sets up violent chemical action, and it has been found that tins containing shrimps corrode in a very short time. The alkali plays sad havoc with the hands of the workers in the factories, while it ruins leather, the footwear worn by the packers becoming perforated in a manner which recalls the action of acids. The manufacturers of these comestibles, once they realised the danger of such corrosive action, took steps to eliminate the risk, but it proved no easy matter. Finally it was discovered that if the shrimp is stored on the ice for a day the strength of the alkali is reduced very appreciably, and this practice is now followed. At the same time, the canners, as an extra precaution, have adopted the practice of placing the shrimp contents within a paper lining, so that there is no immediate contact with the tin. This has been found to obviate all risk, and accordingly people are warned of the dangers incidental to eating canned shrimp, either pure or associated with other foodstuffs, unless the paper lining is used. Bearing in mind the extreme susceptibility of canned crustaceans, such as the crab and the lobster, to convey ptomaine poison, the notification of this danger in connection with the shrimp should be taken to heart.

NORTH-WEST VICTORIA.

An Australian correspondent points out that in many quite recent maps of Australia, and even in detailed maps of Victoria, the north-west portion of that state is shown as being largely covered with 'impenetrable mallee scrub.' This is not now the case. That section of Victoria is now well settled and intersected with railways; it is a very extensive and thriving wheat-growing area. It was formerly a great scrub desert, breeding wild dogs and rabbits, and thus a curse to the settlers near it. But the German farmers from South Australia taught their Victorian neighbours how to clear the scrub by rolling it down with immense rollers seven or eight feet in diameter—old mine-boilers are used for this work—drawn by teams of twenty to thirty

bullocks. After the scrub has been rolled down it is burnt. A local invention, the stump-jump plough, enables the ground to be ploughed without taking out the stumps; these rot out after a few years' cultivation. Another local invention, the stripper-harvester, harvests the grain, doing the work of a stripper and threshing-machine at one operation, and filling the grain direct into the bags. So successful has wheat-farming been there that at every meeting of the Land Board, when the Government allots land available for farmers, there are usually four to six applicants for each block. The light rainfall and dry, warm climate produce a very excellent milling (hard) wheat.

TWO INTERESTING BRIDGES.

In the article on Sir William Arrol at page 12 reference is made to the construction by his firm of a great bridge over the river Trent at Keadby, Lincolnshire. As the waterway at this point is extensively used, it was necessary that the bridge should be of such a type as to reduce obstruction to navigation to the minimum. The various systems of moving bridges in operation were investigated, and finally the engineers decided upon adopting the American Scherzer bascule type. The rising leaf will be one hundred and sixty feet in length by sixty feet wide, and the bridge will rank as one of the largest bascule bridges in the world. The opening and closing of the bridge will be effected electrically, and will be accomplished in one minute. It is somewhat interesting to observe that although this type of bridge has been adopted for England, quite a different class has been installed over the Willamette River at Portland (Oregon), U.S.A., which is a far busier waterway than the Trent. This bridge is a massive structure, the central span of which over the main channel is lifted vertically by means of counterweights moving up and down in two lofty towers on each side of the moving section. The total weight of the latter is over fifteen hundred tons. This interesting bridge replaces one higher up the river, and the novel design was adopted after careful consideration as to meeting the conditions most effectively. On the average, the bridge will have to be opened seventy times per day. The most interesting feature of this bridge is its telescopic movements. The bridge has two levels—the lower for railway purposes and the upper for pedestrian and vehicular traffic; but the railway section can be lifted, if required, without disturbing the highway section, to permit the passage of small craft, the lower part telescoping, as it were, by rising upwards inside the vertical supports of the upper part of the bridge. The latter can also be raised, so that when the railway section is telescoped into the highway part, and this in turn is lifted to its extreme height, a space of one hundred and seventy-four feet at low-water is

provided, so that all but the very largest ships can proceed up the river.

A NOVEL PIPE-COUPLING.

Who has not suffered at one time or another from the inconvenience arising from the bursting of a lead water-pipe or from a broken gas-pipe? A trained workman has been essential to repair the joint effectively by wiping, but often the mishap occurs when such assistance is not readily available. An ingenious inventor has devised a novel coupling for such contingencies, which can be used by an intelligent person without any special training, and which requires no brazing, soldering, or any other similar operation. What is more, as exacting tests have proved conclusively, the joint becomes the strongest part. Seeing that there is no messiness in performing the operation, and that the repair can generally be effected within two or three minutes, the coupling very fully meets all requirements. The coupling is made up of an inner tubular ring-piece, tapered longitudinally on its outer surface and towards each end from the centre, which fits into a cap formed by one-half screwing over the other. In order to complete the joint all that is necessary is to sever the pipe at the point where it has burst, and to slip one part of the cap over each end. The end of the pipe is then 'belled' out slightly so as to allow the double tapered tubular ring-piece to be introduced. The two parts of the cap are then drawn together over the tubular ring-piece and screwed up, the cap comprising a male and female piece. As the cap is screwed up tightly the tapers of the tubular lining are driven farther and farther and more tightly into the ends of the pipe. When finished the joint is as sound and as tight as it can be made by wiping. At present the coupling is made in six sizes—from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch; and its use is sanctioned extensively by the authorities concerned, as it is found that the joint completely prevents both gas and water leakage. For connecting pipes to gas cookers and stoves it is ideal. It is also a useful adjunct to a farm and an estate, where during a severe winter a burst pipe is by no means unusual, as the defect can be effectively remedied by this ingenious invention without delay, skill, or tools.

MODERN PHILATELY.

Fifty years ago stamp-collecting was undergoing a transformation from which scientific philately was finally evolved. There were at that period two notable forces at work for the advancement of the hobby, in the distinguished and learned group of Parisian enthusiasts who forgathered in the tiny *magasin* of Madame Nicolas in the Rue Taillout, and the select coterie of English collectors whose rendezvous was an upper room in the ancient rectory of All Hallows Staining, in Mark Lane, London. Some idea of the

widespread popularity enjoyed to-day by stamp-collecting as a pastime may be gleaned from a reference-book for philatelists styled the *Whitaker of the Stamp World*, which contains a variety of information on matters connected with the pursuit of philately. From the list of philatelic societies of the world we gather that in Great Britain alone there are some forty-eight active societies of stamp-collectors, twenty-nine in various other parts of the British Empire, and fifty-four in the United States; whilst other leading foreign societies number sixty, including those in Algeria, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Siam, Hawaii, &c. Apart from the philatelic societies proper, over sixty names appear in the *Directory of British Stamp Exchange Clubs* for 1912. The importance and extent of the stamp-trade in modern commerce is revealed in the universal directory of the stamp-trade, containing the addresses of three hundred and twenty-five leading firms engaged in that trade throughout the world, of whom seventy-six are located in London, twelve in Paris, six in Berlin, and fourteen in New York. During the season 1911-12 some very important transactions took place, notably the purchase by Mr W. H. Peckitt, for a record sum, of the British colonial and the foreign sections of the celebrated collection of the Earl of Crawford. His lordship is still retaining the British and United States sections of his collection. The former section is prefaced by an almost complete unused sheet, containing one hundred and seventy-five copies of the first postage-stamp, the one penny black of 1840, and it is supplemented by a similar large unused block of one hundred and sixty-eight of the companion stamp, the rare twopenny blue 'without lines.' A part sheet of two hundred and nineteen stamps of the celebrated V.R. one penny official essay also finds a resting-place in this wonderful collection. The collection of the United States is acknowledged to be the finest and most comprehensive in the world. Another large transaction was the purchase by the firm of Bela Syekula, of Budapest, of the famous Hollitscher collection for the sum of forty thousand pounds. In the 'Story of the Year' is traced the progress of philately during the past twelve months, which, by the way, have witnessed the jubilee of that cult. Other useful articles and notes deal with 'The World's Postage-Stamp Printers,' 'British Colonial Key-Plates,' and the new Georgian stamps of Great Britain and her colonies. A large number of colonies have now issued new postage-stamps bearing the portrait of King George, and there are additional types and denominations in the home series. Very little originality has been shown in selecting the designs, and, except for the stamps of Barbados, Canada, and India, the Georgians are mere garish adaptations of their Edwardian predecessors. The appearance of these stamps marks the commencement of

a new era in the stamp album, and many collectors are starting to form collections composed entirely of Georgian stamps. A valuable check-list and guide to these issues to date is given in the new edition of the *Stamp Collectors' Annual*, in which are set forth the Georgian stamp issues of nine countries of the British Empire, together with details of prospective issues in other colonies. The list should be of great value to collectors who wish to keep their collections up to date. The *Stamp Collectors' Annual* is now in its tenth year, and is undoubtedly a volume that should be in the hands of all who favour the fascinating hobby of philately. It contains one hundred and ninety-six pages crowded with information, and is published by H. F. Johnson, 44 Fleet Street, London, E.C., at the modest price of one shilling net.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

WIND AND FROST.

WEAVING its spell of delight and despair,
Flith the wind through the trees that are bare;
And it reaches my heart through the wide-open
pane,
And it sings of the summers that laughed in the
lane,
It tells of the light on a far mountain's brow,
So desolate now.

Weaving its sword-spells on pool and on lake
Creeps the sinuous frost, with the eye of a snake;
And I look on its landscapes at morn, and the
mere
Is a picture of ghostland, a mirror of fear.
Twin-weavers, the wind and the frost, free and
far;
And how sharp is the star.

I am still, in a silence like that of the tomb,
But I know that, without, in the light and the
gloom,
Two weavers are rearing a bridge for the foe—
Old Winter—who watches the way that they go;
And the branch shouts their triumph, when
snapped from the tree,
But the leaf is to be.

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE SERGEANT'S LUCK.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD, Author of *The Attack on the Farm*, *The Colonel's Murillo*, *Pepita*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'WELL, Sergeant Noriac, I am glad to see you back again,' said Captain Durand the night I arrived at Villena. 'I hear,' he continued with a smile, 'that you did very well as a commanding officer. Apart from old Viardot, you are the senior *sous officier* now, so it will be your own fault if before long you do not get a silver epaulette. But everything here is at a standstill; the country is dried up. It's fodder we want, and fodder we must have.'

Under a very young *sous lieutenant* named Finoy, with about a hundred conscripts, we had crossed the Pyrenees with a strong body of reinforcements; but from Chinchilla we had come on by ourselves. The terrible heat of the Spanish sun in July had rendered one-third of our little force useless. From his inexperience, our young commander had allowed us to fall into an ambush. I was with the rear-guard; but I got up in time to stay the panic and save his life, as he was badly wounded. Thus I, a mere sergeant, found myself in command when we arrived at Villena.

At this place, besides our own regiment, we found a battalion of infantry, some artillery, and a small body of pioneers, who had just arrived under the escort of a *peloton* of dragoons; but our colonel—who, I may state, was Lieutenant Finoy's uncle—was the senior officer.

Early the next morning we started foraging; but though new ground was tried, we had but little luck in that arid Murcian district, and truly the outlook was getting desperate.

I had often found I got good information from innkeepers if I only made it worth their while. I told my captain that, and it was not long before we came to an agreement with the landlord of the 'Crux de Malta,' the chief *posada* in the place. Our plan, indeed, took shape sooner than I had expected; for that very evening, while I was sitting with many others smoking and drinking in a vine-clad arbour at the back of the inn, the landlord drew me aside and told me he had found an *arriero* (muleteer) who could tell me something I should like to hear.

I found the fellow—a true Murcian, almost as dusky as a Moor—in the cellar, which was crowded with men, all of whom, with the

exception of two dragoons, belonged to my regiment.

'If it's fodder you want,' said the man in a low voice, looking round suspiciously, 'you can get plenty from the Monastery of St Francis of Assisi. The monks are mostly Italians, and they understand that sort of thing. They grow three crops a year of rye-grass, and they are getting in one crop now.'

'*Ma foi!*' I exclaimed with delight, 'where is the monastery?'

The simple fellow looked at me in amazement. 'What!' he said in astonishment; 'you have never heard of the Monastery of St Francis at Carlares? Why, thousands of pilgrims go there to kiss the holy statue made of solid silver. They have got a bone of the saint in a reliquary covered with jewels.'

He went on to tell me about the miraculous cure of his grandmother and other relatives; but I soon stopped him, and went off to find my captain. What I told the captain about the riches of the monastery made his mouth water.

'*Parbleu,*' he exclaimed, 'what a chance! I will go to the colonel.'

Now, we were under the supreme command of Marshal Suchet, who had superseded Moncey after the latter's defeat by Rico the monk when he attempted to take Valencia. Suchet was almost alone among the marshals who would allow no pillaging; but he, luckily for us, as we thought, was far away. Soon the captain came back quite radiant.

'Of course it's risky,' he said; 'but it's worth the risk. Keep that fellow under lock and key, and to-morrow morning at half-past four we will start, and if we make a *coup* I can promise you, sergeant, that you will soon get your epaulette.'

As I left him I met a patrol bringing in a couple of Spanish prisoners, but I paid little attention to that; and, after arranging for the wagons for the next morning, went to get what little rest I could, but for a time I could not get the captain's words about a commission out of my head.

A commission! Ah, how these words would

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have filled me with pride and ambition but a few years ago! But now there was something I desired more than that, which was to get back to France to marry Françoise Dubusson.

During the Revolution, in the sacred name of Progress and to set an example of the Rights of Man, an uncle of mine had helped himself to some land in Picardy. He was a true 'son of the people,' and knew more about filling his own pockets than about land; otherwise he would never have chosen the portion he did, for it was of the poorest quality. However, before he realised this he died, and the farm came to my father, who was his only brother, and a soldier. Alas! my father had not the capital to work it, and though we all slaved from morning till night, not only could we not make any money, but we actually had to borrow at high interest to keep the roof over our heads. Our neighbour Jacques Dubusson, another old soldier, who had got his farm by the same honourable means, was just in the same plight as ourselves. Then the time came, in 1806, for me to be a soldier, and two years were spent at the dépôt at Amiens, and in 1808 I went as a conscript to the Peninsula.

Spain at that time was virgin soil. We were in Ney's corps, and I took part in the sacking of the Cathedral of Toledo, the richest in the whole country. *Ma foi!* it was like what one reads of in Eastern fables—the jewels and the gold and silver we found—so that even I, a mere trooper, managed to get eight thousand francs. But we were soon called back to take part in the campaign at Wagram. Before I started for Austria, however, I got a short leave, and went back to our village fairly pleased with myself; for, apart from the loot, I had been made a brigadier, having shown, my superiors were good enough to say, a natural aptitude for a soldier's life.

But I was only a young fellow, and I spent, or, rather, squandered, two thousand francs of the money in enjoying myself right royally; but with the remainder I paid off all my father's debts and stocked his little farm; and even then I had over one thousand francs for him to bury, according to the custom of the country, in a place that only he, my mother, and I knew of.

Nearly three years had gone by since I had left home, and little Françoise Dubusson was then but a child; now she was seventeen. By her beauty—ay, and her shrewdness—she won my heart at once. But, alas! as I soon found, she was no ordinary girl. Her mother was now quite bedridden; and her father, broken down with worry and rheumatism, had taken to drink, and was alternately preternaturally gay, sullen, or morose. The whole work of the farm really fell to this plucky, high-spirited girl and a younger brother and sister. Naturally as blithe and frisky as a young filly, as she was, her cares had now given her a thoughtfulness beyond her years. I had the means, and I could and would have helped

her; but she was as reticent and as proud as Juno, and so I left her, trusting to luck that when I next came back I might find a way to her heart.

The campaign of Wagram was a very different affair from our promenade in Spain. However, I came back a *maréchal des logis*, but otherwise no richer than when I started. Of course, without my parents' permission I could not marry at all; but out of gratitude they said I could marry Françoise if I liked, and of course her parents would very much have liked me to do so. It was the confounded pride of the girl that stood in the way.

'What's the good of talking about marriage, Henri?' she said in her practical way. 'Father can hardly work, Jacques is but a lad, and Cécile is a child. Who is to keep the place together? Besides, I have got no *dot*.'

'If I don't mind that, why should you?' I replied.

'Well, I do,' she answered proudly.

'Only give me some sort of promise,' I urged.

'Well, I won't say yes, and I won't say no,' she replied. 'You go off to Spain again, and do some more of that Toledo business, and then I will see.'

'Trust me for that,' I answered; 'and when I come back perhaps I shall be a lieutenant—ay, perhaps a captain.'

'Ah, I don't want you to be a captain,' she answered hurriedly. 'Oh dear, no! You will want some one higher than me then.'

I said not a word—that admission was quite enough for me; she might be cold and haughty, but she had let the cat out of the bag now. Two days after, with a light heart, I set off for the dépôt. There I heard good news and bad. I found the regiment was under orders for Spain; but, alas! I was one of those ordered to remain behind.

'I am sorry to lose you for a time, sergeant,' said the colonel; 'but this time I mean to leave some one behind whom I can trust. The last half-drilled batch I received in Austria were a disgrace to the regiment, so I am leaving Captain Fourbert and you behind. I will see that as regards promotion it will make no difference to either of you.' The captain, unfortunately, was taken ill just before we started, and that is how it was that Lieutenant Finoy was in command.

Remembering Captain Durand's instructions to have everything ready, I was up early the next morning; but a great surprise awaited me.

'Sergeant,' said the captain, 'the chief has had important news. The whole regiment will have to reconnoitre. I shall not be able to come with you; neither will Lieutenant Finoy, as he is not strong enough yet. *Maréchal des logis-en-chef* Viardot will be in command, and you will merely have a *peloton* of forty men.'

'As regards the silver statue and the pictures, &c.,' I asked, 'are we to get them first, or the fodder?'

'The statue!' he exclaimed in apparent surprise. 'Oh, well, of course *Maréchal des logis* Viardot will use his own judgment about that;' and, turning on his heel, he departed.

It seemed to me from his manner there was something behind this, and I could not make it out. Old Viardot too—*Le Vieux Reynard*, as the men called him—was evidently in a more than usually sulky mood. The splendid old veteran—there was not a finer soldier in the regiment—was always taciturn, so I did not waste my breath in asking him for any explanation. In another moment he had given the sharp word of command, and we were off, taking the *arriero* with us, disguised in a military cloak, as he feared to be recognised.

We had not gone half a league when old Viardot said he felt ill. 'It's that cursed wine I had last night,' he said. 'I am going to get into the covered wagon with that Spanish rogue; so you, *Noriat*, will be in command.'

I saw nothing strange in this, and gladly took the responsibility. We had gone three leagues, and were riding through a cork-wood, gradually ascending as we did so, when I went to question the guide. In a quarter of an hour, he told me, he reckoned we should see the monastery; and soon through the trees as we descended into a valley we did so, and also a stream which wound round the sloping ridge it was built on.

The *arriero* also said the rye-grass fields were on the other side of the monastery, and that on descending into the valley we should come to a bridge, where we were to take the first turning to the right, and the road at the side of the stream would bring us to them.

The question now was whether to try to get the loot or the fodder first. I reckoned that as soon as the monks knew of our arrival they would at once bury or hide everything of value, so I decided on getting the loot first. No sooner had I come to this conclusion than one of the *religieux* said that he had seen some cavalry only two hundred metres in front of us, for the road took a sharp turn to the left down to the river, and they were going almost at right angles to us. This was terribly disconcerting, and I hurried on.

'There, can you see them,' said the man, 'just through that opening?'

I saw them sure enough, but for the life of me I could not make them out. The road was in a cutting, and one could only see their helmets.

'I've never seen "canaries" like these,' I said, completely puzzled; but at last, when they were nearing the bridge, what was our disgust to find that they were actually our own dragoons! Then I recalled the presence of the two in the cellar the previous night, and concluded that they must have heard the *arriero* telling me of the wealth of the monastery. They had learnt the time we should start, and, having only a light cart with them, had stolen a march on us.

I was consumed with rage, for I saw how completely we had been outwitted. Still, I clung to the hope that perhaps, after all, they were going only for fodder; so I hastened back and told the men to hurry up. We soon began to gain on the dragoons; but they must have heard the rumbling of our carts and seen us, for they suddenly broke into a sharp trot, and crossed the bridge just as we turned the corner to descend into the valley, and then we saw them gallop up the hill towards the building.

I was half-inclined, just to save my *amour propre*, to go off to the right, and thus give them the idea that we had never intended to do anything apart from getting fodder; but still there might be a chance that they were going for that purpose too, and did not know the way, and they might pass the monastery. So we kept straight on, in spite of the *arriero*, who kept telling us we were going wrong. At a smart trot we pressed on; but, alas! outside the gate we found the dragoons' horses waiting, with a few men to hold them.

Naturally, these fellows greeted us with great derision. 'You have come the day after the fair, my boys,' they cried.

'In what way?' I asked. 'We want fodder.'

'You don't generally find much of that on the top of a hill,' they answered.

'We know our business,' I replied in as casual a way as I could, and rode on.

There was for some distance a high wall at the side of the road, and passing by it, we came to some vines; but the wall which enclosed the huge garden went at right angles some distance down the hill.

Taking three men with me, I rode down at the side of it. On the other side I could hear the jokes and laughter, mostly at our expense, and the clank of the spades, of the dragoons. Standing on my saddle, I looked over the wall, and among the pepper, lemon, and orange trees I saw them digging like furies. Hoping they would have their trouble for nothing, I rode farther down. Beneath me I saw the stream, and some monks getting in the hay. The high wall of the garden soon came to an end, and then there was a low one.

Suddenly, behind this wall, we saw four crouching figures hurrying along as fast as they could, carrying something that was very heavy. Behind them was another monk with some long rods in his hands. Their evident haste and their mysterious movements excited our attention at once, and, dismounting, we took our horses a little back among the vines. Soon they came to a coppice, and there I thought they might stop; but they did not. On issuing from it, no longer sheltered, they ran towards the river as fast as they could with their burden—a long chest with rings at the side for the poles. They placed it carefully among some bulrushes, and then they separated along the river-bank.

With a chuckle of delight, all the more hearty when I thought of the dragoons digging and sweating in the garden, I sent one of the men to order the carts to go right back and come along the road by the bridge, and then with the other two I rode carefully down the hill. On the banks of the stream, at various distances, the monks were quietly fishing.

'Good-morning, father,' I said to the first.

'*Pax vobiscum*, my son!' he answered.

'Have you had any luck?'

'Not yet,' he answered, drawing his line out of the water for another throw.

'Perhaps you might do better,' I said, 'if you were to put some bait on your hook.'

He looked at me with a scowl, but said nothing.

Passing the others, I made straight for the bulrushes. A handsome young fellow, who proved to be what they call the vicar, looked at me uneasily.

'I am sorry to interrupt your simple pursuits,' I said; 'but I want to look into those bulrushes,' at the same time ordering the men to dismount; and quickly the heavy chest was on the bank.

Seeing resistance was impossible, the monk told me that he would unlock it; and, lo and behold! there was the far-famed silver statue, almost life-size; and not only that, but several reliquaries and monstrosities, these latter of silver gilt, and a solid gold chalice studded with gems.

Such luck, when we had thought the dragoons had got everything, almost took our breath away.

'I want to speak to you,' said the vicar, draw-

ing me aside. 'Look here,' he continued in a low voice, 'that statue is only silver; when melted it won't fetch six thousand pesetas. The statue and all the other things, including the jewels, are not worth more than thirty thousand francs to you. I swear I will give you forty thousand francs in gold and silver coin.'

Naturally I hesitated. I did not understand why he should, and I told him so.

'Because,' he answered, 'thousands of pilgrims come yearly to touch the statue and to kiss the relics. If you take that statue it will be impossible for us in these troublous times to get another before the pilgrims come on the 4th of October. It has to be modelled in wax first, and then made from that in silver. We have suffered severely of late years from another Brotherhood a few leagues off, and they would let all the world know that we had lost our wonderful statue, and our revenue would decrease more than ever.'

But still I hesitated.

'Look here,' he said, 'I will give you a bill for yourself, drawn on a banker at Alicante, for ten thousand pesetas if you will agree.'

Now I did not for one moment mean to keep this for myself—it would have been dishonourable both to the officers and my comrades; but when it came to getting fifty thousand pesetas for what was only worth thirty thousand, I could not resist, and I agreed.

'All right,' he said. 'Now you and I will go up to the monastery, and when those wicked thieves have gone you shall have the money.'

(Continued in following section of this part.)

ROMAN MEMORIES.

By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS, F.R.Hist.S.

ROME'S sky was 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue' as I looked from the window of my hotel in the Via Cavour, near the Baths of Diocletian. Was this Rome? Swifts were wheeling hither and thither as erratically, and were screeching as loudly, as they do in Old England, a thousand miles away as the crow flies. Men and women passed to and fro in mere mercenary mood. As I paused on the hotel steps a street hawker, vending a cheap *guida*, addressed me in pidgin-English worthy of Li Chang Wo. At length, after years of hope deferred, I was in that city which, as Mr Frederic Harrison has said, is the true microcosm wherein the vast panorama of history is reflected as in a mirror.

The air was sweet and keen as I turned into the Via delle Quattro Fontane. I passed the Palazzo Barberini, built, it is believed, by Urban the Eighth of stones from the Flavian Amphitheatre; whence the oft-cited pasquinade alleging that the Barberini had done what the barbarians

had not. Then, reaching the Via Sistina, I looked back, and, seeing the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore crowning the Esquiline, I realised that I was in Rome, for her fascination was upon me. The *scala* from the Church of SS. Trinità de' Monti led me to the Piazza di Spagna—the chief resort of the flower-girls of Rome; there, close to the barque fountain of Bernini, stands the house where Keats died in 1821. I remembered how the poet had been saddened by Alfieri's lines:

Misera me! sollievo a me non resta
Altro che 'l pianto, ed il pianto e delitto;

and how, like Paolo and Francesca, but for a very different reason, he closed his book and read no more. To the Piazza di Spagna Smollett drove after the *servitori* had taken possession of his coach; in that piazza Macaulay saw more coroneted carriages than in St James's parish. Conflicting stories are told of houses hereabouts where artists lived and died. According to

several authorities, when you stand where the *Via Sistina* and *Via Gregoriana* unite you may lay your hand on the house in which Poussin breathed his last; a few doors off lived Salvator Rosa, nearly opposite the house of Claude. But Mr Edward Dillon, who should know something of these matters, says that Poussin and Claude both lived in the *Via Paolina*, now better known as the *Via Babuino*, which runs from the *Piazza di Spagna* to the *Piazza del Popolo*. He adds that, as Bellori records, it was Poussin's daily habit to mount the steps to the *Trinità* on his way to the Pincian.

I retraced my steps and came out upon the Pincian Hill, where Keats was wont to stroll with Severn, and where he was so much agitated by the charms of the Princess Borghese, then a famous beauty, that he altered his walk to avoid her. On my left lay the *Piazza del Popolo*; on my right the Gardens and *Villa Borghese*, dark with ilex and stone-pine—the stone-pine so dear to Claude and Turner. I had passed near what were once the Gardens of Lucullus; beyond rose the Flaminian Gate, the *Porta del Popolo*. I did what thousands had done before me—week after week, year after year, century after century—I leaned upon the balustrade overlooking the piazza, and saw for the first time the gray dome of St Peter's. Behind me, beneath the ilexes, priests chatted or read their breviaries; before me, descending terraces set about with graceful statues conducted the eye to the obelisk of red granite that rears its hundred feet from the centre of the piazza. That obelisk is older than any object beneath it. It is coeval with the earlier papyrus of Egypt. It was first raised before the days of Rameses the Second to adorn the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. It was brought to Rome after the victory of Actium, and erected in the Circus Maximus. There, after many years, it fell from its pedestal, and was not set up in the *Piazza del Popolo* until the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth.

Byron was right when he told Moore that Rome must be seen. Moreover, knowing both Greece and Italy better than most men, he expressed the opinion that Rome contains more objects of interest than the whole of Greece. The aggregate is too large for any single comprehension.

Thou seeest not all, but piecemeal thou must break To separate contemplation the great whole.

For it is a truism that there are many Romes, legendary and actual, and that all are worthy of study. There is the Rome founded seven and a half centuries before the birth of Christ by those few shepherds who built huts on the hill sacred to Pales, protectress of flocks; a Rome of which we catch vague glimpses through the twilight of antiquity and the mists of myth. There is the Rome of Numa Pompilius, with its pontiffs, its augurs, its flamens, its vestal virgins who tended the sacred fire of Vesta as the priests tended

the sacred shields, one of which was fabled to have fallen from heaven. There is the Rome of Tarquin and of Servius, with its vexed politics, its Sibylline books, its consultations at Delphi, its Lucretia spinning amid her maidens, its Sextus that wrought the deed of shame. There is the Rome of the early Republic, with its consuls, its Etruscan wars, its patrician and plebeian, its Porsena, its Scævola, its Coriolanus. There is the Rome of the Decemvirate, with its ten tables and its twelve tables, its embassy to Greece, its Tribunes, its Appius Claudius, its Valerian right of appeal. There is the Rome of the three Samnite wars, when the city was threatened by Samnite and Etruscan and Umbrian. There is the Rome of Punic and Macedonian and Syrian wars, the Rome of Flaminius and Hannibal, the Rome of Cato and of Scipio.

And all this is but the beginning. One chapter opens with the Gracchi, another with Jugurtha, another with Sulla, another with Cæsar. There is the age of Cicero, which brings before us Catiline ('How long, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience?') and Verres and Clodius and Milo; the speeches, the Epistles to Atticus (the studied prose of that writer whose style was the despair of every Latinist in Europe for fifteen hundred years), the second triumvirate, the rise of Antony, the death of Cicero in the woods about Cajeta. There is the Rome of the poets, of Horace and Virgil and Ovid and Juvenal; the Rome of the Annalists, of Sallust and Livy and Nepos and Tacitus and Suetonius, and how many others! The latest of them all has slept for eighteen hundred years where battle-thunders cannot break his rest. The Rome in which he lived and loved and hated is a city to-day, however mutilated and fragmentary, as it was for many centuries before he trod its streets.

I found it still possible to see Rome. Time, warfare, renovators have done their worst; but so vast a wreckage cannot readily be blotted from the eye of man. Loitering in the Corso and the *Via Nazionale*, I might have supposed myself in Cheapside or Piccadilly; but the man or woman who stares into shop-windows is not looking at Rome. You must pry into nooks and corners; you must observe mean men and unsavoury places. Above all, you must choose some elevation from which to survey the whole—say the Janiculum or the Pincian. This to commence; the 'separate contemplation' will come afterwards.

I might take it for granted that everybody has read Gibbon. But possibly everybody has not; so I will cite the four causes named by him as contributing to the ruin of Rome: the injuries of time and nature, attacks of barbarians and Christians, use and abuse of materials, domestic quarrels of the Romans. Poggio of Terranova, five centuries back, chose the Capitoline Hill from which to survey the city. He lamented

the ravage wrought among her palaces and baths, her statues and obelisks, and wrote an account of much that remained in his day. Every historian and topographer, from Poggio to Lanciani, has noted the progress of this work of destruction. Every boy has been told that Rome was not built in a day; it is still more important to insist that centuries have failed to destroy her. One is sometimes led to suppose her eternal, a something which no power on earth can 'utterly abolish or destroy.'

Consider. She laid the world under tribute. She was enriched from every quarry. Each marble known to man for its peculiar beauty was hewn for her colonnades, her baths, her temples, her statues, her fountains. Miles of stupendous aqueduct brought her water from the roots of the Apennines. A thousand vineyards, from Palestine to the Pillars of Hercules, yielded her wine. Half the known world sent her slaves. The loveliest and haughtiest women brought their virtues and vices into her public and private resorts. Cunning craftsmen from every clime helped to adorn her

With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces and glittering spires, . . .
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.

Much is taken, much remains; but the residue is wreckage. A few gaunt arches, set about with cypress, represent the Palace of the Cæsars; the Colosseum is reduced to one-third; the Claudian Aqueduct stretches one-tenth of its original mass across the deserted Campagna; the Baths of Caracalla, ninety years back, were a ruin-heap covered with weeds and flowers, which drew from Shelley the exclamation, 'Never was any desolation more sublime and lovely.' The Baths of Diocletian have become the Museo Nazionale Romano.

Renan deemed Rome a heap of ruins, but knew well that she is greater than the materials of which she was made; unless, indeed, we take deeper interest in the *cloaca maxima* than in Sallust, or value the potsherds of Monte Testaccio above the marbles of the Vatican.

I could not see the Tiber itself from the Pincian Hill. But before me rose the Castle of St Angelo, topped by the figure of an angel which is perhaps the sixth that has occupied the position since one was first placed there, as the story runs, by Gregory the Great, who had seen a vision of Michael sheathing his sword above the mausoleum. The Castle of St Angelo has superseded the Mausoleum of Hadrian, as the Ponte St Angelo has superseded the Pons Ælius, portions of which are built into the present bridge. Hadrian died on 10th July 138 A.D. His body was ceremoniously burned by Antoninus in Cicero's villa at Puteoli; his ashes were deposited in the mausoleum which he had himself prepared. There, in turn, each emperor and his family were laid, from Hadrian to Caracalla. Later, when

the tides of life had ebbed and flowed until Imperial Rome was but a memory, the Mausoleum of Hadrian, deprived of its columns and statues, became that Castle of St Angelo which was long the prison or stronghold of Popes in their days of trouble. There John the Thirteenth was imprisoned by the Romans before his banishment to Capua. There Benedict the Sixth was strangled or starved by that potent citizen who thereupon became Boniface the Seventh. There John the Fourteenth was murdered by braves at the instigation of Boniface, who had fled to Constantinople soon after his accession, taking with him ill-gotten gains. There the Anti-Pope Cadalus was thrust for safety by Cincius until, having bribed his besiegers with three hundred pounds in silver, he escaped 'on a lean horse.' In that castle Gregory the Seventh maintained a stout defence against his enemies; there, on another occasion, he was found by the friendly Guiscard, who had forced the Porto del Popolo with a numerous army. Boniface the Ninth, the first to invest all the power of Rome in its Pope, fortified the castle with walls and turrets, and set guards on each bridge that spanned the Tiber. His work was well done, for when the castle was assaulted by John Colonna he failed to take possession of it. In the days of John the Twenty-third came Braccio Montone, who also tried to storm this fortress; but it was defended by the stalwarts of Queen Joanna, and on the arrival of Sforza, the queen's general, Montone and his men were beaten off.

Then came days when the entire neighbourhood was in a sorry state. The times were turbulent; churches and houses lay in ruins; the filth of the streets was malodorous; the city was infested by robbers and vagabonds. On St Andrew's Eve, 1422, the Tiber rose, as so often before, flowed in at the Porta del Popolo, and flooded the city so deeply that men went about their business or their villainies in boats, and the Castle of St Angelo was more effectively isolated than its inmates desired. To continue this chronicle would be to think of Benvenuto Cellini, a man whose character it is difficult to estimate at its true worth; of Joseph Balsamo, *alias* Count Cagliostro, whom it is still more difficult to estimate at his true worthlessness; and of Beatrice Cenci, whose story, tragic and repulsive at best, has been overlaid with a mass of legend still more horrible. Her father, Francesco, a man so wholly wicked, has been compared by the late F. Marion Crawford with Tiberius, with Nero, and with Commodus.

At the foot of the Pincian Hill, near the Flaminian Gate, I entered the Church of St Maria del Popolo. No spot more aptly illustrates Rome's Pagan and Christian duality than that occupied by this church. It supported the tomb of the Domitii; it supports a Christian sanctuary. It was long haunted by the spirit of Nero; it is sacred to the name of Mary. Many a traveller passing out of Rome by the Via Cassia has been

shown a sarcophagus called the Tomb of Nero, about four and a half miles from the city. It is in no way connected with Nero. It was erected by a Roman woman named Vibia Maria Maxima to the memory of her father and mother. It is here, rather, at the foot of the Pincian Hill—here, in the silence of this Christian sanctuary—that we recall the death and memory of Nero.

There came a time, early in the June of 68 A.D., when the crimes of Nero could no longer be borne. He was hated, feared, despised; even the Pretorian Guard was suspected of treachery. Galba was at hand. The powers of darkness lent their aid to scare the tyrant; the gates of the Mausoleum of Augustus opened of themselves and a voice called the name of Nero. Then the emperor arose from his couch, flung aside his crystal cups, and prepared to fly. He presently sought shelter in the villa of his freedman Phaon. There the autocrat who had held revel in his Golden House—that stretched from the Palatine to the Esquiline, adorned with precious stones and enriched with the masterpieces of Grecian art—flung himself on a filthy bed and gave way to despair. There he heard that Galba had been declared emperor, and that the Senate had decreed his destruction. On the approach of the soldiers sent to carry him to execution, Nero summoned up courage to commit suicide. Near by, a grave had been dug by his orders; in that the body was placed and there burned. The ashes were wrapped in costly material, and laid by two nurses and his favourite mistress in the tomb of the Domitii. God had granted him great abilities; he had been instructed by Seneca; he had enjoyed honorary membership of the colleges of the priests. He was a supreme example of the man who sins against light. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*

Time passed. Legends gathered around the tomb of Nero. The spot became shaded by a huge walnut-tree, and the tree was infested by multitudes of crows that pillaged the neighbourhood and defied dislodgment. At length Pascal the Second was told by the Virgin that these crows were demons haunted by the spirit of Nero. Moreover, the Virgin ordered him to cut down the tree, burn it, and erect upon the spot a church dedicated to herself. The church was built, and was called St Maria del Popolo, because it was erected at the expense of the common people.

Rome is a manual of history; she is filled with 'portions and parcels of the dreadful past.' Her ruins help us to reconstruct that past, as the biologist reconstructs a primeval monster from a few stray bones. We can walk around the walls of the Eternal City; we can tell her towers; we can sit where Roman women sat as they watched the gladiator die; we can look upon vessels of domestic utility fashioned in the days of Horace; we can handle coins dispersed by the gambler or hoarded by the miser when Seneca, with two millions sterling at usury, meditated 'epigrammatic conceits about the evils of luxury in gardens

which moved the envy of sovereigns.' Rome retains in her structures, her collections, her yet unclassified treasures, objects which speak with no uncertain voice of human life in each century that has elapsed since she was first mistress of the world, two thousand years ago.

Such reflections were mine when I visited the Museo Nazionale Romano, on the site of the Baths of Diocletian. Adjoining is the Church of St Maria degli Angeli, where, in the small rotunda first entered by visitors, lies the dust of Salvator Rosa. In that Museo the *disiecta membra* of Roman history are gathered together in several small rooms, or are placed in bewildering profusion on the walls of the Carthusian cloisters. Here are more than fifty thousand coins, many monumental inscriptions, marbles from the villa of Nero at Subiaco and from that of Hadrian at Tivoli, reliefs from sarcophagi, fragments and curios from a thousand homes, and busts of emperors and empresses. The whole is even as the fragments of some rich mosaic—fragments which, placed in correct juxtaposition, form one coherent picture of the past.

Perhaps the most elaborate panel from a sculptured sarcophagus is one among the Ludovisi collection. It depicts a battle-scene of the third century, where equestrian and pedestrian warriors are inextricably mingled. Some are prostrate beneath horses; others are struggling to free themselves from the press. The sculpture would be of great worth, in the absence of written records, as showing the dress and arms of the Roman soldiery. The whole is deeply relieved; and, although the subject is dissimilar, it reminded me of a woodcut in my possession, a crude representation of Michelangelo's cartoon depicting a number of infantry surprised when bathing on the banks of the Arno. Two sculptures assigned to the fifth century, a naked and a draped Aphrodite, must have looked exquisite when fresh from the chisel—

Before decay's defacing fingers

Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.

The naked Aphrodite reclines on a cushion, on a sloping seat of stone, and is playing on a double pipe. The hair is brushed carefully over the ears and gathered into a *reticulum*; the right leg is crossed over the left. The limbs are more fully rounded than is sometimes the case with sculptured women.

Among the marbles are some extreme types of Roman portraiture. A charioteer (*auriga*) of the first century has the broad, firm mouth and chin of one nerved to restrain and control. There is a suggestion of pause in the pose of the head, as though the charioteer had just reined up his *quadriga* and was expectant of some sign of command. A head of Antoninus Pius corresponds with what we know of his character; it is that of a man of simple tastes, whose life was summed up in the last word he uttered when the tribune of the night-watch asked the password

—*Æquanimitas*. In striking contrast is the head of a pugilist, whose features have been as much defaced by time as they were in real life by the fists of his antagonists; and the head of Lucilla, of infamous renown, with sensuous mouth and staring, fatuous eyes, the head of one who frizzled her hair with hot irons (*coma calami-strata*), and anointed it with the richest perfumes; who was incapable of self-restraint and unable to control others, and whose world (*mundus muliebris*) consisted solely of frivolous pleasures and domestic intrigues. Far different is the fully draped figure of a vestal of dignified mien, and an Apollo, with lyre, whose hair lies gracefully about his shoulders. There is a wonderful air of abstraction brooding over this marble, as though Apollo were pondering some melodious utterance that should 'give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.'

The treasures of the Museo Nazionale Romano, first opened to the public in 1889, are but a fraction of those preserved in Rome. Moreover, excavations are still proceeding, slowly but surely, and light has been thrown on many obscure points of history. Objects of interest are found daily, and the common folk are aware that such objects are of monetary value. Ancient roadways have been traced; drainage systems have been laid bare; walls have had their limits exposed; inscriptions have been pieced together and deciphered; mosaics have been freed from the débris which covered them. Only two roads in ancient Rome were termed *Via*—the *Via Sacra* and the *Via Nova*. The pavement of the latter has recently been uncovered, exposing to view the road constructed, according to tradition, by Servius Tullius as an approach to the Palatine from the northern slope of the *mons*. What is of greater interest, it is now known that the *Via Nova* was a covered way, being in fact a prolonged *porticus*. Other thoroughfares are known to have led from the *Via Nova* to the Palatine. It is hoped that these may in turn be exposed, and thus enable us to improve our maps of the city.

The recent uncovering of augural remains, such as the deposit under the equestrian statue of Domitian, comprising five archaic vases, one of which contained particles of pine-resin, gold-ore, and tortoise-shell, has revived the hope that our knowledge of augural ceremonies may be

extended indefinitely. Thus the aspirations of the archæologist are architectonic in regard to religion also. He hopes to rehabilitate the ritual of the past, to surprise the priest in the celebration of the mysteries, and—if I may put it thus—to 'affright the flamens at their service quaint.' The Romish or Eastern or Anglican priest usually thinks but little of the origin of the manual acts, or of orientation, or of genuflection before altars. This is as it should be. He thinks, and thinks rightly, that ritual is sanctified by the occasion and purpose of its exercise, and is pregnant with divine significance from whatsoever source we may have derived it. It is remarkable that the Roman augur or flamen or pontiff seems to have stood in much the same position. The rites and ceremonies which he observed and practised were themselves survivals of earlier ritual known in the East and in Egypt long before the consecration by Horatius of Tarquin's temple on the Capitoline Hill or the foundation of the colleges of the priests. It is probable that the origin of much religious ritual was lost at a very early period, and that the priest exercised his functions automatically, without knowing the why or the wherefore. As a living critic has put it, 'modern methods of comparative analysis may enable the student of to-day to see into and understand many ceremonies which even to the ancients who performed them were often veritable *arcana*.'

Men who dig and delve may reconstruct for us here, as they have reconstructed the private apartments of the Roman matron or virgin, the domestic offices of the palace, the details of the villa and of the bath. The study of Roman antiquities is no longer the amusement of dilettanti, but the life-work of a Boni or a Lanciani. To Lanciani we owe a conjectural restoration of the Temple of Vesta as rebuilt by Severus, that temple which held the sacred fire and the relics, and was therefore the most revered of Roman edifices. The plausibility of that restoration is largely due to the fact that this temple is depicted on coins of Domitian, and on medals of Faustina senior, Lucilla, and others. Moreover, fragments of the temple itself were found by the ruined *podium*. Thus, having material to handle and representations to pore upon, Lanciani was enabled to reconstruct the whole with a *vérité* which few can dispute.

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Bernardino*, *The Forgotten Rock*, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TERTIUM QUID.

'NEXT morning there was a bit of a sea on, with bundles of clouds scurrying all over the lift, and a freshening wind. *The Berwick Law*, I soon discovered, was only a middling good vessel in heavy weather. When I came on

deck she was under double reef and running rather awild. The youngster Callender was spinning away at the wheel, and the mate was in charge, for it appeared that the captain had strained a sinew and was keeping to his cabin.

The schooner was behaving badly, shipping water, and at one time we thought that we should have to balance reef. However, by evening the wind fell. I confess I wasn't sorry, for I knew the sailors' doggerel about the hurricane visits in these parts:

June—too soon!
July—stand by!
August—you must!
September—remember!
October—all over!

'Well, this was in the end of May, and we weren't into the hurricane belt by any means, much less out of it.

'I had done a hard spell of work that day, and, being soft from loafing round Trinidad, I was dead-tired. Truth to tell, I was feeling rather queer. It was just after sundown, and I thought of making for my berth. *The Berwick* still rolled a bit, a dash of spray swishing over her bows now and then as she dipped; but the big gray walls of sea gradually slanted and were losing their height as I sat down on a coil of rope amidships to have a smoke before turning in. There was no sound except the rhythmic plunge of the schooner, the *pest* / of the sea on her bows; the wind whistling through the rigging, and Evan's voice humming, "*Ho rò, mo nighan donn, bhòidheach!*" The night was fairly clear, though there were some clouds about. The place where I sat was in the middle of a pool of shadows from the galley. I watched the luff of the sails idly, thinking of home and a hundred other things, until, I suppose, I must have fallen asleep. I remember wondering whether I was afloat or ashore, for suddenly I became aware that a woman was standing under the lee of the companion.

'I rubbed my eyes. Then I remembered. It was the skipper's wife. Of course I had forgotten her. I told you that she had been ill, and had kept below. Well, here she was on deck.

'Now, I have—I had—an eye for a pretty woman, and there was no denying her beauty. She was the stuff that dreams are made of! Fair to see, a little slip of a woman, quite young, with a girlish charm, pale and sweet as a wild white rose. This poor old hulk—he laid a hand on the wreck—'was christened after her. She did not see me in the dark shadow as I lay looking at the lines of her dainty figure, and her fair hair dancing in the wind round her pretty face. Far too slight and fragile to rough it and chance the luck of the sea on a little fore-and-after. There she stood, holding on to the rail, quite still but for the plunge and lift of the ship, and in evident enjoyment of the breeze of the evening, her lips parted in a smile, her face in a radiance of happiness.

'As I looked at her a strange and disquieting thing came about. I thought I heard a soft footstep, and the next instant saw the man

Lowden within a few yards of her. I nearly got to my feet, for I had doubts of the man's sanity; but she had turned at the sound, and I saw that the two were not strangers to each other. Although they were standing in the broken light, I saw both their faces as plainly as I see yours. The man's eyes met hers. Into her face came a change swift, indescribable, and unnerving. I thought of a bird and a snake. But fear and amazement showed but for an instant. She neither screamed nor fainted. I slipped farther into the shadows. She looked quickly, stealthily round. There was no one visible.

"You!" she said in a whisper, and her voice belied her look of the moment before. It was soft and winning. For a moment he stood, his throat working, and then held out his hands. "Madge, I followed you!"

"I caught these words only among others. He stood facing her, both white to the lips; and, as I looked, the image of the bird and the snake left me, for his eyes on hers were like a dog on its owner's.

"Hush, hush!" she said, and again gave a swift glance all round. I stopped breathing, I think, in my anxiety to hear. "My—you must know—my—husband."

"I know. I learned soon enough, God knows!" came from him bitterly.

"You misjudge me. Every one did. Circumstances—everything—went awry." She spoke rapidly, breathlessly again in a whisper, and I could pick up mere fragments of the talk only. I remember hearing the skipper's name "Gerrand" once or twice, and at last the words, "You followed us," from the woman. Lowden winced. "Followed you. To be near you; to see you every day; to hear your voice. To do murder, Madge, if you ask me!"

'She looked keenly, searchingly at him. "Listen! Promise me! He—my husband—he does not, must not—know who you are!" She came a step nearer him.

"Have no fears. No one shall know who I am, or that I so much as know you."

"You swear that—swear it, if—if you love me. Quick! I cannot wait here," she whispered eagerly, but with her voice under control. Then she held out her hand. Lowden seized it and kissed it passionately.

"I swear," he said. She looked round for a moment. "Now go," she said. "If we are seen"—And Lowden went swiftly forward.

'The woman stood for a moment looking after him. Her eyes fell on the hand that he had kissed. She brushed it angrily as if to scour the memory of his touch from it, then turned and disappeared down the companion.

"*A-l-l's well,*" sang the lookout forward.

'Blame me if you like for watching the pair that evening. I don't know whether I ought to have declared my presence; but indeed the affair

came about so suddenly, I was so caught up in a mist of perplexity and curiosity, and the whole scene passed so quickly that I lay still where I was, dumb with astonishment.

'I waited for a few moments, but all was quiet, and I turned in to try to sleep. In ordinary circumstances I don't think that I should have closed an eye, for my wits were beginning to busy themselves suggesting and discarding solutions of what I had witnessed. But I was dog-tired, feeling very queer and "shivery," and fell asleep, to waken in a lather of sweat after horrid dreams.

'I had half a mind to go up and challenge Lowden about the scene in the first watch, but second thoughts prevailed. I don't know that I was right; but it was little or none of my business, and it might have required but a hint to set him ablaze. I was young, but old enough to know the futility of acting without knowledge. The triangle, the two men, the one woman, was nearly as old as the world, I reflected. So I lay low and awaited developments. After all, I knew nothing of the rights or wrongs of the affair. Lowden, although a dour shipmate, might have been in the right. But I remembered also the woman's face and gesture when she looked at her hand, and I knew, whatever had happened, that she wasn't wronging her husband.

'However, these cogitations were hustled out of my mind for a time, for ill-luck, in the shape of a sharp dose of fever laid me on my back, and there I lay stretched in my bunk feeling very limp, and wishing with all my heart that I could get a glimpse of Old Scotland once more. Evan came often and sat with me, smelling dreadfully of rum, it is true, but doing much to kill the dull hours and hasten my convalescence with his talk and his company. But it was some time ere I was fit to come on deck and feel the grateful fresh breeze again. We had been lucky in meeting no hurricanes, and *The Berwick Law* had passed

the Bermudas, was out of the Trades, and catching the west winds. The air was cold o' nights, and getting colder every passing of the twenty-four hours. But I gained strength, thanks to youth and a tough frame, and was soon myself again, well content to learn that we were within four or five days of Newf'un'land. There I hoped to get a passage on some homeward-bound ship, for Captain Gerrand owned as well as sailed *The Berwick Law*, and it was by no means certain that her next port of call after St John's would be in the homeland.

'After thinking it over I decided to tell Evan what I had seen happen between Lowden and the skipper's wife. He listened to the end. "I'm no' fer interferin'," he summed up at once. "It's little thanks we'd get from any wan o' them. Women are mostly mad—at least the wans that I've courted. The lass will manage her own affairs without let or hindrance from us, I'm thinkin'. An' it's other folk's pusiness. I'm the ship's cook, an' it's a notion I'm havin' o' stickin' to my job, an' leavin' detective work alone. An' more, there's a look in Lowden's eye that I've no use for. Meddle wi' him, an' ye might pe gettin' a knife in yer ribs."

'We kept our eyes warily about us, you may be sure. The man Lowden went about his work doggedly. His eye was brighter and the set of his shoulders younger; but he had not lost the trick of muttering to himself. Once or twice I thought that he might have been taking too long a pull at the main sheet, but I was wrong. The man was as sober as I was. And he kept his secret, never so much as letting his eyes turn after her when the skipper's wife was on deck, but moiling away, and I'm bound to say doing two men's work.

'Then came a night that altered the course of *The Berwick Law* and the chart of all the lives on her.'

(Continued in following section of this part.)

DARK STARS.

By H. F. HORSNAILL.

POSSIBLY it has never occurred to many people that there are such bodies as dark stars; but so great an authority as Sir Robert Ball has said that the dark stars are to the bright for numbers as the cold horseshoes in existence are to the red-hot ones. In these days of motor vehicles it is evident that horseshoes are less numerous than they were; but doubtless the proportion of cold ones to those at any given moment red upon the blacksmith's anvil remains much as it always was. For every such hot one there must be many hundreds of cold ones; so that if the simile is sound, the heavens must contain an incredible number of these derelicts on the ocean of space, which, having lived their life,

have grown cold and dead, but are still racing about at star-speed until in their wanderings they shall meet some other heavenly body in terrific collision.

Such a gigantic catastrophe as the clash of two suns, each perhaps millions of miles in diameter, rushing at each other at the rate of twenty or thirty or even more miles per second would result, so the mathematicians tell us, in a world-splitting explosion, exactly as if each were composed of billions of billions of tons of gunpowder; and as when gunpowder explodes nothing is left but gas and smoke, so in the clash of stars nothing would be left of the two great solid bodies which had collided but an immense

whirling mass of incandescent gas called a nebula, of which, as most people know, there are quite a number dotted over the heavens. This maelstrom of gas would sail about among the stars for ages, in the course of which it would gradually cool down and condense into a star-system much like our own, with probably a central sun, planets, and moons.

Some of these would sooner or later arrive at a condition of temperature suitable for the support of life, and as the centuries passed would become peopled with sentient beings. Gradually they would grow too cold for life to exist, and finally become frigid, dead, dark stars once more. The number of stars visible to the naked eye is only a few thousands. With the best telescopic and other instruments it is calculated we can detect about a hundred millions—not a large number (there are fifteen times as many people as that living on this globe); but, judging by Sir Robert Ball's horseshoe simile, and reckoning only one hundred dark ones to every bright one, we may take it that there must be at least ten thousand million dark stars chasing about in space, most of which we have never seen and probably never will see.

I say most of which, for perhaps it may come as a surprise to some that the earth we live in is a dark star; so are all the other planets and planetoids of our solar system, with their moons, of which bodies, shining only by the reflected light of the sun, there are at least six hundred known to astronomers. Nor must we forget to mention those bodies called shooting stars which may be seen almost any clear night if patiently watched for. These, though they look like stars, are hardly, as every one knows, to be dignified by the name, being mostly but very small masses of matter flying about in space. They are quite cold and dark until they enter our atmosphere, which they do at such a speed as raises them at once to a white-heat by friction of their passage through it, and thus they are revealed to us. For every one we see there must be many thousands whose paths miss us entirely, ships that pass in the night, silently and unknown. These, too, we must class as dark stars, though very humble ones. All these are cold and dead compared with our sun or any of the stars we see. From the nearest they would be quite invisible; and, *vice versa*, we cannot see the planets which revolve round the stars, if such there be, as is likely enough; for it is hardly to be supposed that our sun alone, among a hundred million others, possesses such attendants.

But we have one or two other reasons for thinking that there are dark stars much larger than any of these. Here and there are bright ones which are found to vary in magnitude at regular intervals. One, Algol in Perseus, not far from Cassiopeia, varies every three days from a star of the second magnitude to one of the third, and gives us only one-third as much light

at its dullest as it does at its brightest. It seems probable that Algol is really two stars revolving about each other much as the two ends of a dumb-bell would revolve were it set spinning. One of these is supposed to be dark and cold, or comparatively so, and the other bright; it is easy to see how at each revolution the dark one might come between us and its brighter companion, and cut off part of the light, thus causing the changes we see.

About thirty of these variables have been discovered. It seems a small number, but it is plain enough that for one of such a pair to eclipse the other its path would have to lie exactly between us and its partner. Probably there are many whose paths do not fulfil this condition, and therefore cause no variation of light coming to us. Others are doubtless flying about the heavens on haphazard paths, and it is conceivable that one might come along and collide with us or our sun. The result of such a collision would undoubtedly be the end of this earth and its inhabitants.

If the intruder were of any respectable size, a collision with any of the larger members of the solar system would produce such a conflagration as would raise the temperature of all the rest above the point at which life as we know it could exist. 'The earth and all the inhabitants thereof would be burnt up, and the elements would melt with fervent heat.' Even if such a star did not collide, but merely passed through our system, the effect of its attraction would altogether upset present conditions, and almost certainly bring about the cessation of life on the earth.

Neither can we encourage ourselves with the hope that the collision would be too sudden for us to know much about it. No such thing. Our astronomers would see the star directly it got near enough for the sun to light it up, probably fifteen or twenty years before it arrived, according to its size and speed. They would be able to calculate its path and foretell to a few minutes the precise moment of the catastrophe, and we should have the added horror of the anticipation of our slowly advancing doom. Indeed, the passage of even a small star quite outside our system by many millions of miles would still have a sufficiently disturbing effect on us to draw us out of our path and alter entirely our climate and temperature.

The organic life of our globe requires for its continuance a temperature range of about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, an exceedingly narrow one when we consider the possible range of heat and cold. Outside of this nothing can live and grow, and it is one of the marvels of creation that the earth has for many millions of years maintained an average temperature over some part of its surface within this limit, and goes far to prove the existence of a mighty Mind at the back of it all who planned it with infinite skill and foresight apparently for the very purpose of evolving the human race as we know it.

And who shall say to what heights of intellectual and moral perfection man is destined to climb? It may be that the end of all things is at hand, and that some one of these dark bodies is even now swinging along towards us from the depths of space; but seeing the many millions of years the solar system has continued in 'splendid

isolation,' we may take courage for the future, and believe that the Mind that has by unchangeable laws brought man to his present state will carry him on to such perfection as he may be capable of. Judging by appearances, this will take many æons yet, so let us sleep peacefully in our beds for the present.

A TIBETAN FAIR.

THE month of June at Gyantse is an idle and enjoyable one for the people. The crops are just bursting through the soil, and the plain is again assuming a green tinge after the long winter, at which season it is frozen and parched to a dry khaki-colour. The encircling hills, up which the cultivation attempts to spread wherever a stream affords means of irrigation, still retain their monotonous hue, as the grass, though sufficient to provide nourishment for the wild sheep, is so scanty that it is not visible in the distance; here and there, however, a spring surrounded with beautiful turf affords a much-needed spot of colour on the hillside.

These hills, rising at one point to a height of nearly seventeen thousand feet above the sea-level, and towering some three thousand eight hundred feet above the fields, form round the plain a barrier which is broken in three places by streams along which the three important roads from Lhassa, Shigatze, and India are carried.

The fields have been manured, ploughed, and sown, and the only work now required to be done is occasionally to water the crops from the irrigation channels which separate the fields. The cultivator's anxiety now is lest some neighbour, whilst carefully regulating the water in his own fields, should flood the adjacent crops excessively, and thus ruin them; and this is a fruitful source of lawsuits. But perhaps a hailstorm may devastate the fields, the precaution taken against such a calamity being to retain the services of a Hail Lama. This man's life is one of dignity and ease. If the crops are not injured he receives great kudos in addition to pecuniary rewards from the grateful people; while if, on the other hand, they are still damaged by hail, his reply to the aggrieved peasants is to this effect: 'Your sins are so appalling that even the intercession of such a holy man as myself could not secure more than a mitigation of your punishment. Had you not employed me the damage would have been far greater.' Pondering over this reply, they leave his presence. They continue to support him, and perhaps try to lead better lives; but if reformation proves impracticable, they may merely add a few more *manis* to their daily prayers.

I once spent some weeks in camp near the home of a Hail Lama who dwelt in a delightful

little cottage, like a doll's house, perched on the hillside, where he was waited on by an old woman. Inside it was a tiny temple containing an altar adorned with the usual images, butter-lamps, and vessels for holding holy water. He and his old housekeeper had cultivated a few square feet of the hillside, on which they attempted to grow vegetables, and which a covey of partridges used to frequent, running quite fearlessly around the house, evidently accustomed to the presence of its two harmless inhabitants. Here for many years this man had lived a peaceful, contented life, occasionally droning some prayers and beating a drum to scare off the hail devils. Sometimes he would commence his monotonous devotions at a very early hour in the morning; but he was always willing to postpone them to a later hour whenever I requested him to do so. These Hail Lamas belong to a sect who wear their hair in a queue in the same manner as the laymen, and do not shave their heads as do the ordinary monks.

The weather is now delightful, cool but not frosty at night, while the days are warm and sunny. It is at this season, after the labours of the spring have been completed, that the people engage in their annual sports. For several days beforehand great preparations have been made. Country-people may be met on the road, driving in donkeys or yaks laden with their tents and chattels. Ponies entered for the great race may be seen, each decorated as for a fair, and mounted by a small jockey whose distinguishing mark is a downy plume from the tail of the *lämmergeier* fixed on the top of his cap. Soon tents begin to appear, those in the centre of the camp being arranged in irregular lines, whilst others which are farther off straggle away on all sides wherever a piece of flat, uncultivated ground can be found. The tents of the richer folk are large calico erections ornamented with blue patterns, 'the soft, curled tendrils' of the swastika forming a favourite design. The poorer people pitch black tents, which are made of coarse yak-hair blanketting, and are wonderfully strong and weather-proof.

The first event on the card is the pony-race—the Gyantse 'Derby.' These strange people, whose theatrical plays last from morning to night for several days, conduct their races in a curious manner. The course is fifteen miles long, over

a typical road of the country, running alternately through heavy sand and over hard rocks where no one would dream of riding at all in other lands; and even the more level parts are littered with stones. The evening before the race the ponies are taken out to the starting-point, each mounted by the small boy who is to be his jockey. Before the first streak of dawn they are ready, and the official starter, a clerk of the two *jongpens*, who are the joint rulers of the district under the central Government, affixes a seal to the mane of each starter. This was found necessary because certain shady characters connected with the turf, who are not without their counterparts in other countries, were in the habit of providing a fresh pony for their own jockey at the half-distance, and in the dim morning light such a change might easily be effected without discovery. After the race the seals are examined, and if they are found correct the prizes are awarded. In a long race of this kind it is seldom that a close finish is witnessed. On one occasion, however, such a finish did occur, and the supporters of the second pony were so overcome by excitement that they rushed in a body, seized the prospective winner by the reins, and held on to him until their fancy had passed the post. The stewards spent many a thoughtful hour in considering to whom the stake should be awarded, each side bringing endless arguments in favour of its own contention.

Later in the morning another most interesting contest takes place. For this the Tibetan officials usually prepare a tent where the British officers are entertained with cakes and buttered tea. One requires a strong constitution to face a cup of this exhilarating beverage, the film of rancid butter on the surface of which grows thicker as the liquid cools; but after a long and cold day's travelling, when tired and hungry, I have actually been glad to partake of such uninviting refreshment, though this would seem incredible in the absence of unusually appetising conditions. For the shooting competition two targets are set up at one side of the course. The first is a small metal disc about six inches in diameter, along between two poles; and the second, a hundred yards farther on, is a triangular bag of straw about one foot in depth, hung in a similar way. The competitors are armed with a matchlock and a bow and arrows; each in turn gallops at full speed up the track, passing the targets at a distance of a couple of yards, and as he reaches the first target fires his matchlock, which is charged with powder only. If his aim has been true the disc is violently shaken, but in cases of doubt the judges subsequently examine it to see whether any grains of burnt powder are to be found on it. Immediately the gun has been discharged it is slung over the shoulder; the bow is then drawn out of its case with the left hand, and an arrow from the quiver with the right. The arrow is fitted to the string, and has to be

shot into the straw target. Great skill is required to accomplish this feat successfully; but a clever performer achieves the whole operation, from the firing of the musket to the discharge of the arrow, in one graceful motion. A great many competitors, however, fail to fit the notch of the arrow to the bowstring, and these, steering the pony close enough, throw or even push the arrow into the target. A clumsy competitor, but above all one whose pony does not go fast, is greeted with derisive jeers by the onlookers, who, forming an immense crowd, are seated all round the arena, with gaps behind the targets which appear to be too small for safety.

The women wear their curiously shaped jewelled head-dresses, and many carry scarlet sun-shades or less picturesque black umbrellas. In front of the crowd the police swagger about, each carrying a long stick and a short riding-whip, of which, to show their authority, they constantly make unnecessary use. The stewards, officials, and competitors are all dressed for the occasion in bright-coloured Chinese silks, and the horses are resplendent in their gala equipment of saddlery and ornaments.

After the completion of this competition a list of the successful performers is read out by one of the official clerks, who wear small, flat, yellow hats, and frequently carry a pen tucked under the hat, over the ear. It is quaint to see the rough yokel, whose daily life is spent in herding yaks and sheep, now decked out in his best silk clothes, which have been kept carefully for use on this one occasion in the year. He is very shy and nervous as he goes up to receive his prize of a silk scarf, and shows his respect for the clerk who hands it to him by putting out his tongue and scratching the back of his right ear.

We now return home to lunch, accompanied by a Tibetan friend who has brought a country cousin to see some of the white man's wonders. We show him the meteorological instruments. It takes him some time to realise that they are not intended to influence the weather; the mechanism of the anemometer he understands to some extent, as similar instruments are used in Tibet for repeating prayers. We then show him the telegraph and the telephone, and allow him to converse with his relative, who speaks from a room at the farther end of the building. Gramophones, typewriters, cameras, and everything in the catalogue of marvels must be shown. In my room he bows devoutly before a photograph of the Tashilama, and also before the large coloured portrait of the late King-Emperor, which impresses him greatly. As usual, the changing colour of a piece of photographic printing-paper placed in the sun produces consternation. One of our guests volunteers the opinion that a chimney is an ingenious device. Rumours of such inventions as bell-ropes had, however, reached his ears, and in his desire to show that he knows at least something of our ways he nearly tears down the hanging cord of

our electric bell. At lunch we are amused by an incident which would perhaps not cause a smile in a more conventional *ménage*. Our cuisine is of the simplest, our dishes consisting for the most part of game in various forms. In an attempt to render the meal more attractive, I had spent considerable time and patience in explaining to our *chef*, with the aid of the pictures in Mrs Beeton's masterpiece, how a roast hare should appear at table. On the cover being removed, imagine my surprise on seeing a couple of roast ducks sitting up on the dish, their heads facing me, with matches tucked under their wings to represent the skewers used for trussing the hare! In presence of our guests I show no surprise; but on observing my struggle to lay these stiff-necked birds on their backs, one of our friends quietly remarks that though my way of dressing ducks is doubtless the more artistic, he thinks that they are easier to tackle when cooked *à la tibétaine*. On departing, the country cousin has a request to make: will I give him a photograph? I naturally ask him what photograph he wishes, and he replies that the subject is immaterial, but that he would like a photograph of some kind to show to his friends.

The afternoon, when there are no organised competitions, is perhaps the most favourable time at which to study the people, who may then be seen amusing themselves according to their individual tastes. After lunch, therefore, we again walk over to the fair and take a stroll among the tents and booths. People of the better classes are seen sitting in their tents drinking tea and playing dominoes.

Many small shopkeepers, chiefly vendors of *chang* (Tibetan barley-beer), tea, and cakes, have brought their wares down, and are selling them in tents or under large red parasols. Numbers of men are engaged in archery, the arrows being fitted with wooden whistles instead of the usual sharp metal heads. This is a sport much favoured by Tibetan gentlemen. An erection of cloth on poles resembling a skittle-alley, about twenty yards long, is prepared, and at the end of this alley a small target about six inches across, with a bull's-eye of half that size, is hung by a rope. The target is so constructed that the bull's-eye will fall out if struck. The archers stand at the far end, having in front of them low tables which support their cups of *chang* and on which they place their stake, a *tanka* (a small silver coin equal to sixpence). The bowstring is not generally pulled with the fingers, but with a thick jade ring worn on the thumb, which is kept straight, the string being caught behind the ring and thus drawn. Now and then, at great personal risk, a boy will rush in to collect the arrows which are lying about and return them to their owners. These whistling arrows make the most monotonous sound; sometimes for days on end while sitting in my room I could hear their plaintive whistle resembling the call of a golden

plover, followed by a thump as the arrow struck the cloth behind the target; whistle—thump, whistle—thump, continuing incessantly for hours together.

We three officers spent a very pleasant afternoon in wandering among these fascinating scenes. Here we come upon a party picnicking on the ground among the sprouting iris, and drinking tea and *chang*. There are three women, a couple of laymen, and a monk in his rich claret-coloured dress, with the right arm bare to the shoulder; several boys and girls complete this party, and all are talking, laughing, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Elsewhere some men and women have formed a circle, and are singing and dancing their weird national dance, keeping time to their voices by thumping their feet flat on the ground. At another place a crowd has collected, much like a crowd in other countries, those on the outside thrusting their way in, not knowing what they are trying to see, and doomed to be thoroughly disappointed when they do see it. In another quarter some children are kicking up a roughly made shuttlecock, their object being to keep it from falling to the ground. The little girls have entwined blue iris-flowers in their hair; and one of them, with a bent willow-wand and iris-blossoms to represent turquoises, has imitated the jewelled hoop which is worn on the head by Tibetan women. Here and there are ponies, some tethered, and others straying about cropping the fresh young grass. Dogs of various shapes and sizes surround us on all sides. Tied to the country-folk's tent-pegs and guarding the doors are large, fierce, shaggy Tibetan mastiffs who would make short work of any intruder; our doctor can tell many stories of wounds inflicted by them on passers-by when the dogs had been insecurely tied. Many of the people, rich and poor alike, are accompanied by some kind of toy-dog. These are for the most part underbred, short-haired, snappy animals, towards whom it is surprising what an amount of affection their masters show; but sometimes a more attractive animal may be seen, usually bearing some resemblance to a Pekingese. Dog-breeding as we understand it is unknown here, excepting in the case of well-bred mastiffs, with whom some care is exercised to eliminate the brown markings which are always to be seen on the ordinary tent-dwellers' guardians.

A party of Mongolians, dressed in thick quilted clothes, who have brought a drove of ponies for sale, form an interesting group. The faces of these men are tanned to a brick-red colour by the glare of the sun and by the icy winds which they have encountered on their many months' journey from their home. They have never seen a European before, and regard us and our clothes with the greatest curiosity, apparently expecting to see some remarkable result from our simplest actions. Some Nepalese and a few Chinese

traders are also to be seen. We notice some white-turbaned Kashmiri Mohammedans on their way to bring merchandise from India, who, like the Newari traders from Nepal, have adopted the Tibetan *chuba* or coat, but retain their national head-dress. Conspicuous also are groups of *sepoys* from the detachment of Indian troops stationed at Gyantse; they wander about in groups, as interested as their officers in the novel scene. At one point we are importuned by a gang of beggars. These are professional mendicants who are quite able to work, but have chosen begging as a more lucrative calling. They are dressed in the raggedest of clothes, and men, women, and children follow one about whining in a most heart-rending way. They do not, however, so much appeal to one's charitable feelings to extort alms as rely on wearing down one's patience by their monotonous wailing.

Many of the Tibetans are watching a game of football which the Indian soldiers have commenced; this greatly amuses the spectators, to whom the fall of a player causes rapturous delight. One gentleman displays his interest by asking me in all seriousness whether the ball is made of wood or of stone!

Presently we meet one of the representatives of the Lhasa Government, who appears glad to see us, and invites us to accompany him to his tent. This is pitched a little apart from the hubbub, in a delightfully peaceful grove of trees, which, according to prevailing custom, is adorned with votive rags and papers. Above us towers Gyantse Jong, which, after being for generations the chief fortress garrisoned by the Tibetan army, was captured by our troops in 1904.

We are introduced to our host's wife and her sister, and to his family of four boys and a girl. Her ladyship's head-dress is beautifully adorned with turquoise, coral, and seed-pearls, and two hundred sovereigns would not purchase the jewellery which she wears daily. We join in the family meal of cakes and a stew of vermicelli and meat, which is just being served, and which is eaten with chopsticks and rounded off with a cup of *chang*. After this I am requested to take photographs of the family, and especially of the youngest son, a quaint little creature of three, who is his father's favourite. It is now getting dusk, and we take our leave to return home, passing many people who are going back to the town after their day's outing, and several of

whom have, I fear, taken more *chang* than they can safely carry. For these men the journey home is not devoid of incident. At this time of year every road is a running stream, for when a man has turned enough water on to his fields he is not concerned with what happens to the surplus, and the road is usually the most convenient channel for the overflow. Then, again, it is no one's business to keep the bridges in repair, and if one of them should give way it is left to be repaired by the people who find themselves most inconvenienced by its breakage. On this occasion the footbridge, made of two poles with slabs of stone or turf laid across them, is broken, only one pole remaining, and it requires some skill as a tight-rope walker to cross in safety, the penalty for a slip being a ducking. Here a crowd of people has collected to watch the efforts made to cross in safety, and they laugh boisterously when any one falls into the water. In most countries roads in this state would cause some annoyance, but here the broken bridge is looked upon simply as a subject for amusement; and this is, after all, a philosophical way of taking life's little difficulties.

We pass two unfortunate men and a woman who have been arrested for creating a disturbance. These people, regardless of sex, will be taken off and more or less soundly beaten, according to the amount of the bribe they can give their captors, before being brought up to the *jongpens* for the investigation of their case. One of them is probably nothing more than a casual witness of the brawl, and all are perhaps innocent; but here flogging is a necessary preliminary to any judicial inquiry, and after this formality punishment is awarded to the guilty, while the innocent benefit by being let off further chastisement. The Tibetans have a medieval idea that no one will speak the truth until a stimulant of this kind has been applied. It would offend the dignity of the judge were a prisoner to walk into his presence; the accused is consequently carried in, and makes his defence on his knees, in order to show that the lictors have not been lax in their work.

After a residence in India, what strikes one most here is that in their ideas of enjoyment the Tibetans are far more akin to us than are the natives of India, and the whole scene reminds one much more of a fair at home than would a similar festival held south of the Himalayas.

COMFORT OF TRAVEL

THE most comfortable traveller is one who loves the road for its own sake, ignoring alike the virtue of arriving punctually or the chagrin of delay. He goes best who bestrides his own horse or uses his own feet, for only in the saddle or on foot can he taste the fullest

flavour of travel without rhyme or reason, without time-sheet or itinerary. In the unsettled parts of Africa and Asia he may ride for days together, outstripping his gurgling pack-camels a little way from camp, letting them shamble past him at the midday halt, and pitching his tent where

the moon shines on feathery palms. Something of this purposeless wandering is achieved also by the man who sails a modest yacht, handling her himself, coasting as the fancy takes him. Yet even he is the slave of wind and wave, and conditions over which he has no control thus determine his plans, often at short notice.

The railway traveller is perforce a creature of system. He cannot, without grave risk of misunderstanding, enter a train without first providing himself with a ticket, and the printed ticket is anathema to the creed of Stevenson. He knows none of the royal and timeless independence of the tramp. The so-called 'round ticket,' which has a growing vogue with tourists, caters for this instinct of purposeless wandering by enabling the holder to break his journey unexpectedly and to complete it within an agreed period; but though the device is ingenious, it is but a poor makeshift for the absolute lack of method or programme which forms so great a part of the enjoyment of travel for its own sake.

The discomfort of travel irks those only who dislike it. Exception must, however, be made in favour of such sea-sickness as 'utterly cast down and metagrobolised' Panurge, as well as of the insanitary condition of some hotels of southern Europe and the insolence of such innkeepers as offended Smollett. Railway travel has its black side, no doubt. On American lines, more particularly, there is the haunting fear of 'wrecks,' the nightmare of their Pullman cars without privacy or comfort, the inadequate allowance of hand-baggage for journeys lasting several days, and the expensive and unsatisfying meals served in the dining-cars. Americans and Canadians alike, who fondly imagine that their engineers have said the last word in comfortable travel, should try the *trains de luxe* that run from Calais or Ostend, the Nord Express to Russia, the Sud Express to Spain, the Mediterranean Express to the Riviera, or the Orient Express to Constantinople. Thanks to the cosmopolitan standing of the international company, all manner of difficulties are smoothed away, and the traveller may pass through several countries without the least sensation of inconvenience and without a single change of car. People who have had experience of these trains and of the best 'limited' trains of America wonder that those on the other side of the Atlantic should still boast of such primitive arrangements as are provided for their travel.

To the Briton the discomfort of travel on the Continent is immeasurably aggravated by ignorance of foreign languages. In Britain the modern school curriculum is arriving at a recognition of the fact that polite French and fluent German may be at least as serviceable in after-life as hexameters and iambics; but the conversational French that was a widespread accomplishment in the days of the Grand Tour is nowadays rarely met with in the Britisher, in consequence of which there are constant misunderstandings with

railway-porters, waiters, shop-assistants, and others who contribute, in however humble a capacity, to the enjoyment of a holiday abroad.

The comfort of travel depends in a measure on the company one is in. The question of whether the epicure should go alone or in company is for himself to decide. Hazlitt went alone, finding the complete liberty of solitude essential to enjoyment of the change. When, in the case of rest cure, thorough change of environment is prescribed, absolute detachment from his friends should be the traveller's aim; and if he take a companion, it should be one who is a comparative stranger, a plan entailing risks of its own. He needs, however, to be a man of varied resources to enjoy harvesting new impressions in his own company. A crusted misogynist might perhaps enjoy complete solitude, but the average healthy-minded man will find that a little of his own company goes a long way; and even if he starts out alone he will lose half the pleasure of the journey unless he scrapes acquaintance by the way. Like David, he may sigh for the wings of a dove, but he will value his newly won liberty more by sharing it. Yet the choice of a travelling companion is of all things the most difficult. Travel, particularly on board ship or in camp, is a palace of truth, stripping men and women of all their tinsel of pretence and revealing them as they really are. Even on a Continental tour, no association furnishes a more severe test of comradeship than isolation among strangers in an alien land. When one is camping in the wilderness, surrounded only by native servants, the strain on good-fellowship is far greater. Trying as solitude may be in such circumstances, it is yet infinitely preferable to uncongenial company. The absolute perfection of travel is with a comrade of like tastes and interests, who will share the good and the bad of it, cheerfully taking the clouds and the sunshine as they alternate, helping and not hindering, a link with home, yet equally glad to be on *safari*. That is the ideal company; yet how many realise it?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

I HEARD him preach in Oxford, years ago,
A snowy-haired and tender-faced apostle;
I watched the beech against the window blow,
And listened to the throstle.

And still a waving branch to memory brings
Those deep-set eyes and drooping lids, as pressed
Upon too much by earthly visionings,
And wistful for their rest.

Still in the flutings of a thrush will sound
Words that upon us then but lightly fell,
Because they were as simple and profound
As some brief parable

Told by the Master to the hungry folk,
While the disciples murmured; but the foam
Wrote it again on Patmos, and it spoke
Above the rage of Rome.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

FRAUDULENT 'BUCKET-SHOPS.'

HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

By R. S. SMYTH.

IF the public had before them a statement of the enormous sums of which they have been swindled during the last few years, chiefly by the operations of fraudulent 'bucket-shop' keepers, it is safe to assert there would be an immediate demand for such legislation as would put an end to many of the swindling practices in which they now indulge with impunity. It is satisfactory to find that there have recently been several successful prosecutions of the more prominently dishonest members of the fraternity, and as a result the principals are undergoing either penal servitude or long terms of imprisonment. The most notable of these fraudulent concerns were the International Securities Corporation (combined with Feltham's Bank), by which the public lost close on two hundred thousand pounds; Messrs Duncan Forbes & Co., loss about eighty thousand pounds; and the more recent case of the Equitable Exchange, where the loss was forty-seven thousand pounds. A further case, but of a somewhat different character, was that of the Charing Cross Bank, where the deficit was over fifteen hundred thousand pounds. Needless to say, this caused untold misery to many hundreds of unfortunate people, numbers of them helpless, who lost their all.

If the sentences passed on the persons concerned in these striking examples of swindling had a salutary effect in reducing the number of similar concerns, there would be some compensation for the injury and suffering inflicted on an innocent and too confiding public; but unfortunately they have not had that effect. The counsel for the Crown, in his closing speech in one of the recent prosecutions, stated that 'there are at this moment no less than twenty firms or syndicates of a similar class known to the police, who are more or less helpless regarding them.' Private persons who have been swindled are practically debarred from prosecuting because of the enormous expense in which legal proceedings would involve them; and, besides, they do not wish to be exposed to a humiliating cross-examination by the defendant's counsel, and be gibed before the public as fools; all this, too, without any prospect of obtaining compensation for their trouble, loss of time and credit, not

to speak of loss of money. In some cases, as the legal gentleman further stated, it is not until the offices of the swindling concern are closed, and the public commence to clamour for their money when the promises made them have not been kept, that the police become aware of what has been going on. The swindlers have then disappeared, only—as shown in one of the prosecutions referred to—to turn up at a fresh address and under a different name.

A rather significant fact was referred to in connection with one of the prosecutions—namely, that a very large percentage of the fraudulent 'bucket-shop' keepers are domiciled in the City. The question naturally arises, why is this the case? The answer appears to be that if any effort is made to bring them to justice, they will, because of their address being in the City, have their case brought before the City magistrates, with many chances in their favour that they will escape by means of the evidence produced being considered insufficient to warrant a prosecution. Such chances, they conceive, they would not have if their cases, with the same evidence, came before the stipendiary magistrates in other parts of the Metropolis. As stated in an article in the *Financial Times*, 'the City has, in fact, become a sort of sanctuary for "bucket-shop" keepers; for the police, apparently discouraged by the difficulties they have to meet in getting the magistrates there to regard the evidence they produce as sufficient to warrant a prosecution, naturally make fewer attempts than they otherwise would do to bring such offenders to justice. Under the law as it stands, such cases cannot be dealt with promptly, or, except in comparatively few instances, with a reasonable prospect of success, and the attempts at swindling therefore go on.'

The question, then, arises, what remedy should be applied to an existing evil of large magnitude? An eminent king's counsel who was engaged in one of the prosecutions—influenced, no doubt, by the obviously untruthful statements contained in the flamboyant advertisements that had appeared in several leading newspapers—suggested that the Government should introduce a bill to make newspapers responsible for the misrepresenta-

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tions in their advertising columns. The offer of four hundred or even five hundred pounds for a whole-page advertisement of the class referred to—the Equitable Exchange had several—is doubtless a tempting one; but, while newspaper proprietors may be reasonably expected to exercise discrimination in accepting such advertisements, which contribute so largely to the success of the swindlers who present them, to attempt to place on the owners of newspapers the sole responsibility for the truthfulness or otherwise of statements made in the various advertisements they are asked to publish would be obviously unfair. It is only right to say that in the great majority of cases careful discrimination in the interest of the public is already exercised.

A leading London newspaper suggests the simple expedient of 'making it illegal to use the mails;' another metropolitan newspaper says that 'when the Postmaster-General learns that the post-office is being used for criminal purposes, so as to make it a public nuisance, it becomes his duty to take steps to protect the public against such abuses;' while a third newspaper, an important financial one, endorses these views, and says 'there would be no difficulty in discovering those whose contributions to the mail-bags ought to be stopped.' Now all this implies that letters posted by obviously dishonest 'bucket-shop' keepers should not be transmitted. But how is this to be prevented? How could such letters be detected? In the absence of some external evidence of their origin—which, of course, would not be given—it would certainly be impossible to identify them, and any attempt to do so, no matter how careful the discrimination exercised, would inevitably result in the letters of other persons being occasionally opened. The system, if adopted, might indeed lead to a bureaucracy that would be most objectionable; it would never be sanctioned by Parliament, nor should it be. There is a deep-rooted and very proper objection to the opening of any letters in the post-office except such as cannot be delivered, and the practice would be quite repugnant to British feeling. The real remedy lies in giving authority to the Postmaster-General to prevent the *delivery* of letters addressed to 'bucket-shop' keepers, who, when they had ceased to receive the remittances from their dupes, would soon find their occupation gone. The letters would necessarily be opened, not, however, for the purpose of scrutinising their contents, but exactly as in the case of letters the addressees of which were 'dead' or had 'gone away,' to ascertain the names and addresses of the senders, in order that their correspondence and money might be returned. This is what is done in the United States and by our kinsfolk in Canada and Australia. The letters for the persons there suspected of carrying on dishonest businesses, however, are not withheld from delivery until the fullest opportunity has been given to the suspected persons of proving their

bona fides and they have failed to do so. But in New Zealand, where letters are similarly stopped, no such opportunity is given. The authorities in that Dominion satisfy themselves that fraudulent practices are being pursued, and without any notice to the persons concerned their names and addresses are inserted in the *Gazette*, and simultaneously the delivery of all letters addressed to them ceases. This course, however, cannot be advocated. Every opportunity to show that no false representations have been made, and that the business is being honestly conducted, should first be given. If this were done and satisfactory evidence were not forthcoming, the return of the letters to the senders would not form any good ground for complaint.

In the United States, in addition to issuing 'fraud orders' for stopping letters addressed to persons engaged in swindling transactions, legal proceedings for the fraudulent use of the mails have latterly been instituted against them. The following extract on this subject from the Postmaster-General's last report will be read with interest: 'The crusade started by the post-office department early in the year against the fraudulent use of the mails has been pushed with great vigour. During the last few months the principal officers of thirty-four corporations, companies, and firms have been placed under arrest by post-office inspectors for swindling the public by this method. In forty-six additional cases individuals have been arrested for conducting similar schemes to defraud. It is estimated that the eighty important cases recently brought to a head represent swindling operations that have filched from the American people in less than a decade fully a hundred million dollars. As the work of investigation proceeded it became apparent that schemes for swindling through the mails were vastly more numerous and extensive than had been supposed. Many of these fraudulent enterprises proved to be as far-reaching in their ramifications as the postal service itself. Not only have they swindled many thousands of credulous people out of money foolishly invested, but to a large extent they have shaken confidence in legitimate enterprises. The stamping out of these is, therefore, as important to capitalists engaged in lawful business undertakings as it is to investors. Their prevention will undoubtedly save to the American people millions of dollars annually.'

The Equitable Exchange swindlers advertised extensively; they had a full-page advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* that their profits amounted to one hundred and seventy thousand pounds, and as evidence of this they furnished a list of cheques to clients which they said could be inspected. The cheques were inspected, and by the police, but unfortunately not till the principals were being prosecuted. It was then found that out of the list of seventy-eight persons to whom it was stated cheques had been sent, the number of those who

had received profits was only seven, and that the actual amount sent was only about thirty pounds. Now in this case inspection was actually invited, and if the Director of Public Prosecutions had sent an officer to verify the statements so publicly made, and made obviously for the purpose of swindling, their falsity would at once have been discovered. The return of all letters sent to the Exchange under the plan proposed would have immediately followed; this would have had the effect of cutting short its career, and the heavy loss sustained by the public would have been prevented. Similarly in the case of the Charing Cross Bank, a statement of assets was extensively advertised, and the advertising was continued for a long time, even after *Truth* and some other London newspapers had shown the statement to be false. Prompt intervention by the Director of Public Prosecutions would have established its falsity, and the delivery of all letters for the bank and its branches would have immediately ceased.

Of course legislative authority would be necessary before the proposed course could be adopted; but it is submitted that the remedy suggested is as simple as it would be effective, and that to all persons who desire to carry on their business honestly, as well as to the community generally, it would be unobjectionable. The late Postmaster-General stated in the House of Commons that he regretted his powers in regard to the class of correspondence in question were so limited (his powers extend to *circulars* only), and expressed a wish to be able to safeguard the morals of the people as well as their

purses. Under the remedy proposed, while his successors would have the power he desired, they would be free from the responsibility of deciding as to the honesty, or otherwise, of the addressees of any letters coming into their charge; that would be undertaken by the Director of Public Prosecutions, from whom they would receive the names only of those persons who had failed to show that they were not engaged in fraudulent pursuits.

By way of emphasising the argument contained in this article, it may be mentioned that some months ago there was another successful prosecution of fraudulent 'bucket-shop' keepers, father and son, who were sentenced to five years' penal servitude and nine months' imprisonment respectively. The career of the father, as read in court from the police records, was as follows: In 1882 punished by nine months' imprisonment for fraud, and in 1897 by five years' penal servitude, also for fraud; was an undischarged bankrupt; and with three other persons had been connected with a fraudulent business carried on as the London and New York Stock Exchange, by means of which a sum of no less than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds was obtained from the public. All this was well known to the police; yet, owing to the difficulty of getting such evidence as in the present state of the law would be likely to secure a conviction, the couple were allowed to prey on the public to the extent of forty-seven thousand pounds before their arrest! How much of this would have been saved had the letters sent by their unfortunate dupes been returned to them!

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER IX.—A NEAR THING.

'SIX bells had gone. The glass was falling. I remember the sky gradually thickening with creeping clouds that joined together into a great dark hulk, gathering to itself a lesser fleet of sombre sails until its arch was one great smoke-pall sagging down as if the heavens were shrinking and narrowing over our tiny vessel, the illusion of the lowering of the sky aided by the fading day.

'Night fell. The sea was pulsating under a long, uneasy swell; the quiet of it eerie after the bluster of the waves under the fresh wind we had been running before. We were in the track of the transatlantic steamers. Once I fancied I heard the *halloo-oo-oo* of a distant ocean-voice. The Old Man was on deck, and I saw him take a look at the barometer. Then he joined the mate. I could hear them talking, and caught a word now and then. "Weather," "Ay, mister!" "All hands." "Fog." Another look at the barometer. Then they strode from rail to rail peering anxiously into the dark. I

was trying to pierce the gloom, when suddenly a wet, clammy hand covered my face, and a tall, gray wall of mist rose silently out of the deep and laid us in a dungeon. The fog was so dense, so amazingly sudden, that in a minute we could scarcely see each other; the hails from one man to another sounding thin and childlike in the rank, steaming vapour; figures appearing, groping their way on deck, shadows looming huge and fantastic; the lamps at one moment mere pin-pricks of light, at another like the yellow, frightened eyes of a bewildered animal. Then out of the void somewhere—impossible to tell exactly, for a fog juggles with sounds as with shapes—came distant, mournful sea-voices calling, echoing, "Where? Where? Oh, where?" Our horn hoot-hooted, and the ship's bell was rung, sounding as ludicrously futile as a tuning-fork amid the daunting silence of our listening. Ask a sailor-man what enemy on the sea he hates most, and you'll get a swift answer if he has ever waited and waited and waited for a fog to lift,

his ship sailing like a blind ghost into nowhere, round him the dread voices of other blind ghosts groping, the fear of death plain to hear in their nervous barks, in their long, shaking walls.

'Suddenly'—he paused, passing a hand over his head, and I saw the wet hair and the little beads of sweat on his brow—'suddenly a terrified shout rose from the forward chains, then out of the unimaginable blind darkness leaped the most dreadful sound I have ever heard, a great hoarse giant's bellow rising in a curdling arc of warning, shearing the fog like a knife—the siren of a liner! My spine froze. There was a moment's silence, half-hope, half-despair. All I can recall now is a cry from the mate; a terrified answer, the scurry of feet; the skipper throwing himself on the schooner's wheel; then a vast Thing, an enormous shadowy Shape, crossing in front; *The Berwick Law* lifted high in the wash for a shuddering moment; the grating, tearing sound. . . . I waken up sometimes hearing it. It's burned on my memory; a dreadful sound of something falling, crashing, breaking forward; then the wall of the liner's tremendous hull sliding out of sight; belching smoke; the grumble of her engines thrumming down to silence as she vanished into the immensity of the fog. The floating castle probably had not felt our tiny vessel's impact more than a man would a mouse. As for us, our hearts in our mouths, we held on for dear life and dry burial. A huge graybeard from the liner's wash swept us clean; then another, and another; *The Berwick Law* staggered and fell in the trough; got up again—somehow—to face the yeast and turmoil. I heard the Old Man shout, and caught a glimpse of him sent spinning into the scuppers. Next instant I saw Lowden tear along to the wheel. "Back, for your life, man!" I fairly yelled to him, for a tremendous sea was rearing its ugly head to strike. But he faced death without a falter, yielding not by an inch! The schooner gave a sickening shudder when the blow came. This was "good-bye," I thought. I held on to the rail, and she settled down—down. The next wave lifted her under the counter. She rose. There was just a chance, and we breathed again.

"To the hatches!" shouted a voice of command, and I recognised Lowden's. We sprang up, and fought like devils to keep the water from below. My God! I don't want to rebuild that night—the blinding rain, the darkness, the sudden gale that rose, the murderous seas, the desperate attempts of the wounded ship, the snapping fangs of death. Day at last broke, and saw us all weary-eyed, drenched, and shivering. *The Berwick Law*, with her bowsprit trailing alongside where the liner had grazed her, her deck swept clean by the great ship's wash; the galley smashed and the companion gone; the cabin bulkheads and the waist bulwarks smashed; the foremast snapped clean at the top; the ship

a battered and broken shadow of herself. The sea was still running, panting, on her flanks, but the big graybeards' heads were lower. We had just missed death.

'Poor Hulse had got two broken ribs and a broken arm; and the Old Man, who had got a nasty knock on the temple when he was torn from the wheel, now came aft to Lowden at the wheel.

"Ye saved my ship, my man, and the lives of us all," he said with just a shake in his voice. His wife was standing by—pale, but dry-eyed, a brave lass, although perhaps not a wise one. It's hard to say! The Old Man had his hand half out to shake hands with the other, but I think Lowden didn't want to see it.

"All in the day's work, sir!" he said awkwardly, touching his cap, and then busied himself at the wheel. He gave just a glance at the woman; but there was a great light in his eyes. If she hadn't been on board I'm doubtful whether he would have stirred a yard for our lives. Certain I am that he wouldn't have done so for his own.

The Berwick Law, for a cripple, staggered on gamely. We managed to clear the wreckage, but it was slow and desperate work. Danger hovered close. She was making a bare three knots, with no heart in her, and every man-jack of us knew she would be about as much use in half a gale as a village ferry-boat. "Only three days or thereabouts, lads, an' we'll be snug at anchor," the Old Man would say; but his eyes were sunk in their sockets, and he paced the deck like a caged beast.

A glimpse of the sun would have heartened us. I had heard of the Atlantic summer, and its beauty at that time of the year, but we saw none of it. The sun kept stubbornly hidden under a dark mask. Every hour of the day was gray; nothing to see but the waters tumbling and grumbling round us, and the night's black dark. Now and again a vicious gust would come, and the schooner would heel over to the scuppers and then bury her head despondently, crawling along in the mirk. The bellowing gale never ceased to flout us, never ceased to play a cruel cat-and-mouse game with the poor maimed ship.'

CHAPTER X.—IN THE BOAT.

'THE beginning of the end came in the afternoon watch. Evan and I were having a welcome mug of coffee in the remains of the smashed galley.

"No," Evan was saying, "there nefer wass luck on a sailin'-ship with a parson or a Rooshian Finn or a woman on board, maybe barrin' the Ark, and that wass what they will pe callin' an extra speeshal excursion. An' we sailed on a Friday, too!" he added lugubriously, giving the fire a vicious poke.

'The words were scarcely out of his mouth

when I saw the mate go up to the Old Man. They were near at hand, and I listened. "Leakin' badly, sir," he said, shaking his head. The skipper himself went to take soundings.

'Evan looked at me, uneasiness struggling with the joy of the seer in his eye. "What wass I after tellin' you?" he said.

'Just then Lowden came along. "She's making a foot an hour," he said grimly; and I knew, and so did every one of us, that *The Berwick Law*, bar miracles, would never see a harbour light again. Well, we stood by the pumps for a day and a half, saying little, striving for dear life, sweating, toiling till we dropped. The water in her hold mounted inch by inch, until it gained beyond hope. The very voices around us spoke in the farewell of a doomed ship—the complaint of the booms, the halyards groaning, the wind moaning through the shrouds.

'The Old Man was loath to face the bitterness of surrender, but there was nothing else for it. Towards evening we took to the boat, and stood by watching the schooner settling. When the dawn of another sullen day broke there was nothing to be seen except the long furrows of the sea that had throttled her. *The Berwick Law* had gone down in the night.

"We did—our best, lads," said the Old Man through his teeth, one big hand on the helm, the other patting his wife's shoulder. He had aged ten years. "Ay, so we did!—Dinna greet, Madge, my lass! I'll get you another." "If ever we see the shore," was his unspoken thought, and ours.

'We seized what snatches of sleep we could in turns, in our soaked oilskins, living on sodden biscuits, the master's wife lying covered up in the stern, and the whole of us silent and hollow-eyed. I think that I lived years in the days that followed. Just as on the eve of a long parting men are silent, so it was with us. Death was too near. The only sounds were poor Hulse's groans as the pitching racked him, the skipper's few orders, the hoarse bellow of the sea.

'Lowden extorted my admiration. The man must have been made of whipcord. Sailing was out of the question in that sea. All we could do was to keep the boat's head to sea with the oars. Hulse was a cripple. The Old Man steered with an oar, for the little helm was useless in the uncertain sea. Lowden pulled the stroke-oar, both Evan and myself at the other one; and the boy Callander slept, exhausted and drenched, in the bow. Our hands were torn and blistered, and my back felt as if seared by a hot iron; but Lowden went on for hours, refusing to rest, time and again tiring us both out. I see his notched, vertical frown and his grim, set jaw to this day. And Fate sat beside him grin-

ning. The captain's wife lay in the stern sheets, exhausted, scarcely opening her eyes, the woman he loved, the picture of death, within a foot of him every time he bent over the oar; every endearment, every caress by her husband lashing him on the raw.

'For two horrible ice-cold days and nights the tiny boat climbed the sea's slopes, climbed to plunge down into giddy depths, drenched with spray, buffeted, every sinew strained. But she had been honestly built, thank God! and held together.

'The morning of the third day seemed too kind to be real. It broke fairly clear. The sun was struggling out. Young Callander was standing in the bows drying some of his wet clothes. Suddenly he gave a yell of delight, and sang out, "Sail O!" I hardly dared to look, but there she was, a beauty, sailing like a bird. Coming down on us snowy-winged in the sweet morning—for the sun had made a sudden stride—she looked like an angel from heaven. She was a Gloucesterm'n, the *Julia Johnston*. Good-luck to her, wherever she is! She stood by and took us on board, her crew quarrelling with each other about who should show us the most kindness.

'We were somewhere about lat. 49, long. 45. She was making for Newf'un'land for bait—caplin, I think; but she altered her course a point or two for us—bless her!

'We slept round the clock, and when I came on deck the sea's voice was a whisper, her fickle face sparkling, transformed in the sunlight.

'Since that week, I never look on a sunlit sea without thinking of the Great Painted Desert beyond the Mormon Oasis, where the rolling sands, by some uncanny alchemy, suddenly pretend to glow and beckon with a thousand twinkling jewels. The mirage smiles and smiles, and is a villain, and men follow it, and go mad, and disillusion and tragedy lurk unseen on the trail. For that morning the Atlantic threw off her gray, sightless mask. Every inch of the sea shone dazzling and prismatic in the clear air; now liquid gold; now purple heathery slopes; now snowy-white as daisies, to change under the swift fingers of the sun to bright flaming gorse; to a great shield shimmering with incredible radiances, topaz, hyacinth, opal, emerald, ruby; to every shade of blue, aquamarine, indigo, lazulite, hyacinth, turquoise borrowed from the sky.

'Black Care was a thousand leagues astern, and the Gloucesterm'n, careering down the wind, sailing like a witch over the diamond knolls, on the morning of the 10th of June landed six thankful souls in the little haven of Saint Pierre.'

(Continued in following section of this part.)

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN LUXURY.

THERE is no brief observation upon wonderful London and the life that is lived in it that is half so frequent, anything like so trite, as that it is a city of strange contrasts. It is a very slight variation, often made with the object of suggesting the special capacity for discernment on the part of the observer, that it is a place of really terrible, most horrible contrasts. But London is in sections which do not mingle to any extent, so that not merely strangers but even the people who live always in it move about only in one or two sections which interest them, profit them, or, as it may be, embrace the only communities to which they have facilities for admission. So most of those who speak of the contrasts, making affectation of superior knowledge, are ignorant upon the subject.

The truth is that the contrasts are infinitely greater and infinitely more appalling than any of these light, trite talkers could imagine; for in the nature of things the contrasts of London can rarely be beautiful or delightful to contemplate, since the simplicity of nature, which is the most beautiful thing in the world, is now almost entirely banished from the great city in every shape and form. Further, and to come at once to our special point, these contrasts are far greater now than they have ever been; in the great year of the Coronation of the reigning King they were intensified immeasurably. There was some sound justification, of course, for great luxury in London then, and for the spending of money by townsman and country stranger as probably it had never been spent before since the beginning of the world. But all this, mark if you please, was not because of the Coronation or because the weather was beautiful beyond precedent, and the times seemed to make for laziness and pleasure; it was merely the culmination of a strong movement towards increased luxury of life among the people of one or two of the sections which had been increasing in strength for many years previously, and desired some excuse for a tremendous outburst. Again, new and higher standards were set in this season which will be largely, if not entirely, maintained in the future; indeed in some particulars they will no doubt be exaggerated.

When one speaks of luxury in these connections one means chiefly the luxury of spending money, and not necessarily or even generally the luxury of possessing rare and really valuable things or experiencing strange delights which have some fair relation to the price that is paid for them. Go to the right places, and you may get better value for your money in London than anywhere else in the world. Yet there is no place known to man where you may obtain poorer value, where you may spend sovereigns and bank-notes and

get the poorest exchange in kind. Even the rich Americans—and, yes, perhaps those Americans more than any others—appreciate the fact that pent-up wealth accumulated quickly and easily by high commerce may be dissipated with better convenience at the headquarters of the greatest Empire than at any other place. It is riches of this kind that have created that special sort of luxury that we mean, which is greater now than ever previously—the luxury of spending much and gaining little save the knowledge of having spent. And now, in contrast, never were poverty, misery, hardship, starvation, hunger—never were all the attributes of human wretchedness keener than at the time when a party of people might and did dine at a cost of fifty pounds a-head in a London restaurant, and it was proposed to pay six thousand pounds to a black man to fight a Briton in the ring. Now, be it understood, we are doing no moralising here, but merely presenting plain facts that seem to make up a curious and interesting study of a phase of the infinite variety of life.

To those who by their circumstances feel themselves to be concerned upon the question, and are without experience, it may be said that it is easier to spend much money in London upon food and the concomitants of luxurious dining, and upon articles of dress and personal adornment, than in any other little way; though, to be sure, the clothes make a weak companion to the food in this matter. It was explained a little while since by one of the very highest kitchen-authorities in town how one who was so disposed might spend two thousand pounds upon a little dinner-party of twenty, or one hundred pounds a-head, and that with, as it was said, no waste, no fantastical accessories, but merely good food, good wine, and rich exotics for the table. There was a clear insinuation by the authority that the host in such a case would get very good value for the cheque he would write; and it was explained in detail how it would all be done, how indeed much of it was constantly done. Upon the menu of this repast there would be many pretty and most appetising trifles which could not be prepared to the order of poor people, though they are familiar to the rich. Taking an example, there would be *sterlets du Volga à l'Impériale*, which is not a dish that is commonly served in cottages, but is often enough prepared in London. It can be made comparatively cheaply—say for twenty or thirty pounds—to provide sufficient for the party, properly and well, without any unnecessary expenditure. The *sterlets* are taken from the Neva, and the true gourmet insists that they shall be dropped into the saucepan alive, as you may see them in the fine restaurants of Moscow, where of course it is easily done. But to do that same in London

requires the most careful and expensive arrangement. For a party of twenty at least four sterlets would be needed, and to ensure four being brought alive to London, twice the number would need to be despatched from Russia. A man would have to be sent with them to look after them and see that the water in which they were kept was properly changed every twenty-four hours. The cost of the sterlets and their carriage in water would be seventy pounds, and the attendant, his charges, his journey, and the incidental expenses would bring the bill for delivering the sterlets to our London kitchen up to one hundred and forty pounds. Then three pounds would have to be spent on four bottles of champagne to cook them in—you will perceive that we are being strictly economical, for champagne at much more than fifteen shillings a bottle may be bought anywhere; and carps' roes and trimmings would cost another five pounds. Allowance being made for four sterlets that perished on the way, those that came to table and were toyed with for a few moments would cost some fifty pounds apiece. There would be other rare and expensive morsels such as those who like these things like most and certainly will have. There would be Portuguese *outardes* or bustards, and *granites à la Malvoisie*, costing together about thirty-five pounds; there would be eighty ortolans and forty truffles in the hollows of which they would be served, costing eighty pounds; and numerous other special dainties later, such as dessert peaches perfumed with real essence of rose, and strawberries served on a foam of *Lachryma-Christi* wine. And so on, as I could explain it, to the full extent of the two thousand pounds for a really Lucullan feast as planned—let me insist upon this—by one who plans them constantly and knows the business.

'But,' it will be remarked at once, 'this, after all, is merely put forward as a scheme, a possibility. Does anything of the kind really take place in London?' I have very good reasons for thinking that it does. Be it remembered that not always are such matters arranged for social advertisement of the kind that is given by newspapers. Of dinners for large parties upon which fifty pounds a-head have been spent I have the most authentic information. One evening, at one of the foremost restaurants in Piccadilly, a party of thirty sat down to a dinner given by one gentleman to celebrate the departure of a friend for Japan on the following day. The room was fitted up as a tent, the walls being covered with white saten and the ceiling hidden by Japanese flags, while facing the entrance was a large painting representing a window through which could be seen a pretty view of Japanese scenery. There were numerous other arrangements to match, and the dinner, judged by the standards of a Croesus or Lucullus, was remarkably good, without embracing any sterlets or ortolans. After it there was a pretty enter-

tainment, and the total cost for the party of thirty was just about one thousand five hundred pounds. This was not merely a scheme—it happened.

But to those who have acquaintance with these matters one must make excuse for mention of such familiar occurrences. Many, many fifty-pounds-a-head dinners have been served and eaten within a mile of where I write. I have before me now the menu and particulars of arrangements of a dinner that was served to thirty-four guests at a total cost of over two thousand pounds, or about sixty pounds a-head, at one of the great hotel restaurants which may be entered either from the Strand or by way of the Victoria Embankment. This, for a special reason, was arranged as a North Pole dinner; the apartment was filled with imitation icebergs, there was a 'North Pole' in the middle, and so forth; and there was a suitable entertainment following. The dinner was quite excellent, and was much enjoyed; while the host, who was a connoisseur in the art of expensive dining, having a capital of a million pounds at his disposal for the pursuit of his hobby, and having done this same kind of thing or better on many previous occasions, laid a present beside each guest, some of which presents were jewels that had cost a hundred pounds each.

It may be objected that there is about these affairs something of the nature of the freak-dinner which is common enough in New York with its prodigal Four Hundred, and that much of the money is spent on other things and sillier things than food and drink. True; but I have shown how, if it were desired, each lady and gentleman could eat and drink away a full hundred pounds, and it is a matter of taste how much shall be devoted to simple food and how much to less troublesome things when the limit of general expenses is to be kept down to fifty or a hundred pounds per person.

And, again, it may be urged that these polar and Japanese trappings and all such things are exceptional and mere stupidities, and that if these functions were shorn of them, the expenses would so dwindle down that among even rich and extravagant people in London who have not these whims there could be no such costly feasts. But it is beyond doubt that dinner-parties costing from five hundred to a thousand pounds have been given in the private houses of Belgravia and Mayfair. There are such houses where the *chefs* are paid salaries of from eight hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, and it is said that there is one master of the kitchen in receipt of two thousand pounds, a year. Of dining in such a house, a critic once said that a dinner would be considered fit only for a work-house feast if its materials, including fruit and wine, cost much less than thirty-five or forty pounds. At an evening-party in a house of this kind on one particular occasion the hostess stated

that the flowers had cost four hundred and eleven pounds. Blocks of ice covered with purple orchids stood at the foot and head of the staircase, roses and smilax fell from the balusters in glorious cascades of colour, there were silver bowls of rosebuds on the tables, and long white sprays of the most expensive orchid, the *Odontoglossum Alexandra*, were laid along the mantelpieces in the drawing-room. And then the fees paid to entertainers are very, very large. If you will have a prima-donna to sing a song of Italy, you must pay her fee though but fifty are present to listen to her trills instead of fifteen hundred in an opera-house. A fee of a hundred or two hundred pounds is quite common; I know of Caruso having obtained three hundred and fifty pounds for singing after dinner, and no doubt others have done as well. Quite insignificant entertainers will receive a couple of five-pound notes.

All this is, of course, luxury in the highest degree and in its most expensive forms. Now for a sharp contrast, and the scene of it was within a quarter of a mile of the place of the fifty-pound-a-head dinners. You have heard of the Embankment, a place that is pleasant to walk along, but less so than it was before the electric trams began to hum and rattle along it, and from which you may go up to the great restaurants. It is a place of starvation horrors, chiefly at night. The hungry and the homeless—sometimes through their own fault, often not entirely—make it their resting-place, the wooden seats being their beds. Underneath the railway bridge at Charing Cross you may often see a score or more of the saddest failures of the human kind huddling close together for protection from the icy winds that whistle through, and perhaps by association and sympathy minimising a trifle the pangs of hunger. Their souls are dead, but their bodies are in painful life.

I take one case, with official certification of the facts, from among many inquired into in coroners' courts. A poor beggar had thrown himself into the Thames within sight of the great restaurants, and another of the Embankment wretches had been a witness of the tragedy. His name was Sutherland, and he called himself a 'general labourer.' He said he lived on the Embankment; he slept there because he had no money to pay for lodgings or food. 'Supposing it is cold?' they asked him. He said he had to put up with that. 'How do you get on for food?' was the coroner's question. Sutherland answered, 'I have to trust to Providence for that. If I can't get it I have to go without.' He added that he had been out of work for several weeks. Then he told the story about the drowned man Honeyball. At about a quarter to three in the morning Honeyball came and sat next to him on a seat on the Embankment, and complained that he had had much trouble, and nothing whatever to eat on the previous day, and was very hungry.

Sutherland knew something about hunger, and—perhaps with an expert's contempt—observed, 'Is that the only day you have been without tommy? What about me? I have had none since Wednesday.' Wednesday was four days past, and it was true Sutherland had eaten nothing for these four days, because he could not get anything to eat. Honeyball said that, anyhow, he was getting tired of it, and should not put up with it much longer. He would make a clean job and finish it. Sutherland, with whom misery was commonplace, told him not to talk nonsense; but Honeyball rose from his seat and walked towards the steps of the Temple Pier. Just at that moment a miserable woman who was sitting dozing on one of the seats was taken ill, and Sutherland went over to her. Then he walked towards the steps, and saw Honeyball throw up his arms and take a header into the river and disappear. He gave the alarm. Honeyball was eventually taken out dead. At half-past five Sutherland went once more in search of work. For his class, he was a respectable man. He said he did not like to fall asleep on the Embankment, on account of the sort of people he had to mix with. Of course there is no connection between this affair and the peculiarities of life that I have already described, but merely a contrast—comedy and tragedy.

It is not very pleasant, however, to contemplate such matters. Let us have another turn with the extravagant side. Admittedly, some of the cases already quoted were those of a very small minority of inconveniently rich. But they give a certain lead, and consequently a wild extravagance is carried on. The other day I read in the *Revue* of Paris the following: 'Thrift is everywhere becoming a rare virtue. After strenuousness, recklessness is the chief characteristic of the age.' But Paris cannot equal London in the recklessness of extravagance, because she has not the means. A little while since the wife of one of the most prominent statesmen of the time was in the witness-box at a *cause célèbre*, and observed that 'extravagance is usually a passport to society.' Following upon this dictum—obviously true, but still a little remarkable in its candour and considering its source—we were allowed a peep into the secrets of the expenses of some members of the so-called smart set, and more particularly those who would be smart. Statistics backed by good authority were printed, and it was ascertained that it was quite impossible for a lady in society, even though her tastes were modest, to dress on a thousand pounds a year. To come anywhere near success on such a sum would need the juggling abilities of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. My lady who was really smart would need to go periodically to Paris to have a frock fitted, and sometime perhaps to New York for a new 'face treatment.' For the

season she would need some half-dozen evening-gowns at a cost roughly of a hundred guineas each. Readers whose excellent and most charming womenkind could not and would not spend such sums on their attire should be neither shocked nor incredulous at these statements, for the figures given are, after all, trifling in comparison with the possibilities, and the tendency always is for them to be increased. Not long since it was authoritatively explained how a certain young lady of eminence in New York society spent twenty-five thousand pounds a year on dress. Four-fifths of this went in two-hundred-guinea gowns, lingerie cost three thousand pounds, the damsel needed fifty pairs of shoes at ten pounds each, a pair of gloves for every day in the year at sixteen shillings and eightpence the pair, and so forth. For the Horse Show in Madison Square Gardens she had prepared for her no fewer than seventeen gowns, so that she might not be seen twice in the same gown during the show. There you have the possibilities. But, it will be said, that was in New York. Yes; but when this apparently wonderful case was laid before Mr Redfern, of the Bond Street firm, he said that it was nothing, or words to that effect. He pointed out that if you stripped the twenty-five thousand pounds of duty fees—paid on importations from London and Paris—it might be brought down to about nine thousand pounds, and many women in London and Parisian society spent that amount. 'Indeed,' said he, 'we have experience of many such cases with our own clients.' He was prepared to commit himself to the statement that such a great lady in Parisian society as the Countess Boni de Castellane was far more likely to spend twenty thousand pounds a year on dress and things appertaining to dress than ten thousand pounds. Despite his utmost efforts, modern trousered man cannot spend anything approaching to these amounts on his dress; but there are some men who perhaps would do so if they could, for there has been a revival of fine dandyism in recent times, and men who can afford it certainly spend far more on their clothes than their fathers did. Unlimited fancy waist-coats and magnificent sables give room for great extravagance; and why, then, should we wonder when we are told by those who know that there are many men who will spend a thousand pounds a year or more on their dress?

There are other wonderful possibilities in modern feminine extravagance. Some forms of collecting, which have little enough to do with either art or vertu, seem to have been specially invented as an outlet for money. Once you make up your mind to collect things which are almost non-existent, you may keep your bankers busy. And if Carlo or Towser, roaming in country fields and lanes, and doing his doggy duties well in all weathers for the reward of a bone or the crumbs that fall from his master's table, knew what was spent

on the little fancy dogs of the fashionable West End, he would surely be glad, in his canine pride of race, that he was not a fashionable London dog. There is a canine outfitting establishment in the Burlington Arcade where you may learn much about this special form of extravagance, and where anything from twenty to five hundred pounds may be spent on the purchase of some peculiar toy pet. The animal is provided with fancy overcoats which change according to fashion. Some are made of seal-skin at a cost of five guineas, and another pound or two may be needed for one that is trimmed with ermine. Pretty Fido has boots made of rubber, tanned pigskin, or patent leather, costing from six to ten shillings a set; he is provided with the most beautiful thing in the way of an upholstered basket for the drawing-room, an expensive toilet-set, and some costly conveniences for travelling. The man who keeps a bull-terrier, or the gentle lady in the country, finds it very hard to credit that such things can be; but, good critics, you have not been admitted into the society where they take place, and, to your satisfaction, you will never be. They can tell you at the place in the Burlington Arcade of an order that was given for a dog's gold collar studded with diamonds.

Yet, after all, these are side-issues, and there are hundreds of them, so that they cannot be described. Now, instead of considering the ways and the whims of the comparatively few, let us descend some way in the social scale and examine most briefly the system of living of thousands of people in London who do not belong to 'smart' society, and have no ambitions in that direction. The change in ideas and ideals among a great part of the middle class in recent years has been very remarkable. It is there for all to see; nothing could be more noticeable. The bacillus has caught them. They have been disturbed by the show of wealth and luxury that everywhere has been presented to them. One by one they fell to little, insidious temptations towards extra and needless expenses which in themselves seemed nothing at the time, but in their sum became, if it had been properly realised, a serious matter.

Consider the possibilities of an afternoon and evening. The lady goes forth in a private motor-car which she has hired by telephone for the afternoon—two guineas. She does a little needless shopping with a lady friend, buys a sovereign's worth of flowers, and meets her husband, free of the City, at an appointed spot, and they proceed for tea to a fashionable place in the region of Piccadilly. This tea-habit has become a great craze. The three of them listen to a band for a little while, sip a cup of just ordinary tea, and dally with a fancy cake or two. Three teas at three shillings and sixpence each, nothing less, and a shilling for the waiter—eleven shillings and sixpence for less than one shilling's

worth of value. But it was being luxurious for the time; and, with the changed habits and ideas of these people, it seemed to be worth the money. There is a little more shopping, and by the time the afternoon has gone a five-pound note has gone with it. Then there is the evening out. There is the hired motor again, a dinner for two costing not less than two guineas, two stalls at half-a-guinea each, a supper afterwards at a guinea, and tips galore. It needs seven sovereigns to see this evening through. Still, this is the view that these people have of the higher life, and they do not trouble about the cost of it.

Home-life of the old kind has by this time lost all its attraction. It is regarded as a nuisance. Housekeeping is not fashionable. What then? There is a new and most popular vogue for the satisfaction of those who have become thus restless. They give up their house and store or sell their furniture, and turn into a good hotel to live. There, it seems to them, life is so easy and comfortable, and there is the proper sense of luxury. You have only to ring a bell and your utmost want is brought to your elbow in a few moments; and at the end of the week, when the bill is presented and settled, everything is done with, and there are no more worries, no rates and taxes to pay, no heavy electric-light bills to settle, none of the thousand worries that afflict the people who live in a house in a fashionable suburb. The new life is easy and 'smart,' and the cost of things is no longer counted. That cost, however, is no trifle. Once you begin the hotel habit, as thousands and thousands have done in London in the last few years, you find that the enticements to luxury fast increase. When the entire menu of the hotel restaurant is at your disposal, and the wine-cellar with it, more strength of mind and common-sense is needed to be reasonably frugal than is possessed by these people now. There are the apartments for which anything up to a hundred pounds or more may be charged for the week, breakfast for two may cost a sovereign, lunch for four might come to a 'fiveer,' and dinner for four to more than that; and the hotel charges for innumerable little commodities on the grand scale—a sovereign may be billed for the flowers on the dinner-table! It should be understood that these figures or estimates are not guess-work; they are the figures of facts in the positive experience of various people or obtained from the managers of hotels themselves.

Some extremely strong words, which need not be repeated here, as they may be guessed with ease and certainty, are used sometimes in describing the system or principle upon which hotel proprietors make their colossal charges. Take their wines. I once noted that for a

five shillings the dozen bottles was charged by a fashionable wine-merchant in the West End of London. Without a doubt the same wine could have been obtained much more cheaply from other wine-merchants; but I was engaged upon a mission of curiosity and comparison, and wished to start very fair with the adversary. Subsequently at various times I picked out this same wine on the *cartes des vins* at most fashionable places. It was never priced at less than fifteen shillings the bottle, generally it was more than a sovereign, and in one case it was twenty-four shillings. When you come down from champagne to hocks and clarets, the values of which are even less understood by the consuming public, you will find the disproportion much greater. Again, it is as certain as anything can be that many of the wines that are classed on the *cartes* as vintage wines, and high prices charged accordingly, are not by any means what they are represented to be, but merely ordinary stuff which might be bought at a merchant's for eighteen or twenty shillings a dozen. In the matter of little things in the way of spirits it is the same, or worse. You will be charged three shillings and sixpence for a liqueur-glass of brandy which quite improbably is of the splendid age and year that it is represented to be. These are actual experiences. A lady and gentleman went to a certain fashionable restaurant, and the gentleman had two small whiskies with soda. The charge made was fourteen shillings and sixpence, being two shillings for the soda and twelve shillings and sixpence for the whisky; the explanation being submitted on demand that the consumer could have had the entire bottle of whisky without extra charge had he desired it. Even in a grand *salon*, where it is not the rule to debit a person who desires a whisky-and-soda with a full bottle of the spirit, a charge of three shillings and sixpence per glass is made.

It is the old story of demand and supply. There is a demand for means of being extravagant. The hotel and restaurant proprietors know it, and they provide the supply accordingly. The majority of people who settle these bills make no protest. They are accustomed to them; they do not think about them. If anything, they are rather pleased at the charges, because they feel that they are living the luxurious life at its best. They know, at any rate, that they are paying as much as it is possible to pay for what they get. So, after all, judge upon the crimes of these *hôteliars* and *restaurateurs* with a touch of mercy, for they are not so much the cause of all this prodigality and waste as the effect of it. They supply a demand, and if they do it eagerly and to excess, and to their utterly unreasonable advantage, it is their customers who are to blame.

THE SERGEANT'S LUCK.

CHAPTER II.

BY this time our carts had all arrived, and I set the men hard at work to get in the fodder, leaving a special guard round the chest, which had naturally excited the men; and this was all the greater when I told them that I was going to get forty thousand pesetas for the contents.

As the vicar and I went towards the monastery he complained bitterly of the competition of the schismatic body called Recollecti, who had broken away from his monastery about a century before. He urged me strongly to pay his competitors a visit, as the unbounded wealth to be got at the expense of their monastery would well repay the trouble. As a mere soldier I could not understand a good deal of what he told me about these monks; but I quite entered into his suggestion, and said I would speak to my captain about it; and he half-promised me to come and show us where the monastery was.

By this time we had arrived at a gate. Listening intently, we could not hear anything of the dragoons; so he entered, leaving me outside. I learned afterwards that the dragoons had only got two large silver candlesticks, a silver lectern, and a few inferior pictures which the monks, to make them go, had told them were priceless masterpieces; so that really they had not done half so well as we had.

When the vicar returned he gave me a paper. 'This,' he said, 'is the bill on Alfonse Valdez, the great banker at Alicante, for ten thousand pesetas, payable to bearer. This bag,' he said, giving me a small leather one, 'contains another ten thousand pesetas in gold, and each of these three large canvas ones contains the same amount in silver.'

'All right,' I said after I had carefully examined everything. 'Now, the sooner we are off the better.'

In a very short time the monks had got the chest containing the statue, which they covered with hay, into a cart, and then drove off in one direction, while we, with our wagons heavily loaded with fodder, went off in another.

Naturally, as we returned, we were in high spirits, for forty thousand pesetas was a good *coup*; and after having gone a league, we halted at a *posada*. Then the old fox Viardot came out of his cart, having apparently quickly got rid of his malady; and the wine too loosened his tongue.

'Well,' I said to him, 'I think we have done a fine morning's work.'

'Oh, I had nothing whatever to do with it,' he answered. 'It was you and Sergeant Lafont and the two brigadiers who did it.'

'And, if we did,' said Lafont, 'I suppose you will take your share?'

'Well, *mes enfants*,' he answered dryly, 'as it

may be a case of a firing-party for some of you, I am not sure that I shall be in a hurry to do that.'

'A firing-party!' we exclaimed, aghast, the laughter dying from our lips. I remembered now the captain's peculiar manner, and how he had said that Viardot was to act on his own responsibility, and the way the old fox had tricked me into undertaking his duties.

'I don't understand what the deuce you mean,' I said warmly.

'Of course I am not certain myself,' he said; 'but I believe that those prisoners they marched in last night brought word that Marshal Suchet is only three leagues off, and we shall probably find him at Villena when we get back; and when the monks come and tell him about your little *coup* this morning, why, then,' he added with a knowing wink, 'you will understand about the firing-party. I've seen colonels degraded—ay, and men shot *sur le champ*—for far less than this. I've served under Suchet, and I know.'

Now I knew, of course—though he did not, as he had remained in the cart—that I had nothing to fear from the monks; but as he had been so very clever, I just let him remain in ignorance. 'Have you?' I said, greatly relieved. 'Well, I will just take the risk of the firing-party. But,' I added sharply, for I was nettled by his duplicity, 'as I am in command, I am not going to have any more drinking. We will get back, if we can, before the Marshal arrives.'

So, without more ado, we set off again, and when we got back we found that Suchet had not arrived. Our regiment had just returned from their reconnaissance, and I went straight to my captain, and took all the money to him, and also gave him the bill for ten thousand pesetas. To my surprise, he seemed very uneasy, and before I could explain anything he went off in a great hurry, saying he would speak to the colonel.

He soon returned, bringing with him the bill. 'You can keep the bill for yourself,' he said. In my innocence I was about to thank him profusely; but he went on: 'You and Sergeant Viardot have taken the forty thousand pesetas on your own responsibility. We may have Marshal Suchet here soon. I will swear I never told you to take it, so it must rest with you two.'

I was so much taken aback that I stood speechless. 'But, *mon capitaine*!' I expostulated, 'there is no risk of Marshal Suchet knowing anything; and I told him why the monks would keep the matter to themselves.'

'Why didn't you tell me this before?' he said.

'That makes all the difference.'

'You did not give me time,' I answered.

Then he went off again to see the colonel.

'He will do nothing with the money till Suchet has gone,' he said on his return. 'It's best to keep everything quiet.'

'And the bill, *mon capitaine* ?'

'Oh, the colonel says,' he answered with a laugh, 'you can keep that, because it's not worth the paper it is written on. Why, Alicante is occupied by the English. How are you going to get there? I did not give you credit for being such a fool.'

Bitterly I acknowledged the truth of this, and tried to banish it from my thoughts, for I had reckoned that with ten thousand pesetas Française could not possibly refuse me.

In spite of all I said, from the colonel downwards, Suchet's expected visit was the cause of great uneasiness; but, as it happened, we all had our fright for nothing, for on reconnoitring the following day we fell in with a column under General Louis Suchet, a brother of the Marshal. The amusing part of it was that his delay—for he had very different ideas from his brother—was due to the enormous amount of loot he had got. We had encountered him two leagues from our headquarters; but it actually took him two days to reach us, though this was partly due to so many of his horses and mules having died for want of fodder.

The welcome news that it was only the Marshal's brother who was approaching our headquarters allayed all our fears, and that evening the forty thousand pesetas were distributed, half going to the officers and half to the men; old Viardot, who had done nothing but put the blame on me, receiving two hundred and fifty francs, while I got but two hundred. However, after the distribution of the spoil, the colonel, whose conscience, I suppose, smote him, as he had intended to make me the scapegoat if it had been the Marshal instead of his brother who was approaching, sent for me.

'I am highly pleased, sergeant,' he said, 'with your conduct; and on the arrival of the General I shall strongly recommend you for a commission, as you thoroughly deserve it; and as they are greatly in want of fodder, your squadron will start again early with every available wagon to get more.'

Of course I thanked him, though I was not sure if I would accept a commission; and then I told him about the other rich monastery the vicar had told me of. His eyes glistened as I spoke, for the appetite comes with eating.

'Does any one know of this but you?' he asked.

'Not a soul, *mon colonel*.'

'Very well,' he said, 'keep a still tongue in your head; for if General Suchet hears of it he will go there himself. Once he has left we will see to that. You see the vicar to-morrow?'

The chief knew, of course, how he would rise in the estimation of General Suchet if he got him plenty of fodder; so we started very early

the next morning with an enormous train of wagons. When we got to our destination I found, alas! that the vicar had not returned; but I left word that our colonel desired to see him, and that if he did not come we would fetch him. When we got back the colonel sent some wagons on to meet General Suchet, who was much pleased at his forethought. On the day after his arrival Suchet held an inspection, and the colonel was as good as his word as regards recommending me for a commission.

'I would wish, General,' he said, 'to commend to your notice our *maréchal des logis-en-chef* as one deserving promotion;' and he told him about the hay, &c., I had procured.

'He's young,' replied the General, 'but he looks a likely fellow;' and thereupon he told his aide-de-camp to make a note of it. Of course I was proud of this; but still in my own mind I was undecided about the commission on account of Française.

Two days afterwards the General went off to the west to take up a position on our right flank, and to find out, if he could, what that very incapable Spanish General Blake was doing. With a sigh of relief we saw his departure. All we wanted now was the presence of the monk. Luckily he arrived the next day, and I took him at once to the colonel. The latter produced his maps; and, though the monastery was not marked on any of them, the Brother quickly pointed out the exact situation. To the disgust of our chief, it was but a league or two to the south of where Suchet was going.

'*Mille tonnerres!*' the colonel exclaimed angrily, 'the General is bound to find it. Why, we have no chance; we shall be too late.'

'I don't see that,' replied the Brother; 'those mountains to the north-west will take the General out of his course. You go west, but more to the south, and you will be on the other side of them. The holy spring by which the monastery is built is in such a retired position, even if he should hear of it.'

'Anyway, we will start to-night,' said the colonel; 'and you must come with us.'

'In that case,' replied the monk, 'you must supply me with a uniform, or a terrible vengeance would be taken upon me.'

Of course this was agreed upon. At ten that night the whole regiment was ready. Our squadron was in advance, and I, with the monk—whose name in religion was Sebastian, but whose real name was José de Goni—and two vedettes, went forward.

I had taken a great liking to José when I first met him; one could not help it, his keen, intellectual, handsome face, and his bright, honest eyes that twinkled with fun, would have won any man's heart, and, I should say, any woman's. I noticed at once, as we rode along, that he had a very good seat in the saddle, and I told him so.

'There should be nothing strange in that, friend,' he answered, 'as for a year I was a lieutenant in the Dragons de la Reina.'

Owing, it appeared, to the death of his brother he had been obliged to leave the army, and so went into business with his father. Rather against his father's advice—who said he would be sorry for it—while still under twenty he married a most lovely girl. There was not her equal for beauty in all the province. For two years he was inexpressibly happy, and then his father died. In the course of business he sometimes had to be away from home for several days. His father's death had been a great blow, but he was soon to undergo a greater, for on returning from one of his journeys he found that his wife had eloped. He never had the slightest suspicion of her fidelity. He was for a time—for he had *au fond* a very sensitive disposition—distracted with grief. Then the desire for vengeance got the better of him. It was not so much his wife he wished to punish, but the man who had robbed him of her. For two years his search was fruitless; then he got on their track, and they fled. But again he found them. To shield her lover, his wife received the fatal bullet that was meant for the man; but her devotion did not save her lover from another that went through his neck.

'Well, after that,' continued De Goni, 'though my vengeance was satiated, I was sick of the world and all its ways. I disposed of my business and my lands—I made them over to the monastery—and owing to the influence of an uncle I soon became the vicar; but,' he added, 'religion was not what you French call my true métier. I have too restless a disposition; there is no scope for my energies, and I tell you I am not going back.'

'Not going back!' I exclaimed, almost pulling up my horse in surprise.

'No,' he replied with a dry laugh; 'I am not a fool. After you left us that day the Superior—who never had any love for me, as he wanted his nephew to be sub-prior—ordered me and Brother Andreas to drive with him to a certain deserted place and bury the statue. We three, and we three only, were to know where it was. After we had finished our work my Superior brought out two bottles of wine, keeping one for himself and giving us the other. Before we started I was not very well, so I took some powder. Their efficacy depends on drinking nothing but water for twenty-four hours. I had not said anything about feeling unwell before, as it was really nothing much; but the prior seemed surprised and rather annoyed till I told him the reason. However, I suspected nothing; but an hour afterwards poor Andreas was taken ill, and in less than two hours he had terrible convulsions, and died in horrible pain. Now there are only two who know where that statue is, but it is not the

prior's fault that there are more than one. I had told him that I had suggested that you should pay a visit to our religious competitors, and this he thought a grand idea; and when we arrived at the monastery and heard you had been there again and wished to see me, he sent me off at once. For one thing, he did not want me to talk about the unexpected death of Brother Andreas, and he reckoned that by the time I came back the Brothers would have got over the shock; and then in his own time he could play the same Pope Borgia trick on me. However, he won't have the chance, as I'm not going to put my head in the noose. The monastery has got all my money, and they must be content with that.'

'But what will you do for a living?' I asked.

'I will never fight against my own countrymen; but I am going to ask your colonel if he can get me a commission in your army. If he cannot do so, I will go to France and enlist as a trooper. Anyway, I want to get right out of this country, though it is my own.'

'All right,' I said. 'I will speak to Lieutenant Finoy. I am sure he will use his power with his uncle.'

Thus we travelled many kilomètres.

'You see that thickly wooded ridge?' José inquired, for it was a fine moonlight night. 'We must make for a gorge in the middle of it, and when we come to the end we shall see the monastery beneath us. It is about an hour from here.'

On learning this I sent a vedette to my captain, who communicated with the colonel. The latter, along with the captain, joined us as we entered the ravine.

'Yes,' said our chief after he had examined the huge pile of buildings through his glass, 'this ought to be an easy matter.'

'If it should be successful, sir,' said José, who was near, 'will you grant me a favour afterwards?'

'Certainly,' the colonel replied, 'for you deserve it;' and then he gave the necessary instructions for the attack on the place.

The taking of the monastery was very quickly accomplished, but the loot was so enormous that some considerable time was taken up in securing it. As it was, our wagons would not hold it all, and the men rode back with gorgeous vestments on the pommels of their saddles; in fact, such a *coup* for a small body of men I had never known before, and it was impossible to estimate the value of our prize. It was not only the treasure, which we reckoned at one hundred and fifty thousand pesetas, but the pictures and vestments.

As we rode back I asked De Goni about my bill for ten thousand pesetas that he had given me on the banker at Alicante.

'My dear friend,' he replied with a smile, 'you must not reckon on getting a peseta. I expect that by this time my Superior has sent a

Brother off to stop the payment. The only way for you to get it would be for you to start to-morrow; though, anyway, I do not see how you could succeed even then, as Alicante is occupied by the English.'

'I feared as much,' I said; 'but it is very hard.' Then I told him of my love-affair, and how much my happiness depended upon it. I told him, too, how the colonel had offered me a commission, and that I was not really eager to take it; but that I did want to marry Françoise, and if I could only get the money I would willingly ask the colonel to give him the commission instead.

'I will be your friend for ever,' said José, 'if your commander will agree to that.'

Whenever I was in a difficulty my first thought was to see Lieutenant Finoy, and this I resolved to do; but I was saved the trouble, for that evening De Goni and I were informed that the colonel wished to see us. Surrounded by his *état major*, we found him at the largest house in the place. Evidently, from the flushed faces of some of the officers, they had been drinking rather heavily, but all were in the most uproarious spirits.

'We all feel,' said the chief as I saluted, 'that it is owing to you two that our success was due;' and amid shouts of approval he told us we were to receive two thousand five hundred pesetas each, for which we duly thanked him. Then he said to the ex-monk, 'You said you had a favour to ask.'

'I would rather,' replied José, 'that my friend the sergeant should tell you what that is.'

So there and then I did so, and at once the colonel agreed to allow us to go to Alicante. Moreover, he promised De Goni to do his best to get him a commission; and then, to our surprise and delight, he stood up and drank to our health amid loud acclamations.

The next morning we—I dressed *en civil*, and De Goni in his monk's garb—started for Alicante on a couple of mules. Though I spoke Spanish passably, any native could tell that I was a foreigner. The deadly hatred felt in Spain for Frenchmen prevented me from assuming that nationality; in fact, my friend impressed upon me that I must always speak of them among his countrymen as dogs and rogues. I had picked up a little German during the campaign of Wagram, and José suggested that I should pose as a German merchant, and, to put inquisitive people off the scent, occasionally speak to him in that language.

'Where did you learn German?' I asked.

'Learn it!' he answered merrily. 'My good fellow, I don't know a word, but I have heard the language spoken. I shall answer you in any guttural gibberish. There's not one in ten thousand in this country who knows more than I do.' So at any *posada* he always spoke of me as his German friend, Señor Hagg-

snuggé; and though the natives listened with astonishment to our conversation, as well they might, they suspected nothing.

In a careful manner, as we went along, we made inquiries as to whether a Franciscan monk had been seen going that way, and were relieved to find that no one had seen such a person. But, alas! our hopes were soon dashed to the ground; for, when we were but four leagues from Alicante, on turning a corner we saw a brown-robed figure on a mule trotting quietly along but a short way in front of us.

'*Caramba!*' exclaimed José, pulling up and staring fixedly at the apparition.

The rider's cowl was up—for the sun was very hot—and it was difficult to identify him.

'I can't be perfectly sure,' José continued; 'but I think it is Brother Giacomo. He's an Italian, and the deepest and most cunning rogue I ever met.' And he was right.

'What on earth shall we do?' I asked. 'Shall we wait till we get to the wood, and then ride up and bind him and leave him there?'

'No, no,' replied José; 'he would be sure to be found. And even if we got to the banker first, and out of the town with the money, he would offer a reward to every peasant and guerilla between Alicante and Villena, and we should never get back.'

For a time my companion remained in deep thought.

'Everything,' he said at length, 'depends upon whether he recognises you. If he does, Heaven help you! But, apart from that, you leave everything to me. But mind,' he insisted, 'you must know no French. He's as cunning as the Evil One if he has the slightest suspicion; and he will probably address you suddenly in that language, in which case stare at him blankly. Now come on.' And soon he hailed the monk.

'I was afraid I should never catch you after all!' cried José to the astonished Italian, who eyed him—and me too, for the matter of that—very suspiciously. 'Our Superior has sent me after you to say you are not, after all, to give his note to Señor Alfonso Valdez, as those dogs of Frenchmen say that if the bill given to that rogue of a sergeant is not met, they will either burn the place down or take the statue.'

The monk at first was too surprised to answer, and he looked at José and then at me; whereupon De Goni introduced me in a casual way as a German merchant he had met by chance.

'As regards what you tell me,' said the Italian, 'have you a letter, Brother Sebastian, from our Superior to that effect?'

'Of course I have,' returned José.

'Well, I should like to see it,' returned the other.

'Are you my Superior, Brother?' replied De

Goni haughtily. 'You forget yourself. You forget the rules of humility imposed on those who enter our holy order.'

'I meant no offence, Brother,' said the monk in a humble voice; 'but my orders were positive, and unless you show me that letter I shall certainly proceed. At any rate, I shall have carried out my duty to my Superior, and,' he added in a meaning voice 'to yours.'

'Well, I shall come with you,' said José; 'and if we lose our statue the blame will be on your shoulders.'

And then José began to talk to me in his sham German; though we soon fell into speaking Spanish again, and gradually the Italian joined in. Several times I found the latter gazing at me in a very peculiar way, and in my heart of hearts I felt certain that he had some suspicions, if he did not actually recognise me. In a casual

way he asked me my impression of the country, and remarked rather pointedly that, for a traveller, I had very little luggage.

'Oh, it's very important,' I answered frankly, 'that I should get a ship for Naples to-morrow, and my servant is following with my luggage. It is but a small matter if I lose the luggage compared to my catching the ship.'

Thus we travelled on, and reached the city just before the gates were closed.

'We must keep him in sight,' whispered José as we were seeing to our mules in the stable, while Giacomo was talking to one of the stablemen.

'I fear he knows me,' I answered.

'I think so too. In fact, I'm certain of it; and Heaven knows how it will end!' replied José.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

By JAMES BUCHANAN.

THE Falklands, the farthest outpost of the British Empire, are a lonely and little-known group of islands lying some three hundred miles off the eastward extremity of the South American continent. They number two hundred in all, but many are merely isolated rocks, their only inhabitants penguins or seals.

From the time of their discovery by Davis in 1592, the islands have borne an unenviable notoriety, and a convincing proof of their unattractiveness is the absence of any indigenous population. Imagine a dull, leaden sky hanging low over reddish-brown moors, out of which jut the ragged teeth of white rock-masses, and you have a general view of the landscape. This is a very Cave of Æolus. Mariners, to their cost, are aware that the boisterous winds which blow almost continuously are often accompanied by sudden and dangerous squalls. Night usually brings a cessation; but with sunrise the wind seems to imbibe fresh life, and blows with such force that riding, or even walking, is a matter of difficulty. In the summer months the prevailing winds are from the south and south-west; in winter they veer round to the north-west, and are much less severe.

The colony is substantially one vast sheep-run; and, no great demand for labour existing, already a considerable number of the rapidly increasing population have turned their attention to the neighbouring coast of Patagonia, where the climate and conditions are somewhat similar. The stock graze on the continuous tracts of undulating moorland covered with coarse, wiry, withered-looking grass, and the rich tussock, on the roots of which animals thrive amazingly; but the latter grass is rapidly disappearing, being now almost confined to the outlying islands. The pasturage

comprises two million two hundred thousand acres, and upon this area nearly one million sheep, principally of Lincoln and Romney Marsh strains, find sustenance.

The horses are a hardy, wiry lot, and, like the sheep and cattle, feed out all the year round. There are no trees, and ordinary agricultural crops are quite impossible. The soil is peaty and studded with treacherous bogs; the ground being so swampy, indeed, that there is not a four-wheeled vehicle in the islands. All travel is done on horseback; and, owing to the dangerous nature of the ground, liability to be overcome with fatigue, and a tendency to lose one's way through the similarity of the landscape and heavy mists which suddenly envelop the land, a stranger dare not go from one farm to another without a guide.

Whatever may be said of the inhospitable climate, the visitor will always come away with favourable impressions of the warm-hearted people. The crews of vessels buffeted and knocked about by the stormy waters of the Horn are always sure of a hearty reception, and not a few have thrown in their lot with the natives; while many of their dismantled hulks and fine sailing-ships in various stages of decay bear melancholy testimony to the relentless fury of the stormy Antarctic seas.

In spite, however, of being one of our most intrinsically insignificant possessions, with its gloomy, depressing climate, the group pays a remarkable tribute to the peculiar genius of the British race in the art of empire-building. The inhabitants are nearly all of Scottish descent, and indeed the colony is very much a slice of Scotland set in the South Atlantic. With a population numbering only two thousand three hundred and

sixty-five, the Falklands dispose of a volume of trade amounting annually to about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The finances are in a flourishing condition. The estimated revenue for the past year is twenty thousand and sixty-nine pounds, and the ordinary expenditure is estimated to be eighteen thousand two hundred and seventy-six pounds. There is no debt; and the assets are increasing, while the liabilities are diminishing. Personal as well as public credit stands high, for according to the latest report of the savings bank, the sum of thirty-one pounds ten shillings and sixpence is accredited per head of the population.

Wool and sheepskins account for the great preponderance of exports, the others being tallow, hides, sealskins, and whale-oil. Whaling is now successfully carried on here and in the dependencies of the colony—South Georgia and the Southern Orkneys—over one hundred thousand barrels of oil being exported last season.

The record of progress is not confined to material things. Though many of the adult population are illiterate, there are now four hundred and thirty-four children receiving tuition; but the scattered condition of the shepherd population renders it necessary to employ itinerant schoolmasters.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks of the weather conditions, the climate is very healthy, the annual death-rate per thousand averaging 6·02. The water-supply, which consists mainly of rain-water collected from the roofs of the houses, is very unsatisfactory; and owing to the absence of lime the people suffer a great deal from their teeth. This and minor rheumatic affections constitute the only sicknesses. Peat takes the place of coal, and most of the cooking is done in camp-ovens in the ashes.

Owing to their isolated position, travellers seldom visit the islands. They are dependent on the monthly visit of one of the P.S.N. Company's steamers for mails and supplies, and mail-day in Port Stanley, the only town, is a red-letter-day.

A peculiar feature of the islands are the stone rivers. These consist of enormous boulders, usually running through a valley, which in the distance might easily be mistaken for a mountain torrent. Darwin on his visit to the Falklands noticed these peculiar geological structures.

The islands form the breeding-haunts of vast numbers of sea-birds and wildfowl. Penguins resort here in thousands, while great quantities of duck roam practically unmolested around the numerous lagoons and ponds. Owing to the great quantities of grass consumed by the upland goose, the farmers, aided by the Government, are engaged in a war of extermination, and last year fifty thousand beaks were brought in and paid for at the rate of ten shillings per hundred.

At one time it was the intention of the Imperial Government to add the Falklands to the chain of fortified coaling-stations which have

become such a vital necessity to our colonial expansion, and as such the strategic importance of this Gibraltar off Cape Horn could not be too highly estimated. But the advent of the Panamá Canal has resulted in the dispersal of our South American squadron, and the Crown colony in question would appear to be destined to continue its career of seclusion.

Since 1833 the lawful claim to the Falklands has been a disputed point between Great Britain and the Argentine Government. The claim is revived annually, and is as persistently ignored. The colony has been the successive possession of France, Spain, and the Government of Buenos Ayres, and has been known under the names of Les Malouines, Islas de Malvinas, and Islas de Magallanes. Since 1842, however, when Captain Moody was sent out as first governor, there has been British administration.

It is of interest to read the view of His Majesty King George as regards the Falkland Islands, written in his diary during the memorable voyage of the *Ophir*:

'By far the best thing for England to do with the Falkland Islands would be to exchange them at once with France for New Caledonia. That island possesses an area very nearly the same as that of the Falklands, and it has become a source of perpetual danger and annoyance to Australia. The Falklands, on the contrary, if employed as a convict station would injure no neighbours. The climate is infinitely better than that of New Caledonia, and the situation and capacity of the islands would make them almost an ideal penal settlement. The exchange would benefit most nations, and the *amour propre* of France might be flattered by entering upon the possession of Les Malouines. The small sum that might be claimed as compensation for the few settlers in the Falklands would be a cheap price to pay for the riddance once and for all to our Australian fellow-countrymen from a perpetual and increasing menace to their peaceful prosperity.' This extract is taken from the *Falkland Islands Magazine*.

THE WOODS ARE SAD.

On a banni les lutins et les fées.

THE woods are sad and solemn nowadays
As through their long, deserted aisles one strays;
No more along the pathways does one hear
Soft elfin laughter echo in one's ear;
No more for us the fairy piper plays
A little laughing tune or magic phrase,
Some haunting strain to lure us on our ways,
Enthralling, mocking, calling sweet and clear.

The woods are sad!

No more do green rings on the grassy braes
Show us the chosen places where the fays,
The goblins, and the elves, in crowds, appear,
And dance on moonlight nights throughout the year.
'We are grown old,' a voice within us says;
'The woods are sad!'

MARIA STEUART.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE DEFEAT OF THE TURKISH ARMADA.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING, Part-Author of *Our Naval Heroes*.

LEPANTO was fought some seventeen years before Drake, Howard, and the other Elizabethan heroes destroyed the Spanish Armada; to be exact, the date was October 1571. It has been fully described as the link between old and new forces in maritime warfare, for Lepanto was the last great battle of the oar-driven vessel or galley. It smashed the naval power of the Turk at a moment when, having made himself master of Hungary and 'driven a wedge deep into Europe,' he looked with confidence to the mastery of the Mediterranean.

The Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent had died in 1526, to be succeeded by Selim the Drunkard, whose fleet was badly beaten by the Knights of St John in an attempt upon Malta. But by the year 1570 the Turks were threatening Cyprus, and they actually despatched a peremptory demand to the Doge of Venice for the evacuation of that island. The Doge and Senate hurled back defiance at the Ottoman, but in reality they shivered at the menace and appealed to the Vatican for help. The neutrality of the Venetian Republic had hitherto withheld Pope Pius the Fifth from forming a league of the southern European Powers against the common foe; but this direct appeal from Venetia could not be disregarded. The enemy were already besieging Cyprus, yet little or nothing was done by the Christian fleet which first took the sea under command of Prince Colonna, and the venerable Pontiff must have felt bitter disappointment. But, nothing daunted, His Holiness approached the rulers of Spain, Venice, and the lesser Powers, with the result that the famous treaty of the Holy League was signed, and a really fine fleet was got together. Who should command it?

The choice fell upon the twenty-four-year-old Don Juan (Don John) of Austria, who, albeit so young in years, had already commanded the fleet of Spain in suppressing the Moorish insurrection of 1570. Don Juan was the natural son of a mighty monarch, as other great warriors have been—notably the Duke of Berwick and at least one of the marshals of Napoleon. He was, in fact, the illegitimate son of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by his mistress, Barbara Blomberg. Don Juan arrived at Messina on 23rd August 1571, to find three Christian flotillas assembled there—namely, those of Philip of Spain, of

Venice, and of the Papal Admiral Colonna. Otherwise the news was not good, for Famagusta in Cyprus had just been stormed by the Turks with every conceivable circumstance of barbarity.

The Spanish prince found himself at the head of two hundred and two galleys and seventy-six sailing-ships, having twenty-eight thousand fighting-men on board—Italian, Spanish, German, &c. He flew his own flag in the great galley *Reale*, of three hundred rowers and four hundred fighting-men. His principal lieutenants in command of this Christian armada were Colonna, Doria the Genoese admiral, Cardona, Santa Cruz, and Barbarigo the Venetian. It is a profoundly interesting fact that there was serving as a simple volunteer in the fleet one Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra, destined to deathless fame some thirty years later as the author of *Don Quixote*. It is said that Sir Richard Grenville, famous later on for his fight on the *Revenge*, was also present. Such incidents add a peculiar picturesqueness to history, and I cannot refrain from recalling in passing—though it has nothing to do with our story—that a later great sea-battle, when Rodney defeated De Grasse in 1782, was witnessed from the window of a convent school by a little girl named Josephine de la Pagerie, who lived to be Empress of France when Napoleon ruled Europe.

The hostile fleets were pretty nearly equal. That of the Crescent, commanded by Ali Pasha, and carrying twenty-five thousand soldiers under Pertev Pasha, counted two hundred and ten galleys and sixty-four lesser craft. On board of them, toiling at the oar under the lash of the taskmaster, were thousands of Christian slaves who had been carried into captivity in the various coast-raids of the Moslem hordes. Ali Pasha was confident of victory, and believed he had a marked superiority in force. But on 2nd October Don Juan determined to enter the Gulf of Corinth and attack the Little Dardanelles. For two days he was storm-bound; but on the 6th the fleet entered the gulf, having its enemy now not more than twenty miles away, just outside the Bay of Lepanto. At noon on the 7th the two armadas joined battle.

'Signor,' Don Juan is reported as having remarked to the veteran Colonna, 'you must put out all your claws, for it will be a hard fight.'

JANUARY 18, 1913.

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This was said after the pilot of the *Reale* had reported the Turks to be in great force. As the galleys of the Holy League reached their fighting stations, the Christian galley-slaves (malefactors and others) on board of them were unshackled, given weapons, and bidden to fight for their freedom. It must have been an impressive moment when the young and dashing Don Juan, clad in complete armour, passed along the fighting line, crucifix in hand, entreating his officers and men to 'do their duty' to the holy cause they had embarked in. And black-robed Dominicans and gray-cowled Franciscans were busily exhorting the sailors and soldiers of the fleet to fight the good fight for faith and freedom.

One of the first shots fired in the battle was something of a good omen, for it crashed into the flagship of Ali Pasha and wrought great havoc. The confusion engendered by this incident gave the Christians somewhat of an advantage to start with, though all of their vessels could not get into action anything like simultaneously. A desperate combat quickly raged between the galley of the gallant Barbarigo and that of Mohammed Scirocco, who commanded the Egyptian squadron of Ali's fleet. In a desperate rush, as the vessels became locked, the Janissaries boarded. Unfortunately Barbarigo was fighting with his visor open, and he received an arrow in the face, which inflicted a mortal wound. His brave nephew Contarini was also killed. But now the Moslem boarders were repelled in a fierce and bloody onslaught, in which pike, sword, and arquebus all played their part. Mohammed Scirocco himself was slain, and this heroic counter-attack carried his galley by boarding. As her flag came down, the Christian slaves on her decks became free men and joined the fighting ranks of the conquerors.

For Don Juan's flotilla was already a winning host, albeit there was plenty of fight yet left in its swarthy adversaries. Some drove their galleys ashore on witnessing the discomfiture of Mohammed; but Ali Pasha, in his huge ship, with its white-and-gold pennon from Mecca, headed straight for Don Juan's flagship, the *Reale*. Then was seen a fight of heroes. Ali was supported right and left by Pertev Pasha and the Pasha of Mitylene; but Don Juan, on the other hand, was upborne on each side of the *Reale* by the Lion flag of St Mark on Veniero's galley and the Papal flag with its crossed keys on that of Colonna. As was the custom of the time, Ali's vessel crashed into that of Don Juan in the effort to carry him by boarding. The impact must have been terrific. It was Spanish arquebusier against Ottoman Janissary, and 'the range was a few feet.' For a while the Christian admiral was hard pressed, for the Turks fought like veritable demons. The decks were slippery with blood; the battle ebbed and flowed over the decks and forecastles of both ships. In repelling boarders, the brave Don Bernardino de

Cardenas was struck on the helmet by a ball, and died on the morrow, though 'he showed no sign of a wound.' Now the *Reale* was saved by the timely intervention of the Admiral Colonna, who, coming up on the other side of Ali's galley, completed her ruin. It was the turning-point in that glorious mêlée. Not one of Ali Pasha's four hundred Janissaries lived to tell the tale of blood. He himself either took his own life or was killed at close quarters, it is uncertain which. His gory head, stuck on a pike, was carried in triumph to Don Juan; but 'the chivalrous young admiral turned with disgust from the blood-dripping head, and ordered it to be thrown into the sea.'

Now it was that the author of *Don Quixote*, heading a party of boarders, received three honourable wounds, one of which cost him his left hand. As the result of about a hundred minutes' close fighting, the Moslem armada was half smashed, its commander slain, and its flagship captured. Don Juan caused the banner of the Holy League to be proudly displayed at the prize's masthead, with a fanfare of trumpets.

Meanwhile Veniero, the Venetian admiral, though handicapped by a wound in the leg, was rendering an excellent account of Pertev Pasha. The latter finally fled from the fight, with the loss of his own and other two galleys. Doria, the admiral of Genoa, was late in coming into the battle, but where the ultimate triumph was so overwhelming few were disposed to be hypercritical. At one time the flagship of the Knights of Malta was assailed by no fewer than seven adversaries, and was eventually boarded and carried, her commander receiving five arrow-wounds. At this point the fighting was particularly ferocious, since 'there were no enemies the Algerines hated so fiercely as the Knights of Malta.' But this capture was a last expiring effort of the enemy. The discomfiture of Ali Pasha enabled Don Juan and his captains to throw a preponderating force upon the remaining Ottoman galleys, which were quickly captured or dispersed. By four in the afternoon the routed remnants were making for Lepanto.

Such was the victory of the Christian over the Moslem armada. 'Don Juan's best trophies of victory were the twelve thousand slaves found on board the captured galleys. They were men of all nations, and some of them had for years toiled at the oar. Freed from their bondage, they carried throughout all Christendom the news of the victory and the fame of their deliverer.'

And the losses? Those of the Turks may be reckoned at from twenty thousand to thirty thousand men, while fifteen of their galleys were sunk and no fewer than one hundred and ninety captured! Their fleet had ceased to be a menace because it had ceased to exist. The victors had to mourn quite seven thousand five hundred dead, many of noble rank and the flower of

Spanish, Venetian, Genoese, and Maltese chivalry. Of the Venetians, Admiral Barbarigo and sixteen other captains of ships lost their lives, whilst sixty of the Knights of St John died that day.

In fine, such a *débâcle* of the Ottoman military power as was witnessed in 1912 happened to the Ottoman naval power as long ago as 1571. The death of Ali Pasha was a stroke upon which the Holy League's commanders especially prided themselves. He was a renegade, and by far the most hated of the Moslem admirals of that epoch. Originally a Calabrian fisherman, he had been taken by an Algerine pirate, had become a galley-slave, and had eventually put a period to this miserable existence for himself by embracing the Mohammedan religion and entering the Moslem maritime service, in which he speedily carved his way to high command. As it chanced, Ali did

not prove quite clever enough to lead the Crescent to victory over the Cross of his old discarded faith.

It may be readily comprehended that the moral effect of Don Juan's fine victory was stupendous. Reckoned on purely progressive lines, Lepanto may be said to have 'worthily closed the long history of the oar-driven navies. The galleasses, with their tall masts and great sails, and their bristling batteries of cannon, which lay in front of Don Juan's battle-line, represented the new type of ship that was soon to alter the whole aspect of naval war. So quickly came the change that men who had fought at Lepanto were present, only seventeen years later, at another world-famed battle that was fought under sail, the defeat of King Philip of Spain's Grand Armada in the narrow seas of the north.'

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XI.—THE LITTLE ISLE.

THE next week was like 'awakening to the singing of birds on a summer morning after an appalling nightmare.

'Saint Pierre, the little outpost off the iron coast of Newfun'land, is a veritable tiny bit of seaboard of Old France whisked magically away and set in the great heaving bosom of the Atlantic. Here, on Saint Pierre and Miquelon, the last fragment left of the French transatlantic empire, were Norman, Breton, and Basque. Gay colours twinkled in the quaint and charming old-world streets. Rosy-cheeked women, many of them blue-eyed Norman types, chattered in the market, their cheery *patois* ringing musically; street-cries were tossed upwards to the clear air; the wharves were full of the bustle and excitement of merchandise and of those who do business in the great waters. Mingling with this modern voice, the *click-clack* of sabots rang and echoed along the streets, and creaking ox-carts trundled slowly past unchanged in form from the long ago, when the old French pioneers first called the place home.

'The bronzed men there live by a constant wrestle with the sea; but the note of the little town is one of indomitable cheerfulness, and the kindness of the Pierrois boundless. I can say no more than that it was equal to a Newfun'lander's, which you can arrive at by adding a planter's and an Arab's sense of hospitality, and multiplying the result by ten.

'We were woeful scarecrows when the *Julia* Johnson put us ashore, no doubt; but we got decent clothes, good food, and sound sleep. These worked marvels. The sailor is a resilient, with fewer cares ashore than landmen; and in a week, except the mate, we were all fit for the sea again. It was the heart of summer in the

dear little isle, and I, for one, could have dawdled long enough in the brilliant June days with the pleasant Pierrois. But we couldn't stop there for ever, and soon the captain and his wife arranged for a passage to St John's, where he was known. The rest of us were to wait where we were until his return.

'All the men—and, what was more wonderful, the women—had gone crazy over the skipper's wife. The story of the wreck touched the kind islanders, the girl's beauty and the radiance of her presence winning hearts every day. She looked a frail flower to have been exposed to the daunting days we had seen; but she was soon out by her big husband's side, with a smile for every one—maybe just a glance for Lowden; and every day she nursed Hulse, and helped the little French doctor to set him on his feet again. In a week she was princess of the place, and when she and her husband sailed for St John's there was a crowd on the wharf to give her a loyal send-off.

'Lowden, I remember, stood at the wharf, after the crowd dispersed, watching the vessel disappear into the sunset; and every day after that I saw him haunting the harbour, glowering at the horizon, watching for her return. He was still the same silent man. Scarcely a word could be got out of him. Though we had been comrades in extremity, and he had showed himself to be a prime seaman and a man of rare courage, we gradually ceased trying to humanise him. I watched him often in his solitary wanderings; but the man was unapproachable, and desired no company but his own thoughts, whatever they were.

'“But how sad!” quoth the old French fisherman with whom he lodged. “This poor

one, many a night he walks about and speaks—oh, but yes!—continually to himself. He is of the mind disordered. It is that he is in love or has lost money."

"Perhaps he is ill, Jean," said I, willing to listen.

"Nay; he would speak more were that so. For your English sailor-man speaks and swears more when he is ill. No; it is that he has lost money or he is in love. But yes, a grand passion. I'm old and I remember. I know the truth of the saying, 'Women and the purse keep men awake more than the toothache.' I have not my—what you call it?—my experience from books. *J'ai vécu, et je le sais.*" He finished his *petit verre*, his gray head nodding sapiently.

"The mate was under the doctor's hands with his broken ribs, and the youngster Callander basked in the bright eyes of Mathilde, a black-eyed maid at an *auberge* by the harbour, where he consumed much Calvados, and made love in a desperate jargon of Scoto-French, so that Evan and I saw a good deal of each other. As usual, Evan drank more rum than was good for him; but I sometimes got him away to tramp over the isle, and then we would discuss the situation.

"We were the only two of the ship's company who guessed the past chapter in Lowden's life, except, of course, of the girl.

"I'm in two minds now whether we shouldna be givin' the Old Man a ceevil hint," quoth Evan to me one day. "But, man, I'd as lief meddle wi' an infairnal machine as yon man Lowden. It's chust touch an' go wi' his reason, I'm thinkin'. He's a fine sailor, I grant ye; but he'll land in Gartnavel Asylum if ever he sees the Clyde again. I've been crossed in love mysel', the wance or twice; but a bottle or two o' whiskey got my mind aff it," he continued easily. "Well, well! we'll see what we'll be meant to see; but it's tamned awkhward. I hope he'll get some ither ship, for a schooner's too smahl for him an' me."

"Love and a fire won't hide, Evan. Leave matters alone," I would counsel. And so on. Thus often did we commune when he and I wandered over the islet together. But our speculations left us where they began—no wiser, a little more befogged if possible, concerning the old-young problem, one woman and two men.

"I couldn't stop long in one place in those days, and I wasn't sorry when sailing orders came. One evening, following the lead of the loiterers on the quay, who were looking seaward, I saw a schooner making the entrance to the harbour. There was much chattering concerning her among them, and spying through glasses. She was evidently not one of the habitués of the port, for none of the crowd knew her. She was fore-and-aft rigged, with a green hull and a white band."

"*The Ayrshire Rose!*" I interrupted.

He nodded and went on. "That's so, only that wasn't her name then. The *Honorine* she was called, with the figurehead of her namesake, a blue-eyed Norman lass. The schooner was a dream—a perfect dream! A fine model, every one agreed. That night she was berthed, and Captain Gerrand and his wife came ashore. He had bought the smart little ship out-and-out, and had come back to ask us to sail her home in ballast to the Old Country.

"We all jumped at the chance except Callander. He hesitated when the Old Man tackled him, and made excuses, going red and white like a schoolgirl.

"Weel, weel, ye can bide if ye like. I suppose there's a lass in it! I'll sail without ye; but I thought ye had the makin's o' a sailor," quoth the discerning skipper.

"We were told off to get the ship ready for sea."

"Next day Evan stopped me on deck, a gloomy frown altering his usual can't-be-helped expression. He was carrying a paint-pot. "There's some fowk," he began, "that gang their lives seekin' for trouble."

"What's up?" I asked.

"Look," he said. He held the paint-pot at arm's-length, as if it had been some venomous reptile. "The Old Man iss goin' to chainge the name o' the ship, no less. I'm under orders, o' course; but ye wad think that we have had enough o' the bad luck an' chances o' a wet burial to last us for a score o' voyages."

"I've had enough to last me for the rest of my life," I said; "but I don't think it matters much, this changing of her name, does it? I want to get home, and I'll risk it."

"Wha-at! Iss it chainge a name is no hairm? Efferypody knows that it means the worst o' the ba-ad luck. There wass nossin' wrong about the name, bar that it wass French. The Old Man, he calls me aft, an' says he, 'Evan, you will pe a handy man at odd jobs. Can you pent—I mean pent letters?' says he. Oh, but I wass the fool! Like an eejit, I said that I thought I could. 'Well,' says he, 'I'm thinkin' o' rechristenin' the schooner. She's a jewel o' a ship,' says he, 'an' I'll pe goin' to chainge her name to *The Ayrshire Rose*, after my wife. Ye'll alter it on the ship an' the buoys.' His wife wass standin' beside him, smilin' an' lookin' for ahl the world ass if she wass gettin' a present o' a diamont necklace. What could I say? I chust stood an' glowered at him. So here I am goin' to do the cursed job. Ba-ad luck! Man, I mind on the *Clara Hall* that had her name chainged, an' the *Mastiff* too, an' the *Shetland Maid* that caught fire, an'—"

"W'atcher loafin' an' chatterin' abaht dahn there?" came the cockney pipe of the mate.

"Evan went off, and when I next saw him he was dangling over the side smudging the name

out moodily. Next day there duly appeared the schooner's new name,

*The Ayrshire Rose,
Glasgow,*

on the stern.

'We said good-bye to the kind-hearted Pierrois; and, to complete Evan's gloom, the voyage, like our last one, began on a Friday.

'Everything promised well. The sun shone royally. We had a steady breeze, the schooner making a good nine knots, and all of us were in

the highest spirits at the prospects of home. The contrast between *The Berwick Law's* last voyage and the sparkling weather we were having combined to make us as cheery a ship's company as could well be imagined. Of course, I don't count Lowden in this. Indeed, he was almost forgotten in the general exhilaration.

'The tranquil and sunlit days slipped past, *The Ayrshire Rose* sailing like a gull, every curtsy of her bowsprit to the clear sky telling us "nearer home."

(Continued in following section of this part.)

ELECTRICITY IN THE FUTURE.

By R. D. SUMMERFIELD.

IT is always interesting and often useful to try to forecast the future, and of all problems of the future that of electricity is perhaps likely to concern us the most, for it seems quite reasonable to expect that in time the greater part of the lighting, heating, and power-supply of the civilised world will be provided by this agency; although before this can come about radical changes must take place in the methods of producing electricity, and also in the manner of distributing and using it.

Electricity—which some people believe to be actually life, and the base of all matter, if not matter itself, and which, as far as we can judge at present, pervades all space—is the only apparently exhaustless source of power which is to be found everywhere and at all times. Our other sources of power, lighting, or heating are all more or less limited and local.

Coal, the principal agent, is widely distributed over the world; but there are enormous areas where it has not been and is not likely to be found, and whither it has to be conveyed at considerable cost; and even where coal is found in large quantities, as in this country, it has generally to be brought up from great depths at a cost which is likely to increase as time goes on.

Wood, perhaps the earliest source of power known to man, is now distributed in sufficient quantities very locally; and although it can be continually renewed and even increased by careful planting and forest supervision, yet in most localities its large bulk and low heating value render it much dearer than coal.

Mineral oil, destined to be the great rival, if not the supplanter, of coal in the near future, is widely distributed, and new oil-fields are being discovered nearly every day in various parts of the world. Crude petroleum either flows to the surface like a spring or can be pumped up, and is thus got to the surface very cheaply; but once it is there, the handling of it and the trans- forming of it into cleaner grades of oil render it dearer than coal at present for most purposes, in spite of its higher calorific value.

Coal-gas as a source of power depends of course on coal, and on certain kinds of coal; but as coal-gas made on a large scale and with proper precautions for the recovery of the by-products is already more economical to use than the raw coal itself, it is probable that in urban districts gas will soon be used to a very large extent in place of coal.

There is of course natural gas, but this is too local to be considered as a source of power.

Running or falling water, solar heat, and the tides are all local or irregular; and wind-power, although to be found everywhere, is too irregular both in force and duration to be of any great use.

Electricity is the only power known to us at present which can be obtained everywhere—at the top of mountains or the bottom of mines, on the ocean, in the desert, by day or night, in the Tropics or at the Poles; and the smallness of a space appears to make no difference in the amount of electricity which can be generated in it. But unfortunately electricity cannot yet be correctly described as a prime source of power except for small amounts; it must be produced by the aid of one or other of the original agents mentioned above.

We can produce electricity in various ways: by primary batteries of various kinds, by friction, or by heat; but to obtain commercially anything more than very small quantities we must employ the dynamo-machine—that is, we must take a mass of iron, wrap it round with insulated copper bars or wires, and revolve it at a fairly high speed in close proximity to a similar mass of iron and copper. We have learnt that by giving these two masses of metal particular shapes, suitably insulating them from each other and from the earth, and making the air-space between the fixed and revolving parts as small as possible, we can produce electricity, or rather collect it out of space, at any voltage or pressure we choose, the only limitation being our inability to keep it from breaking loose at very high pressures. We can also produce the electric current with various characteristics, such as continuous or alternating

current; but in any case we cannot produce electric current of any kind by means of the dynamo without expending more energy in the form of mechanical power to turn the machine than we get out of it in the form of electricity.

Now it seems hardly consistent with the economy of nature that in order to get a portion of this omnipresent and inexhaustible energy we must consume a larger portion of a local and by no means inexhaustible energy—that is, if we rely on our principal sources, coal, oil, or water; and no doubt in the future this clumsy system of collecting electricity will be superseded by apparatus which requires no power to drive it, or only sufficient power to make up losses.

It may be that Benjamin Franklin was nearer the solution with his kite and key than we imagine, and that in the future we may attract our electric current to receivers placed on the top of high towers. The first hints as to the construction of such receivers will no doubt be conveyed to us by phenomena connected with receivers and transmitters at wireless telegraph stations, as the electricity used for wireless telegraphy is the same as that collected for power or lighting purposes, but used under different conditions as to pressure and periodicity; and if we can now tune-up a receiver to collect the waves or vibrations of electric energy generated a hundred miles away, and make them do work, it seems reasonable to hope that some day, instead of first collecting and intensifying the waves of electricity by means of a dynamo-machine, and then transmitting them by special apparatus, we shall hit on the way to make a receiver which will collect them out of space directly.

It is, of course, already possible to draw electricity out of the air by means of a lightning-conductor; but a conductor is needed which will draw the current not only in times of thunder-storm, when the atmosphere is overcharged with electricity, and therefore very ready to give it up, but also in normal times, when the electricity is more evenly distributed. In addition to the receiver and conductor, it would probably be necessary to have some apparatus in the nature of a transformer to lower the voltage and increase the current, and possibly also some form of secondary battery or storage apparatus to act as an equaliser for the secondary current.

When it becomes possible to do away with the dynamo, no doubt the large central power-station will be done away with also. With no questions of coal or water to consider, it would be more convenient and probably cheaper to have a number of small receiver stations than one large station; and, in fact, the time might come when all works would have their own receiver or group of receivers, and when every house over a certain size would be fitted with a receiver and provide its own electricity for lighting, heating, cooking, and other domestic purposes.

The above suppositions doubtless carry us very far into the future of electricity, but how far it is impossible to say. At any moment an accident or the thought of some investigator may put mankind on the right way to discover the method of producing large quantities of electricity without moving apparatus or costly batteries. Before this stage is reached, however, we shall probably have discovered some cheaper form of dynamo and a more economical method of driving it. It may be found commercially possible to substitute some cheaper form of winding for the copper, and to reduce the whole weight of the machine for a given output without reducing the present efficiency, and the direct generation of very high voltage current will become more and more common. As regards greater economy in driving, the Diesel type of oil-engine perhaps promises best at the present time, and it will no doubt be used extensively in the near future. It is possible also that some successful method may be evolved for utilising the force of the tides; while power-stations depending on coal will tend to move nearer and nearer the coalfields as the practicable transmission of voltage increases, until the colliery and power-house are combined, and the coal brought from the pit goes direct to the furnaces of the boilers, the whole output of the colliery being sold as electric current instead of coal. This might be done at present in many cases with very great advantage. No doubt large electric power-stations will be erected on oil-fields as well as at coal-mines.

As to the transmission of electric power from the generator to the motors, lamps, or other apparatus, it appears very probable that we shall shortly be able greatly to reduce the weight of copper required for mains, and in some cases to do away altogether with transmission cables. The pressure at which electricity is generated and transmitted is certain to increase, and it may be found more economical to transmit the current through soft steel wire-ropes than through copper wires; but wireless telegraphy appears to open up the possibility of doing without wires at all in some cases.

It is now an everyday fact that the small currents required for telegraph work can be transmitted without wires for distances of hundreds of miles, while larger amounts of electricity capable of actuating motors and moving considerable weights have already been transmitted without wires for short distances. This being so, it seems quite likely that one of the first radical changes in electrical engineering practice will be wireless transmission of power, the question turning on whether it is cheaper to put in a receiver or run a length of cable.

Probably one of the first results of this change will be the abolition of direct contact between the trolley-pole of electric tram-cars and the overhead wire, the trolley-pole being replaced by a vertical pillar extending to within a few inches

of the overhead wire, and provided with a receiver at the top, this receiver being tuned-up to synchronise with the current in the wire. There would then be no necessity for two overhead wires on a double tram-line, and the single wire might be made lighter in section and carry a current at a much higher voltage than at present; and this single wire, which would require no switches or complicated suspensions at corners, would very greatly simplify and cheapen the overhead equipment for tramways and light railways, besides improving the appearance of the streets.

Wireless transmission of power will be even more important in the case of railways than of tramways. In works and factories, wireless transmission will no doubt at first be carried out by taking a cable from the generating station into the works and connecting it to a transmitter, the motors and lighting transformers being fitted with receivers suitably tuned. One result of this will be that a number of small motors will be used in place of fewer large ones, as there will be no internal wiring to be carried out.

From the time that it becomes practicable to transmit power without wires at no greater cost than at present, improvements will follow quickly and the cost will decrease, while the distance over which power can be transmitted will continually increase. Wireless transmission would, among other economies, save the cost of way-leaves, as it is difficult to see how a landowner could prevent, or charge for, electric current passing through the air over his property; but he might get his current for nothing by putting in motors and receivers tuned to the required pitch. No doubt at first a good deal of current would be stolen in this way; but as it is very probable that in time the State will control the production and distribution of electricity, it would soon become as difficult to run a motor without paying for it as to maintain any other

illicit practice. This presumes that the current is obtained from a power-house or receiver station belonging to the State; but should it ever come to pass that practically every householder could collect his own electricity, then the actual cost of the current would be little or nothing. The State would still draw revenue from the erection and upkeep of apparatus on private premises; and no doubt the user would be taxed on the capacity of his plant or the amount of current he consumed, if it were so arranged that he could make use of no current except that which passed through a sealed Government meter.

Should it ever become possible to obtain and use electricity in a cheap and simple manner as sketched above, a very great change would be wrought in our methods of locomotion, driving of works, industrial processes, and domestic economy. Ships would cross the seas carrying no fuel, but drawing their power out of space as they went along; locomotives and tram-cars and private motor-cars would perhaps also get their motive-power in the same way. Smoke would disappear, and with it most of the grime and dirt of our manufacturing towns. The general health of the community would improve, and woman's lot in the house become vastly easier with a plentiful and practically free supply of power laid on for lighting, heating, cooking, sweeping, washing, and other household requirements.

Such a state of things appears too good to be ever likely to come about, and it may be that it will never be possible for us to draw electricity direct in any quantities from space without moving apparatus, owing to continual variations of the positive and negative atoms of electricity, if they may be so called, to their continual regrouping and density in any particular space, or to various other causes; but, again, it would not be safe, in the light of the great strides which science has made in less than the last hundred years, to deny that the advances in electrical science as outlined above are possible.

THE SERGEANT'S LUCK.

CHAPTER III.

A GOOD meal rendered us rather sociable and less suspicious, and so, by mutual consent, in the cool of the evening we went for a stroll in the Alameda of the beautiful town, where I saw a good number of English soldiers and sailors. Perhaps the bright moonlight had something to do with it; but, for the size of the place, the number of beautiful girls seemed to me extraordinary; and from their frequent, if furtive, glances, my companions seemed struck by it too. Indeed, individually, I fancy we all wished we had been alone.

'I think,' I said slyly, as two dark-eyed beauties took their seats opposite to us and

commenced some mystic operations with their fans, 'that, to avoid the temptation of the world, the flesh, and devil, we had better go home, where we can smoke, and have some wine, and play dominoes.'

'Yes,' replied the Italian, 'I think so too;' adding thoughtfully, and speaking more to himself than to us, 'I never can make out why the devil is always depicted and spoken of as a man instead of a woman.'

However, neither José nor I tried to offer a solution to that problem, being too intent on thinking how we were to act on the morrow; so we rose and went back to the inn.

Had De Goni been sufficiently well educated to speak German, we might have been able to arrange some plan for our common action; but, alas! as it was, we were helpless, and could only trust to luck for defeating our cunning and deceitful opponent. Without saying a word, we both knew that if we could but make him drunk we should gain our object, and I bought a skinful of wine, sufficient to put half-a-dozen men under the table; and with assumed bonhomie we commenced to play.

Of course, from habitude, the two monks could carry a large quantity, but they knew their limit as well as I knew mine; and though they tried to egg each other on, and chaffed one another on their abstemiousness, neither of them would go beyond it. Thus, while we smoked and drank, and played mechanically, our thoughts were far away. What we all three knew, but hesitated to express, was that the hours were going by and we must take some action.

Suddenly beneath us we heard the '*Sanctissima Maria*,' &c., of the watchmen going their rounds, and the clocks struck midnight, whereupon we agreed to go to bed.

José gave me a lightning glance, and I dragged my mattress across the door, and folding up my coat, which contained the bill for ten thousand pesetas, used it as a pillow. We pushed the table under the window. The street was so narrow that it would have been almost possible to shake hands out of the window with a person at a window on the opposite side; so, when we began to play and drink, though we left the window open, we closed the shutters, as my companions were hardly engaged in religious exercises. But now, owing to the stifling heat in the little attic, we opened the shutters and blew out the candles; though we found we had almost as much light as before, as the moon came streaming into the room.

After my companions had gabbled some prayers they threw themselves on their mattresses, the Italian opposite to me, and José at right angles, with his feet to mine. With my pistol ready in my belt, I grumbled something about the heat, and pretended to fall asleep. As the moon came right into the centre of the room both the monk and I were in the shadow, and could not see each other distinctly. At any cost I knew I must keep awake. When I heard one o'clock strike, two men came into the next room and began to quarrel; then that ceased, and I heard two o'clock strike. José, though he had pretended at first, had now, I felt certain from his breathing, really fallen asleep; but it was not so with the wily Italian, though he was too preternaturally still.

During the whole of the last forty-eight hours—and very trying ones they had been on account of the heat—I had barely had eight hours of rest. Don José, as I have said, had fairly suc-

cumbed. Do what I would, I felt I could not hold out much longer. I was only enabled to combat the overpowering feeling of drowsiness that was overcoming me by the knowledge that if I yielded to it, with such an unscrupulous rogue so near me, I should never wake again. In spite of my resolution, however, I should have gone off but for one lucky circumstance. The mattresses in those parts are filled with dried seaweed; consequently the slightest movement makes a rustle. It must have been about three o'clock when providentially I heard a slight noise, and in a second I was myself again; but I remained as still as a mouse. Then I saw the monk—for the moon had gone round, and luckily for me its light fell right upon him—draw himself up very gently and cautiously look in my direction. My pistol was in my belt, just on my hip, and I gripped it firmly with my right hand. Having satisfied himself that I was really asleep, he rose very softly, and as he did so I caught the bright gleam of a dagger in his right hand.

'What are you doing!' I shouted, cocking my pistol and covering him with it.

He was so taken aback that for a moment he hesitated, slipping his weapon up his voluminous sleeve. 'Nothing,' he replied, with assumed calmness. 'I wanted to close the shutters; the moon keeps me awake.'

'You don't want the dagger you have got up your sleeve to do that. You move and I fire.'

José had been awakened at once, and had cautiously risen. He was rather behind the monk, whose gaze was fixed on me. Without a word he threw himself on the Italian with such force that he knocked him down. In strength and activity they were very evenly matched. Then commenced a frightful life-and-death struggle between them. Over and over they rolled on the floor, José intent on getting hold of the Italian's wrist to prevent him using his *puñalica*, the monk intent on throttling him.

'Stun the devil!' gasped José, as the Italian had nearly achieved his object.

This was just what I was trying to do, but it was a very difficult matter, as, for a second, one was on the top, and then the other, and José might have received the blow; but at last I saw my chance, for they had rolled up against the wall, with the monk uppermost for the moment. Throwing myself on my knees to prevent the recoil, I dealt him a blow on his shaven head that quieted him, for his grip relaxed, and José quickly freed himself.

'*Cielo!*' the latter gasped in relief, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, 'I thought I was finished; but, *hombre*,' he continued, 'it seems to me that he's done for.'

It certainly looked like it at first as the moon shone on his ashen face, and I knelt down anxiously and felt his heart.

'No; it's all right,' I whispered.

'Very well,' replied José, *sotto voce*, 'we will get his letter from the Superior.'

This was soon found. Then we bound the monk hand and foot with the cords from his waist, and slipped a handkerchief into his mouth; and while he was unconscious we arranged matters—namely, that at nine o'clock I should go to the banker, while José remained in the room. That the banker should have no doubts, José, as vicar, wrote a letter for me to give to him, saying that by warning the community of the approach of the French dogs I had conferred a great and everlasting benefit on them.

Gradually the dawn broke and the cocks commenced to crow. From the neighbouring churches the deep-toned bells began to ring, and then below we heard the tinkle of the goat and mule bells. By this time the monk had become conscious, so we removed the gags and poured a little wine down his throat. I don't know what he had been before he took to religion; but, instead of thanking us, he cursed and swore in a way that would make a monkey blush, and his eyes flashed with such impotent vindictiveness that we hastily stuffed the handkerchief into his mouth again.

After José and I had taken turns to go down and get some chocolate, I set off to the banker's; and when he had read De Goni's letter and examined the bill, without the slightest hesitation he paid me the ten thousand pesetas. He told me he could not possibly give me the money in gold; but, what was next best, he gave me ten notes for one thousand pesetas each on the Banco Real.

When all was ready, after tightening the monk's bonds and seeing that the handkerchief was secure in his mouth, we locked him in. We told the *muchacha* that our friend was unwell and desired to sleep, and that he was not to be disturbed till we came back; and in order that she might the better carry out our instructions we gave her some silver.

It did not take us long to get our mules; but before leaving the town José said he must buy a brace of pistols. I insisted that I should buy a pair and make him a present of them, and went into a good shop, while he went off to get some wine and bread. I asked for the very best weapons, and the man showed me a couple similar to those he had sold to an English officer the day before; and from him, as he was very talkative, I got all the particulars I wanted as to the number of English troops in the place. Indeed my going into that particular shop was a perfect piece of good luck.

While we were in the town, and also for the first league outside, we rode slowly, so as not to excite suspicion; but as soon as we could, we got the utmost pace out of our mules. In case we were followed, to put our pursuer off the scent we invariably asked any chance *arriero* or traveller we met the way to Monovar, a place a little to the west of Elda—where, of

course, we had not the slightest intention of going.

Thus we rode for nearly three hours. The heat was becoming unbearable, and when at last we saw a forest ahead, where the road to Monovar really turned off, we determined to rest. So, leading our mules a little way into the shelter of the trees, we sat down in the welcome shade and had a good meal.

'Now, De Goni,' I said, taking out the bank-notes, 'these are what the banker gave me, and you must take half of them.'

This he absolutely declined to do, saying that I had procured him a commission, and that it made us level. I would not altogether admit this, as the commission had not really been gazetted, so I got him at any rate to take one thousand pesetas. Then we sat smoking and speculating as to what the monk would do when he got free, and whether, if he followed us, he would really go on to Monovar.

'I'm pretty sure,' said José, 'that he won't follow that false scent; but, anyway, let us go and look down the road.'

Nothing could we see but a few gipsies and a peasant or two going away from us. Then suddenly, coming at a good pace towards us on the crest of a slight hill, we saw three figures.

I took out a small glass I always carried. 'Caramba!' I exclaimed, 'there is the monk, with two horsemen, one on a brown horse and the other on a gray. I'm sure it's he. How soon he must have got free!'

'Yes,' replied José bitterly, after gazing intently for a time, 'that's Brother Giacomo, sure enough. Let us go back a little and lie on the ground. Now we shall see if he will fall into the trap.'

With our hearts beating, we lay still as mice in a thick clump of underwood near the corner of the road.

'Now that's the way to Monovar,' said the Italian, who seemed to be in none of the best of tempers, to his two companions. 'I don't believe they have taken that road; but you two ride up about half-a-league and see if you can hear anything of them, and ask every one you meet if he has seen them. If you do come upon them, greet them with civility as fellow-travellers, and then, when you see your chance, shoot them in the back. You are sure that you know them?' he continued.

'Oh yes,' replied one of the men. 'I saw you with them last night.'

'Well, remember, it was that accursed rogue of a Frenchman who got the money, and there will be five hundred pesetas for each of you. Meanwhile I will jog along quickly towards Villena.'

José and I exchanged glances as we heard this very pleasant arrangement.

'Now,' whispered De Goni as the three separated, 'you go along and see, if you can,

how far they go, and I will see what Brother Giacomo is up to.'

I soon found, however, from the nature of the ground, that my mission was useless, and I was returning, when I was suddenly startled by the report of a pistol. Rushing forward, I met José with the dead body of the monk on the latter's mule. It appeared that he was watching the Italian through the trees, and saw him get off his mule either to rest or to wait for the others, and seat himself at the side of the road. His back was to José; but when the latter trod on a stone and nearly stumbled, the monk stood up, turned round, and saw him.

In a minute the monk would have been on his mule again and have escaped.

'You would have stabbed me in the dark; you would have shot me in the back, you dog!' shouted José, rushing at him; 'so take that.' And he shot him through the heart.

Taking the body farther into the wood, for a

while we left it there, and then made our way back to the corner of the road to await the arrival of the horsemen, and fully half-an-hour must have passed ere we heard the clatter of their horses.

'I am half-inclined,' said one of them, 'to go back, only one does not get five hundred pesetas every day.'

'Five hundred pesetas!' repeated the other with a hoarse laugh. 'Only let me get the chance of a shot at that devil of a Frenchman and I'll have five thousand, and you're a fool if you don't have the other five. The Brother may catch us when he can.'

'But I am tired, and so is my horse,' replied the first speaker.

'Well, we will catch up the Brother; and if we don't find them or hear anything by the time we get to Sax, we will come back.' The other agreed to this, and they both set off.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

PRICES IN BURMA FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

By F. N. BURN, Rangoon.

FEW British possessions have improved so quickly and regularly as has Burma. We acquired Moulmein and Akyab after the first Burmese war in 1824, when Rangoon, the more valuable port, was also captured by Sir Archibald Campbell's forces, but was given back to the Burmese on the conclusion of peace, to be retaken and kept at the second Burmese war in 1852. The Arakan and Tenasserim divisions have thus been British possessions for eighty-six years, Rangoon and the Pegu division for fifty-eight years, whilst Upper Burma was annexed at the third Burmese war in 1886, on the capture and dethronement of Thebaw, the last of the Burmese kings. After each of these annexations the trade and population of the captured places increased enormously; and the Burmese, although they had a fondness for royalty, showed no wish to live under it, preferring the more equitable rule of the foreigner and the peace and security it brought about. The trade was almost confined as regards exports to two articles—teak-timber and rice. When there was a brisk demand for these two articles the import trade thrived to an extent unequalled in any Indian seaport; for the Burmese, unlike every Indian, eagerly went in for novelties when they had the cash, and would individually spend more on dress and jewellery than the inhabitants of many an Indian village.

Prices of most articles have risen greatly in the past fifty years. The best teak sold in the 'sixties of the last century at from forty-five to sixty rupees (three to four pounds) per ton in Moulmein. First-class teak now commands one hundred and fifty rupees (ten pounds) per

ton in Rangoon, and exceptionally good pieces even larger prices. Teak is largely used in house-building in most parts of Burma; although brick buildings are now insisted on in parts of the larger cities, as being less liable to take fire. But those who have lived in both descriptions of buildings say that for the Burma climate, with its rainy season extending between May and September, there is no more comfortable dwelling than a teak bungalow roofed with teak shingles. It gets hot in the afternoon, but even in the hot season is often cool half-an-hour after sunset; and there is usually some part of the house fairly protected from the afternoon sun, where it is cool all day. These bungalows are built on posts raised from five to ten feet off the ground. Fifty years ago, when teak was cheap and plentiful, the posts used were often whole trees in the round, it being cheaper to use whole logs than to square them at the mills into posts. Some of these bungalows still exist in Moulmein, showing the lasting qualities of this admirable wood, unaffected by the change of climate and often impervious to the attacks of white ants. If there should happen to be a decayed portion in a dark place near the ground white ants may gain a lodgment, and if undisturbed proceed on their destructive work through the sound portions of a log. But they much prefer softer woods, of which there is no lack in Burma, and usually leave teak severely alone. There are teak-built bungalows seventy years old in Moulmein in almost as good a state of preservation as when they were first built. One can always tell an old house by the width of the flooring. In the old days, when teak was cheap and small

staff was given away for firewood to whoever would pay the cart-hire, planks of ten and twelve inches wide were used for flooring. In modern times, with teak about four times its former price, floors are usually made of three and four inch battens, broad planks being either shipped to Europe or used in Calcutta or locally for furniture. With the rise in the price of teak all other woods have likewise advanced in cost, and house-building has become much more expensive.

As population has trebled or quadrupled, rents have gone up considerably. Houses that formerly rented for fifty or sixty rupees per month are now often let for one hundred and fifty and two hundred rupees. The poorer classes and officials on fixed incomes find it difficult to pay the heavier rents, and in the case of the latter the Government has found it necessary in many instances to give 'house allowances' to its servants, whilst in some places houses have been built for them, the charge for rent being a percentage on cost which would certainly not satisfy the aspirations of a Rangoon landlord.

Rice is now the principal article of export from Burma. It is grown in every district, but the delta of the Irawadi supplies the largest quantity and the finest kinds. It has advanced in price to even a greater extent than timber since the British occupation. In Burmese times, when there was no demand for export, more was grown than was necessary for consumption or than there was any market for. This is even still the case in some parts of the southern Shan States, which are without a railway or a navigable river, and rice is an article which does not pay to cart for any great distance. Old Burmans tell of the time when rice sold at ten bushels for a rupee. The same quantity would now cost from thirty to forty rupees. Burma has been so fortunate as never to have known such calamities of famine as visited India so often in the past century. Considerable scarcity has occasionally been experienced in parts of the dry zone of Upper Burma owing to failure of rain; but the people usually find work in other districts more fortunately situated, whilst trains or steamers can now carry grain from Rangoon to the affected parts. The Burmese also, unlike the Indians, never despair, and with their families are quite ready to go away from their homesteads till happier times come round. Their possessions are not numerous or bulky, and if they are near the banks of the Irawadi they can always make a raft of bamboos which will carry them and their few mats and cooking utensils a few hundred miles to the delta without any passenger fares being paid. They either tie up their raft at night or float on placidly along the stream, sleeping as comfortably under a few pieces of thatch erected on the raft as they would in their own village. They are

among a kindred people, and are sure of a meal of rice and fish at any house they pass, whilst a chew of betel-nut and a smoke would also be willingly bestowed on any one expressing a desire for it. They may also hear of a demand for labour for the next harvest, and may elect to settle, at any rate for a time, at whatever spot they think convenient, and where work and food offers.

The rise in the price of rice, though often grumbled at, is a benefit to a race which principally lives by cultivating it. Before the Indian famine at Behar some thirty-five years ago, the price of paddy or unhusked rice usually opened in Rangoon at fifty rupees per hundred bushels, rising to eighty or ninety rupees during the export season. The Government of Sir Ashley Eden bought rice largely for shipment to Calcutta, and prices of paddy rapidly rose to one hundred and thirty-five rupees per hundred bushels. From that year the highest prices obtaining in Rangoon have always been of three figures, which were never reached before the Behar famine. The rice-trade brings thousands of Indian coolies to the Burma ports. High prices enable them to be engaged at high wages, of which they spend as little as they can in Burma, usually returning to their own country in three or four years with savings amounting to three or four hundred rupees. A few settle in Burma, cultivating rice and becoming village money-lenders, at which occupation some amass fortunes amongst the less thrifty Burmans.

Along with rice—the first necessary of life to millions—prices of meat, vegetables, fish, poultry, fruit, have all advanced. *Nappi*, or paste made of fish or prawns, used by all Burmans, has also doubled or trebled in price in the last thirty years. No Burmese meal is thought complete if *nappi* does not appear at it. A few Europeans appreciate it, but they usually call it by the Malay name of *balachong*. The first Chief Commissioner, Sir Arthur Phayre, used to eat *nappi* regularly with his curries, and his example has been followed by several other Europeans, both official and non-official. The making of this fish-paste at some of the fishing-stations is said not to be an agreeable sight. But it is as well not to be too curious in looking into our own kitchens or baking-houses; whilst if we inspected slaughter-houses we should perhaps be inclined to turn vegetarians. *Nappi* forms to those Europeans who appreciate it an agreeable condiment to their curries, whilst to Burmans it is almost as great a necessary as salt to their otherwise monotonous meals of rice.

Sugar is one of those articles which, thanks to Free Trade and the large production from beet, has decreased in price. It is greatly in demand by Burmese for their confectionery and at their numerous feasts and festivals. With cheap sugar, British jams and preserves are now obtainable at about half the cost which prevailed a

generation ago. Strange to say, although they have cheap sugar no large manufactories of Indian jams or jellies exist, and those that are sold are only to be had in bottles and as a rule at two or three times the cost of the best British jams. One would think that this was an industry worth cultivating. If they could sell Indian jams at sixpence a pound profitably—and with sugar at twopence this should not be difficult—they might do a large trade. But they seem to prefer charging one rupee four annas, or about one shilling and eightpence, for a pound bottle of guava jelly, to creating a large demand for it at cheap rates.

Similarly, there is a large demand in Burma for preserved milk and cheese. The imports are from Europe; although excellent milk is to be had in India, and locally made cheeses can be obtained in Calcutta. Most of the cheese comes from Holland, and has not materially differed in price during the past twenty or thirty years.

Cloth, silks, and cotton piece-goods are lower in price than they used to be; but they have mostly deteriorated in quality, so whether they are really cheaper is problematical. As regards silks, they supply a demand for a low-priced article which will last for a fortnight perhaps, and will spoil at the first washing. We used to get high-priced silks woven locally which would last a lifetime. These are seldom seen now. The low-priced article has driven them from the field.

Nearly all the matches we get in Burma come from Japan, though some come from Sweden. British or other European matches are seldom or never seen. The Japanese matches are wonderfully cheap and good. When they were first introduced hardly one match in ten would light. Now a bad match is seldom seen, and this in a country where the rainfall is from sixty to two hundred inches in a year. I have noticed that British-made matches sent here have too bulky a stem, which, in a country where the air is always full of moisture, fails to ignite. The Japanese have recognised this, and make the stems thinner and more inflammable. When I first came to Burma residents who smoked usually carried a flint and steel in their pockets, and lit their cheroots or pipes with ignited tinder. Now, with matches so good and cheap, match-boxes are carried instead of flint and steel. In former times many residents kept a piece of lighted rope in their verandas from which fire could always be obtained. You never see this now. Matches are sold everywhere, ten boxes costing only one anna (a penny). When it is remembered that these matches come all the way from Japan, paying freight and insurance and 5 per cent. import-duty, the cost of production must be small indeed. Bengalis who have been to Japan have tried to set up rival match-factories, but hitherto not with any great measure of success. Matches

are so cheap throughout Burma that little or no care is taken of them. Children are allowed to play with them, and to this carelessness may perhaps be attributed several of the numerous fires which in some districts every dry season often destroy hundreds of houses and much valuable property. It is strange that the Finance Minister, who has lately put a heavier import-duty on tobacco, has not had his attention called to the desirability of making matches a greater source of revenue.

The tax recently put on cigarettes is not unpopular in Burma. Their cheapness caused them to be bought by school children on their way to and from their lessons; and the Burmese say they are responsible for many deaths from consumption amongst older people who have used them to excess. An excise on locally grown tobacco, which has been talked about, would be highly unpopular, and would go a great way towards killing an industry which, when once proper means of curing the article are adopted, should make Burma-grown tobacco as remunerative as the Dutch have made it in Sumatra.

Animals, like most other things, have greatly increased in price of late years. Fifty years ago even the best-trained timber-dragging elephants could be bought for one thousand to twelve hundred rupees, whilst a female elephant seldom cost more than seven or eight hundred rupees. Now three thousand five hundred to four thousand rupees is often paid for a trained animal. This advance may have something to do with the high cost of teak. There is hardly as yet a scarcity of this wood in the forests; but it has to be dragged for much greater distances to streams where it will float, the more accessible trees having been felled years ago. The labour required to get a log to a seaport is thus three or four times what it used to be. It has often been said that elephants only breed in a wild state; but this is an error. Calves have been born in Burma amongst the elephants kept by the Commissariat Department. In Siam I have seen as many as half-a-dozen amongst a herd of tame elephants owned by a Siamese trader who used to lend them out to travellers for carrying purposes, and who also contracted to drag logs from the place where they were felled to a navigable stream. Ploughing cattle are always in demand in Burma, where every third or fourth year cattle disease carries off large numbers; but they have not advanced in price in the same proportion as elephants, and in ordinary seasons can usually be purchased at from eighty to one hundred rupees each. Burma ponies—or Pegu ponies, as they used to be called in India, though Pegu does not breed or produce any—have risen enormously in price. In 1862 from sixty to eighty rupees was the usual price, well-matched pairs selling for two hundred to two hundred and fifty rupees. At the present time seven hundred

to eight hundred rupees is often given for a pair, and the ordinary price for a good pony is anything between two hundred and fifty and five hundred rupees. There used to be a considerable trade in Burma ponies between Burma and the Madras ports in native-owned vessels. These latter seem to have disappeared, and now the B.I.S.N. Company run weekly steamers to Madras, and also a weekly steamer to other places on the Madras coast. The ponies are mostly bred in the Shan States, where also prices are very much higher than they used to be. Government has not done much to encourage their production, but occasionally prizes are given for the best animals exhibited at local shows, and the frequent race-meetings held in Rangoon no doubt stimulate pony-breeding to some extent, for the prizes are valuable, and large sums may be risked in betting and race lotteries, in which the Burmese are always ready to join.

Whether the people are happier now than they were when living was cheaper and their wants fewer is a moot point which philosophers may argue over and differ in their opinions. No other part of British India contains a population so eager to trade and to adopt new things as the Burmese. At the same time, they keep up

their old ideas of hospitality and courtesy to strangers, their reverence for Buddhism and all the precepts it enjoins, their gaiety and light-heartedness under difficulties, and their joyousness in living, which makes life among them pleasanter than in any part of India. Those who go for a time to India are always glad to return here, where, instead of seeing in the street either half-naked coolies or solemn and soberly attired traders, only intent on money-making, one meets laughing women with flowers in their hair carrying their small stock of fruit or flowers to the markets, or joking men assisting them by carrying the latest baby or the lightest article they can find in their wife's or sister's stock. There will be at least some bright-coloured silk handkerchief or other article amongst even the poorest of this cheerful crowd; and with cheerfulness and happiness around him, even the European exile forgets for a time his own troubles, and thanks fate that his lot is cast here rather than in India, where such a sight is unknown, and respectable women are seldom seen in public except with face concealed, and where a female laughing outside of her own house would be thought an enormity for which nothing could atone.

THE JUDGMENT DEALER.

By DONOVAN BAYLEY.

HASTIN RUFFER, Bachelor of Science, felt that he would soon be in need of bread, for all his learning had brought him in no money, though he had tried for a disconcerting five months to get some one to hire his brains. His expensive education, the years of toil he had given to learn all about electrons, ions, mesoblasts, the Periodic Law, and the intimate facts about echinoderms, could not procure him a square meal. It was on this account that he determined to make his living by influencing the lives of other people—people who regarded five-pound notes as very ordinary things. He decided to apply to the psychological side of his fellow-men those processes of analysis that he had been taught to use in the cases of complicated but disingenuous chemicals.

Therefore there appeared in several of the London daily papers this curious advertisement, the cost of which left him with sixteen pounds, a stout heart, and a very grave manner:

'FORT OUT YOUR CONSCIENCE. I WILL HELP YOU.

'Why bear that secret self-condemnation any longer! It acts as a drag on you; it impedes your efforts to get on; it spoils your happiness.

'THE SCALES CAN BE BALANCED.

'Consult a dispassionate scientist, who will

bring a trained and icy mind to bear upon your problems, and deal with them from the standpoint of pure reason. Write to him at 387 Batchacre Street, W.C., using any name and address you like, from a newspaper shop to the *poste restante*, and

ENCLOSE A FIVE-POUND NOTE.

'I am a Bachelor of Science of London, and I will tell you what to do. I will deal out fair judgment to you; I will show you how to balance the book of your life on scientific lines. Remember,

YOUR CONSCIENCE MAY BE TOO TENDER.

'HASTIN RUFFER, B.Sc.'

'There are many people,' he had told himself, **'who would give a great deal, people to whom five pounds is a trifle, to consult some one whom they do not know, and, most important of all considerations, who does not know them, in order to have a dispassionate view of themselves and their actions.'**

But now that the advertisement was in type and paid for, he was not so sure.

And then came a newspaper man to interview him about his scheme.

Ruffer knew what to do, he imagined. **'Sit down and have a drink,'** said he, putting out the glad right hand of fellowship.

'Not before lunch, thanks,' the scribe made reply. 'What's this new game you've invented?'

'It's the outcome of Modern'——

'Cut that part right out, please, and tell me what it is itself, not what its progenitors were.'

'Certainly,' said Ruffer when he had got his breath. 'I used to know an old fellow once who worried himself to a shadow because he'd saved a man's life. You see, the man killed his wife shortly afterwards, and the old fellow blamed himself all his days because he didn't let him drown instead of be hanged. He said there would have been one more person alive in the world if he hadn't saved the man. He said that if he'd only pushed him under, instead of pulling him out, he would have done a far, far better thing. You see, he didn't know how to square accounts, how to sort out his conscience, as I call it. Now, I'm a trained scientist, and I can lend a dispassionate and analytical mind to such people.'

'I won't say your knowledge of human beings is far out,' the reporter admitted judicially.

'I know it's not.'

Next day's issue of the *Morning Record* printed a column interview, headed:

'MAN WHO ANALYSES HUMAN HEARTS.
B.S.C. WHO WEIGHS UP WICKEDNESS AND PROVIDES
ANTIDOTE.
PEACE OF MIND FOR FIVE POUNDS.'

By the end of the week Hastin Ruffer had more 'cases' than he could deal with conveniently, and he was compelled to engage a secretary to answer the simpler problems.

To his unbounded astonishment, quite a number of people paid personal calls, though few of them indeed gave their names. Some of those who called went away at once, saying with acerbity that he was too young; but those who noticed his clever, ascetic face stayed, and got much practical, common-sense advice from him for their five-pound notes. One man—such is human nature—tried to bilk him.

He imposed pretty stiff sentences at times, too. Some of his judgments were quaint.

One prosperous old man came to consult him about a vile temper. 'I can't understand myself,' he said. 'I have a dear, good wife and a most charming daughter. I am very fond of them, but hardly a day passes that I do not break out into some passion or other that makes them both—and me—wretched. They have only one life each to lead, and I have poisoned—yes, poisoned!—their lives up to now. Only this morning I threw a piece of hot buttered toast at my daughter, and she had to go away and wash her hair. It's not the sort of thing that can be made up to them. I feel I ought to be punished for it.'

'Why don't you control your temper?'

'I do, as much as I can.'

'You do? I see. Are you fond of walking?'
'No; I hate it, loathe it, abhor it.' He did not tell Ruffer that he began life as an errand-boy in the days when there were few omnibuses, and that he had marked his emancipation from that humble state in life by riding everywhere.

'Well, I think you must walk five miles every day, and ten every Saturday.'

'That's pretty stiff, isn't it? Won't less do?'

'It's what the case demands,' Ruffer answered sternly.

'You don't let people down lightly.'

'You've paid me, and I've given my reasoned opinion. Good-day to you, sir.'

'Wouldn't it do if I paid large sums to charity anonymously?'

'Five miles a day, and ten every Saturday. There are two other people waiting to see me.'

'A five-pound fine, and a sentence of hard labour too! It's a bit stiff,' the hasty-tempered man told himself, and he began to get into a boiling rage, until he remembered. But he went away and did what he had been ordered to do, for he had a conscience that would not let him off. Also, in six months he had a normal liver, the temper and patience of a saint, and a keen relish for long tramps and bread and cheese and beer lunches in wayside inns.

One day, sitting smoking his pipe on a stile, he broke into hearty guffaws, and slapped his knees like the merriest old merchant that ever came out of the City of London. 'I see now,' he bellowed. 'I went to him about my temper, and he cured my liver. Now, if I'd gone to a doctor I'd have had some physic, and ha' been as bad as ever. That chap ought to be paid by the State'—which was a very socialistic thing for a true-blue old Tory to say.

Many a queer story was told to Hastin Ruffer, and often enough he answered, so to speak, with his back to the wall; for some of the things to which he had to listen almost defied cold justice, and made the Judgment Dealer want to kick out with both feet.

Yet he soon forgot the majority of his 'patients,' and he never made notes. But one 'patient,' a girl, lived in his memory for many weeks. She called to see him in the twilight of a winter day, and her face—a pretty face it was—was as white as her ermine cloak. She was one of those slender women who seem to be caressed by their furs.

Ruffer looked at her earnestly, and found it hard to believe that she had anything on her conscience. He could as soon have suspected a kitten of forgery.

'Do you know who I am?' she asked very anxiously.

'No.'

'I'm so glad! I feared you might. May I ask for your advice?'

She laid a five-pound note on the table, and Ruffer took it.

'Please sit down and tell me what you have to tell me in your own way,' he said kindly.

'I do not think I have done anything wrong,' she went on; 'but I do not know if what I am thinking of doing is wrong. I want you to advise me as dispassionately as you are able, and I do not want you to be common-sense, or anything horrid like that. I want you to deal with me in the most ethical way.'

'That is exactly what you have paid me for.'

'I am engaged to be married,' she began.

'Am I to congratulate you?'

'That's the whole point,' she said eagerly. 'I do not love the man I am going to marry so well as I love another man.'

'Then why not marry the other man?'

'I want to know which of the two it's right for me to marry. That's just why I've come to you. I like my fiancé very much. I'm not altogether sure I don't love him, in a way. I know I love the other man.' The prettiest, palest pink stole into her face.

'And the difficulty?'

'Money.'

Ruffer looked disappointed. Somehow it seemed a pitiable thing that so delectable a girl should hesitate on such an account. She saw the look.

'It's not so simple as that,' she said. 'Should children obey their parents?'

'When their parents are in the right.'

'Father is very, very fond of me,' she explained; 'and it's because he's so fond of me that he wishes me to marry the man to whom I'm engaged. That's why he doesn't want me to marry the other. Besides, I haven't been brought up to be a poor man's wife. So it wouldn't be fair to the poor man, would it?'

'How poor is he?'

'He has five hundred a year. Need I tell you that five hundred a year wouldn't begin to dress me?'

Ruffer sat silent.

'Well?' she said.

'What would you do if the poorer man were killed on the way home this evening? Suppose you knew that you would never see him, never speak to him again?'

'I don't know.'

'Pardon me, that's the one thing you do know.'

'But he won't be killed on the way home.'

'Ah, you shirk the answer; you daren't face it. What would you feel?'

'I don't think I should ever feel again. I should be numb.'

'Then what's your difficulty?'

'Why, he can't keep me.'

'I take it you're made of the same sort of stuff—carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and so on—that other people are made of?'

'Of course.'

'Then why can't he keep you? An expenditure of ten shillings a week is ample to provide food for the normal human organism, and provide enough to keep it healthy, and therefore happy. Why can't he keep you?'

'This cloak I'm wearing cost more than he earns in a year. I could sell it second-hand for more than five hundred pounds at this moment.'

'Then sell it, and buy with the money the house you'll live in. It'll have a weather-tight roof and a sufficient cubic air capacity. What more do you want?'

'But'—

'Is he fond of you?'

'He tells me so,' she averred shyly.

'How do you think he will feel if he loses you?'

'But I shall lose him too.'

'No; you'll sell him, or, rather, yourself, for ermine cloaks, glittering bits of carbon called diamonds, and choice foods to tickle your palate and ruin your digestion. The animal called man thrives best on simple foods, lives longer, and is happier during life.'

'You put it very horridly.'

'But it's true.'

'What use would I be to him? I can't cook, I can't darn, I don't know how to keep house, and I'm sure I couldn't shop for him. I should bankrupt him in six months.'

'Ah, now you're telling me you're a fool, and you're not that.'

'I'm telling you nothing of the kind. Why do you scold me like this? I came for disinterested, calm advice.'

'And you're getting it. You can learn to cook, if you're a person of average intelligence, in six weeks. You can teach yourself to darn in an hour. You can shop through one of the big stores, for they send you what you order, and they charge you the fair market rate for the day. As to your expensive clothes, they are about as necessary to you as caviare. The point is this. We live in a country whose climatic conditions make it necessary to place round our bodies layers of materials which do not readily conduct heat. The reason is that the skin is continually radiating the warmth generated by our food. That is, we are continually losing heat. The function of our clothes is to retain that heat, and so keep us comfortable and healthy. Now, a knitted jacket, if it be made of wool, is just as useful as ermine, and much more hygienic, for it can be washed again and again. Also, it is within the means of a man with five hundred a year.'

'But it would be so'—

'Pardon me. Now, what I want to ask is this: are you willing to give up the only thing that is really satisfactory in life—love—in order to be able to keep warm by means of the skins of animals instead of by their wool? Must you have their hides, or will their hair satisfy you?'

Are you, in fact, civilised, or are you a savage?' 'I don't think I'm a savage; but is it savage to want pretty things?'

'Not if you can afford them. But can you afford them when the price is lifelong unhappiness? Wait a minute, please. Take the question of food. You eat to repair the waste caused by your energies, and by the manufacture of heat inside your body. There is no other defensible reason for eating. Now quite plain and quite cheap foods, like New Zealand lamb, cabbage, potatoes, apples, carrots, turnips, rice, and bread, are the very best you can have from the point of view of your physical well-being. Are you going to traffic in your emotions in order to be able to eat foods that are not so good for you, though they are much more expensive, and please your palate better, because your palate has grown used to them?'

'I've not heard the question put like that before.'

'Haven't you? You have paid me for a scientific answer to the question whether you should marry for love or money. I have given it to you.'

'But we should have to live in some wretched place like Peckham Rye.'

'On five hundred pounds a year? Indeed no. You might have a pleasant little house in the country, or you might live in one of the northern suburbs, such as Barnet. At a place like that you could have a tricar and two servants on that money. You and your husband could leave the house to the servants at the week-ends, and go off motoring through the loveliest country in the world. If he had only a hundred and fifty a year, I would still tell you to grow up, become civilised, marry him, and have a good time. You wouldn't have the servants or the tricar; but you'd be happy, healthy, and worth while in the world.'

'But all my friends would drop me.'

'Tell me, on your honour, would you care if they did, when you had your husband?'

'Not very much,' said she.

'Then there's no more to be said, is there?'

'But it would be such a change. One dreads'—

'The mountain-tops after the hothouse, I dare say. You may not be woman enough to live for your spirit instead of your body.'

'But suppose he stopped loving me?'

'That,' said Ruffer, 'has nothing to do with this question. He might stop loving you if he were an earl. Which are you going to choose, nose-rings, anklets, and the tails of fat sheep, or clothes that keep you fit and food that makes you healthy?'

'Nose-rings! the tails of fat sheep!'

'Exactly. The aristocrats in some parts of the world wouldn't give a farthing for ermine and diseased liver. What they sell themselves for

are copper nose-rings and the morbid tails of sheep. Fashions vary, but the idea's the same.'

'I came here,' said the girl, 'thinking you'd tell me the right thing for me to do was to obey my father, and marry the man he wants me to. I came to you because you don't know me, and I hoped you'd look at it as a stranger would. If your verdict had been that I ought to let love go I wouldn't have done it; but I should have had an uneasy conscience all my life. I expected tact from you, and you've taken a bludgeon and hammered away at me until you let fresh air into my soul. I can't thank you enough.'

'Then you never meant to marry the rich man?'

'No. He's fat, he's middle-aged, and he patronises me. I've known him since I was in the nursery, and I was afraid I ought to marry him.'

'It was a needless fear. Go away, and let your soul grow up.'

'I'll take it out of its fur lining,' she said. 'That's all it wants.'

'I think it is,' he said, shaking hands with her.

She sent him a piece of the wedding-cake.

'I made this cake myself,' she wrote, 'and I don't think it's at all bad. My husband—I'll send him to you if he misbehaves—has been made junior partner, so we shall live up the river in summer and in town in winter. The tricar is going to be a twelve horse-power car; but I'm half-sorry about that. I'm going to do the cooking, at any rate at first, for he says I cook beautifully, and my clothes won't be too useful. I wonder if you'll remember whom this is from. I shall never forget you. You were so very quaint, and so very right too. Wish us luck.'

THE HEROES OF THE SILENCE.

Nor in the gray old abbeys
Sleep all her sons of fame,
Nor on the marble columns
Is written every name;

But many of the workers,
Whose hands have wrought the best,
Have sunk into the silence
And in the shadows rest.

For them we raise no marbles,
For them we shed no tears;
But still their glory liveth
In the honour of the years.

When laurel crowns have faded
And triumph songs are past,
The heroes of the silence
By deeds they wrought shall last.

For sculptured marbles crumble,
Old abbeys have their day;
But the glory of the silence
Shall never pass away.

ARTHUR HUNT CRUTE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

WHEN the object of the world's attention changed from the warring Balkans, with rivers of blood running through south-eastern Europe, corpse-covered roads and fields, wreckage of armies everywhere, men's minds obsessed with thoughts of shooting and killing, foulest pestilence in the air, the plaintive cries of lost and hungry little children for the fathers and mothers they would never see again, everywhere destruction, misery, and the antithesis of human progress; when the world all in a morning moved its glance and its thought from such an oppressive scene to that of great, vast Canada, upon which the snows, with all their beneficent influences, were just then beginning to fall—Canada of the fiercest commercial and industrial energy; Canada the practical, the progressive, the hopeful and the happy, above all the peaceful, our magnificent Canada—the change was a delightful thing. It set alight again hope and belief in men and the world. To British people the change was most specially welcome. The Balkans were full of forebodings for us. Greater wars were threatened; gloomy comparisons were being made between our present and future naval capacity and that of certain other nations and combinations of nations. That sense of the loneliness of Britain that gets on our nerves from time to time was coming again. And thereupon Canada spoke, and told them all that she would pay for three of the best battleships that had ever been built for the use of her mother-land. I can find it in my mind to believe that even certain of the European Powers who were not exactly benefiting by this arrangement experienced a sense of pleasure, if a fleeting one, on hearing of it. It stood for reason, courage, truth, loyalty, determination, and progress; it stood for a better world.

* * *

It so happened that I who write was newly back from Canada when there was made this great announcement which may well have more to do with the future of the world than anything else that has been said or done in the lifetime of any of us, and it inevitably revived many recently formed impressions and created new reflections. I had spent a deeply interesting and instructive time in many parts of the

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United States, enjoying the rich hospitality and helpfulness of the Americans towards their kinsmen; and nowhere had the wonders of the country, and the enterprise, sociability, and other admirable qualities of the people, been better demonstrated to me than in Chicago, where I then was for the second time in a long journey. But the shaded thermometer had for some days past been aspiring to the hundred mark, and the conditions of life were not comfortable. For that reason specially it seemed good at the moment to go climbing up in that Grand Trunk train into Canada, where it could not be so torrid. But the man who knows not Canada and approaches her for the first time from the United States has many peculiar sensations. He is fuller of wonderment and curiosity and defeated imagination even than when he first sailed into New York, and in some cases he may be a trifle uneasy at leaving such a splendidly kind and warm-hearted people behind him. Now, Canada takes a great deal of understanding, and certain difficulties of perception, leading up eventually to a thoroughly clear and happy knowledge, began from that moment. The vastness of the country and its magnificent resources I appreciated from the map and the statistics that I had absorbed; the local colour and the details, the real impressions that would be supplied me in the far distance that I was travelling in the country, would make the other knowledge live; but there was something difficult to do in coming to understand the exact feeling and temperament and disposition of this Canadian people, and it seemed to most thinkers that in this attitude and disposition the future of the British Empire and the world was bound up. It is impossible for people at home who have never been in Canada to understand exactly. We cannot gather much with confidence from the Canadians who come home to us except that the country is very wonderful, that their prospects are good, their life healthy, and that Canada is very loyal to the mother-country—very loyal—always that. We take this for granted perhaps too readily. Then we are told from time to time two exactly opposite things about Canada, one being that it is more British than Britain, and another that in some respects it is more American than the United States. You remember hearing both these observations made. Sometimes they

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are not applied to the whole of Canada, but to the very representative city of Toronto alone. I was going to Toronto, and I should begin to try to find out which was right from about twenty-five minutes past eight on the following morning.

* * *

In the meantime I embarked on a preliminary voyage of discovery in the way of snaps of conversation with travellers on the train, who were mostly Americans. It was noticeable with what wholesome respect they talked of Canada. They seemed to admire her enormously—her sturdiness, courage, independence, and her glorious resources. 'She will be greater than we are!' was an admission freely made by several people of sense and understanding; and it was a remark made to me by Americans at other times and places. It is a rather considerable admission of prophecy for a citizen of the great United States to make. They said that at present, even with her accelerated rate of progress, she might in some things be said to be fifty years behind America; but she would catch up in probably another hundred, and then our great-grandsons would see what they would see. So much were Americans impressed with the future of the northern country that out in the west they were flocking over the border into it by their thousands. It was creating uneasiness in some American places. People emigrating from the United States into Canada indeed! But was this not leading to a greater fusion of interests, and to the gentle Americanisation of Canada? Now they were getting to the point. 'What will happen?' was an obvious question, hesitatingly put. 'Oh, Canada will come along with us in the end!' was the invariable answer, given in a tone of the utmost confidence and decision. It seemed to be the real belief of the average American that the more or less complete fusion of the two countries in the not very distant future was inevitable. The fact that this impression is abroad is of some importance. 'What,' said one gentleman, 'has Canada to gain by remaining in close association with the mother-country? What has she not to lose by holding aloof from America? She will at any rate announce her complete independence as soon as she can. That would practically amount to a joining up with the United States. At present she is not strong enough for such independence. She has not the people or the money. When she has them she will establish that independence which is the instinctive desire of a people as it is of an individual.' To the best of my ability I answered the gentleman's questions and gave combat to his arguments; but Americans are very stubborn, and, to tell the truth, not very enlightened in regard to any other politics than their own. A ten years' course of the Concert of Europe would develop their minds in this respect most excellently.

At six in the morning I awoke, shot up the blind alongside my berth, and looked out upon a rather cold-looking, raw Canada, thinly enveloped in an autumn morning mist, with a little chill in it that was welcome as the east wind which sometimes blows down the Strand would have been to us when we were sweltering in New York and Chicago. There was no doubt about our being in a daughter-land of Britain. The train steamed past big works and manufactories continually, and the names of their firms were painted with 'Limited' at the end instead of the American 'Inc.' (Incorporated). Rather late, the train dawdled into the Union Station at Toronto, and then one's mind began to work upon problems of differences and realities. A certain Britishness of things at once became apparent. The very Union Station itself was that way. It was more like the British station than the American one in a big and important city, in that it was somewhat rough, not elaborated, a trifle untidy, and not so convenient as are the stations at great American places. No great concourse, no great number of parallel tracks, no separate track for every route, no fine waiting-rooms. After dealing with the Customs officials, people felt hungry, no breakfast having been provided on the train. It was nine o'clock, and it would be at least an hour before we could be fixed up in hotels; hence an obvious move towards the refreshment-room on the other side of the line for coffee and rolls. Hard things have been said of the refreshment-rooms on British railways; but when the pangs of hunger and thirst drive me to one on some future luckless day, I shall think of myself sitting on the high stool at the rough bar of this particular refreshment-room, seeing all the foods in tins and boxes and paper bags, and the general arrangements crude indeed, with a man behind dealing out the goods in a rough-and-ready way; and then I shall rest serenely in happy satisfaction as feeding on nectar and ambrosia from vessels of silver and gold. Mind, I do not say this is characteristic of Canadian refreshment-rooms, and even here the food was good enough; but everything was so severe and simple, and almost primitive. A man in a rough tweed suit, with a cold, hard look on his strong face, hopped up on to the stool on my right, and reached across my cup with his left arm for the sugar-basin. Two young women came to the counter on my left, gave orders in a sharp, quick way suggesting their knowledge of going about, and then talked about their arrangements rapidly to one another, caring nothing about being overheard. Here in ten minutes I gained a first impression of the Canadian spirit which was confirmed in every experience afterwards. On the faces of nearly all the people there was the look of the wanderer from home, the cold, stern look of the adventurer for fortune, the calm sadness of one who had left something behind, and was with some

strength and courage fighting forward into the unknown. They were going out into an untouched world where a first beginning was being made with everything. Their strength and determination were paramount. Conventions and petty social customs were being fast abandoned. Each man was for himself.

* * *

This suggestion was more conspicuous in Toronto than in any other Canadian city that I visited, and for what seemed to me to be a clearly defined reason. Toronto is a place of going through, one of the spots from which the adventurers take their plunge. You also get the impression of 'going through' when at Montreal, but there is a strong mixture of interests and attitudes and intentions in this beautiful city. Not so French, of course, as Quebec, it is yet very French; and it seems a little apart and a little completer in itself than the other cities in the Dominion. More people go there to stay or to go back to their own country. Many who go there, also, are going straight into the States, along through Vermont to Boston or New York. The far west of Canada somehow seems less to Montreal than it does to Toronto. In Canada, as in the United States, the halls of the great hotels are as the hubs of the cities, the centres of movement and disposition. They are the human exchanges where people meet, talk, settle affairs, think, and make their arrangements for travel. In Montreal and in Toronto there are the halls of hotels which exactly correspond to each other, that of the 'Windsor' at Montreal and that of the 'King Edward' at Toronto. Every hour of the day and night these halls are alive with people coming and going and making arrangements. In each case there is the great desk for the clerical staff on one side, the railway ticket-offices on another, the bookstall on a third, and the remaining space is filled up with candy and tobacco departments, and such like. Opening out are the cable-offices. There are seats in the middle and everywhere; and all the time there is the quick clattering of feet on the tiled floor, and the clanging together of the gates of the big lifts. But the difference was this, that at the 'Windsor' there were many more ladies in evidence, there was much nicer dress, black clothes and white linen were common, even silk hats were seen, and you might notice men with white and well-tended hands. More than these, there was bright, spirited conversation, some jokes, and much laughter. People were enjoying prosperity, and there were bright countenances enough. Also, it was noticeable that the hotel detective was keeping a very sharp lookout on everything. The King Edward Hotel at Toronto exactly corresponds with the 'Windsor' at Montreal, though much newer. It is a most admirable institution, as well managed as any hotel in the United States, and has become a conspicuous and important centre of

Canadian life. Here also, in the hall, you have the clattering and clanging, and the great, quick bustle; but there were few ladies, less fine black clothes, no white ties, few smiles, but everywhere a most impressive sternness. You could see the look of something left behind in the faces of the men—a sad look, but one of great determination. Here in this hall the sense, the impression, of going through, of being about to enter the gates of the new land, was overpowering. Calgary! Edmonton! these places at the eastern foot of the Rockies, and the fast advancing Prince Rupert beyond them, had suddenly begun to seem the great places of the world. You were hearing of them all the time, seeing the names printed, becoming obsessed by them—Calgary! Calgary! Edmonton! Edmonton! Everybody was 'going through.' Cold, stern-looking men trooped into the hall early in the evening. They had come on from Montreal. They lounged about the great hall, wrote some letters feverishly, sent some cables, sat down with their cheap cigars between their lips, and gazed long and meditatively on the tiled floor. This attitude of brooding was a common one. And then some time later, about eleven o'clock at night, when more were still coming in and getting ready to go through, the loud voice of a hotel servant was heard shouting out the announcement that the train for the west was leaving at a certain time that had nearly come. Then men got up from the cane seats, shook themselves, set their features again, and started to go through. This was the real beginning of their new life. There was Winnipeg in front of them to stay at before they finally dropped away into the west; but Winnipeg was far away, and itself of the west.

* * *

Certainly everybody does not arrive at Toronto to go through it. It is a great and complete city itself, and the most enterprising, thorough, and up-to-date place in Canada. It is quite different from any other. Its atmosphere is inevitably tinged with the spirit of the Canadian West. The people of Toronto lead cold, serious lives. They are simple and intensely practical. They know themselves to be great pioneers, and their ways are those of pioneers. They are now, in their increasing prosperity, introducing some fine and beautiful things into their town-life. Besides good concerts and a great exhibition, there are many other evidences of a certain completion that is being given to the life in the Ontarian capital. But, for all that, simplicity and severity are predominant. Life is sterner here than in most of the older American cities where so much more money has been made. In the American city family fortunes were established a generation or two back, and there are signs of wealth, some luxury, and many means of enjoyment at every hand. It is not like that in Toronto or anywhere else in Canada. Work and advancement

are almost the only things that are thought of. Pleasure has but a small part in the scheme of things. Manners are brusque. Notices are severely plain. 'Keep out!' is what you see in big printed letters on the doors where building operations are going on inside, instead of the gentler intimation that there is 'No admission except on business.' Instead of the notice that pedestrians along a temporary footway or underneath some scaffolding should not unnecessarily loiter, the injunction 'Be quick!' is made. The point is reached quickly and with force. The city is made up of square blocks and straight lines on the most approved American plan, except that it will not have numbers for its streets. It calls them by such names as 'King' and 'Yonge,' frequently omitting the word 'Street' from the signs on the corners of the buildings. Its restaurants are for the most part of a simple kind; of taverns there are scarcely any, and there is a strong movement towards their almost complete extinction. While I was there I read a long editorial in one of the leading newspapers against the evils of alcohol and the misery and ruin it causes, and a passionate appeal for the stamping out of this curse in Canada, a cry that nobody should be content until every tavern is closed and alcohol is shut out of the land. This vehemence occurs constantly, and is generally based on a text of some act of crime committed by a drunkard. It is a wonderful, magnificent ideal that this new, clean, natural land shall be made a country without the alcoholic poison, where men can make their efforts and lead their lives unhandicapped and untrammelled by beer, wine, or spirits. Some say that it is an impossible ideal. With

that question I have nothing to do. The point is that the ideal exists and is making some progress. At seven o'clock on Saturday night every bar is closed and the lights put out, and from then not a drop of alcoholic refreshment can be bought for money until Monday morning. The visitor staying in an hotel cannot have it served to him in the smoke-room or anywhere else about the hotel except with his meals or in his own bedroom. However far the Canadians may fall short of their ideal, the Saturday night carouse is at all events an impossibility now. When most of the shopping has been done the streets relapse into a very quiet way. There is no shouting and laughter, and no hilarious prancing of the pavements arm-in-arm, with noisy song-singing, because there is not to be had that which inspires these exhibitions of peculiar emotion. Toronto is altogether tremendously severe and idealistic in the matter of morals and conduct. It is all for the simplest and the purest life, for quickness and hard efficiency with it. It seems as if subconsciously there is throughout all human Canada the ambition of catching up and passing, of making very good in a most tremendous enterprise. And be sure it is being done. Nothing is being left undone that might increase its efficiency and that of its people. Its educational systems are magnificent, and the city is expanding in the most wonderful way. Go to the outskirts in any direction, and you see not just a little building being done on the fringe, but acres and acres of it, in every direction, as if the whole city had only just been begun. I will continue these Canadian impressions another time.

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XII.—THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE weather reflected our cheery mood. The deck was bone-dry. No more hanging on aloft with numbed hands in the roaring gale; no more flooded fo'c'sle; no more haunted nights. The ocean's truce was as thorough as her onslaught. But for the sense of distance in the specks of sail on the immensity of the sea, I could have imagined we were on some Highland loch, spanking along under a summer sun and a summer breeze.

'With Callender left behind we were only a "threesome" now before the mast—Lowden, Evan, and myself. Lowden read, or pretended to read, when off duty; but his eyes often travelled aft. He was silent, as usual; but, after all, a silent shipmate is better than a quarrelsome one or a windbag, and the three of us rubbed along uneventfully.

'The skipper had bought a collie dog at St John's. "Dugald" was a privileged passenger,

free of the sacred fo'c'sle, where even an officer rarely shows his nose. He had the freedom of the ship and the run of his teeth in the galley.'

'A sable! I got him when she stranded,' I interjected.

'Strange, isn't it? If "Dugald" could have spoken he would have been as interesting as Crusoe's parrot, I think. A good, kind beast!

'Evan and I often loafed under the lee of the scuttle hatch o' nights, out of the stuffy little fo'c'sle. Tobacco rose on the evening air. We would sit "swapping lies," as the phrase goes, Evan recounting marvellous tales of the occult or his adventures on far seas; or out would come the concertina, and his rich baritone trolled out sailor-men's songs gathered from the ends of the earth; songs, too, in the soft Gaelic, one a haunting memory of his beloved Skye, Nicholson's "My heart is yearning for thee, oh Skye! dearest of islands," in its cadences the melody and

mystery of the seas around the misty isle. "Ah, I'm thinkin' no one but a Skye-man will pe understandin' it," Evan would remark compassionately to us Sassenachs.

'The Old Man gave all his leisure to his girl-wife. Theirs had been a chequered honeymoon, and now, in the sunny weather, they laid the ghost of the days on *The Berwick Law*. Happy laughter rang over the ship, for the skipper was a big boy at heart. It did one good to see the two of them romping with the collie like children. . . . I don't like to recall those days.

'One day the deck seemed strangely dull, for she did not appear. In the second dog-watch the mate came forward. "'Ot an' shiverin' Mrs Gerrand is," was all he could tell us. "Tykin' proper care, she'll be all right in a day or two." But a day or two passed, and still she did not appear. The Old Man was very restless, going up and down the companion-way twenty times an hour, and every hour the lines on his drawn face deepened. Gradually a silence fell on the ship.

'Lowden, to all appearances, did without sleep. He haunted the deck, hollow-eyed, as haggard as the captain. We went about our routine work almost on tiptoe. No jesting o' nights forward, our voices lowered, orders in subdued speech instead of the familiar shout, the swish of the sea and the ship's bell strangely loud in the stillness. A Shadow was chasing us.

'One evening the captain came on deck, his face gray under the tan. He scanned the sea with his binocular, and altered the course a point or two, for a big barque was coming up on the port side. We ran up the signal in the curt Commercial Code, "Send—doctor," and then waited like men in the dock. It seemed hours before the reply fluttered out, "*We—have—none.*" The Old Man sat down limply by the rail, his face in his hands for a minute or two, and then went below to watch his wife die.

'The smoke of a liner in the distance raised our hopes of a doctor. She came quickly up, the passengers lounging at the side watching us, so near that I caught a bar or two from her band, the strains of a Strauss walse, life, joy, youth in the swing of it.

'Just then the captain came on deck with the slow, dragging step of an old man, his face lined and drawn. "She's awa'!" he said twice, and that was all, except a gulped, "No' th' day, biddie," to the collie, that had trotted up to him, ears and tail a-quiver, confident of a frolic.

'Our signals were lowered. The music on the liner suddenly ceased as we ran the ensign to half-mast, and the big ship passed on, her engines' throbs beating fainter and fainter, leaving our little craft alone in the silence of the darkening evening. Lowden paced the deck all night.

'The morrow, a still, sunlit day, saw the jib-sheet to windward and the schooner's way deadened, the four of us in the afternoon

watch, bareheaded, standing beside the Union-jack covering the slight figure, the Old Man, The Book in hand, at the head; over all the great blue arch of the sky. He cleared his throat and began to read a service of the Kirk, groping for the words. Half a sentence perhaps: "*Behold, I shew you a mystery;*" then a long pause. It was asking too much of Duty, too much of any man, we thought, and the mate stepped forward, saying, "I'll take the Book—if you like, sir." Kindly meant; but the Old Man turned almost fiercely, and waved him aside, mute. His voice gathered strength at the interruption as he stumbled on—"O Death . . . thy victory! . . . Therefore . . . be ye stedfast, unmoveable"—to the end. Then he turned, as he would have phrased it, to "the day's darg" with "Let down the jib-sheet." The schooner gathered way again. The Old Man watched the pitiless radiance of the sea until nightfall, when an unseen Hand slowly drew a cloudless curtain over the heavens and sprinkled it with a million jewels, one star differing from another in glory. . . . A night for lovers' dreams, the unmarked grave far astern.'

CHAPTER XIII.—A CHANGE OF MASTERS.

'I HAD been standing opposite Lowden during the service. His jaws were twitching. He never lifted his gaze from the flag, except once, when he looked at Gerrand with smouldering, hollow eyes. The Old Man never looked his way, and no one saw Lowden's glance except myself.

'Two days afterwards a strong wind came out of the westward, and its call to action was a relief after the gloom on the ship. The Old Man fought with his grief, biting on the bullet with the instinct of the strong; alert and vigilant again, his eyes alive for a weather change.

'It was early in the first watch. Lowden was at the tiller, Hulse just about to relieve him.

'Lowden, coming forward from the tiller, stepped quickly to just within a yard of where the Old Man was standing, and I think, though I can't be sure, that he said something, for the other man spun round instantly, his brows black as thunder. The two men stood for a moment, eye to eye.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Gerrand," said Lowden, in a low voice, cool and easy. It was not meant to reach any of us, but the words carried. Then, as if to an equal, and there was no mistaking the thinly veiled insolence, "I thought perhaps that—I frightened you."

"You made a mistake then, my man," rapped out the Old Man, his voice pitched for us to hear. But he added something in a lower tone that I could not catch, and then with a straight eye at the other man, "Go for'ard and get something

to do." He turned on his heel, and Lowden sauntered forward with an ugly smile. Then, for the first time, I saw a glint of hate, fierce and definite, in his brooding eye.

He had only gone a few yards when the Old Man called to him to come below. He hesitated for a moment, then hastened to the fo'c'sle, came back in an instant, and then, his lips in a thin, hard line, went aft and followed his captain's lead down to the cabin. There was no one below except these two. We could hear them talking, the skipper's deep growl, then the other man, a change in the inflection of his voice. This went on for perhaps a couple of minutes. Hulse, at the tiller, looked puzzled; and Evan and I waited, wondering, until Evan pointed to the companion-way and whispered, "Listen."

"I looked at the mate, but he pretended not to see; so I tiptoed half-way down the companion-way, and there I crouched and listened.

"The Old Man was speaking in his deliberate bass. "Yes," he said, "my Madge, the wife I lost th' day, told me yer name—or one o' them," he added. "Ay! with her last breath almost she told me."

"The other man said not a word.

"I don't forget that ye saved *The Berwick Lass*, and, like enough, our lives; but, man, 'twas a sorry game to follow a good woman—ay, and one that I won fairly," the captain went on—"to her husband's ship. Though I never set eyes on ye till ye signed on in Trinidad, I've a good memory. I know ye, and I know a deal more about ye than ye told my poor lass."

"Is this all you wished to say to me?" asked Lowden calmly. He might have been a judge listening to some appeal.

"I'll say more if ye sail my temper a bit nearer the wind. Let it go at this, that I know ye, and if by a word or a blink—as ye did just now—ye try to best me, or if ye come within arm's-length o' me without orders, I'll clap ye in irons for the rest o' the v'y'ge!"

"Better not try. Better that we had all gone down in *The Berwick Lass*! I've commanded a few crews, and I never put a man in irons yet. I had—other—swifter methods. 'Tis a slow process, the law."

"I wonder that the Old Man did not catch the danger-note in the smooth speech. But Gerrand's temper had gone by the board. He fairly roared at the other man.

"Ye may have commanded a fleet, but—one ship, one master! Ye're on my ship now, and s'long's ye are ye'll obey my orders at the run. As for the law, ye're the last to forget that I've a police flag handy, and ye'll maybe find that it'll land ye straight fra the Tail o' the Bank to Duke Street Jyle." He leaned over the table. "There's short shrift, if I say the word, for a man that's worn the Queen's uniform and changed his name. Ye damned blackbirder—and worse—Cap'n John Gregory, Eric Lowden, able seaman, whatever

name ye sail under!" The words tumbled over each other in his anger.

"I could not see what happened, but I heard an ugly oath, the sound of something lifted and thrown, the smash of a lamp, then the Old Man's voice, "Pick yerself up, ye dog, and get for'ard."

"I tiptoed swiftly up on deck.

"Lowden came up the companion-way, blood running from a cut on his forehead. He must have been an ugly customer to tackle, but the Old Man had a giant's frame.

"Put this man in irons, Mr Hulse." This from the Old Man, his wrath down, clear and composed, the voice of authority. Hulse left the tiller and made to come forward a step or two.

"Fair warning, Hulse! I've no quarrel with you," came through Lowden's clenched teeth. The man's face was white and desperate, his eyes were filled with madness; a thin runnel of blood trickling down his face.

Evan and I exchanged a look, and made for aft, but we were too late. The Old Man's hand pointed steadily at Lowden. Poor Hulse stepped in front of him towards Lowden. There was a sudden movement, the crack of a revolver, and Hulse reeled back to the shrouds, clutching them with one hand.

"I'm sent for," was all he said. For a minute we stood paralysed. Then Lowden, with incredible swiftness, sprang back. The Old Man, livid with wrath, seized a belaying-pin, hurled it at him, and ran in. The revolver cracked again, the man behind it as cool as if at a game. Gerrand reeled and then stood swaying, one hand at his throat, his face suddenly ghastly. The schooner, with no one steering, sheered heavily. There was a sudden lurch. The wounded man staggered blindly, and his murderer fired a second shot just as Gerrand reached the port-rail. The captain gave a wild clutch at Hulse with his death-grip. Next moment the schooner gave a great roll to the main-rail, and in a dreadful second, before we could move, both men went over the side. I recall it all now: the pools of blood on the deck; the collie wagging his tail, peering over the side; one choked cry from the captain, and the last glimpse of the two men for a moment in the sun-flecked foam in our wake. They sank like stones, dead, I believe, almost as soon as they hit the water.

Evan and I made to run to the tiller, but we were brought up standing. Lowden was too quick for us. For a freezing moment I thought that we were doomed to follow the skipper and mate, for there he was, his free hand on the tiller, and the revolver covering us in turn, swaying like a snake's head slowly between us.

"There was no trace of the fo'c'sle in his voice as he sang out, "*I—sail—this—ship.*"

(To be continued.)

THE CHOLERA IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE terrible outbreak of cholera at Constantinople, apart from the great effect which it will have on the final issues of the war, raises several most important considerations for us in Britain as to how it may affect our immediate interests.

One of the most effectual means of checking the spread of infection in such outbreaks is the cremation of the dead and their clothing; but this measure is to a great extent barred in the case of the Turks, who, like all Moslems, have the strongest religious objection to this method of disposal of the dead, and we learn that in the lines of Chatalja the suggestion and carrying out of this procedure has met with the expected objections and opposition. It is well known that on the Indian frontier the threat that, if captured and executed, their bodies would be burned had a most deterrent effect upon fanatical Mohammedan Ghazis, who look upon the murder of a Christian as a sure passport to heaven; and 'Thou son of a burned father' is one of the most opprobrious terms of abuse among such people.

Cholera is the best instance of a water-borne disease, and the greatest danger of its spread is from the dejects of sufferers from the disease gaining access to wells, reservoirs, rivers, &c.; but instances are on record of its spread by clothing, and after the war is over the importation of rags from Constantinople will have to be carefully watched. Doubtless the battlefields and routes of retreat will be exploited by dealers in this unsavoury class of merchandise; and, besides the germs of cholera, those of typhoid fever, smallpox, &c. may lurk therein for a long time. We have not forgotten the outbreak in a train-ship of typhoid fever traced to the importation of infected blankets after the war in South Africa. Britain, owing to her insular position, is less likely to become infected with cholera from personal transmission than any other country in Europe, owing to the ease with which cases can be detected on entry, and to the excellent water-supply of all but the smallest village communities; but for some time it will be very dangerous for ships to take in a supply of drinking-water at Constantinople or any Black Sea or Levantine port, and cases of cholera due to carelessness in this respect have already been reported.

The disease is also very likely to be carried by the sick and wounded to the cities of the Balkan states; and in such cases it is remarkable how quietly and insidiously it begins, patients simply collapsing and dying without the characteristic symptoms of the disease becoming prominent. But, as already stated, the probability of Britain becoming affected from the seat of war is very remote. The spread of

the disease is always by personal transmission, and not by the air, as in the case of influenza, measles, &c.; that is, it never travels faster than do human beings, and it should be possible, though it is not so always, to trace every case of the disease to infection from a previous one.

The original home of cholera is the valley of the Ganges, and all epidemics start from that locality. Whereas formerly the disease spread thence along the land trade-routes, in the present day infection is frequently carried by steamships; and the Turks doubtless acquired it through the pilgrim trade to Mecca, whence it is spread far and wide throughout the Moslem world. The infection of individuals is brought about through their swallowing the germs of the disease in drinking-water or contaminated food. In primitive communities, where the drinking-water is obtained from surface pools, wells, or streams, the danger of contamination is obvious, for sufferers from the disease, which always causes raging thirst, of course crowd round the water and foul it with their vomit, discharges, or dirty hands. This is the method by which the disease has been spread in the recent outbreak in Turkey. In Britain, where in almost all parts we have a good, pure water-supply flowing through pipes, such outbreaks are impossible except in country districts; and where water is doubtful in quality safety may always be secured by boiling it before consumption; while in the navy and on board other ships condensed water is a perfect safeguard. In India the practice of purifying wells with permanganate of potash is now generally adopted, and a most hopeful method of treatment of the actual disease is the administration of large quantities of this drug in the copious draughts of water for which sufferers have an intense craving.

The necessity for protecting all food from contamination by dirt and flies, and the avoidance of uncooked vegetables, is obvious; and I cannot close this article better than by narrating some incidents, culled from my personal experiences, showing how outbreaks have been caused.

A shopkeeper in a hill-station in India had a soda-water-making machine, the water for which he obtained from a well by the roadside. This well was used by pilgrims passing along the road, who obtained water by lowering into it their brass *lotus* from which they drink, and which they also use for washing their persons after attending to the calls of nature. The prevalence of cholera synchronised with the soda-water manufacturer's filter being out of action, and the result was an outbreak of cholera among the consumers of his wares. This *lotus* question is a very serious one in India, where most of the drinking-water is got from wells; and among the experienced European residents the lowering of

a *lota* into the domestic well is treated as a most serious offence, demanding the instant dismissal of any native servant caught doing it.

In the same station the water-supply for the troops was obtained from springs a mile or more from the main pilgrim route, and was carefully protected. Unfortunately, just above the springs was a small level space, which the pilgrims discovered and used as a camping-ground; the presence of an abundant water-supply being doubtless an additional attraction. The result was a serious outbreak of cholera in the station.

An appalling outbreak of cholera took place in another station, resulting in the death of about ninety men in a few days from the filling of the filters with sand from the bed of a con-

taminated stream. It was the irony of fate that through this oversight the filters, which were intended to be a safeguard, were the source of the disease! Since that time filters have gone out of use in the army to a great extent, though filter water-carts are still used on manœuvres and on active service.

An outbreak of cholera among the officers of a regiment was proved to be due to a strainer used in cooking the mess dinner having been washed in a stream which ran near the cook-house.

A soldier attending on some cases of cholera in a recent war on the Indian frontier contracted the disease through putting a piece of ice into his mouth with his dirty hands.

THE SERGEANT'S LUCK.

CHAPTER IV.

NO sooner had the two rogues left than we went into the wood and buried the body of the Italian; but before doing so we searched it, and, to our unbounded surprise and delight, found four thousand pesetas, which we divided equally between us. We found too some very good cigars, so under the trees the time went pleasantly; but as the hours passed we began to be anxious at the non-return of the two bravoes.

While they were on the road between us and our destination we dared not leave our hiding-place. Surely, we thought, they must come soon; but no, there was not a sign of them. The shadows lengthened, the sun set, and the warm summer night fell. We were at our wits' end to know how to proceed.

'Depend upon it,' said José, 'those two *vagabondas* are dead-drunk in some *venta*. It must be near ten now. I know the country, and we will get off the main road as soon as we can. Come on; let us go.'

So we saddled the mules and set off.

We had not left the wood far behind, when, coming round a sharp corner, we saw the two ruffians trotting towards us. It was absolutely impossible for us to avoid them. My spirits rose in a moment, but I bitterly regretted that I had not got my sword. José, however, looked at the matter in a different way; he was brave enough, but more cautious.

'*Cielo!*' he exclaimed, 'we are in for it now; but you leave it to me. I know my countrymen better than you do.'

I thought, as a soldier, I ought to deal with them; but perhaps he knew best, and we rode forward.

'*Buena-noche, señores,*' said the one on the brown horse, slackening his pace. 'We are strangers in these parts, and my friend and I have lost our way.'

'Have you, you liar?' cried José. 'Perhaps

this will help you to find it.' There was a bright flash, and the fellow fell forward dead on to the crupper of his horse.

The horse of the other man, startled by the shot, shied and reared.

'Fire,' roared José to me, 'or we are done for!'

I did so, but whether I missed the man or not I could not tell, as his horse bolted. We set off after him; for if he escaped we should not have been much better off than we were before. Mules are no match for horses, but his poor beast was tired and our animals were fresh, and we kept him in sight. The rogue had not gone far ere he slackened his pace and got off, and now it was evident he was badly wounded, as he dragged himself towards a field of sugar-canes.

We knew he would not trouble us any more that night; so, taking his horse with us, we set off again, arriving at our headquarters just as the reveille was sounding.

The colonel was pleased at the information I was able to give him regarding the strength of the English garrison; and I was warmly congratulated by my comrades on my good fortune, for very few thought I should ever get a peseta.

A few days afterwards De Goni set off. He did not succeed in getting a commission in our service; but, thanks to our colonel's recommendation, he gained one in the Polish service. He went to Moscow; and, what's more, he came back, bringing with him a wonderful ruby, for which he got a great price. He rose to be a captain. When peace was declared, as he had a knowledge of the cultivation of the vine, he bought some land in the Gironde, and married the daughter of a rich landowner. I should say from his letters that there are few happier or more prosperous men in all those parts.

Fortune hitherto had treated me well—too well

perhaps to continue—and soon after José's departure, by a wound in the foot in a mere skirmish, she put an end to my military career. From the first the medicine-major said it would be a long affair, and for a month I was in the hospital, and for weeks went on crutches; and as the doctors all agreed that I should be lame for life—though they were quite wrong, as it turned out—I was gazetted out of the service with a pension.

Ere I started with the convoy for France, Lieutenant Finoy gave me a letter to his father, who he told me would give me the equivalent of my Spanish money and notes in French money. By the time I reached Paris I had got rid of my crutches and was able to hobble about with a stick.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindly way the good banker received me. For an hour or more he questioned me about his son's prospects and my own.

'My son tells me in his letter,' he said, 'that you have got several one thousand peseta notes to change.'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I have got sixteen of them altogether; but I have been told that they are only worth seven hundred and eighty francs each in France.'

'Ah sergeant,' he laughed, with a twinkle in his eye, 'you won't teach me much in the way of banking! Those who told you that wanted to get them.'

'Is that so?' I asked, not understanding what the intentions of the kind-hearted banker were.

'Let me look at them,' he said. 'Yes, they are worth twenty thousand francs.'

'Ciel!' I replied, not able to repress my astonishment.

'Well,' he said in a kindly voice, 'if they are not quite worth that, we will say they are. You saved the life of my only son, and that's enough for me. Now I will tell you what to do,' he continued. 'I'll place ten thousand francs in Rentes, so that you will never want. I will invest four thousand for you, and you take six thousand.'

Then he wanted to know how long I could stay in Paris, so I told him all about Françoise, and how I wanted to see her as soon as possible to discover if she would marry me.

'She's a fool if she does not,' he said. 'You let me know about that as soon as possible, because you may tell her from me that I am going to pay for her trousseau. There will be some papers to sign, so you will have to come here again, and then I hope you will bring your bride with you. No, no, don't trouble to thank me,' he continued. 'Now, *adieu* and *bonne chance*.'

I left him, quite overcome by his kindness, and thanking God that there were such good people in the world.

I left the next day long before it was light.

It was bitterly cold at first, but soon the sun shone brightly. As the day advanced it became cloudy; and as I got down at 'Le Chat Botté,' which was on the highroad between Abbeville and Amiens, and not far from our farm, it began to snow. The jovial landlord, Père Meudoner, was standing at his door.

'*Parbleu*, sergeant!' he cried, 'you have been caught this time. *Ma foi!* you do hobble. But come in and tell us all about it.'

I naturally asked eagerly after my parents and Françoise.

'They're all right,' he answered. 'Françoise has gone to the market. She will be here soon, as she promised to buy some gloves for my wife.'

'Do you think she will have me now I am lame?'

'Have you?' he exclaimed. 'Why, she never passes the door without asking me if I've seen any soldiers, and whether they know anything of you.'

'She's a beauty!' I exclaimed in delight.

'But tell me,' he said, 'what amount of what we soldiers'—for he had been in Egypt—'call "business" have you done?'

'To the sum of twenty thousand francs this time,' I replied.

'*Parbleu!*' he exclaimed, 'that's more than I ever did myself in one campaign. Look here,' he continued, leaning over the table and filling up my glass, 'you should buy this inn. You could smoke and drink at cost price all day and half the night, and make money at the same time. What more could you want? With a girl like Françoise to look after things and do all the real work, you would be living in Paradise.'

I was quite taken aback for a moment by his proposal. 'Yes, it certainly sounds very lovely,' I said. 'But if it is so nice, why are you giving it up?'

'Because my wife has come into some house property in Paris that will enable me to live like a fighting-cock for the rest of my days without doing a stroke of work. It's a perfect gift; but you can have the inn for four thousand francs, and the field behind for one thousand francs.'

'Done,' I said, 'if Françoise agrees.'

'Well, you will soon be able to find that out,' he answered; 'for, hark! here she comes. I know the trot of the old white horse.'

'I've got the gloves!' she cried in the dusk to the landlord.

'Françoise, *ma chérie!*' I shouted, 'it is I,' and I hobbled towards her as fast as I could, for she had suddenly pulled up some distance from the door, and stared at me as though she could not believe her eyes.

'*Oh mon pauvre Henri!*' she cried, 'you are as lame as a duck;' and in a minute she was out of the cart and her arms were round my neck,

as she kissed me again and again. 'Allons, let us get home!' she cried.

Ah, what a happy evening that was! What lots we had to tell each other! Little she or I cared, as I sat with my arm round her waist before the blazing fire that winter night, for the bitter cold or the snowstorm that was by that time raging without. What grand plans we made for the future, and how happy she was at the prospect of being *la patronne* of 'Le Chat Botté'! Old Père Dubusson, too, entered into that arrangement; though, as he drank himself to death within six months, he did not get so much out of it as he had hoped or expected.

Six weeks afterwards the wedding came off. Never before had the girls in those parts seen anything like the trousseau which the good banker had sent down, and never had the men had such a glorious carouse as they had at that wedding, which took place at 'Le Chat Botté,' because old Dubusson's cottage was not large enough.

Maudonier had agreed to keep on the inn till I returned from Paris, where I had to take my bride, according to my promise, to see Monsieur Finoy, and to sign and receive all the papers of the stocks he had bought me.

'Come upstairs, sergeant,' said the good

banker; for, rich as he was, he lived over the bank. 'I promised the ladies this time that they should see you.'

Madame and the two girls—both the latter were strikingly pretty—were worthy of the banker, and I cannot say more than that. Had we been relatives they could not have welcomed us more warmly; but nothing pleased me more than their praise of Françoise, who—though she was rather shy in such grand company—looked very handsome in her new clothes and her pretty linen cap (which madame told us she had chosen herself), fluted in front in the form of a fan, and stuck up at the back, only more sharply, like a little wren's tail.

Now my wife was both shrewd and clever, and while she was *la patronne* of 'Le Chat Botté' the inn became famous far and wide for its cuisine, and many travellers who would otherwise have halted at Abbeville or Amiens came to us; but, heavy as her duties were, she never neglected her large family.

I am old now; but as I look back I see that I did very well, at any rate for a trooper, at Toledo; and I did even better, as I have shown, on my second visit to Spain; but the greatest piece of luck that ever I had in all my life was in marrying Françoise Dubusson.

THE END.

BYRON AND GREECE.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE.

ALTHOUGH the simple white-marble monument erected to the memory of the great poet in the small Greek town of Missolonghi does not cover his remains—which were laid to rest in Newstead Abbey—it marks, nevertheless, the spot where he died a victim to his fearless devotion to a holy cause, thus effacing in the grandeur and nobility of his end the memories of former frailties which, if they could not dim the fame of the poet, had cast a shade over the reputation of the man.

The year 1823, which beheld Byron's departure for Greece, was closing with fair prospects for the Greeks, who had discomfited by land and by sea their numerous foes. Dramali's army of over thirty thousand men had been almost annihilated by eighteen thousand Greek guerillas; the line-of-battle ships and frigates of the Ottoman navy had been overmatched by the small armed brigs and fire-ships of the Greeks; the squadrons of Hydra, Spetsæ, and Psara, under Miaoulis, Tombazes, Kanaris, and other valiant sea-captains, had sunk or captured vessel after vessel of the enemy, and they now rode triumphantly over the Ægean; all the strongholds of the Peloponnesus, save Patras, had fallen into the hands of the Greeks; the invading Turkish hordes had been beaten back in the eastern and western central

provinces; Ætolia, Attica, and Boeotia had been cleared of enemies; the Turks in Crete were confined to the few walled towns on the coast.

Briefly, the greater portion of the territory forming the actual kingdom of Greece—exclusive of the Ionian Islands, then under the protection of Great Britain, and of Thessaly, which was annexed to Greece in 1878—was free of foes. The outlook had never been so bright for the patriots since the breaking out of the revolution three years before. Indeed, humanly speaking—for the dark cloud of war from the south which was to blacken the horizon had not yet arisen—final success seemed already certain even to those who had viewed the varying fortunes of the struggle with misgivings, provided sufficient funds could be raised to meet the unavoidable expenses—the expenses of another campaign. The cost of providing for the equipment of the rude levies of peasants and shepherds composing the land forces, and of the armed brigs and schooners, of the insurgent Greeks had been defrayed by individuals. The chiefs had armed at their own expense or out of voluntary contributions the poorer of their followers; the wealthy shipowners of the three maritime islands had supplied the sinews of war for the fleet; but these resources were now failing, in

spite of captures from the Turks and the occasional seizure of warlike stores. Ammunition and ordnance were scarce or inefficient; the squadrons which formed the mainstay of the cause in a country so indented with gulfs and bays, so exposed to an invading force from Egypt or Algiers, would be unable to keep the sea, to revictual besieged seaports, intercept convoys, or prevent the landing of an expeditionary force. The guerilla bands would be less able to keep the field with deficient means in a country ravaged from end to end, which could hardly yield a scanty sustenance to its defenders, and in which neither powder-mills, foundries for casting cannons, nor gun-factories existed.

The only hope of bringing the contest to a swift end seemed to rest on the chances of obtaining foreign subsidies, in the form of loans or contributions; and to the attainment of this primary object Byron bent all his energies and devoted his private fortune. His eagerness to join actively in the terrible strife and to assist the 'good cause,' as he aptly described it, determined his departure from Argostoli, on the 28th of December 1823, for Missolonghi, then the chief town of western Greece, which he reached after having been chased by a Turkish frigate, and losing his companion, Count Gamba, his horses, and eight thousand dollars in specie, captured in one of the two boats in which Lord Byron and his following were endeavouring to escape from their pursuers.

Notwithstanding these untoward events, of which the loss of the money was the most serious, Lord Byron was able to bring safely with him about sixteen thousand dollars in specie. Now sixteen thousand dollars formed no despicable sum in those days in a country in which fifteen hundred dollars would have sufficed to maintain in full rations, and at a higher rate of pay than the Greek Provisional Government could afford to give, a body of one hundred men for three months—a country in which twenty thousand dollars, or four thousand pounds sterling, was, in Byron's words, 'likely to set an army and fleet in motion for several months.'

The arrival of the English patrician—bringing with him substantial pecuniary aid, and the prospect of more in the shape of a foreign loan—whose name was already a household word among the better-educated Greeks as the champion of freedom in its broadest sense, as the bard who had sung of Greece even when Greece had been 'living Greece' no more, aroused an enthusiasm which no one else could have awakened in an equal degree, and inspired a confidence in the future fortunes of the struggle. It was certainly one of the most notable events of the long strife which was to be waged with varying fortunes for over seven years. It was perhaps more

than that—it was an event which influenced decisively the after-course of the struggle; for though Byron's all too brief career was cut short four months after his landing at Missolonghi, ere he was able to realise any of the operations he had projected, his example gave a fresh impulse to philhellenism, and drew to the standard of the Cross such men as Cochran and Church; and his devotion to the cause of liberty was not destined to remain barren of results.

As in the case of Bonnie Dundee, death, met for a principle, threw its mantle over a not faultless past, the brightest hues of the two men's iridescent character flashing out at the last; the severities, and worse, of the one, like the far more pardonable frailties of the other, were and have been forgotten in the nobility of his end. And though Byron's weaknesses were common enough among men of his rank, and more excusable in one whose personal attractions rendered him ever a welcome wooer, they acquired a darker hue from the very brilliancy and loftiness of his genius and general character. In strong contrast with his reckless selfishness in his relations with the other sex is his forgetfulness of self when defending the oppressed or succouring those in peril. When the Austrians were marching on Naples in 1821 to crush the ill-concerted, premature Liberal movement, which indeed collapsed like a pricked bubble at their approach, Byron writes: 'Letters opened? To be sure they are, and that is the reason why I always put in my opinions of the Austrian scoundrels. There is not an Italian who loathes them more than I; and whatever I could do to scour Italy and the earth of this infamous oppression would be done *con amore*.' And doubtless had the Neapolitans shown fight he would have thrown himself into the struggle; but, as I have said, the revolution flickered out tamely enough. Byron, like his brother-bard Moore, must have turned away in scorn and disgust from the spectacle of a recreant people and army fleeing before their foreign invaders without striking a blow. His fearlessness in the greatest perils, his indifference to consequences when others needed assistance, are no less conspicuous. Many instances of these two traits might be quoted. Two of the best known are very characteristic. During Byron's stay in Ravenna a superior officer—a very brave man, by the way, according to the poet, but guilty probably of having done his duty without fear, if not without favour—was shot down and mortally wounded in the very street where Byron lived. As no one ventured to approach the dying man, who was gasping out his life unaided in the middle of the thoroughfare, Byron—though warned that he was running certain risks from the assassins or soldiers in interfering, and in fact threatened by some soldiers

who possibly mistook his intentions—succeeded in having the wounded man conveyed to his (Byron's) home, to the horror of all, and of his own immediate attendants more especially. The deed may appear to British readers a simple and natural act of humanity, but to those who have a knowledge of the times it will appear what it was—a daring act which few would have ventured on, and which even Byron would not have risked with impunity had he not been a British subject. Some two years later, during his residence in Cephalonia, he had taken up his abode in a small house in a village situated some seven miles from Argostoli. The house is still pointed out as Byron's residence, and has remained in much the same condition as it was when he left it in 1823. Close by the village there were several of those crinolite-pits which are so common all over the southern portion of the island, the substance being a white clay of a very friable nature. The walls of these pits or caves are liable to crumble and fall in when they are excavated to an unusual depth; and on one occasion the sudden collapse of the sides of a pit had entombed two workmen, who inevitably would have perished had it not been for the presence of Lord Byron, who rushed to their assistance with characteristic ardour, and, seizing a spade, shamed the by-standers out of their apathy and caused them to join in the task of rescue.

Thus when he landed at Missolonghi some of his many acts of humanity and courage must have been known, or become known, and have assisted in winning for him golden opinions from all men. He lost no time in justifying the sentiments he had inspired, and set himself resolutely to the task of healing the dissensions which had sprung up among the Greek guerilla chiefs and members of the Provisional Government, restraining the insubordination of the rude levies, and improving the defences of Missolonghi, then the bulwark of western Greece. To the attainment of these three objects he directed all the energies of a strong will, braced still further by the earnest faith of partisanship. And if he did not succeed in eliminating the seeds of discord which existed among the leaders, or the spirit of unruliness in their followers, he certainly lessened the attrition in many cases, and acquired a degree of moral sway over the Suliotes—perhaps the most valiant defenders of western Greece—which would have enabled him in time to discipline their wild valour and fashion it to obedience.

Nor was Byron's conduct less admirable when he was endeavouring to soften the horrors of the ruthless warfare which had been waged, without mercy, between Christian and Moslem. Up to the date of Byron's arrival quarter had been seldom given by either side. Wholesale massacres and unspeakable barbarities committed by the Turks had provoked reprisals; captives had been slain in cold blood; even capitulations sworn to on the Koran or the Scriptures

had been openly violated; in short, the war had hitherto been one of extermination. Byron strove strenuously to introduce at least a more merciful treatment of prisoners. During the first two months following his arrival he obtained the release of fifty-seven captives—men, women, and children—and had them conveyed to Turkish ports at his own expense, in each case addressing a letter either to the Turkish authorities or to the British consul of the port, in which he expressed a hope that in return all Greek prisoners of war would be treated with humanity. The generosity of his act and his high rank added weight to his intercession, and produced some good results, and would have produced more had he lived longer. No other man could have effected so much; for it must be remembered that the conflict was one of race, of antagonistic faiths, of master and slave. And when the atrocities committed by Christians on Christians during the Peninsular war are remembered, those committed by the Greeks on the Turks in retaliation are more excusable.

His efforts to maintain order and prevent civil strife were also partially successful in the case of the feuds among the Greeks themselves, whom he understood better than most foreigners, and who would listen to him if they would listen to no one else. But all his exertions were of little avail in promoting a feeling of good-fellowship among native partisans and foreign volunteers. Language, customs, and ideas were so different and antagonistic that frequent affrays were inevitable; and in one of these a Swedish officer was killed by a Suliote, who was in his turn wounded severely. The Suliotes to a man sided with their comrade, who had been guilty of a breach of discipline they were unable to understand. The friends of the officer who had been killed were naturally more than indignant, and for a moment a conflict seemed impending between Suliotes and Philhellenes; but the cloud blew over, thanks in a great measure to the personal efforts of Lord Byron. However, though he had succeeded in averting actual conflict, he was unable to calm the fears of the British artificers and mechanics under Parry, who, deeming themselves in jeopardy, took their departure. Among these was a certain Brownbill, who was also in his hours of ease an amateur missionary; and on leaving he deposited with Lord Byron numerous Greek Bibles for distribution among a reluctant clergy and laity. The ignorance and prejudices of the former being naturally arrayed against innovations which they, as the servants of a fossilised Church, could not understand, and therefore condemned, Byron found his work cut out for him when he undertook to distribute these new Bibles in modern Greek among the orthodox. However, thanks to that unflinching tact and good-sense which he always displayed in serious matters, the clergy were being won over to consent to the distribution when the

blow fell which bereft Greece of her foremost friend.

In spite of the flight of the English artificers, Byron's influence among the native soldiery remained unabated. The insubordinate but truly valiant Suliotas had been brigaded, and were placed under his immediate and independent command. His presence at Missolonghi was, to quote a passage in a letter written by him to Dr Kennedy on the 21st of February 1823, to prevent 'confusion from becoming worse confounded,' and would therefore, *a fortiori*, have been needed under the walls of Lepanto. There is no doubt whatever that, had his health remained good and proof against the ceaseless harassing cares which beset him, he would have been fully warranted in not moving from Missolonghi; but as his health had been failing for some time under the strain of constant worry and fatigue, which had culminated in an attack of epilepsy on the 15th of February, it would have been advisable, not only for his own sake but in the interests of the cause, to remove into healthier surroundings. It had been well for all if he had at this juncture been induced to leave the marshes and fens of Missolonghi; but he was so earnestly devoted to the task he had undertaken (to which he had bent himself with that thoroughness which marked all his actions), and so fearful of being misunderstood, that he scorned to consider the personal consequences involved in his stay, although he was ready to transfer himself anywhere. As he wrote in a letter addressed to a certain Parruca of Nauplia, 'I am ready to go anywhere, either as a mediator or, if necessary, as a hostage.' Aware of the precarious condition of his health, he seems to have had at times a foreboding of his approaching end; and the strain of sadness which pervades his last poem, which he penned on the completion of his thirty-sixth birthday, may have reflected this feeling. Into these noble and affecting verses he breathes his weariness of life and desire for rest. The feeling was well-nigh prophetic. A few days later, on the 9th of April, he was seized with a severe chill, brought

on by exposure. While taking his wonted ride he had been overtaken by a sharp shower and thoroughly drenched. The next day feverish symptoms set in, and his condition became so serious that his medical attendants feared the worst. There was no rally, and he expired on the 18th of April 1824, after a nine days' illness.

His death was mourned by a whole people, who felt, and rightly, that they had lost their firmest friend. No mark of respect was omitted which might serve to attest their grief for the loss of one who had laid down his life in their cause.

Thus died Byron, in the prime of life and in the zenith of his fame, which had already raised him above even his most illustrious contemporaries. Coleridge and Wordsworth, Moore and Scott, bright stars as they were in the galaxy of poets which adorned the opening years of the nineteenth century, were outshone for a time in the public eye by the effulgence of Byron's genius; and though the years which have flown since he met his end have seen a decline in his reputation in his native Britain, the author of *Childe Harold*, of the *Giaour*, and of *Cain* is probably as popular as ever on the Continent. But if praise has been the lot of the poet, very grudging has been that awarded the man. Full justice has in many cases been rendered to the literary merit of men of whose private lives we know little and care less, whom we by no means wrong by ignoring outside the world of letters. But this one-sided view is by no means applicable to Byron, whose brief career was as eventful as his writings were varied, who was a man of action as well as a man of letters, who united much practical good sense with poetical imagination, who closed a chequered existence in translating into action his sympathy with the oppressed, in realising some of his noblest aspirations. It is to this side of Byron's character that scant attention has been drawn; it is to these noble qualities of the man it reveals that justice should be rendered by the general public, who would judge fairly if their judgment were less clouded by ignorance or prejudice.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE PATHESCOPE.

FROM time to time we have described in the 'Month' the ingenious attempts made by inventors to produce apparatus for showing moving pictures in the home, and now success appears to have been achieved with the pathescope. This is a small machine, occupying no more space than a phonograph, which can be set up on a table, and, as with the magic-lantern, the size of the picture may be varied within certain limits by the distance between the projector and the screen. Hitherto the great objection against

this development has been the combustible nature of the celluloid film; but this drawback has been completely overcome by the use of a non-inflammable film made from acetate of cellulose. Though the picture thrown from this base is not so clear and fine as that obtainable with the celluloid, with the home machine and the small picture the defect is not so pronounced as in the case of a large picture in a hall. In order to ensure that only a non-inflammable film shall be used, the edges of the film have a varied perforation; that is to say, there are more holes on one edge than on the other. Accordingly the in-

flammable film with the standard perforation gauge cannot be used. This is a very interesting development, but it suffers from the great disadvantage that the films are costly. To meet this objection, the idea of a library has been evolved, the films being exchanged from time to time, as is done with books. The establishment of dépôts in the large centres will facilitate the exchange of films; but as users in country districts can only effect an exchange by post, it is doubtful if the project will survive the first wave of enthusiasm. Mr Edison has perfected a similar small machine for the home; but as the films must also be purchased, the expense, coupled with the fact that the novelty soon wears off, is an adverse factor. The true solution of the cinematograph-at-home idea would seem to rest in the Bettini invention, which has been described in these pages, as the cost is trifling. The inventor of this system has discovered a means of using a non-inflammable film base, in preference to glass, so that the disadvantage of breakability is absent. The pathoscope, however, is the first commercial application of the idea upon rational lines, and undoubtedly there are many homes in which animated pictures will appear as a diversion. It is also anticipated that a demand will arise for the appliance, which is cheap, for use in schools; this certainly appears to be its most promising sphere of application.

THE PROFITABLE DISPOSAL OF SEWAGE.

The first commercial application of the sewage sludge disposal system evolved by Dr Grossmann has been begun in the north of England. The problem of handling this material has been one of great complexity for many years, because, whether it is dumped into the sea or distributed over the land, the scheme has suffered from the defect of being contrary to hygienic principles; while the residue, the fertilising qualities of which were thought to be of great value, has been discovered to be worthless. In the Grossmann process the fatty constituents which escape down the sinks from sculleries and destroy the manurial properties of the sludge are separated, reclaimed, and turned to commercial use, as they are valuable. By recovering these fatty substances the fertilising qualities of the sewage are restored, so that the sludge becomes a substance of profit instead of waste. The plant which has been laid down is capable of dealing with the sewage from a town of one hundred and forty thousand people, and the treatment is automatic throughout. The sludge is drawn off from the settling-tanks in a thin, semi-liquid mass and pumped into a draining-tank. Here it is reduced to a slime, then transferred to a storage-tank, which feeds a series of hoppers, from which it falls into the driers. These are large cylinders like retorts, bricked in and heated by coal. Means are provided of keeping the sludge in movement

as it passes from the entrance to the outlet of the cylinders. As it issues it is perfectly dry, and in this condition is a first-class fuel, which may be used to feed the furnaces for further drying. In some districts this might be a method of disposal preferable to the reclamation of the fatty constituents and the fertiliser; but if the latter are the prime considerations, then the dried sludge passes into distillation retorts, where it is associated with a small proportion of acid and subjected to a current of superheated steam, which carries off all the greasy substances. The fat-laden steam is led to condensing-towers, where the fat is reclaimed. The residue is drawn off from the retorts in the form of a brown, odourless, and perfectly sterilised powder. As this contains about 40 per cent. of humus matter, it is rich in the essential ingredients for the stimulation of the soil; and the matter, being odourless, can be handled without creating a nuisance. Tests have proved that this powder is equal in its fertilising properties to the crude humus, which was so freely distributed over the land before the introduction of modern sanitary methods, and which is still distributed to this day in remote country districts. As this sterilised and odourless powder can be put in bags like guano, it may be conveniently exported, and should be in keen demand in those countries which are deficient in fertilisers, but where, owing to ignorance of proper methods of agriculture, the soil is in urgent need of nutrition. The process is absolutely self-supporting; in fact, an appreciable profit is possible, as the grease alone should realise sufficient to defray the cost of the operations. As the process is automatic, labour is reduced to the minimum; while, as no noxious fumes escape into the atmosphere, the sewage-works cannot be reckoned as a nuisance to the community, any more than can the ordinary refuse-destructor.

ADDING MOTOR-POWER TO BICYCLES.

The bicycle in these days of cheap manufacture and standardised methods is ubiquitous, but the majority of those who have to depend upon the pedal cast envious eyes on those of their confrères who possess machines with motive-power. The motor-cycle, however, is often beyond the reach of the masses—it is a luxury. Many efforts have been made to devise a small attachment for the purpose of imparting to the ordinary machine mechanical propulsion, but with very little success. The latest idea in this direction has more promising features, as the device is ingeniously and scientifically designed, substantially built, and inexpensive. It comprises an additional wheel, measuring twenty inches in diameter, which carries the essential motive-power, consisting of a small engine and its attachments. This is coupled to the rear axle of the ordinary bicycle. Pivotal connection is made in such a way that under all conditions the auto-wheel maintains a position

parallel with the back-wheel of the bicycle; also, the power-wheel can be attached and detached in a few seconds. The additional wheel is complete in every respect, the petrol-tank being mounted above the mud-guard. The control is very simple, and lubrication is automatic. Perfect adhesion is secured, as the wheel weighs thirty-four pounds; and although the power of the engine is not sufficient to keep the machine going up steep inclines under its own mechanical effort, pedal assistance is required only to keep the engine running at top speed. The machine is wonderfully steady in rounding corners, and on slippery surfaces the auto-wheel, being smaller than the driving wheel, and mounted beside it, effectively checks all tendencies towards side-slipping.

A CALCULATOR FOR IRON AND STEEL ANALYSTS.

Though the work of the chemist engaged in the iron and steel industries is somewhat special, the ranks of this profession are growing so rapidly that attention may be called to a new calculator which will save a vast amount of time in connection with the estimation of the proportions of manganese, phosphorus, silicon, and sulphur in iron and steel. The device resembles the clock type of calculator employed in accountancy operations, and is six inches in diameter. On the face are four rings of figures, carried to four places of decimals, referring to the four respective constituents, while an inner ring gives the weight of the precipitates. All that is required is to turn the hand so that it traverses the weight of the precipitate, and then by following the index to the outer circle, owing to its passing through the percentages of the four constituents relative to the weight, the calculation can be completed almost instantaneously. The figures have been obtained from several thousand estimates in each case, so that the result is absolutely reliable. Not only does the calculator save a large amount of time, but it affords a perfect protection against error.

ELECTROPLATING ALUMINIUM.

Hitherto the electric deposition of a foreign metal upon aluminium has been a problem of some perplexity; but all difficulties appear to have been overcome in the process which has been perfected by a prominent German company which is now exploiting the patent. The aluminium to be treated is first cleaned in the usual manner. It is then immersed in an acid solution, heated, and simultaneously treated to the action of a reducing agent, such as alcohol, which prevents the reaction being too rapid. After resting in this solution for a short while, the aluminium is transferred to an ordinary electroplating bath. It is stated that the plating of aluminium by this new process is absolutely permanent, and the plated surface polishes brilliantly. In order to test the adhesiveness of the deposit secured by this treatment, articles

composed of aluminium so coated have been submitted to stringent tests. Specimens have been heated in a Bunsen-burner and then plunged suddenly into cold water. No signs of fracture in the plating have been observed. Moreover, the metal can be bent almost double, and the plating will not crack until the aluminium itself breaks. A wide range of metals, such as gold, silver, copper, and nickel, can be electrically deposited upon aluminium in this way. Seeing that the demand for aluminium is very keen for a variety of purposes owing to its lightness combined with strength, although at present its use for many purposes is impossible because of its remarkable oxidising properties, a cheap method of galvanising or electroplating it should meet with success.

THE VIOLINA-PIANOLA.

A remarkable mechanical piano-player, in which violins are combined with the piano, has been placed upon the French market. The instrument comprises the ordinary type of pianola; but above it, and centrally mounted, are disposed three violins. The bow is a hoop of horsehair, which, when the instrument is started, commences to revolve, and continues rotating at a steady, regular speed, and in such a way that it plays upon the strings of the violins in the same manner as a bow wielded by a maestro, the action being rotatory instead of to and fro. By an ingenious mechanical arrangement the pressure of the bow upon the strings can be increased or decreased as desired in accordance with the expression-marks upon the musical score. The notes are obtained by the aid of mechanically operated fingers which press upon the strings; while another device, by tightening or slackening the strings of the violins, ensures that the instruments will be in constant tune. The violina-pianola is actuated by electricity. The rendition is remarkably faithful and free from all harshness. This ingenious combination of the piano and violin very appreciably widens the possibilities of automatically rendered music, and the effect of the violins, it is said, is equal in delicacy and tone to that produced by a master-hand.

AN INGENUOUS BROOM-ATTACHMENT.

As a rule, when a housewife buys a new broom the handle is attached to the head by insertion in a hole in the back of the brush, rigidity being secured by driving a screw or nail at an angle through the hole, so as to clinch the end of the handle to the head. Continued hard use is apt to loosen the handle; and as the broom always wears out first, it is not an easy matter to withdraw the handle for use with a new head. An ingenious Frenchman has devised a simpler and easier means of attaching the two. One end of the broom-handle is given a conical point, and over this is

slipped a tapering spiral steel spring. The hole in the broom is provided with a thread cut in the wood, and the handle is connected by simply inserting the spring-covered point and screwing up. While this is being done the spring becomes tightened and grips the end of the handle, and is simultaneously pressed tightly against the thread in the brush-socket. Consequently the one cannot come away from the other except by unscrewing, and no amount of wear and tear will loosen the attachment. When the brush is worn out, a few twists only and the handle, with the spring, is detached, ready for insertion into a new brush.

A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY THROUGH SPACE.

Visitors to the Tyrol are now provided with a new sensation. We have all become familiar with mountaineering by rack-railway up some of the steepest peaks in Switzerland; but the Kohlererberg in the Tyrolean Highlands is now scaled by an aerial railway. From this crest a magnificent panorama is unfolded over the whole Ortler range. The ropeway, carried on twelve massive steel supports, lifts the passengers over an altitude of three thousand eight hundred feet. There are two tracks and two cars, one ascending as the other descends. Each car has accommodation for fifteen passengers. Travelling through the air in a box-like compartment, slung from an overhead wire, may not appeal to the timid as a safe method of transportation; but there is no danger of accident in this instance. Every possible contingency has been provided for. The car, although suspended like a pendulum, cannot swing, but is held firmly in a vertical position. Neither can it be derailed. Electricity is the motive-power employed, and should the main current fail from any cause, there is a reserve battery capable of running the railway for several hours continuously until the main current is switched on again. The cars cannot run away down the aerial declivity, as ample and varied braking facilities are incorporated. In fact, a fatal accident is impossible unless the two ropes on which the eight pulley-wheels travel should snap—a possibility which is too remote to demand consideration. Should the driving machinery break down so that the traction ropes become inoperative, the car can be hauled in by means of an emergency capstan. Or should a car for some reason or other stop suddenly, and refuse to move either forward or backward, one of the emergency cars kept at each station is sent to the stranded vehicle, and the passengers change cars in mid-air, and are carried to their destination. Even should this be impossible, the passengers are provided with means of getting to *terra firma*. The floor of the car is fitted with a trap-door, through which can be lowered a collapsible bag, having a solid bottom, and carried by a rope. The passengers, one by one, are lowered through

the air in this receptacle, the speed of lowering being controlled by a brake, so that the ground may be reached safely and without a jar. The running arrangements are also of an elaborate character. The two cars start from each station simultaneously, the signals being transmitted from one point to the other acoustically and optically, and must be confirmed before the driving-gear is started. In addition, a telephone-line is stretched beside the track, whereby the driver can communicate with either terminus from any point on the track. The journey occupies about thirteen minutes. This railway introduces a cheaper means of ascending rugged mountains than the rack-railway laid upon the ground. The first aerial railway of this character was built up the Wetterhorn two or three years ago, and its successful operation was responsible for the application of the idea to the Austrian Tyrol.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

PEACE!

THEY dream of peace, but you cannot seal
The dark-red fountains of greed and hate;
They talk of love, while the cold, hard steel
Is leaping now from the scabbard of fate.

Let the dreamers dream, as the days go by,
Of a peace which the past has never known;
There's a lurid light in the eastern sky,
And an armed suspense in the northern zone.

They are casting cannon in olden lands,
And the shipyard hammers are never at rest;
The olive-branch fades in their grimy hands,
The spirit of fear pervades the west.

A low voice calls from over the deep,
And the warning echoes from shore to shore:
'Let the foolish virgins their vigils keep,
For the enemy lurks by the open door.'

Awaken! The sands in the hour-glass run;
They are coaling gray ships in an eastern bay,
And the deafening boom of a Dreadnought gun
May usher the dawn of a ghastly day.

NEVILLE BOSWORTH.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

AT THE QUINTA PALAFOX.

By MARIAN BOWER, Author of *The Greenhorn*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'CHILD, look before you,' said Doña Elena Palafox de Cavallos—a name abbreviated, after the fashion of Portugal, into Doña Elena—her worn, old voice vibrating with resentment, with hate, with all that vindictiveness (a quality virtually without limit) of which the Spanish woman, and her sister the Portuguese, are capable. 'You are a Palafox, and your father's family have never known how to bend the knee to an enemy; and when you have looked and marked, remember, and as often as you remember nurse your vengeance against these detestable Frenchmen, their upstart Emperor, and their nation, to the last day of your life.'

The girl, who had just joined her grandmother, obediently followed the gaze of the old woman, whose eyes—glittering, hard, more like a couple of black beads than human organs—were fastened, not on the old town of Coimbra lying in the hollow below; not on the great, broad river which separated the city from the historic house and garden inhabited, in days long gone by, by that Agnes de Castro whom a king loved as women rarely have been loved; not on the expanse beyond the villa of the most fertile plain in Portugal, but, nearer at hand, on a line of blue-coated men who were emptying the grain-stores, the oil-vats, and the wine-cellars of the Quinta Palafox for the benefit of the French troops, under Marshal Masséna, marching down the country to oppose Wellesley—later Duke of Wellington—and his modest forces.

The old woman stood, while the sun slanted down behind the river, the breeze came murmuring up the valley, and the scent of the countless flowers which beautify Portugal, its fields and its woods, came softly to her. But Doña Elena was not thinking of the hour or of the beauty of it, as she folded her thin, white hands on the knob of her ebony stick, and drew her mantilla of heavy black lace farther over her white hair.

'Those, child,' she went on again, when the storm in her heart forced a vent in speech, 'are Frenchmen, despoiling us as their Corsican adventurer has despoiled our king. Remember that, and hate every Frenchman without exception as long as you live.'

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Then, without waiting for the reply of her granddaughter—Doña Elena had given her command, and that, in her opinion, was all there was to be said on the matter—the old woman faced about. She began to go slowly along a rough track which led up the hill to the Quinta de Palafox, a massive building of stone, surrounded by a high encircling wall, which in the days of the fair Agnes had sheltered her royal lover, and which had developed into one of those country-houses—half a pleasure-dwelling, half a strong place—abounding in the Peninsula in the early days of the last century, isolated examples of which can still be found.

But when the old woman, who was little, spare, and thin almost to emaciation, came to what in bygone days had served as the postern-gate in the wall of the Quinta, she turned aside, and, with a scowling glance at the French sentry who paced to and fro before it, went along again still farther up the hill, up the famous hill of Busaco, to an outhouse which backed right on to the precipitous ascent.

This poor building, almost hidden among the camellia-trees and the mimosa-bushes which grew so thick on the slopes—in peaceful times seemingly but an outhouse for implements which were rarely required—was all that remained to Doña Elena. The rest of the Quinta had been taken possession of by the invaders, her horses were requisitioned to drag guns, her grain and her wine commandeered to feed the troops, her garden, with the orange-trees and the myrtle-trees overhanging for shade, was invaded by rough men, her rooms used to shelter an outpost.

The old woman shut the unplanned door of the one refuge left to her. Her granddaughter began the very simple arrangements for the evening meal. The girl was quite young, she was very tall for her race, and moved with a certain swaying grace; her eyes were as dark as her grandmother's, but there was a depth in them that Doña Elena's had probably always lacked; her complexion, of a peculiar ripe whiteness like the cream of camellia-flowers, contrasted with the cherry-red of her lips, and completed her almost startling beauty.

As she placed the dish of olives on the rickety

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table, the girl saw what evidently had a significance for her, though it was no more than an imprint of wet mud on the earthen floor.

'Luigi is here!' she whispered; and she turned towards the improvised bed as though she expected to see her brother on it.

'Luigi has been here,' Doña Elena corrected.

'And he has learned news?' breathed Joaquina.

Doña Elena considered a moment before she replied. 'Yes,' she admitted; 'your brother, child, who does not mind what risks he runs for his country, has learned'—

'By the secret way?' put in Joaquina.

With a gesture Doña Elena silenced the girl's impulsive remark. 'He has learned,' she went on, 'that the French will try to storm the hill of Busaco before the week is out. May they fail, these invaders; may they perish miserably, every man of them; and may the tortures of purgatory follow them!' As the old woman ended with this pious wish her thin fingers dotted the sign of the Cross on the breast of her black gown.

Joaquina did not echo the wish. She hated the French as a nation, as it seemed to her she was in duty bound; but the feeling hardly extended to every man belonging to it. She had even learned to distinguish between the various units of the enemy occupying the Quinta. There had been one occasion, perhaps the first time in her life that Joaquina had walked out unattended, when she had been sent by Doña Elena ostensibly to draw water at one of the wells—the Quinta having been built to stand a siege, the wells were a feature of its arrangements—in reality to be on guard while Luigi and his grandmother completed a certain plan. The girl, to carry out her part, put her earthen vessel under the stone spout, and began to turn the stiff iron wheel. A trickle of water was flowing into the receptacle, which in shape had remained unchanged since Moorish times, when a French officer, accompanied by his orderly, passed.

Evidently the officer's first impulse was to set the man to turn the wheel; but after he had looked once at Joaquina he approached her. 'Allow me, mademoiselle,' he said.

Joaquina drew back.

The French officer filled the jar. 'Now, may I not carry it for you?' he asked.

'No,' blurted out the girl; 'indeed no, *señhor*. My grandmother would be angry.'

The big man with the deep-blue eyes of the Norman, a large blonde moustache, and a ripple in his hair, smiled. 'The Doña Elena hates us, I know,' he said. 'And you, *señorita*?'

The girl let her eyes drop.

'And you, *señorita*?' the Frenchman persisted.

Joaquina looked up. She met the gaze fixed on her. The colour suddenly warmed her ivory skin. '*Madre di Dios*,' she murmured, 'I must go at once. Indeed, *señhor*, I must go at once.'

And the Frenchman knew enough of women to realise that he had been answered.

Doña Elena had hardly completed her frugal meal of olives and bread when a peremptory rap sounded on the door.

Joaquina half-rose; but with a gesture her grandmother made her draw back, and went herself to open the door.

'Am I not to have even this outhouse in peace?' she asked indignantly, as she saw a group of French soldiers standing without.

The sergeant in command mumbled that he was but obeying orders.

'And your orders are?' questioned the old woman.

'To conduct the Doña Elena before the officer in command in the Quinta,' the sergeant answered again, and he said the words in an unwilling way, as if he were afraid that the little, fierce old woman confronting him was a witch and might put a curse on him as he spoke.

But Doña Elena neither argued nor expostulated. She knew exactly when she might defy and when she must submit. She pulled her lace mantilla right down over her brow, took her stick, which she always carried, not because she needed it to walk with, but because it served her as a symbol of authority—and Doña Elena's authority during all the many years of her widowhood had been a very real thing—and stepped over the threshold.

'Pardon,' stuttered the French sergeant, as he saw her thin hand put up to close the door; 'but the Doña Joaquina must come as well. Those are my orders.'

The old woman drew herself up. She raised her stick; it quivered poised in the air. For a fraction of time it seemed as if she were about to strike the man who was audacious enough to suggest that Joaquina, in her youth and her beauty, should be paraded before French eyes; and then, with her thin lips drawn back from her yellow teeth, Doña Elena called to her grandchild. 'Come,' she said, 'since we have no choice but to obey; but remember this as well.'

She put out her hand and grasped the girl's wrist; and, the old woman holding on tight, the two descended side by side, passed through the postern-gate, then into a low, vaulted passage, which finished in a paved courtyard, with a well in the centre protected by a headpiece of beautifully carved stone.

As Doña Elena felt her skirt touch this exquisite memorial of King Pedro's time an expression flitted across her face which, had any one more observant than the superstitious sergeant been there to see, would certainly have provided food for reflection.

Through the courtyard the group passed by more passages and up a low flight of stairs to the more modern portion of the Quinta, until at length they reached the great *salon*. The windows of this long room looked on to a

veranda held up with stone pillars, each pillar wreathed with a fragrant climber or with the remains of one; more steps led down into the garden; and that garden in its turn was bounded by a high wall completely encrusted on its inner side with the blue-and-white tiles peculiar to the country, representing scenes of seventeenth-century Portuguese history.

As Doña Elena entered she was bidden to place herself with her back to the veranda, that she might face the French officer who was sitting at a table with a map spread out before him.

It was several minutes before this man looked up.

As the old woman waited she examined the enemy before her, and a less prejudiced person, equally with her, would have found nothing pleasing in the short, stout figure, with a heavily bearded face set on a thick neck. When the man raised his head there was little that was pleasing in his expression, with the sinister scowl and the cross-eyes. Indeed, Pierre Toffin, who had swaggered as a Patriot in the days when patriotism was synonymous with all that was worst in human nature, was one of the unpleasant survivals of that time. His kind were mostly eliminated from Napoleon's army long before the end came; but as often as they were to be found in any command every unnecessary brutality was added to the horrors of war.

'Widow Palafox'—began this man.

'I am generally addressed as Doña Elena,' returned the woman who was at this barbarian's mercy.

'Widow Palafox,' began Toffin again, 'your hostility to the French, whom you ought to greet as your saviours, is notorious. You have gone too far. So long as the Colonel Rubenapré was in command you went on unchecked. Now that I am the senior officer here, I am determined to put a stop to your seditious ways.'

Doña Elena answered merely with a smile, and she contrived to make that movement of her lips so provoking that the angry man, looking at her, rose with so abrupt a movement that his chair overturned and went down on the polished floor with a resounding noise.

'Woman,' he cried out, 'do you dare to defy me! *Nom de nom*, can I not have you shot where you stand?'

Again Doña Elena answered first with a look. 'You forget, Frenchman,' she replied exactly when it pleased her to explain herself in speech, and not before, 'I am seventy. It is not so very hard to leave this life when one has lived the allotted threescore years and ten.'

But, as it happened, no remark could have been more unfortunate. It drew attention to Joaquina, who was seventeen, not seventy.

'Bow!' remarked Toffin grimly. 'You tell me, woman, that you are too old to care whether you live or die. I will not question you further for the moment; your turn shall come again later.'

But you shall be taken on to the veranda, where you can see and hear. You are not to speak. I don't want my time taken up with querulous old women. If you utter a word you shall be gagged. Your granddaughter will remain before me. I will examine her. It may be she will have more interest in answering my questions, since it is possible that she will have longer to live and more to enjoy.'

'Man,' cried out Doña Elena, roused at length, 'my granddaughter shall not remain in this room with you by herself.'

The Frenchman made no reply. This time he had the upper hand, and he was enjoying the sensation. 'Take the old woman out,' he commanded.

'I will not leave my granddaughter, a young girl,' Doña Elena declared.

The stumpy man looked past her indignant face. 'Take the woman out,' he said again to the sergeant. And this time he added, 'Prevent her talking any more.'

It was but the work of a few moments to remove Doña Elena. It was beneath her to struggle.

Then Joaquina stood there, with her back to the veranda, the room emptied of all the French but Captain Toffin. The girl drew herself up. The proudest blood in the Peninsula flowed in her veins, and in the moments of supreme stress good breeding has a habit of telling. Besides, she had that power of a sudden ripening which belongs to all women in a measure, and to the Southern woman in a superlative degree. She had entered the room but the mere shadow of Doña Elena; she stood in it alone, undismayed, filled with courage.

Pierre Toffin examined her slowly. He knew that two old blazing eyes were following his insolent gaze. He was beginning to realise all the insult that his mere proximity to her granddaughter meant to Doña Elena, who had inherited those almost Oriental notions of a woman's seclusion which died so hard in the Peninsula. Then he spoke. 'Your brothers are fighting with the rebels, girl?' he began.

'They fight for Portugal, señor,' answered Joaquina.

'You are a family of malcontents,' he went on.

This time he received no reply.

'You have been permitted to remain too near to the Quinta,' Toffin resumed. 'You have not even been questioned. You may be spies, for all I know. I am tired of the leniency shown to you. You do not merit it. You must declare yourselves for France—you, girl, and your grandmother. I begin with you. Cry "*Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!*"'

The harsh voice ceased. The figure on the veranda, with a scarf bound across her mouth, leaned forward. Joaquina waited a perceptible space. She was alone. She was at the mercy of the man who leaned over to her, who glared at her.

Then the soft voice answered, 'I will not cry "*Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!*"'

The figure on the veranda relaxed. The Frenchman struck his fist on the table.

'Girl,' thundered Pierre Toffin, 'shout "*Vive l'Empereur!*"'

The great dark eyes looked steadily back into the man's infuriated ones. 'Pardon me, señor,' Joaquina answered, 'I will not cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*"'

'Then,' began Toffin—'then'—he paused, and waited to think of something especially cruel—'then'—he repeated; and as he said the word for the third time the door opened.

Toffin looked up with a scowl. He always maintained that, no matter how the times changed, his opinions were Republican—which really meant that he considered himself on all occasions exempt from the obligations of ordinary courtesy; but now, in addition to his distaste for common civility, there was a personal dislike to the man who entered.

Louis de Rubeaupré, colonel, and one of Masséna's favourite staff-officers, belonged to one of the oldest families in France; he was, moreover, senior to Captain Toffin.

The new-comer took one look at the girl, and as his eyes fell on the beautiful face he started. Involuntarily Joaquina smiled back at him—for he was the Frenchman who had helped her to fill her pitcher at the well; involuntarily, and before she had time to recollect that she was asking a favour of an enemy, a word of supplication slipped out of her red lips.

'Monsieur,' she besought, 'help me!' and she little dreamed of the quiver of rage that shot through Doña Elena's spare frame as she heard the cry for mercy.

Colonel de Rubeaupré looked at Toffin. 'What does this mean?' he demanded.

In a very surly tone the Patriot explained.

'You exceeded your instructions,' his colonel retorted. 'You were to take over the command of the Quinta while I conferred with the headquarters staff; you were not bidden to intimidate an old lady and'—He stopped; his blue eyes were on Joaquina again. In a flash this Frenchman knew why he had hesitated to apply the term 'young girl,' which trembled on his lips, to Doña Elena's granddaughter. The old woman on the veranda saw his look, and she never forgot it. Joaquina saw it, and she glanced shyly back.

Then Louis de Rubeaupré stepped up to her. 'You are free, mademoiselle,' he said. 'I will take care that you are not inconvenienced again.'

'And my grandmother?' asked Joaquina.

Colonel de Rubeaupré looked at the figure held by the two soldiers. 'Unhand that lady,' he said quickly. The next moment he saw the scarf round Doña Elena's mouth. 'Remove the bandage,' he commanded even more sternly.

Doña Elena stood free.

Louis de Rubeaupré walked through the window to her. 'Madame,' he said courteously, 'I trust that you will forget what has passed.'

The old woman, with her eyes glittering and her lips compressed, inclined her proud head stiffly. She knew that she had to thank this handsome man with the blue eyes and the gay laugh for her life, for her granddaughter's life, for more; and yet she hated him almost more than she hated that other Frenchman who had been so brutal; for had not this one smiled on Joaquina, and, what was worse, had not Joaquina smiled back on him?

'With your permission, monsieur,' she said haughtily, 'I and my granddaughter will retire.'

Louis de Rubeaupré looked at the girl again. The pulse of life beat very fast in the days when Napoleon made a man a king one day and uncrowned him the next. Louis de Rubeaupré knew in brief space that which in less strenuous times it might have taken him weeks to learn. He knew that he had never looked on a woman's face which touched him as Joaquina's did. He knew that if he had his way the matter would not end with this one interview. He looked at Joaquina. What had she felt, when he felt so much?

Joaquina lifted her great eyes. Just for one happy moment the division of race and the division of war were forgotten, and the Frenchman and the Portuguese girl only remembered that they were man and woman to love and to be loved.

Then a long sigh escaped De Rubeaupré. The girl's white cheek flushed scarlet.

'Mademoiselle!' cried Louis. But Doña Elena cut him short. 'Monsieur,' she interposed in a voice as cold as ice, 'if you will tell your men to allow us to pass, my granddaughter and I prefer to retire at once.'

(Continued in following section of this part.)

AUTOMOBILISM TO-DAY.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, LL.D., K.C.B.

THE mechanical road-vehicle has already a literature of its own. There is probably no subject of public interest which has so many journals devoted to it as that of automobilism. Although it is but ten or twelve years since the

time when the tide of motorism began to flow, there are at least ten journals devoted entirely to the one subject—a larger number of papers than has been called forth by any other department of locomotion—and another has been brought out

within the last few weeks. In addition to this, many newspapers and weekly journals set apart space for news and comment on automobile topics, and that not by paragraphs, but by columns and even by pages. Already important books of scientific information, and of more popular character—books of history and of travel, &c.—have passed through the press upon motoring subjects.

All this is not matter for surprise when it is realised that the progress of the new mode of locomotion has been phenomenal—a progress so amazing that no parallel can be found to it in the history of any invention of the past; and when it is considered that, unlike most inventions which only touch particular departments of life, that which is being spoken of is one which has to do with the road, a thing of absolute universality throughout the civilised world. The use of the road is indispensable to the whole community everywhere. From the wealthy who use it for pleasure, down through all the phases of trade, to the poor consumer who, though not personally using the road by vehicle, except on rare occasions, is yet dependent upon it to bring supplies of necessities to his door—down through all this range there is no one who has not an interest in having road transit made easy, convenient, and cheap. Thus the mode in which locomotion shall be carried on upon the road presents a question of universal interest. But just in proportion as it affects the whole community, so would it naturally be supposed that any change upon existing systems could only make its way by slow degrees, a change being not possible without sweeping aside what has been looked upon for many generations as normal and therefore satisfactory. The ordinary citizen, and especially the citizen of these islands in which we live, has no natural tendency to look sympathetically on what tends to take him out of his accustomed groove; and though some other nations, particularly our American cousins, are more easily moved to favour the new, nevertheless a change so radical as the supersession of animal traction on street and road might be expected to appear to most men, of whatever nationality, as the dream of hare-brained enthusiasts.

Yet all must admit that the once inconceivable is a thing now in sight. A revolution has been accomplished in a short term of years such as has no parallel in the past. There is no country which is classed as civilised in which the power-vehicle has not become a matter of course upon the road; there are few countries in which it has not in great measure ousted horse-traction; and there is no country in which it is not advancing with rapidity towards practical overwhelming of the past order of things. No one can spend a day in London, or Paris, or any great city, either at home or abroad, no one can observe what is happening upon the country roads, without having to admit—willingly or

unwillingly—that the signs of the times point to the certain elimination of horse-haulage except for very limited purposes. As regards the passenger vehicle, the contest may be said to be practically concluded; and in the case of the commercial vehicle the signs are unmistakable that the process of change is taking place with ever-accelerating speed. It is no uncommon thing in the busy streets of London to see a stream of forty or even fifty passenger-carrying power-vehicles pass by before a single horse-drawn vehicle appears; and of mechanical commercial vehicles the proportion already is as great as 20 to 25 per cent. The manufacturer, the merchant, and the tradesman have been led, or it may be driven, to the conclusion that power-traction is a necessity if successful competition is to be maintained; and are finding that the change is valuable not only for its efficiency, but also because of its comparative cheapness. There is no more uncontrovertible testimony on both points than that which may be deduced from the policy adopted by H.M. Post-Office. A department which is under the thumb of the Treasury cannot obtain sanction for any change in its mode of service unless it can be demonstrated, in the words of a well-known official condition-formula, 'that the change will not involve any additional charge to the Public Service.' And, on the other hand, there is no Government department which will more speedily come under the public lash than the Post-Office if the Postmaster-General makes any alteration in his mode of carrying and distributing postal matter which gives a less satisfactory service than has been formerly enjoyed. It is, therefore, a striking illustration of the efficiency of a public motor-post, and of its cheapness as a mode of transit, that the Postmaster-General has, with the sanction of the Treasury, established a number of motor-postal services, and is adding to their number from day to day. As regards efficiency, there is praise from the public, and no complaint; and as regards economy, while but a fraction of the services have been altered from rail or horse to motor, the saving already made is no less a sum than one hundred and thirty thousand pounds per annum. This is the best advertisement that the power-vehicle for commercial purposes can have, and it is not surprising that the builders of business vehicles have their books so crowded with orders that nine months must elapse before any new contract can be followed by delivery.

But it is not only on the road that the horse is being ousted by the motor. Rapid progress is being made in the adaptation of mechanical power to agricultural work. Ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, husbanding, and conveying to market can all be accomplished now by power-traction, and that more speedily and more efficiently than was the case formerly. And the same machine which gives the power for all these

services can perform the work of driving the threshing-machine, the chaff-cutter, the large churn, and do all other work requiring power. This is a change which has a secondary effect of great importance, as the considerable proportion of farm-land which at present provides food to enable the horses on the farm to live and to do their work can now be devoted to food-production for the citizens. This is a matter which is little thought of, and was little thought of in the past, when mechanical traction on roads was crushed out by the selfish opposition of the railway, the squire, and the farmer in 1833; but when it comes to be realised, as it is being realised now, it will have a very strong influence upon the views of the community, to whom it is well known that the United Kingdom cannot provide itself with sufficient food-stuffs to sustain its vast population for any length of time. Any change in agricultural management which would alter this state of matters, even in moderate degree, might be of great value to the country if national emergency should arise.

Contrast what has been recorded above of motor progress in all departments with the state of things on that day, in November 1896, which to motorists has the name of Emancipation Day, when first it was permissible to place a motor-vehicle on the road without having three men in attendance, one of whom was obliged to carry a red flag forty yards in front, and speed was limited to three miles an hour. On Emancipation Day the road to Brighton was strewn with broken-down motor-cars, and those ten or a dozen that struggled through to the end accomplished their fifty miles in periods varying from five to ten hours. Things looked by no means promising, and many were the shrugs of shoulders and the jeerings of those who looked upon the whole proceeding as a dramatic demonstration of the folly of semi-mad enthusiasts engaged in a hopeless enterprise. The pioneers have had their revenge. The Brighton Road to-day carries its hundreds of motor-cars in twenty-four hours, and there will not be a case of breakdown or even of lengthy detention in a period of months. Never again will it be a horse-traffic road. The power-vehicle—the despised of 1896—had by 1910 taken possession once and for all.

The automobile has its place, as already mentioned, in the journalistic literature of the day, and that no mean place. Short as has been its career, it has already its treatises and its historical works. Numerous books relating to the technical details of the power-vehicle, treated both historically and scientifically, have passed through the press, notably those by Mr Worby Beaumont as a technical exponent, and by Mr Charles Jarrott as a practical motorist and business man. Books of motor-travel have been written, and numerous guides and handbooks devoted to motor-travelling have been issued.

Recently two new publications have appeared,

one journalistic, in the form of a new weekly paper called the *Cyclecar*, issued by the Temple Press, which already owns two successful journals, the *Motor* and the *Commercial Motor*. The other is a handsome work, *Motor-Cars and their Story*, by Mr F. A. Talbot. The former is devoted to a new development, the small car, suited to persons of moderate means. Till lately motor-car builders were so busily engaged in supplying the rich with large, powerful, and luxurious vehicles that little attention was given to the less wealthy public. For a time the power-vehicle was not associated in the public mind with the general community, but only with the well-to-do as users of cars and with the youthful as riders of motor-cycles. It took some years before it came to be realised that general usefulness was to be served by mechanical carriages, to the practical supersession of not only the landau and the brougham, but also of the gig, the dog-cart, and the governess-tub, &c. But the time has now come when not one but two crowded exhibitions have been held successfully at Olympia within two weeks of one another—the usual motor-carriage exhibition, and for the first time a cycle-car exhibition of light, handy vehicles within the reach of persons of moderate means, enabling them also to enjoy the sport and obtain the practical benefit of motor-traction. That a new journal specially devoted to the cycle-car should be successfully launched shows how motor-traction is covering the field of road locomotion, so that very soon its predominance will be manifest in all departments, as it is now in that of the users of carriages and the riders in motor cars and omnibuses. The Temple Press has been for some years publishing *The Commercial Motor*, and is now able in that journal to record the astounding success of the motor-omnibus, which less than six years ago had almost the stamp of failure upon it, but whose record since then is nothing short of wonderful. While in London the drawings of the London County Council tramways have decreased greatly during the year 1912, the drawings of the London General Omnibus Company, using power-traction only, have had a record increase during the same period. A few years ago it was recorded that Mr Llewellyn Fell, the president of the Society of Tramway Engineers, declared in a public speech that in twenty years' time no such thing as a motor-omnibus would be visible outside the walls of a museum! Thousands are now running, and earning ever-increasing profits; and thousands more have been ordered and are being built.

The other work to which reference has been made—Mr Talbot's *Motor-Cars and their Story*—testifies by its bulk to the greatness of the subject. Its three hundred and fifty pages present a mass of information; but it is free from all redundancy. Every page justifies itself by

its contents. Nothing seems to be stated without good reason, and what is stated is stated well. The opening words of the work, in the preface, sum up what has been urged above :

'The birth, phenomenal growth, and amazing development of the petrol-motor in its relation to the propulsion of vehicles constitute one of the most fascinating romances of to-day. Although the automobile, in one or other of its various forms, is familiar to all, yet very few people have any idea of the universal character of its conquest, or realise how completely it has revolutionised our complex social and industrial life.'

It must be admitted that Mr Talbot has been highly successful in unfolding the story in his book, which is historical, descriptive, and eminently readable. It cannot have been written without immense study, as it ranges over every department of automobilism, and shows equal knowledge of the crude productions of the pioneer days and of the finished and efficient vehicles which are now to be purchased.

The book has the great merit that it avoids a style of mere technical description, while at the same time the author gives very clear information, enabling the unscientific reader to form a useful idea of the different forms in which the machines are turned out by various makers. The book is also worthy of praise in that it treats fully of all the different uses to which, since the explosion-engine demonstrated its suitability for locomotion, it has been applied with success. It would be impossible here to go over all of them. Suffice it to say that from the luxurious limousine, down through the modest four-seater, the runabout for two, and the motor-cycle with or without a side seat, all are fully noticed. All that has been done in adaptation of the motor to war purposes—wagons, gun-carriages, searchlights, ambulances, &c.—is fully described. An interesting chapter is devoted to fire-brigade appliances, in which the explosion-engine is proving itself highly efficient. The adaptations of the motor to farming operations—ploughing, sowing, reaping, and all the accompanying operations—are fully gone into. Road trains and tractors of all kinds are noticed. The public service vehicle, whether for passengers or for goods, has its full chapter.

There is one feature of the work which calls for the very highest praise. It is profusely illustrated, and the illustrations are most judiciously chosen, and produced in an exceptionally good manner. They are admirable in every respect.

In addition to the descriptions of the vehicles, Mr Talbot gives his readers racy accounts of the early struggles of the motorist, and graphic narratives of the strenuous journeys that have been made in recent years to test the efficiency of the modern vehicle, out of which it came triumphant. The ordinary reader will find much that is of general interest, and not a page that is dull.

Great as has been the demonstration of the utility of the modern vehicle during the short period that has passed since the explosion-engine came into practical use, it is impossible to doubt that the progress will be still greater within a few years more. The weaknesses both of system and of construction have been practically overcome. For whatever purpose it is put to fulfil, the power-vehicle is showing itself to be practical, speedy, convenient, and economical. Every day people who vowed they would never have anything to do with it are sending in their belated orders, and chafing at the delay they have to submit to in obtaining delivery. Other equally strenuous objectors are now to be seen riding gaily in the comfortable seats of the taxi-cab. Every day the feats that were looked upon as well-nigh incredible are being excelled. The things declared impossible are matters of everyday occurrence. The words 'It can't be done,' which even scientific men used so frequently in the past, throwing cold water on the enthusiast, do not now make themselves heard so often. The writer can recall the answer of one of the greatest engineers of the day when asked, 'Would you mind telling me whether, if any one had said to you thirty years ago that reciprocating engines could be run safely and usefully at two thousand five hundred revolutions a minute, you would have believed it?' His reply was, 'I would not have believed it twenty years ago.' Yet to-day even two thousand five hundred revolutions are not the limit. This has been demonstrated by the explosion-engine. The demonstration has proved that materials can be so skilfully prepared that they will bear strains such as no engineer-designer of the last century would have dared to risk. The requirements of the motor-car builder have stimulated the steel manufacturer, so that things inconceivable to a past generation are now things of every day. Then gear-wheels would strip their teeth constantly; now they will run for years without risk of failure. Light driving-shafts have superseded chain-drive with complete success. The application of the electric spark to fire the explosive mixture has become so perfect that a breakdown is not thought of as likely, and where formerly two sets of sparking apparatus were taken in a car, it is found safe to trust to one. These are a few illustrations of a progress in efficiency which approaches very near to practical perfection.

All that is now needed to make locomotion by road what it should be, both for pleasure and for commerce, is that the road itself should have as efficient scientific skill applied to it as has been applied to the road-vehicle. This is being done, although it is necessarily a work requiring time. Still, the prospect is before us that good vehicles running on good roads will be a marked feature of the twentieth century, by which the whole community will make great gain.

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Bernardine*, *The Forgotten Rock*, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—A THREESOME.

'THE whole affair burst on us with the suddenness of a bombshell. There stood Lowden or Gregory, or whoever he was, commander of the situation and the ship; and travelling slowly, guardedly, from Evan to myself and back again was the wicked, unblinking eye of the revolver. Plain murder, if we thwarted him, was written in his cool, wary poise. Crouching slightly forward, except for a swift glance aloft or at the compass, he never took his eyes off us for an instant.

'I was afraid, I own, yet determined to sell my life dearly. To "rush" him meant suicide for us both. No plan that did not spell futility could be thought of. We had no firearms, and could not have reached them even if we owned any. There we stood, as impotent as a couple of snared rabbits. But for the captain's cry haunting us, and the blood-stained deck plain to see, I might have been awakening from a dreadful dream, so swift had come the black turn in our fortunes.

'The sound of his voice came as a positive relief to our wire-drawn nerves—not in his words alone, but in the manner of them. There was a new quality in his speech and bearing. A strange thing; but I tell you that from the minute he took the tiller he was a changed man. No more moody staring into distances; no more talking to himself. Instead of a silent, brooding foremast-hand, he was the master, cool and alert, clarified and sustained, authority fitting him like a glove. Not the first men or ship he had commanded, it was easy to see.

"Come aft!" The words rang clear. "I've no quarrel with you; nor had I any with the mate until he made one. I give you my word that you are safe; that is"—this with deadly politeness—"if you will kindly understand that I am sailing the ship now. If not"—he shook the revolver for all the world like a half-playful, warning forefinger at us—"I may be under the necessity of sailing her alone."

'Nothing could have been clearer than his meaning, nothing more callous or more convincing than his telling us that we were dead men if we failed him. At a second order to come aft I followed Evan a step or two forward; I own that I was in a cold sweat, but he put us both out of immediate suspense.

"That's right," he said almost pleasantly. "Now, I sail this ship until four bells on the second day after this. After that I propose to hand her over to you, and shall not interfere further with your seamanship, nor, may I add, with your course. Meanwhile—*Ready about!*"

'We stood stock-still in surprise at the order, until Evan grabbed my arm and ran me forward. We stood by the jib-sheets, Lowden put the tiller

down, *The Ayrshire Rose* came round smartly, and in a trice she was put about and we were sailing back again on the course we had come.

'At his order, at nightfall, Evan took the tiller. Lowden paced the deck watchfully, sailing the schooner most capably, and with his assumption of leadership a strange new light was in his eyes, almost of hope, as if every knot she sailed brought him nearer some goal.

"Keep her full an' by," he shouted to Evan.

"Full an' by, sir," and the stereotyped answer marked the strange sudden relationship of skipper and crew between us. Murderer, desperado, monomaniac, he knew the business of the sea, and, I will say, sailed the ship like a gentleman. His coolness and resource dominated us. And, let me tell you, there is a tremendous magnetism in the muzzle of a revolver. I never saw such smart discipline. It was "Yes, sir!" and "Ay, ay, sir!" and everything in order as if we had known no other officer on board. Further, there was nothing of a roaring second-mate about him; every order shorn of its usual brusqueness; an owner sailing his yacht for a pleasure-cruise couldn't have been more considerate, but for two things. One was the shining little weapon continually in his hand. The other—want of sleep—did not trouble us until later. He owned a frame of steel, as we knew, and apparently had no thought of sleep either for himself or for us. As long as he did without sleep, so perforce must we. There was a touch of grim comedy about his explanation, given politely, to the effect that the uncertainty of the weather left him no alternative other than to keep us awake; but that he would include himself in the discomfort, and would not turn in.

'There was nothing for it but to stand by our work, and tire him out if we could. But under his silken speech and inscrutable lines he was strung to a resolve. He never closed an eye. He took the tiller from Evan, who brought him coffee and food; thanked him, but tasted none of it; and the dawn saw him again at the tiller. Evan and I were both done-up through want of sleep, for all through the night it had been first one order, then another, keeping us on the move, so that between these, our unstrung nerves, and the dreadful phantasmagoria of the evening before, sleep had been impossible.

'The wind had strengthened, coming in gusts, slicing the tops of the waves into little puffs of smoke that whirled over us, wetting the deck and stinging our faces. All day long the same grim routine was followed, Evan occasionally at the tiller, both he and I listless and half-asleep, lead on our eyes and feet, obeying orders mechanic-

ally. As for Lowden, his eye agleam and his voice resonant, the man was seemingly as fit as if he had slept through his watch, an incarnation of capacity and resolve. Napoleon's soldiers after Moscow, they say, marched in their sleep, and I believe it, for the orders from the man of steel and whipcord soon began to sound as unreal and distant as a voice in a dream.

'At length, towards night, "I'm nearly done," whispered Evan to me. "I'll risk him. As well be shot as go crazy;" and he dragged himself aft.

"Come no farther than where you stand without orders," called Lowden, eying him steadily, and up came his revolver.

'Evan needed no second bidding. "Beggin' yer pardon, sir," said he, as he halted, "we want to help to sail this ship; but want o' sleep."

"I'm sorry, my man. But you've got to hold out until four bells to-morrow. And then—then you can sleep round the clock."

'Evan stood still for a moment.

"I promise," said Lowden, his thin lips tightening; and Evan came forward again.

'To keep awake until four bells next day seemed impossible, and I don't believe till this day that Evan and I did. I fell into a half-blind stupor, staggering about my job automatically. There's a species of mental "second wind" after a certain stage of anxiety and want of sleep that keeps one up for a time; but I must have slept more or less on my feet as the day wore on. Time and again both of us reeled and fell. Then a voice from aft would reach us, mocking in its steadiness, and with an effort I would struggle to my feet, to pull here or loose there, or take a sounding, or carry out whatever device to keep us awake that occurred to the devil at the helm.

'The cruel hours crawled along. The wind began to bluster fitfully, adding almost unbearably to the strain on my nerves. I began to feel light-headed. Tunes ran in my head. I saw imaginary ships, gaunt and towering, their crews pointing and grinning at us, fantastically close, passing and repassing, or coming straight at our broadside, to vanish and leave me shuddering. Lowden at the tiller would grow to a monstrous shape of evil power, watching, watching, to dwindle again; faces, outstretched arms, rose from the waste and vanished; or the sails and spars would zigzag, change into blurred, edgeless things, to nothingness, to gray fog, until a shouted order rang from aft, and the Ship of Shadows leaped uncannily into life again, the wind moaning lamentably through the shrouds, and the sleepless man aft watching, watching.

'At length the time wore on, nearing the hour when he had promised us sleep. Afterwards I've often thought it curious—and Evan agreed with me—that neither of us doubted his promise. The sky was overcast, brooding and threatening. He had been very quiet for an hour or so. The ship was sailing easily, but there was a menace in the sky. Suddenly he began to sing, not

loudly, but the air reached me and I recognised it. It was the Lorelei, "*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.*" Once or twice since then I have heard it, but under very different conditions, in concert-halls amid warmth and crowds, and each time the lights and faces have vanished, and I was back again with a shudder on the Ship of Shadows, and heard the man singing at the tiller under the darkening Atlantic sky.

'Evan was staring at him, and turned to me. "*Criosda leinn!*" he whispered. "It is *fey* that he is."

'The singing suddenly stopped, and Lowden called out an order to "snug" the ship. Wondering, we shortened her canvas. Then he gave the tiller to Evan, moved slowly to the companion, and struck the hour very deliberately.—Four bells.—I remembered suddenly that hour two days before. The ensign was still at half-mast. We were just about the place where poor Gerrand had given his wife to the merciless embrace of the sea.

'I was dully speculating why the ship was brought to. Evan had taken the tiller. Lowden, after striking four bells, walked close to the lee rail. Then, in a steady voice, he gave the naval formula, "I leave the ship," turned round, and gravely saluted us. I think that I knew what was coming; but before my thoughts ran into action he put one foot on the rail, called, "Coming, Madge," and at a bound cleared the rail and sprang overboard.

'When I came to myself Evan was bending over me. The want of sleep and the horrors of the last two days had brought me to breaking-point. I had collapsed on the spot.

"Come, laddie, we're all that's left." He helped me to rise, and we staggered aft like drunk men. Evan reached the tiller, and I dropped beside him like a log. The schooner was lurching wildly, a gale breaking overhead in a wild burst of rain.

'I was past caring for wind or weather, feeling like death. All I wanted was to be left alone, to shut my eyes and lie down for ever.

'It seemed days after, though it was only an hour, when I was roused by Evan shaking me. I sat up and looked round me with a shudder.

"I'm goin' to put her about again for Scotland. We can do it. She's a biddable ship. Another ten meenits an' we'll get some sleep. Rouse an' bitt, lad!" Evan kept calling.

'He held a stiff "Dogger Banker" (three parts rum, one of steaming hot coffee) to my chattering teeth, and watched me swallow the potent brew. Then he hoisted me to my feet. I felt about as cheap as ever I did; but with the courage of desperation I managed to stand by the tiller. He went forward and let go the sheet, and at his shout I gathered up the lees of my strength, contrived to put the tiller hard down, and the schooner swung round.

'Then he came aft, the picture of weariness, and looked at the barometer. "Heavens! I'm

goin' to let her risk it, for I'm done," said he. He lashed the tiller amidships, and lit the lights. The schooner bowled along, running free before the wind. We lay down literally where we stood, and were sound asleep in our drenched clothes in less seconds than it takes me to tell it. 'Come to think of it, had it been daylight,

passing ships might well have wondered at the sight; the schooner sailing unmanned like a ghost in the great waters; her ensign still at half-mast with its message of Tragedy and Death; the two mariners worn-out, in their deep sleep as inert as the dead.'

(Continued in following section of this part.)

THE ANNALS OF A FRONTIER TOWN.

By A. B. FORTUNE.

THOUGH the history of an American frontier town may not go very far back, the stirring events which often crowd its records more than compensate for any shortcoming in this respect. It is a story in which, unfortunately, battle, murder, and sudden death too often predominate. Of law, except lynch-law, there was practically none, might was right, and an insult could only be wiped out in blood.

These western towns came into existence in two ways. Some of them, beginning with a collection of adobe huts dumped down under the walls of a fort or mission station, or at a point having natural advantages, evolved themselves in course of time into those marvellous up-to-date cities which dot the western states; others were started right away with a full-fledged mayor and corporation, town-hall, and drinking-saloon, disclosing a confidence not always justified, for they existed in too many cases only so long as the neighbouring lode held out, and with its disappearance they too vanished; and nothing can well be more melancholy than the remains of a town of this description, with its buildings, many of them abandoned before completion, falling into decay, a tragic spectacle, the wrecking of a too exalted ambition.

It is to the former category that the city of San Antonio in Texas belongs, a history of which is before me. It is written more or less in guide-book form, but contains many extracts from the diaries and recollections of old-time settlers, and the narration of a few of the more striking events they contain may not be without interest to the readers of the *Journal*.

In 1715—at which time, and for about a century afterwards, Texas formed part of Mexico—the Spanish Government erected a fort on the western bank of the San Pedro River, followed shortly afterwards by the establishment of a mission station, where for many years the priests laboured among the Apache braves—not, however, it would seem, with great success, for the Redskin has never been very amenable to missionary zeal. Where they found persuasion to fail they appear not to have hesitated to try coercion, and it is not surprising to find one of the Fathers lamenting that 'the conversion of the Indians was a miracle of the Lord's mercy,' and that 'it was necessary first to transform them into men, and afterwards

to labour to make them Christians.' So, in fighting on the one hand and proselytising on the other, the years passed, while around the mission station a collection of adobe shacks gradually arose; and this was the beginning of the present-day city of San Antonio, the real history of which does not, however, start until after the arrival of the first American settlers.

When exactly this took place is not very apparent; but in 1800 a party of eleven Americans in irons was brought in after a fight with the Spaniards—rather an ominous prelude to years of much fighting and bloodshed. The turmoil soon became general. The Spaniards and Mexicans, when not fighting among themselves, were at war with the Indians; and now, with the arrival of the Americans, another and very potent element of discord was introduced. The last-named gradually asserted themselves, creating a situation analogous to that in the Transvaal before the Boer war, and with results very similar—the Anglo-Saxons dominating, though not conquering, the others; so that by 1821 San Antonio, with a population of five thousand, contained a good proportion of Americans.

Over the subsequent period, though doubtless replete with unrecorded incident, we must pass, until we come to 1836, a red-letter year in the history of Texas, for in it occurred the great fight at the Church of the Mission del Alamo, of which all Texans are justly proud, and which deserves more than passing reference. It was on 23rd February that the Mexican army of four thousand men, under General Santa Anna, appeared before San Antonio, and marched straight into the town, which at this time was garrisoned by about one hundred and fifty Americans under Colonels Travis and Bowie (to the latter of whom, by the way, the famous bowie-knife owes its name). These—who were later on joined by others, making one hundred and seventy in all—retired slowly before the enemy, and finally entrenched themselves within the courtyard of the Alamo, where, in the somewhat wild words of a local historian, 'straightway began that bloodiest, smokiest, and grimmest tragedy of this century.' And without doubt it was a great fight, for it was a fight to a finish, as with the odds against them every man knew that there could be but one ending to it. Seldom, perhaps, in history

has a more formidable body of men been collected together than those forming this small party of resolute, hard-bitten frontiersmen, every man a marksman, inured from infancy to all kinds of hardship, and cradled amidst wars and alarms. Santa Anna soon found that, notwithstanding his vast superiority in numbers, he had a big task on hand, and the lesson the Mexicans learned that day they have never forgotten.

On the details of the fight it is unnecessary to dwell. Driven from the courtyard, fighting desperately, the Texans, or as many of them as were left alive, took refuge in the chapel, where a strangely dramatic incident occurred. Colonel Travis, after a moving address to his men, drew a line on the floor with his sword, and asked all who were ready to die to cross it. Every man did so; those who from wounds could not were carried over. There was only one whose heart failed him, and he escaped and vanishes from history. The end, however, could not be long delayed; but the Mexicans only gained entrance to the chapel over the dead body of the last man, while round the Alamo five hundred and twenty Mexican dead lay piled, showing not only the desperate nature of the defence, but also that the attackers, whatever their other failings might be, did not lack courage. At Austin, the capital of Texas, there is a monument bearing the names of the heroes of the fight, and on the pediment the legend, 'Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.'

For a time after this the people of San Antonio seem to have been left in comparative peace and to have led a more or less happy existence. We read of picnic-parties, dances, and other frivolities; but the presence of the Indians around them, and of desperadoes or 'bad men' in their midst, lends a somewhat lurid colouring to all their proceedings. No one could venture far outside the town except as one of a well-armed company. Indeed, mention is made of more than one riding-party being driven precipitately into safety; but in 1839 a party of eighteen, not so fortunate, were cut off and killed to a man.

Only once was there a fight with the Indians actually in the streets of the town, and it arose in this manner. On 19th March 1840 sixty-five Comanches came in for the purpose of ransoming prisoners, and proceeded to the court-house, where the terms were discussed. In the course of the discussion the Americans agreed to pay what was demanded; but, mindful of the duplicity and treachery of the Red Man, they decreed that they would keep some of the chiefs captive pending fulfilment. On the Indians hearing this the fat was in the fire, and they immediately raised their war-whoop, drew their bows and arrows, and commenced shooting all round, killing at once the sheriff, the judge, and some others; they then bolted into the street, where a running fight was engaged in, only a few escaping, leaving the streets strewn with their dead. While the fight was in

progress a duel of an unusual kind was witnessed by Mrs Maverick, one of the first American women to come to San Antonio. Mention of it is made because it attests—if such were necessary—the daring and resource of the Indian. Captain Lysander Wells, in the midst of the turmoil, was riding down the street on a gaily caparisoned Mexican horse, when an Indian rushed from one of the houses, and, leaping on behind, pinioned him round the arms and endeavoured to ride off with him. The two struggled for some time, swaying from side to side, until Wells, getting one arm free, drew his pistol from the holster and shot his adversary through the body, adding another victim to this unrehearsed drama.

The consternation this affair caused to the inhabitants can be easily imagined; but it is doubtful if they were not more alarmed by an incident which arose out of it, and which, although it is only amusing to read of now, they evidently found to be no laughing matter at the time. Living at San Antonio was a Russian scientist of somewhat eccentric habits, one of whose hobbies was phrenology, in the pursuit of which he collected the heads of some of the dead Indians as specimens. These he proceeded to desiccate by the simple expedient of boiling them in a cauldron, which he afterwards emptied into the channel in which flowed the drinking-water of the town. Information of this was not long in reaching the ears of the inhabitants, and they were up in arms. In the eyes of the Texan of those days the only good Indian was a dead Indian, they hated him so much; and the idea that they had partaken of boiled Indian was more than the people could stand, and they appear to have gone pretty well crazy. One diarist gives a realistic account of the effect produced: 'The people very properly gathered in indignation; a mob rushed to the mayor's office. The men talked in loud and excited tones; the women shrieked and cried, they rolled up their eyes in horror, and some of them were so frightened that they suffered miscarriage. Many thought they were poisoned and would die.' None, however, did die; the erring professor was haled before the magistrate and fined, and the affair blew over as quickly as it had arisen.

The fear and hatred in which the Red Man was held by the whites is constantly in evidence, and the arrival from time to time of escaped captives horribly mutilated and disfigured did not tend to allay this feeling; but there were also friendly chiefs (*Indios Reducidos*) in the neighbourhood who frequently visited the town. Their presence was, however, only one degree less objectionable than that of their savage brothers (*Indios Bravos*), for, well knowing the fear in which the whole race was held, they took all manner of liberties, loafing about the houses without let or hindrance, as if the whole place belonged to them, and even on occasion demanding a kiss from the white women.

Like other places in the western states, San Antonio had its full share of that product of frontier life, the desperado or outlaw. They were men with many crimes in their records, and were a menace to society; they asked no quarter, and gave none. So dangerous did the pest become that a popularly elected vigilance committee had to be established for its suppression. But, as so often happens in similar cases, the people found that in course of time the cure became worse than the disease; from being a protection the committee became a tyranny and an offence, and had itself to be suppressed.

Typical of the times was the killing of Bill Hart, one of the worst desperadoes in Texas, an event which is graphically described in the words of one of the 'old-timers' who was an eye-witness: 'Bill Hart was killed on 29th May 1857, and along with him his companion Miller and a Government teamster named Wood. Fieldstrop also was killed. Fieldstrop was a discharged soldier, and had been employed by the vigilance committee to watch Hart and his party the night previous; and when Hart and his friend Miller passed on their way down Mission Street they were fired upon by Fieldstrop, who had a double-barrelled gun. Miller was killed, falling in the alley north of Brewer House. Bill Hart, too, was mortally wounded, his right wrist and left thigh broken, besides having eleven buckshot-wounds; nevertheless, he had such extraordinary vitality that he reached the Brewer House, where he took shelter from his numerous enemies. Fieldstrop, having reloaded his gun, approached the Brewer House with the intention of giving Hart the *coup de grâce*, when Wood, the Government teamster before mentioned, came out and ordered Fieldstrop off, saying that he, Wood, was Bill's friend. "That is enough," replied Fieldstrop, raising his gun and firing, killing Wood instantly. At the same moment Hart appeared at the other door, supporting himself on an old shovel-shaft, with a pistol in his left unwounded hand. Immediately Fieldstrop's gun was aimed at Bill Hart's breast, but it missed fire. Hart then instantly fired at Fieldstrop, shooting him fairly in the centre of the forehead. Hart then retired in a dying condition into the back-room of the house. At this crisis Jim Taylor came up and rushed into the house.

Hart shot him as he entered the back-room. Taylor, however, got Hart by the hair of the head, and dragged him into the back-yard, shooting him repeatedly in the body. Then a horrible sight: everybody—the small street gamins even coming in at the death by the dozen—discharging their little pops into the dying man, making a perfect lead-mine of him. Yes, it was a terrible morning's work. He might have richly deserved his fate; but, believe me—and I know of what I speak—these matters are best settled by the law.'

This is a truly appalling picture of the state of society in San Antonio at this time; but if the prevailing impression gleaned from these old-time diaries and recollections is a gruesome one, it must be remembered that the tellers of the tale were, like all pioneers, at constant war with nature and their surroundings; their life was a hard one, and they had to fight for their very existence to the exclusion of all those amenities which go to make up life in this country. They doubtless had their share of the 'daily round, the common task;' but it was the bigger, more startling, events which left the lasting impression, and which leaped to memory when they came to recall the bad times, then rapidly passing away.

All this is now changed. With the arrival of the railway came increasing numbers of settlers. The Indians were driven back and lodged in reservations, where they lead a sad, alcoholic existence, and the desperado is no more. The bison which covered the plains of Texas during certain periods of the year have, with the exception of a few herds carefully preserved, been exterminated, and their places taken by the more profitable, if more prosaic, shorthorn. The land, in short, has been transformed, and the transformation is nowhere more apparent than in San Antonio itself. The adobe shacks of former days have been replaced by fine stone buildings, the sandy roads by well-paved streets thronged by a well-dressed crowd; electric cars run in all directions; there are telephone and telegraph wires; and standing in any of the main thoroughfares of the town, one finds it difficult to believe that here little more than fifty years ago the war-whoop of the Redskin was heard, and Bill Hart done to death. But the old Alamo still stands to remind the modern San Antonian of the stirring days which will never return.

GOD'S COUNTRY—A COMPARISON.

By RALPH STOCK, Author of *A Recipe for Rubber*, *The Brink*, *The Passing of Aunt Deborah*, &c.

FOR a full hour the horses, with their unfeeling sense of direction, had buffeted against the blizzard straight towards their stable.

The man in the sleigh allowed the reins to hang loosely from his half-frozen hands. He knew that this was the hour when brute instinct rises superior to human intelligence; but he

would rather have lost a hand than admitted as much to the woman at his side. He was hopelessly, irretrievably lost. In vain he tried to recognise every hill they climbed. In the whirling, blinding muzz every sage-bush was a house, every stone a well-known landmark.

Suddenly one of the horses stumbled and fell,

a steaming, exhausted tangle, and the man knew it was the beginning of the end. He brought the willow gad, a thing he had never carried before, down on to the poor beast's heaving flanks with all the force of desperation. 'Can't help it, old man; we've got to get there,' the man mumbled apologetically through his high fur collar.—'Are you very cold?' he asked, turning to the woman.

'I'm not hot,' she replied, with a brave little laugh almost stifled by the Persian lamb collar that covered her mouth. 'But, Ralph,' she added, turning to look into the man's eyes, the lashes and brows of which were coated with a white rime, 'are you sure you're on the trail?'

'Oh yes,' he said lightly. 'Can't you see it—there, just ahead of the horses?'

The woman leaned back with a sigh and nestled closer to him. 'I suppose you thought it necessary,' came an almost inaudible voice at his side, and he turned abruptly.

'What, dear? What was necessary?' he queried anxiously.

'To lie to me,' returned the woman; and at that moment both horses went down simultaneously. Down, down! The sleigh seemed to turn a somersault, the occupants being shot into icy-cold air, the next moment to be buried in a smothering, enveloping bed of soft snow.

The man had never relaxed his hold of the woman, and for a few seconds they lay quite still. Suddenly he struggled to his knees. 'Grace! Grace! are you hurt?' he whispered, his voice full of an agonised suspense.

'Not a bit. Are you?' came the cheerful response.

'No, no, thank God! Are you sure? Can you walk?'

For answer the woman allowed him to help her to her feet, and staggered out of the drift.

'We're all right now,' said the man cheerfully. 'This is Cooper's cut bank—must be. One mile more and we're there.'

'Say you think so,' corrected the woman, with a faint smile. 'Please don't tell any more; you must think me a coward.'

'You're a brave little trump,' cried the man.

'No, there's no need for any more.' Then he looked round. 'Where are the horses?' he exclaimed suddenly, and staggered off into the swirl.

When he returned a few minutes later, breathless and perspiring from the exertion and his heavy fur coat, the woman was sitting in the snowdrift where they had fallen, and his quick eyes detected a tiny white spot on her left cheek.

'You mustn't sit still, dear,' he said, and dragged her to her feet almost roughly; then, catching up a handful of snow, he rubbed her cheek with a vigour that brought a cry to her lips; but his object was gained.

'I feel tired,' said the woman.

A look of despair came into the man's eyes.

'Yes, I know, dear; but you must try, try

hard, to pull yourself together. We shall have to walk; it's only a mile. The horses must be all right; they've broken their traces and struck off. We'll follow their tracks, and'—

But the woman's quick wits caught at the slip. 'Then—then—this isn't Cooper's cut bank?' she faltered.

Once more their eyes met.

'No,' said the man slowly, 'it can't be. I really went just now to make sure if it was, and it wasn't.'

'Thank you!' said the woman quietly, and took his hand.

Together they plodded on in the horses' tracks. The wind against them bore with it its myriad stinging white specks that seemed to pierce the skin like needle-points, each one adding its mite to the obliteration of the guiding hoof-marks. How long would it take her to see that they were following nothing? Twice he tried to bring himself to tell her, but the words stuck.

'I'm sorry, Ralph,' her voice came at last between little, short gasps; 'but I can't go any farther. Something seems to have gone wrong just—just above my heart. I'll—I'll have to rest.' She sank down into the snow. 'And now,' she said as he leaned over her, gazing down with infinite tenderness and utter despair, 'I want you to prove that you love me.'

'How—how?' he said vehemently, kneeling at her side. 'Only tell me what I can do.'

'Leave me,' was the quiet rejoinder. 'Oh, I don't mean anything tragic,' she added, as she saw the futility of her request reflected in his face, and she laughed a breathless little laugh. 'I mean, just you go on to the ranch and bring back help.'

The man looked down at her with a smile of admiration, wondering if there were such love in any other woman, then away into the white nothingness.

'Curse such a hole!' he muttered irrelevantly.

'Grace, if we ever get out of this, it's "God's Country," mind; "God's Country" or nothing.'

'Please go,' repeated the woman.

The man turned almost viciously. 'I won't; so that ends it,' he said harshly, and then broke into useless self-accusation. 'Good God! here am I babbling like a fool and you sitting there freezing.' He stamped his foot with sudden impotent fury at his own helplessness; then quickly ripping off his coat, he flung it over the woman and caught up her struggling form in his arms.

'Lie still! Lie still!' he hissed. 'I mean to carry you.'

By sheer dogged endurance rather than physical strength, he carried her thus for perhaps half a mile, perhaps a mile, till at length, with a stifled moan, he pitched forward on his face in the snow, a nerveless, exhausted heap.

'God help me, Grace! I can't go another step,' he gasped; then, as no answer came from the huddled fur beneath him, he struggled to his

knees and tore frantically at the fur collar that hid her face.

'Oh God,' he gasped, 'give me strength!' and, seizing her insensible form in an iron grip, he shook, pommelled, and struck her with his mittened hands.

'Ralph, don't—don't; you hurt!' came a weak voice at last.

'Are you frozen anywhere? Quick, Grace, tell me! There, can you feel that?'

'Feel what?' asked the woman drowsily. 'I've always heard it's an easy death, and we're together, aren't we? It really doesn't matter much. I think I'll—go—to—sleep—now;' and once more the heavy lids drooped over her eyes.

The man looked round wildly as though seeking aid in the desolation of whirling snow. The cold had penetrated to the woman's brain at last; he realised it, and could do nothing. With a supreme effort he felt in his pocket, and brought out a match in his naked hand; then he struck it on his trousers and carefully shielded it from the wind in the hollow of his hands. He waited until the flame had taken firm hold; then, with a repulsive shudder, he applied it to the tender white flesh, and sank back unconscious as the woman's eyes opened in sudden pain and terror, and her ears caught the faint tinkle of approaching sleigh-bells.

The electric brougham skidded on the slippery asphalt, recovered itself, skidded again a trifle farther, and finally came to an ignominious full stop in the gutter. The man inside thrust his head out into the choking pea-soup fog with a muttered imprecation.

'Walker! Hi, Walker! Hallo, you there!' He broke off, suddenly discovering the chauffeur's face not six inches from his own. 'What the deuce is the matter? Anything wrong?'

The chauffeur, converted into a misty apparition by the fog, stood at the carriage-door, the personification of apologetic annoyance. 'Sorry, sir, but the roads, and the new batteries'—

The man flung open the door with unnecessary violence. 'Hang technicalities, and hang electric broughams! Can you get the thing to move to-night, or must we get a hansom?'

'I'm afraid, sir'—began the chauffeur.

'Then it is a hansom,' snapped his employer. 'Hurry up, man, before we're asphyxiated.'

The chauffeur vanished, and the man returned to the brougham.

'Worst of these tin-pot, handbox affairs!' he grumbled to the woman who sat in the far corner enveloped in a fluffy opera-cloak, holding a dainty handkerchief to her mouth and nose.

The woman removed the handkerchief, revealing a pretty enough mouth, though hinting ennui by its slightly drooping corners. 'If you'll kindly come in, or stay out, but at any rate shut the door,' she remarked acridly, 'I may escape with a chill.'

They sat in silence for a few minutes, the woman staring listlessly through the window, her gaze fixed on a dim yellow blur that indicated the neighbourhood of a street lamp; the man crossing and recrossing his legs spasmodically.

'A live donkey's better than a dead—handbox,' he observed at last. 'I wonder when that idiot is coming with the hansom!'

'Why don't you discharge him?' said she through three layers of handkerchief. 'You know he doesn't understand his work in the least. I do believe you're afraid of him.'

'Good chauffeurs don't grow by the wayside. The man knows his proper work well enough; but a plaything like this! He's not expected to be an electrical engineer. And as for being afraid of him, my dear girl, if Walker conveyed the same terror to my soul that your maid—Hullo, thank the Lord, here he is!'

The chauffeur stood once more on the curb-stone, his face expressive of a consternation even he was unable to hide. 'Kebs not running, sir; can't see yer 'and'—

The man leant out of the window and glared hopelessly round. 'Do you mean to say we must walk in—in this?'

'Fraid so, sir. There's the "Albany"—temperance hotel—just'—

'Don't be funny, Walker; the occasion doesn't call for mirth. Where are we?' The man turned to the woman. 'The Heatheringtons may have a garden and a carriage-drive, but if I had to live in these infernal suburbs to get 'em I'd'—

'I don't think talking will do much good; do you?' the woman suggested with a mildness palpably artificial.—'Where did you say we were, Walker?'

'He didn't say where we were,' the man interrupted testily, 'for the simple reason that he doesn't know. Come, we must walk.'

There were tears of vexation in her eyes as she gathered her skirt about her and stepped down on to the slippery, wet pavement.

'And now,' she said as they dived blindly into the fog, 'where on earth are we going?'

'Haven't the least idea,' said the man with forced cheerfulness; 'but we're bound to get somewhere in time.'

'These hateful shoes!' said the woman. 'Don't walk so fast, Ralph, or I shall sprain my ankle.'

'Never could see why women have to wear stilts on their heels,' muttered the man. 'Come now, we're getting to something,' he added a trifle more cheerfully as a dull glow ahead converted the fog into a lighter shade of biliousness. 'Last time I forsoke the club for idiots who choose to live the other side of nowhere.'

The woman coughed an inaudible rejoinder, and they emerged into the ring of light—a street light, that was all. They moved on once more.

'We ought to hit the Edgware Road soon,' said the man, 'and we can take the tube from

there. That mode of locomotion defies any atmospheric conditions.'

'Say you *think* we'll hit the Edgware Road,' corrected the woman, and the man looked suddenly down at her with the puzzled frown of one striving after a half-forgotten memory; but the discomfort of the moment forced it to the background, and it slipped by.

'One thing's certain,' he continued, with added conviction, 'we shall never get anywhere at this rate. Look here, I think I'd better run on and hire anything on two wheels that I meet, if it's only a coster's barrow.'

'And leave me here'—the woman began, and checked herself.

'Unless you care to run with me,' suggested the man ironically. 'I do wish you wouldn't be so difficult, Grace, especially when we're in a fix like this; if you had on anything else than those ridiculous shoes it would be different.'

'Very well; hurry up!' she said.

When he was gone the woman leant back against a wall and closed her eyes. 'I wonder why I should have thought of it to-night,' she murmured. 'I suppose it was the weird similarity and the still weirder difference; the cause was much the same; but the effect!' and she laughed a little, short laugh. 'What can have made us so different in seven—no, eight—years?'

The man kicked the fire into a blaze, and the woman sat dreamily watching the flames, her chin between her hands, a far-away look in her eyes.

'Has it occurred to you yet,' she asked at last quietly; 'the similarity, I mean, between last night and—and a certain night eight years ago?'

The man rose abruptly and stood looking down at her. 'Yes,' he said, 'it has.'

The woman looked up in unfeigned surprise. 'I wondered if you noticed it,' she said with a strange diffidence. 'I thought—I thought you probably wouldn't remember—this.' She drew aside a broad necklace of pearls to show a small, puckered scar that it hid.

The man put out his hand and touched the spot gently.

'Yes, I remembered it,' he said slowly.

'When?'

'Just after I left you in the fog.'

'And how did it strike you?'

The man turned and flicked his cigarette-ash into the fire. 'It knocked me all of a heap for a minute,' he said.

The woman smiled. 'Only for a minute,' she mused. 'I wish—I wish I could forget it as quickly.' She continued as though talking to the fire. 'We made more fuss last night, Ralph, over having to walk a mile and a half in a fog on solid pavements to a railway station than we did eight years ago plodding knee-deep through snow in a raging blizzard, with the thermometer at forty below and certain death staring us in the face. Why is it, Ralph? What has made all the difference?'

The man shrugged a pair of broad shoulders. 'Circumstances, environment. Everything here is so small; we're bound to get small too.'

'But as small as we were last night?'

'Yes; probably smaller before we're done.'

The woman suddenly clenched her hands. 'I hate it!' she exclaimed vehemently. 'Oh, I hate it all! Little "At Homes," little dinners, little theatre parties, little this and little that. I want to see something big, Ralph, if it's only the North Atlantic. I want to see rivers that dry up'—

'You want to see the prairie!' The man's eyes held the sparkle of awakened ambition. 'Good Lord, so do I! I've wanted to for—yes, the last seven years.'

The woman looked up at him. 'Why didn't you say so before?' she asked reproachfully.

'I thought you—I thought this was God's Country, Grace.'

'So did I,' said the woman; 'but I want to go back. Let us go back.'

The man laughed a glad, boyish laugh. '"The call of the snow-bank," we must call it, Grace. I wonder where God's Country really is.'

'I think,' said the woman, her gaze returning to the fire, an added colour creeping into her cheeks—'I think it must be wherever love is, Ralph.'

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY IN THE 'R.L.O.'

IN the postal service the Returned Letter Office is generally spoken of as the R.L.O. This department deals with all correspondence which postmen have been unable to deliver. Such correspondence consists chiefly of wrongly addressed and badly addressed parcels and letters. After all efforts to hand these in at the right addresses have failed they come under the charge of the R.L.O., which either returns them to the senders or keeps them until called for.

A few years ago the Post-Office played a sad

trick on the public—more particularly the sweet-hearting part of it. Tinselled picture post-cards had become quite the rage, but unfortunately the tinsel used was of a poisonous nature. So, in order to protect his staff, the Postmaster-General ruled that all such cards should be placed in covers before being sent through the post. If posted contrary to this regulation they would be destroyed. The large stationery shops soon provided transparent envelopes to meet the difficulty, but the British public did not pay

much heed to the new decree. The consequence was that the R.L.O. had the time of its life. Thousands of pretty, sparkling cards with loving messages inscribed thereon found their way into this department, where they were ruthlessly disposed of. What misunderstandings must have arisen throughout the land! Jack would not receive Ethel's dainty message written in the corner of a bespangled Tower Bridge. What must—— But words fail at the very thought of what must have happened.

On one occasion an old lady in the country wrote to the Postmaster-General informing him that she had posted a Christmas present to her boy in London. Unfortunately she had put on a wrong address. She was sorry to give the Post-Office so much trouble, and doubtless 'his honour' (the Postmaster-General) would be worrying about having the packet on his hands. Would he please send it back to her at once? Could the dear old creature have had but a glance round the R.L.O. during that Christmas season, she would never have risked sending another parcel by post during her lifetime. Surely, had she seen the thousands of undeliverable packets and letters, derelict turkeys, and unclaimed fowls and pheasants, she would have given up all hope of ever seeing her property again. Indeed, every Christmas season leaves the postal authorities with a great amount of poultry on their hands, for which owners cannot be found. Labels have been torn off in transit, so that trying to find the right addresses is a hopeless task. The authorities do the next best thing possible. The stuff is sold, and if claimants turn up they receive what cash the sale realised. Thus a dead loss is avoided.

It is extremely difficult to convince some people that it is possible to make mistakes when addressing postal matter. One morning, some little time ago, a fierce-looking gentleman arrived at the R.L.O. He was apparently breathing dreadful vengeance on every one connected with the Post-Office, and quite scared everybody in the building. At length he snappishly explained that some few days previous he had sent off a packet to a friend, who had not received it, and he wanted to know the reason why. He gave the name of the street, and the number of the house was 38. The official who listened to his tale answered not a word until the end of the recital. Then, asking to be excused until he looked the matter up, he retired, and returned in a few minutes bearing the undelivered parcel. The number plainly written on it was—28. Finally the gentleman half-heartedly apologised. He couldn't believe he had made such a mistake, and almost inferred that the postal officials had changed the figure just out of pure cussedness. Unfortunately for the Post-Office, this type of gentleman is much too common.

An amusing case was that of a well-dressed young lady who one afternoon found her way

into the house of 'dead letters.' Tackling the first clerk that crossed her path, she explained to him that about a week before she had despatched a small parcel to her cousin. Since sending it off she had discovered that it had been posted to the wrong address. Doubtless it was in the office; she would just take it with her. The official explained that every returned article was examined and 'booked' before being given up to any claimant. He was sorry, but hers had not as yet been dealt with. But if she would call again in a day or two she would be sure to receive it. 'Why can't you lay out all parcels on a table?' she demanded. 'Then people could come in and pick out their own property at once. I am sure I should know mine if I saw it.' The man smilingly pointed out to the would-be postal reformer that it would also be possible for some one to come in and take away something that did not belong to him. The dear, innocent lady had never thought of that.

A case is recorded where a letter was delivered at a certain house in a north-country village. It was to a gentleman who had died there a couple of months before. The new occupier of the house wrote 'Dead' across the envelope, and returned the missive to the post. A few days later, through some mistake or other, the postman brought it back. By-and-by the postman found it on his hands once more. Finally it reached the R.L.O., where a dignified clerk was seen to smile a red-tape smile as he read: 'Dead and buried. Address unknown.'

There are, however, many tragedies brought under the notice of the R.L.O. officials. Many letters have to be glanced through in order to gain some clue to the addresses of the senders. The following is a good example. It was an express letter, but had been returned. It was from a despairing wife to her husband, who was apparently at work a long distance from his home. She wished to know why he had not written for so many weeks. She and her child were starving, and with her last sixpence she had despatched this letter. But the postman had been unable to deliver it. For written with cruel boldness across the envelope was the one word, 'Deceased.'

SONNET.

MIDNIGHT! Away in yonder western sky
The embers of the sunset smoulder still.
A faint blue haze lies on the distant hill,
And hovers o'er the stream that tranquilly,
Past field and shadowy hamlet, evermore
Draws its hushed waters to the open sea.
Nought of the night is anywhere; only
Its silence, sinking, sinking down on shore
And sea, on land and house-top. A light air
Is stirring gently seaward; but the trees
Are mute, their faintly green, transparent leaves,
Like blossoms, in the twilight, gleaming fair.
Day treads on Night; that ebbing light, anon,
Drifting eastward, will mingle with the dawn.

MARY C. CHRISTIE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ON THE SKIRTS OF THE LAMMERMOORS.

Oh wild and stormy Lammermoor!
Would I could feel once more
The cold north wind, the wintry blast,
That sweeps the mountains o'er;
Would I could see thy drifted snow
Deep, deep in clough and glen,
And hear the scream of the wild birds,
And was free on thy hills again!

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

A HEALTHY sign of the times is the increased attention paid to local and county history and topography. More than a hundred years ago Sir John Sinclair pointed the way with his *Statistical Account of Scotland*, which for the first time gave a history of all the parishes. Now we have county and local histories innumerable, beautifully illustrated county geographies, general guide-books, and guides to every town of importance. In the great *Victoria History of the Counties of England* an attempt has been made to cover all the English counties. From time to time books on several Scottish counties have been published, but met with slender success. It is no fault of author or publisher if any human being remains ignorant of the district or county in Britain in which he lives. The beaten track of the tourist, such as the Shakespeare Country or the Land of Scott, has even a chance of being overdone. Yet in Britain, at our own doors, there are still possibilities of at least disclosing beauty-spots and places of historic and biographic interest, in spite of all that has been written. To prove this, Mr A. G. Bradley, who is known as a picturesque and entertaining writer about the highways and byways of English scenery, has invaded Scotland from Berwick-on-Tweed, and in his *Gateway of Scotland* (Constable and Co.) makes a picturesque survey of the Merse, the Lammermoors, and East Lothian. Mr A. L. Collins has supplemented his efforts by fine line-drawings and coloured illustrations. It may be pointed out, by the way, that the Carlisle route is also a gateway to Scotland no less than Berwick-on-Tweed. The enthusiasm of the writer is infectious; and he has done for this region what has not been so well done before. We learn the significance of many familiar places and things, and Mr Bradley has a good deal of the gift of Sir Walter Scott, the most luminous example of a man who 'felt a country.' Mr Hilaire Belloc is here credited with the saying that a man sees just as much as he is fit to see, and no more. Thomas Carlyle said this in rather a better way before Mr Belloc was born. Only

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a few golfers, we are assured, know anything of East Lothian, and that but in a limited way. Their knowledge is bound to be limited, as the first principle of a good golfer is to keep his eye on the ball. Who does not know the famous golf-courses of North Berwick, Gullane, Muirfield, Archerfield, Luffness, and Kilspindie? The motorist who moves swiftly from point to point knows just a little about the county, and more about the various inns at which he calls a halt. The passenger by rail from the south, in that wonderful sixty miles between Berwick and Edinburgh, gets only kaleidoscopic glimpses of the country. So the efforts of an Englishman to show the Scottish nation and the rest of mankind what an invaluable asset it possesses in these counties may be warmly welcomed.

There have been other recent labourers in the same field, including John Martine, who has published books of reminiscences concerning the county and town of Haddington, and D. Croal, who has written *Sketches of East Lothian*. Mr Charles Green, an Edinburgh publisher, issued his beautifully illustrated book on *East Lothian* in 1907. In his opinion it is the most charming of Scottish counties, and as a whole the least known. Mr Green's historical, biographical, and picturesque notes are crisply expressed and well informed. Another writer, Mr Francis Watt, in *Edinburgh and the Lothians* (Methuen & Co.), devotes nineteen pleasantly gossiping chapters to the Scottish capital, and six equally interesting chapters to East Lothian, in which he is very much at home in regard to scenery, history, and antiquities. Mr W. Dexter is responsible for the twelve coloured illustrations. Mr Watt's Lammerlaw chapter gives the pleasures, discomforts, and humours of a part-walking, part-cycling excursion across the Lammermoors. Mr Bradley asks if there are any people wandering as Young, Pennant, or Cobbett used to do. We must add our authors to the number, although they are less opinionative regarding what they went out to see. Mr Bradley is the most picturesque writer in our list.

After wanderings in England and Canada, Mr Bradley comes back to what was a love of his youth, the Border country—'a revisitation rather than a fresh departure.' He enjoys himself in his cycle-rides, walking, or fishing excursions to the Whitadder; converses with cottagers, innkeepers, farmers, and shepherds;

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and adds to our store of anecdote thereby. He believes that the most attractive scenery in Britain is to be found among the foothills of moors and mountains, and he tells us more than once that East Lothian is the best-farmed county in the United Kingdom, 'the finest county in Britain—nay, in the world; . . . a vast garden lying between a rocky, broken coastline and a wild waste of moor.' He leads the reader through Berwickshire and across the wild moorlands from Ellemford to the north edge of the Lammermoors, and tells him that he lifted his hat to 'this rich-tinted, rolling carpet of East Lothian, girt about with wide waters and framed with shadowy mountains.' The Garleton Hills, near Haddington, form another splendid point of vantage much eulogised by Samuel Smiles in his *Autobiography*. The Lammermoor range of hills in East Lothian and Berwickshire stretches from Soutra Gap eastwards to the German Ocean at Fast Castle, the Wolf's Crag of Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*. Of the main tracks across the hills, one from Haddington to Duns climbs from Garvald, with Mr Balfour's seat of Whittinghame on the left, and Lord Tweeddale's Yester estate on the right, and passing the source of the Whitadder at White Well, follows the vale of the Whitadder towards Duns. This was the route taken by Marmion in his journey north. Another leaves Long Yester, near Gifford, and crosses by Lammerlaw and Kelhope Burn to Carfrae Mill Inn. There are at least a score of old circular camps or hill-forts on the East Lothian side of the Lammermoors, perched mostly on the tops or sides of the hills. Mr Bradley tells the hardy pedestrian that he might walk thirty miles eastward along the higher ridges of these moors, among heather and peat-bogs, grouse and curlews, and on a clear day look over half of Scotland upon his left hand, and half of the Borders on the right, without meeting any one save a stray shepherd.

While famous for methods of agriculture, East Lothian has a record for eminent men. According to a tablet placed at Giffordgate, in Haddington, by Thomas Carlyle, John Knox was a native; he has also been claimed for the villages of Gifford and Morham with less show of probability. John Major, a teacher of John Knox, was born near North Berwick. Sir David Lyndsay, another herald of the Scottish Reformation, may also have been a native of East Lothian. Two of his poetic predecessors, Dunbar and Gavin Douglas, were also born in East Lothian. Haddington parish church holds the dust of the Lauderdales; of Jane Welsh (wife of Thomas Carlyle); of Dr Welsh (father of Jane Welsh), a Haddington practitioner, described as an agreeable, cheerful man whom everybody loved, with a comely, handsome face and lively and expressive features; and of the father of Samuel Smiles. Messrs Miller & Sons, of Haddington and Dunbar,

were pioneers in cheap literature, and published their *Cheap Magazine* in 1813. Dr John Brown, Secession minister, author of a *Bible Dictionary* and *Self-Interpreting Bible*, was the founder of the dynasty of Browns, of whom his namesake, the author of *Rab and His Friends*, is best remembered. Provost Samuel Brown instituted a system of itinerating libraries, while his son and namesake became famous as a chemist and man of science. Samuel Smiles, author of *Self-Help* and *Lives of the Engineers*, was born at Haddington a hundred years ago. Mr F. Watt is needlessly contemptuous of this useful and interesting writer, who has done so much to inculcate independence, perseverance, and thrift amongst all classes of the community, and who was no mean historian of the lives of men of genuine worth—engineers, naturalists, and inventors. Haddington may well be proud of his solid record. In the *Autobiography* of Smiles there is a living picture of his native town a century ago. His first schoolmaster prophesied that he would only be fit to sweep its streets. Haddington in Smiles's youth was the centre of a military camp; barracks were erected all round it, as Napoleon was believed to have designs for landing an armed force at Aberlady. There were barracks also at Belhaven. The reality of the thing was further impressed on the mind of young Smiles, as his father added to the stock of his shop left-off army stores, chiefly blankets and greatcoats. He saw a shepherd walking off with one of these greatcoats on his back.

Many of the country parishes have also interesting associations. The Rev. William Robertson, afterwards Principal of Edinburgh University, wrote one of his famous histories in the parish of Gladsmuir. The Rev. Robert Blair, minister of Athelstaneford, wrote a sombre poem on 'The Grave'; he was succeeded by the Rev. John Home, author of the tragedy of *Douglas*. The Rev. John Witherspoon, D.D. (1723-94), president of Princeton, the college of New Jersey, and one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, was a son of the minister of Yester. Dr Charles Wishart, president of the American college of Carlisle, was a son of the schoolmaster of Long Yester. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and author of a famous *History of My Own Time*, was for four years minister of Salton, and left an endowment for clothing poor children and for a library, both of which schemes are still in operation. Patrick Scougall, afterwards Bishop of Aberdeen, was minister here for five years. Andrew Fletcher (1655-1716) of Salton was a patriot Republican and orator of the seventeenth century, whose saying about the laws and ballads of a country is continually misquoted. He is described as a short, thin man of a brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sad look. On Salton estate the first machinery for shelling rough barley into pot-barley was intro-

duced into Scotland from Holland, and installed by James Meikle. His son Andrew Meikle, of Houston Mill, was inventor of the thrashing-machine. The British Linen Company's first factory was on the same estate. The name of Phantassie recalls the Rennies, several of whom became famous engineers. Mr Balfour's estate of Whittinghame has memories of the Earl of Morton, and in the west tower of the house, tradition says, the conference was held between Lethington and Bothwell as to the murder of Darnley. In Bolton churchyard are buried the mother of Robert Burns, a sister of the poet, and his brother Gilbert, who was factor on Lady Blantyre's East Lothian estate, and died at Grant's Braes in 1827. There is a monument to Robert Moffat, the South African missionary, father-in-law of Livingstone, at his native village of Ormiston. John Cockburn of Ormiston has been called the 'father of Scottish husbandry.'

George Hope of Fenton Barns was one of the famous East Lothian farmers, a friend of more than one *Scotman* editor, and a contributor to that newspaper. It was an ancestor of his, a man of a thrifty, calculating disposition, who once bought a church pulpit and a hearse at an auction sale because they went cheap. Every one wondered to what use he could possibly put them. The pulpit he converted into a cattle-trough, a cart was put on the wheels of the hearse, and the upper part of it was transformed into a kind of box-bed, then in use in the country. The driver of the cart shortly afterwards gave notice to leave, and on being asked the reason, said, 'It's thae wheels; they aye pit me in mind o' mortality.'

The locality of Ravenswood House in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, described as standing at the northern foot of the Lammermoors, and at the mouth of a pass from the Merse, Mr Bradley gives reasons for identifying with either Nunraw or Yester House, both ancient seats. Yester, by its greater importance, has the stronger claim; although Edgar Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton may have plighted their troth in the woods at Nunraw. The spot Scott indicates as being between 'Lammerlaw and Traprain.' James Skene of Rubislaw regarded Winton Castle as most likely; while 'Wolf's Hope' was Eyemouth, and the 'Kelpie's Flow' the Links of Eye. There is no ambiguity about another reference: the visit of Marmion and his suite to the village inn of Gifford, and the scene in the now ruined castle of Goblin Ha', near Yester House. It takes some care as well as local knowledge to discover this place in Yester woods, and we blundered twice. Mr Bradley confesses having done so once. It is greatly worth a visit, combining as it does the lovely walk through the woods which overhang Gifford Water. Dunbar Castle, now a mere ruin, has had a stormy record. Dirleton Castle has been uninhabited since it was battered down by Lambert during Cromwell's invasion in 1650. Tantallon

Castle, beyond North Berwick, associated with the Douglasses, is also a ruin. The lonely Bass Rock, with its screaming sea-fowl, was a Presbyterian prison in the time of Charles the Second. Seton Castle, now no more, has memories of Queen Mary, as has also Hailes, a ruin near East Linton. Many plundering and marauding English forces entered Scotland by the east coast. Cromwell's army came this way in the autumn of 1650, and the soil near Dunbar was 'salted down with thousands slain in battle' on 3rd September. At the battle of Prestonpans, during the '45, one of the few heroes on the Government side was good Colonel Gardiner, whose monument, standing at Bankton House, may be seen from the railway in passing. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, in his *Autobiography*, has interesting personal reminiscences of the '45, the Prestonpans battle, and Midlothian and East Lothian affairs.

Mr Bradley begins his survey of Berwickshire, that 'fat and opulent farming region,' from Berwick-on-Tweed after fully discussing its history and Edwardian and Tudor defences. Thence either by cycle or rail he follows the Tweed to Kelso. Like a good deal of East Lothian, Berwickshire is a county that the tourist does not feel impelled to visit. But the angler knows the Whitadder and its tributary burns, and we are treated to idyllic descriptions of fishing excursions past and present, with disappointment expressed that the Trout Inn at Ellemford is now a private house. An old fishing-record is recalled. While fishing the Dye Mr Bradley and a friend killed seventy-six trout, the best fish one pound two ounces and one pound one ounce. On the Whitadder recently Mr Bradley and another angler had a large creelful between them. The landlord of the inn at Ellemford is reported to have once killed ninety-six pounds of trout with worm; and on another day thirty dozen fell to his rod. The secret of the fecundity of the Whitadder to-day, after being whipped by generations of anglers, is to Mr Bradley still inscrutable. He thinks its waters may still afford as profitable sport as they did sixty years ago, a statement that will hardly find general credence. When the Fasney Burn was in condition a Gifford postman and his brother caught fifty trout each. We have known an Edinburgh angler and cyclist leave town at four on a summer morning, and ride by way of Blackshiels and Soutra to the Kelphe Burn, walking and pushing his cycle by the track over Lammerlaw to Long Yester. He returned to town in daylight, having covered sixty miles, and with sixty trout in his basket. The names of the other small streams in the Lammermoors where this angler has done even better he would on no account divulge to us. Four miles below Ellemford, on the Whitadder, is Abbey St Bathans, a cluster of cottages, manse, and farm buildings. According to our author, in the whole orbit of the Lammermoor region there is no more delightful retreat.

We cannot here do more than mention Duns, Gordon, Lauder, and Earlston, about all of which Mr Bradley has something interesting to tell. Lauder is commended for its pleasant walks, moorland air, and touch of old-worldness. Duns may have been the birthplace of Duns Scotus, whose tomb is in Cologne. Dr M'Crie and Thomas Boston were natives. Duns has a 'huge sheep country behind it, and a fat grain country in front, a County Council to cheer it up, and looks entirely happy in spite of its resounding paved streets.' There have been over seventy Berwickshire poets, but Mr Bradley wisely quotes only from Lady John Scott and a shepherd-lad.

Mr Bradley has a keen eye for the conditions of agriculture and the agriculturist, and records the successful emigration of suitable Berwickshire men to Canada in the middle of last century. The amount of barley grown in Berwickshire surprised him. He prefers sound ale as a fine and wholesome beverage for the manual labourer to stewed tea, and its accompaniment of anæmic bread and commercial jam, a little butcher's meat, and a good deal of tinned stuff. The writer has heard of a Berwickshire man who put Burns's poems in the fire in case his family

should be contaminated. A Longformacus peasant's opinion of Sir Walter Scott when the announcement of his death was made is interesting. An old lady, a strict Calvinist of the old school, jeered at the expressions of grief, saying, 'Hoots, guidman, he's weel awa'. He was just fillin' the heads o' the folks fu' o' downright havers.' Another, to our knowledge, could see no good in his books because of his treatment of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*, of which Tennyson had such an exalted opinion. Another anecdote refers to a mother's ideas as to the career of a daughter who was staying with a relative. The girl could neither sew, cook, nor be useful to her mother from the fact that it was not necessary for her to 'dae thae kind o' things.' When the mother was asked how she occupied her time, the reply was, 'Well, she just enjoys herself. Her relation, ye ken, has independent means.' Some time before a retired postmistress had said that in her opinion the rising generation of girls were 'a parcel of feckless hussies wi' a smatterin' o' useless rubbish in their fulish heads; too fine leddies to go out to service, and not sense nor knowledge enough to keep a puir man's hoose.' Let us hope that this type is an exception on the Borders, as elsewhere.

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XV.—LAND HO!

'I SLEPT for many hours, and the good Evan did not rouse me. Luckily, the wind had not risen during the night, or I might not be here to tell the tale. When I came on deck my comrade was at the tiller, the sky clean and rain-washed, and a copper sun was taking heart behind the last of the flying clouds.

'Evan began at once a characteristic vindication of his prophecies of disaster. I felt inclined to tell him to thank God for our luck rather than dance round his fetish, but I was too hungry and too weak to talk. I changed my clothes, and then, under his direction, set about making breakfast, while he steered. Then we went out of sight of that corner of the deck where the red stain was—he pointed aft—'there! that's why I wouldn't sit there to-day—and ate and drank, saying little.

'Was it all real, or was I crazy? Was this silent ghost the craft that had run so merrily out of Saint Pierre? Gerrand! Madge! Hulse! Lowden, the handsome devil! Were they names in a dream? But the flag was still at half-mast; the dog Dugald trotted, whining, fore and aft, round and round, then up and down the companion, looking for the lost; and I knew that close beside us on deck was the red stain; that the sea would keep the vanished men and the woman till one Great Day; and that we were alone, sailing the Ship of Shadows. Some sudden memory of the good-hearted skipper arose—his voice, I

think, when first he offered to take me out of Port o' Spain—and between this, my physical weakness, and my stretched nerves, my manhood nearly gave out. Evan diagnosed my thoughts, and wisely set me to work.

'For the next day or two the deaths of poor Hulse and Gerrand came up fitfully in our talk. I told Evan what I had heard when I listened on the companion-way; but we came to no conclusion, nothing farther than I have arrived at to this day concerning Lowden. Evan was disinclined to think of the things we had seen. "Let the dead lie!" he said at last, looking around almost as if he expected to hear their voices. "This is an accursed ship. Let the dead lie!" and not another word would he breathe again on the subject.

'The run home until we made a landfall was blissfully uneventful. The Fates probably thought that we had had more than our share of happenings. Much to our relief, the wind blew fair. The glass rose and kept steady. A warm sun shone, and I picked up strength every hour. I was a novice at steering; but Evan did the most of this, and between us we managed to keep the ship going, Evan taking our bearings by dead reckoning. Heaven knows what would have happened in dirty weather; but we kept the sails reduced just as Lowden had left her, and, as it turned out, we never shipped a spoonful of water. One evening, just before night-

fall, Evan pointed out to me a long blur on the horizon. "Land Ho!" he said. It was the coast of Ireland, off Donegal, as it turned out, and ere morning the deep-sea light at Fanad Head sent us its welcome greeting. Then the sun slowly painted out the last shadows and morning banks of mist, showing white fleecy cloudlets, flying like a flock of white birds of good omen; all around us, the great crystalline wheel of the sea. The coastline hardened into definiteness, cliffs crowned with green, seas creaming at their feet.

'Now, Evan had been strangely silent (for him) concerning our destination. I had made no doubt that we would run for the nearest port; but even when we saw Ireland he said little or nothing. The sight of land demanded some definite course. I asked him directly where he was making for.

"Well, we can run for Lough Swilly or Lough Foyle; but that, wi' only the two o' us here, means a pilot, an' a pilot means questions, an' questions mean trouble, as sure as there's kail in Kintyre. I tell ye fair, a Board o' Trade inquiry is jist the last thing I'll be seekin' to show my face at." He looked at me obliquely.

"You mean?"

"Well . . . maybe it was a drop o' whusky. Maybe no'. If ye think a mate—an' that's me—signs on as a cook an' bottle-washer on a schooner for a tanned two pounds a month, or for the sake o' his health, ye're welcome! But that's no' my opeenion."

"Tell me nothing you don't want to, Evan," said I, knowing his brittle temper. After all, he had sailed the ship and saved our lives. We had faced death together, and he had shown the fine qualities of a seaman in a crisis, and his little idiosyncrasies never warped a cheerfulness and resource beyond praise.

'His brow cleared a little as he said, "Now, we've no cargo to land, an' between you an' me an' the dog, I'm no' ferry much carin' whether we make a port or no'. We're off the County Donegal, an' wi' a dacent wind like the wan we're gettin' we'll see Scotland soon."

'My heart beat. "Splendid, Evan! The sooner the better!"

"Wait till I've feenished, m'lad. Ye're young. Deleberation is a ferry goot thing." He was silent for a little, casting a glance at me over the bowl of his pipe. I knew that the agreeable rascal was turning over some scheme of his own.

"Yes, a ferry goot thing! Now, look ye! Here we are, sailin' a schooner that doesn't happen to pelong to us. Supposin' we bring her into port, what story will we pe tellin' aboot her?"

"Why, the true story, of course, Evan. Why not?"

"Why not? Ye must be a great gomerl! Because no one will pelieve it, an' them that do will only pretend to. There'll pe a great

pusiness in the courts, as like as no', as if it wass our fault. I'm no' goin' barefoot among thistles if I can help it!" he answered gloomily, then relapsed into silent preoccupation, his eye measuring the sea between us and the coast, and every now and again stealing a look at me. I had but one thought, and that was to set foot again in Scotland; and I urged that we could come to no harm by running for the nearest land, or, for that matter, the Clyde, there to hand the ship over to the authorities and tell the unvarnished tale.

"Come, Evan! we must get home. What's your reason for not running for a port?" I asked again.

'He thought for a moment. "Well, there's a story I'll tell ye aboot a great chief long ago in the Highlands. It's a peety you have no Gaelic, for it clinks far petter in the Gaelic than the English. The English is a poor speech for a story."

'So, by way of answer, he told me that once, in the good old days, a great chief, temporarily embarrassed, had borrowed a hundred head of cattle from a neighbour, but without going through the little formality of informing their owner. The cattle were intercepted and recaptured; but the rightful owner contended that they were twenty head short, and a representation to this effect was made to the chief. "What?" said he. "Things have come to a pretty pass when my neighbours will not take the word of a Highland gentleman!"

"Well?" I asked when he stopped.

"Weel, I'm goin' to sail the ship where I like; an' as for havin' my reasons, ye'll chust have to pe takin' the word o' a Highland chentleman for them."

'With this parable I had to be content, for he would say no more, remaining for the rest of the day as silent as a Trappist monk.'

CHAPTER XVI.—'TIME TO LEAVE HER.'

'THE course of *The Ayrshire Rose* was altered a point or two under his orders, the Irish coast just visible on our starboard.

"I suppose we must bring her to some port, Evan," I said. This would surely unbend him.

"I'm no' sure o' that," he grumbled.

This was irritating and mystifying, and I asked him again point-blank to speak out and say what he meant. He wriggled mentally and physically, and hesitated. Now, there's no surer index to a man's thoughts than what he says in a temper. I deliberately set about to rouse his, and bring matters to a head.

"Perhaps you want to steal the ship?" I said.

'I should have got only my deserts if he had cuffed my ears; but he merely rose, ran a blazing

eye over me from head to foot, turned his back, and went slowly forward.

'I left the tiller for a moment and ran after him instantly, ashamed and penitent.

'Then the hurricane of his anger broke out, and I listened to many unrepeatable things in English and Gaelic, until I begged his pardon humbly, and confessed that my words were only a ruse to get at his mind.

"By the Holy Iron! it's chust as well. If I thought that ye would pe meanin' it, it's nefer again wad I break speech wi' ye. Maybe I am wanted for a smahl bit o' smugglin', but I'll have ye know that Evan Macleod iss an honest man."

'Lo! the murder was out! Evan, honest man, had visions of being laid by the heels ashore for a bit of smuggling.

"Is that all, man? I'll help you," said I, vastly relieved.

'He was still snorting a little, but his face visibly brightened and he shook my outstretched hand. Then he unbosomed himself. He had been caught in a little deal in smuggled saccharine from the Baltic.

"Ye see, mine's a kent face on Clydeside! They let me out on bail, though the lawyers chairged so much that I've whiles thought I was better to have stopped in jyle. I've neither wife nor bairn, so I chust slipped my cable. It's ahl ferry well comin' quietly back as I intended, an' gettin' paid off the ship an' takin' my chance. I wad have risked that. I've done it pefore. But it's anither pair o' breeks to come back in a schooner wi' her name chainged, nopody on board but you an' me an' the dog, an' a story o' death, murder, an' suicide, fit for the *Polis News*. No. There would pe a fine pusiness. I'd be up against the whole clamjamfry o' the law, fra' the Lord Adv'kit to the nicht-bobbies on Greendyke Street by the Broomielaw."

"There's nothing for it but to risk it, is there?" I ventured.

"Risk it! I've risked enough in this cursed vessel to last my turn. I'd as lief risk offerin' a bun to a shark as risk the law. If I get clear o' *The Ayrshire Rose* mess, they'll get me on the smugglin' bail. What they'll pe losin' on the swings they'll make on the merry-go-rounds, as the man said. I tell ye straight, I'm no' goin' near a port."

"Run her ashore? That's as bad."

"Worse. We would be seen. I'm goin' to leave her." He struck into the old chanty,

The seas were high, the winds were strong;
Leave her, Johnny! leave her!

It will pe as easy as tumblin' out o' yer bunk. Get her close inshore; then"— He pointed to the ship's boat.

'My face instantly reflected the hundred difficulties I foresaw, for he coolly said with a grin, "An' ye'll have to join me, my lad, for ye wouldna think o' sailin' the schooner a knot by

yersel', unless ye want to join the rest o' the ship's company wi' Davy Jones."

'This was true, and he saw that I knew it. Although I argued for the best part of the day, he was adamant.

'After all, I owed Evan a good deal, and he had nursed me as tenderly as a woman when I was ill. Ultimately I gave in, and we set about immediately to conceal *The Ayrshire Rose's* identity. I don't know that this was quite necessary, but Evan was all for being sure rather than sorry. We began by swabbing the decks. I was glad that Evan took the after-deck, where the red stain was, as part of his job. We did the business thoroughly.'

'You did,' I cut in. 'There wasn't a scrap to identify her by.'

'That's so. We emptied the lockers, down to the pockets of the dead men's clothes. We burned or threw overboard every scrap of paper, the log included. It was a sad task, and we went through it silently. I remember the little feminine fineries, the photographs, the woman's hand plain in the tiny stateroom. But it had to be done, and doing it thoroughly kept me from thinking. Evan burned the combing of the hatch bearing the ship's number, and threw the bell, with the schooner's first name, *The Honorine*, on it, over the side. Then we swabbed the deck again, and *The Ayrshire Rose* looked as clean and innocent as her name.

'Fortune favoured us. The wind was kind, the schooner as easy to handle as a perambulator, and soon the blue line of Kintyre on the quarter heralded Old Scotland.

"I'm in two minds what to do," said Evan, poring over the chart. "I'm no' aquent hereabouts."

'I doubted him, but said nothing. Together we had a look at the chart, and suddenly I remembered that I knew my bearings in the reaches of the Solway.

"It's Providence," he cried when I told him this. "An' the wind in the westward!"

'Promptly the schooner's figure-head was set for the North Channel, and we began our last day on board.

'By the dog-watch we were astern of the light of the Mull of Galloway. Not a topsail fretted the horizon. The wind was scarcely rippling the water. Everything conspired in our favour, and about two in the morning Evan threw the lead for the last time.

"By the deep, three!" he said. "Time to leave her."

'We gave her a last overhaul, and then sat down to a square meal. There was some money, ten or eleven pounds, and we made no bones about dividing it in proportion to our rating. I swear we had worked hard enough for it.

'We shut the dog Dugald in the cabin with some food and water. He would have jumped after us, and we knew some one would find him

on board. Strange that it should have been you! We left just enough sail on her to keep her under way, and run her up the Solway with the tide. Then we lowered the boat and got into it. The schooner towed us for a minute or two, until Evan cast off.

'The dog howled dimally, some instinct telling him that he was being abandoned. Very little would have made me turn back for him,

but I hardened my heart, and we bent to the oars. Dugald's voice reached us at intervals, like some melancholy spirit calling, "*A-lone! I'm a-lone,*" until it died in the distance; and soon all we could see of the ship that held such dark memories was the glow of her port light, its image following her furtively, shimmering red on the water like a blood-stain.'

(Continued in following section of this part.)

BUTTER-WEEK IN MOSCOW.

By JEAN D'AUVERGNE.

TO those who have already visited Moscow at this time of the year there will be no need to explain the meaning of butter-week (or *Maslyanetsa*, as it is called in Russian). They will know only too well from personal experience its fatal attractions. There are others, however, who do not know of its existence, and who have never even heard the magic word *bleenyee*, and to them a word of explanation may prove interesting.

Butter-week is the week before Lent, which, by the way, begins in Russia on a Monday—that is, two days earlier than in England. It is called thus from the fact that the butter and eggs, so beloved by all Russians, are animal foods, and are, therefore, not eaten by the truly pious during the fast. Seven days, then, are set aside for special attention to these edibles, and so Carnival-week in Russia is a week of inordinate feasting, in which butter and eggs play a very important part.

Bleenyee are the pancakes on which the butter and eggs are served. Let it not be imagined, however, that a Russian pancake has any resemblance to its English counterpart, or that Butter-week is a Shrove-Tuesday multiplied by seven.

In England, Shrove-Tuesday comes upon most of us before we have realised it. In one or two homes, or perhaps in some old-fashioned restaurant, a spongy and unpalatable slab dressed with lemon and sugar so as to resemble a pancake is still eaten; but for most of us the day passes without even an afterthought.

It is not so in Russia. On the first morning of Butter-week you will notice a strange gleam in the eye of your fat Russian friend. If it is your first visit to Russia, you will be kept in suspense until luncheon-time. Then the mystery will be revealed to you. The table is loaded with *zakootska* of every shape and description: caviare, sour herring, beaten eggs, *smetana* (or sour cream), butter sauce, pickled cucumber, aspidines, and all the thousand and one other dishes which compose this most strenuous of Russian courses. Madame smiles across the table to her husband, and then turns to you with a pitying shrug of her shoulders as much as to say, 'Now we will show you what we Russians

can do.' The utmost good-nature prevails. Even the heavy and lethargic maid has a smile for everybody and a clean apron for herself. All is now ready for the battle, and the fray commences.

The maid retires to the kitchen, to return presently with a steaming plate of *bleenyees*. As the guest of the house, you are served first. You take the round, innocent-looking pancake on your plate and look about for the sugar. But no! The *zakootska* are handed to you in a manner that admits of no refusal, and you spread as many delicacies on your pancake as it will hold. While you are still gazing in a bewildered fashion at the strange heap on your plate, you notice that the others have already finished their first pancake, and that a second round is being served. You take courage, and find the taste not unpleasant. For you, however, two, or at the most three, *bleenyees* will prove sufficient. Not even the warmest friend of Russia can call her cuisine light, and *bleenyees* are not the lightest of even Russian cooking.

While every one, including the maid, smiles pityingly at your incapacity, you have time to observe what your neighbours are doing. The young student opposite has already, with the aid of knife and fork and fingers, demolished and washed down with copious draughts of *vodka* some twelve or thirteen pancakes, and now lies back in his chair in, as you imagine, a state of collapse. He is only resting, however. The others smile encouragement, and madame whispers to him gently, 'Take breath, Ivan Ivanovitch!' And, to your astonishment, Ivan Ivanovitch returns to the attack with renewed vigour some few minutes later.

The daughters, too, play their part manfully, and it is not until the meal has lasted some two hours or more, and some six dozen *bleenyees* have disappeared, that an end is made. With a sigh of complete satisfaction, madame struggles to her feet. The meal is over, and all retire to sleep until the evening. And so it continues for seven days, until the sight of even a single *bleen* makes one's gorge rise with nausea.

One might have imagined that in Moscow, at all events, after the lavish hospitality bestowed upon the English and French deputations which

recently visited the city, the inhabitants would have had enough of feasting and to spare. Quite the contrary is the case. Previous dissipation seems to have served only as a preliminary training, and Butter-week last year was celebrated with even more indulgence than usual, and the death-lists of 'victims of the Maslyaneetsa' were prominent in the local press.

The eating of *bleenyee*, however, is only one form of entertainment during Butter-week. The nights, too, have to be spent in riotous living. The correct thing to do is to go for a *troika*-drive into the country, ending up at two o'clock in the morning with a visit to *Yar*.

During this week the *troika*-drive plays an important part in the Russian's life, for the ride through the cold, freezing air, with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero, soon drives away all effects of overfeeding, and gives fresh strength to resist the wiles of sleep.

Yar (our English word 'yard') is, perhaps, the finest music-hall in the world. It is more than a music-hall; it is a restaurant, dancing-hall, and music-hall, an 'Empire' and a 'Maxim's' rolled into one. Although the building is superbly and extravagantly fitted up, there is nothing refined about the entertainment. A Briton—or indeed any one except a Russian—would hesitate to take his wife to such a place. Not so the Russian. Here you will see him in all his Asiatic glory, smiling fatuously on the heavy, tired, and jaded women who provide for his enjoyment. Here every night scores of bottles of champagne and other wines will be consumed, and the rich Moscow merchant will think nothing of spending some eight or nine hundred roubles

on a supper-party which is prolonged until half-past five in the morning, when the weary revellers drag themselves home to snatch a few hours' sleep before returning to their struggle with the *bleenyee*. And for seven days this continues, excess exceeding excess, until the climax is reached in a final orgy at *Yar* on the Saturday night.

It is almost impossible for a stranger to realise the amount of money that is spent annually or the fortunes that are dissipated in places of this description. But *Yar* plays a large part in Moscow life, and has been the scene of many comedies and still more tragedies, and in Butter-week it is at the zenith of its glory.

It is difficult, too, even when one has seen life in every corner of the world, to realise the extraordinary capacity of the Russian for self-indulgence of every kind, or to estimate the fatuous luxury and extravagance of his life. As some one has said, there is only one thing impossible in Russia, and that is to understand the Russians. Your Russian friend, however, is nothing if not logical. In spite of the very thin veneer of European civilisation which covers his skin, he is still somewhat of a fatalist, and views life through Eastern eyes. To him comfort is the highest of considerations, and in his opinion a six weeks' fast, if rigorously observed, is somewhat of a hardship. He must, therefore, go half-way to meet it. And so by committing excess of every description he views the fast which ensues at the end of seven days as a welcome relief, and for the first week at all events there will be little temptation or inclination to break it.

AT THE QUINTA PALAFOX.

CHAPTER II.

THE very next day was made the memorable attack of the French forces on the British entrenched in and about the convent which topped the steep heights of Busaco. The battle raged fiercely; the invaders fought with all their magnificent bravery; but when night fell, though the hill was strewn with dying British and Portuguese as well as with Frenchmen, Masséna's forces were compelled to fall back on Coimbra. However, they kept their hold on the Quinta Palafox, with the intention of turning it into a fortified outpost if the Marshal determined to stay on in Coimbra instead of evacuating it and marching south, as his council advised; and while this military question was under debate the Quinta was turned into a hospital.

When Joaquina heard of the poor souls lying on straw, in want of everything that could alleviate their sufferings, she timidly asked her grandmother if she might not volunteer to help the couple of nuns, requisitioned from the

Convent of Sre Marie Leria in the town, in the nursing.

Doña Elena looked searchingly into the beautiful face. It was the first time Joaquina had taken the initiative. Hitherto she had been passive, and had obeyed when commanded. The old woman realised what this new departure portended. Henceforth her despotic will was liable to be questioned. Instantly she concluded, with her Latin experience of what does awaken a woman, that one thing, and one thing only, was responsible for Joaquina's development. 'You mean,' she said, determined to strike and to spare not, 'that the Colonel de Rubenpré is among the wounded, and that you, a Palafox, wish to continue your acquaintance with this Frenchman?'

Joaquina coloured until her white cheek was changed to scarlet. She felt as if she had been hit by a stinging lash. The next moment she drew herself up. 'I did not know the Colonel

de Rubeaupré was among the wounded,' she replied. 'I trust his is not a serious case.' She turned away. There was little enough privacy in the outhouse, so she retreated into the darkest corner and sat down on what served her at night for a bed. For the moment she hardly thought of what was hidden below that bed; she only sat still, her hands crossed on her lap, her eyes looking straight before her. Joaquina was not only realising herself, but she was realising what her heart had to say to her. Her grandmother's cruel words had disclosed the truth. She knew now exactly what place Louis de Rubeaupré held in her life. When she was quite sure of that she smothered a sigh. '*Madre di Dios*,' she whispered to herself, enlightened by her past experience, 'if my grandmother suspects she will kill him.'

It seemed unlikely enough that an unarmed woman of close on seventy would have a chance of wreaking her vengeance on a French colonel, but that was exactly what did happen.

Marshal Masséna finally decided on the march south; but first, knowing all too well what it would mean to them if his wounded were left to the mercy of the infuriated peasantry, he gave orders that all the sick and maimed were to be conveyed into Coimbra, where he proposed to leave a guard to protect them. The order, of course, applied to the Quinta Palafox as well, and the very man selected to carry out the evacuation from there chanced to be Pierre Toffin.

Perhaps the horrible wickedness of which this man was guilty did not spring up all at once into his mind; maybe the stress and the hurry suggested it; at any rate, in the end he deliberately left Louis de Rubeaupré and Antoine Grandet, the colonel's faithful orderly, to their fate. He forgot them—for De Rubeaupré had been laid in a slit of a room by himself—that was how Pierre Toffin put it.

The last man had hardly marched out of the Quinta when Doña Elena, after peremptorily bidding Joaquina not to stir from the outhouse without leave, was back in her own dwelling. The old woman passed from room to room. There were dirt and disorder wherever she went; there were spaces on the walls from which some marauders had removed pictures that took their fancy; the flowers in the garden were trampled flat to the earth, the trees broken; her silver was all missing, her old pottery broken. She had gone all her dismal round before she came to the courtyard. There were remnants of French uniforms strewn on the pavement; there were with her stick any débris that hindered her passage until she came to the well-head. She rested by it a moment, then bent down within the hood and examined the carving.

'The spring still works,' she said grimly to herself; and as she raised herself and went

towards one of the few windows looking into the square a Frenchman stepped out.

Doña Elena saw him, and smiled very slowly. 'Why do you remain here, Frenchman?' she asked. 'Why do you not hurry to join your comrades before the English General cuts you up again?'

The soldier disregarded the gibe; he looked down from his height of six feet at the small figure facing him. 'My master lies wounded in here,' answered Antoine Grandet. 'I stay to nurse him.'

'And to get your throat cut by the Portuguese, who have no love for such as you!' went on Doña Elena.

'Maybe,' returned Antoine in his usual unmoved way; 'but I shall have nursed the colonel as long as I lived.'

The simple devotion would have moved most women. Doña Elena did not so much as notice it. She only heard the one word colonel.

'What colonel?' she asked quickly. 'Frenchman, who is this master of yours?'

'My master,' replied Antoine, 'is the Colonel de Rubeaupré.'

Perhaps Doña Elena had guessed before she heard. She averted her face and looked back at the well. She made the same observation as she did when her gaze had last rested on it, only this time she changed the form of her speech. 'The spring,' she muttered now, 'must work.' She waited a moment, thinking over what she would do—gloating over what she might do. Then she came along a few steps more. 'Tell your master,' she said to the orderly, 'that Doña Elena is here, and will inform herself of his condition.'

Louis de Rubeaupré still remained in the little room which had been assigned to him when the Quinta was crowded to overflowing. It was so narrow that it would have been called a closet had it not been provided with a window which had two sashes opening on to the courtyard. He was lying on straw, propped up with his own greatcoat for a pillow, his servant's coat serving him for a covering. He was badly wounded. One arm was entirely disabled; there was a bayonet-thrust in his left leg; he was weak from fever; but at the first glance Doña Elena knew that this man, had he but the most elementary attention, would live, not die.

The colonel recognised her as she entered by the window, and so little did he estimate the situation that, as he heard her stick tapping on the round red tiles which composed the floor, a look of relief overspread his face.

'You are the Colonel de Rubeaupré?' began the mistress of the Quinta very smoothly.

Louis answered that that was his name.

'The man who intervened when my granddaughter and I were summoned before one of your subordinates?'

'I am glad to have been of service to the

Doña Joaquina—and to you,' the wounded man answered.

As she heard, Doña Elena marked two things. The first was that this Frenchman referred to her granddaughter by her name; the second was that his mind was evidently so filled with Joaquina that she, Doña Elena, only came into his consideration as an afterthought. She paused a moment, resenting these things and what they implied with all the force of her vehement nature, and then she walked a pace nearer to the straw.

'Monsieur le Colonel,' she announced, 'you will do well to send your servant away.'

'To send my servant away! Why?' exclaimed Louis.

'My people,' answered Doña Elena, 'the men who have worked on the Palafox estates all their lives, as their fathers did before them, will come back now that they dare show their faces. They will creep out from their hiding-places as rabbits steal back to the grass when the fox has passed by. I cannot protect your servant from them, and you know what their wrath and their vengeance may mean. But you can ensure your man's safety.'

'How?' breathed the soldier. He raised himself on one elbow. He looked hard at the black eyes fixed on him. Already he was beginning to have misgivings as to their friendliness.

Doña Elena permitted herself to smile at his disturbed look. 'Assure your man,' she went on, 'before me, that he is to rejoin his regiment, and he may go with his life, provided with a passport from me, since'—

'Since?' thrust in Louis, more and more perplexed.

'Since,' concluded the smooth, slow voice, a voice cruel as ungoverned hatred alone could make it, 'the Colonel Louis de Rubeaupré will be left behind.'

The wounded man heard. All his illusions were gone. He saw that he was face to face with an enemy who was as merciless as she was vindictive. For the moment he did not stop to ask himself why he was so hated; the urgent need to free himself from Doña Elena superseded every other consideration. He pulled himself higher on his good arm. 'What will become of me if I tell my man to go, and he leaves me behind?' he asked, not because he had much doubt, but because he wanted to gain time.

Doña Elena bent down until her face was almost on a level with his. Her sharp old chin was poked out, her thin hands crossed over the knob of her stick. 'You will die, Frenchman,' she announced.

'How?' gasped Louis de Rubeaupré. He was a brave man, and, though the beads came out round his brow, he kept his mouth firm, his glance steady.

Doña Elena waited as if to let the full significance of her decision sink into the Frenchman's

mind; then she went on: 'You must die, Frenchman; but'—

'But?' repeated Louis.

'You shall choose,' rounded off Doña Elena, 'the manner of your end.'

The man who heard her smiled bitterly. 'If I must die,' he blurted out, 'then the precise way in which I leave this world is but of secondary importance.'

'To you maybe,' retorted the old woman; 'but if there were others—one other—involved?'

This time Louis de Rubeaupré was indeed aroused. It was impossible to mistake the sinister significance of Doña Elena's speech. 'What do you mean?' he demanded. 'What can you mean? Who can be involved besides myself?'

'I mean this,' went on the old woman. 'I will give you, as I said, your choice. You can die to-night—your throat will probably be cut, and that of your servant with you; or you can send your servant away, and die as I choose. In the latter case, if you dismiss your man'—

'You forget,' thrust in the colonel, 'I am on the Marshal's staff. It is but likely that when it is known at headquarters that I have been left behind, a patrol will be sent back to bring me in.'

'You,' answered the old woman, 'will provide against that.'

'I!' exclaimed Louis—'I!'

'Even so, you, monsieur,' declared Doña Elena. 'You will send your orderly back to headquarters; you will send word that there are special reasons why you are safe at the Quinta Palafox. You'—sardonically—'can mention that you are in love with Doña Elena's granddaughter, and that the old woman knows it.'

She just waited to mark the effect of her speech, just waited to see this Frenchman start as his secret was alluded to, and then before he could answer she went on: 'You will assure your countrymen that they need have no uneasiness about you; that you would prefer to be nursed here.'

'And,' cried out Louis de Rubeaupré, 'if I refuse to help in my own murder?'

'In that case,' retorted Doña Elena, smiling a very fine smile, 'you will not suffer alone.'

'My servant has done no wrong,' protested Louis, for he saw now what was his true offence. 'Antoine has not dared to lift his eyes to the face of a Portuguese maiden.'

'It is not only your servant who will suffer with you,' went on Doña Elena.

'Who else?' cried out Louis. '*Grand Ciel!* who else?'

The old woman looked into the excited man's face; she saw the large blue eyes dilate; she saw a great, a horrible terror dawn in them.

When she was sure of the fear she laughed

again. 'You have guessed, Frenchman,' she said coldly. 'Unless you consent, Joaquina suffers too.'

'Why?' called out the soldier.

'Has she not smiled on you; has she not

looked back when you looked at her—she, a Palafox?' Doña Elena answered.

'You cannot kill your own granddaughter!' the wounded man expostulated.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

THE LAW AND THE GAMBLER.

By T. C. BRIDGES.

IT is difficult to imagine a racecourse without bookmakers. Yet that is what it has come to in New York, and several other states of the American Union have followed New York's example. The New York anti-betting law was passed in 1908, and, exactly as might have been expected, has practically killed horse-racing. Grandees of the American turf, such as Mr August Belmont and Mr James R. Keene, brought their studs to England; others sent their horses to western states where the laws are not so drastic.

The United States was the first country to prohibit the sale of alcohol, and it has prided itself on being in the forefront of similar social legislation. But so far as gambling is concerned, prohibitory legislation is spreading all over the world, and laws against betting are being framed and put into force in every quarter of the globe.

In the year following the New York legislature's Act, Mr de Villiers brought a similar Bill before the Transvaal Parliament. It went even further than the American law, for it not only prohibited betting on races and all other sports, but was designed to prevent newspapers from publishing betting information prior to races or other sporting events. More than this, racing was to be prohibited altogether except on Saturdays and public holidays, and the totalisator was to be taxed 2 per cent. on its gross takings. This Bill was not passed in its original form; but there is little doubt that within a few years South Africa as a whole will legislate against all forms of gambling.

There is probably no country on earth in which the gambling spirit is stronger than in Australia. In and around Melbourne there was until recently hardly a day in the year without a race-meeting of some kind. On the pony-course there were no fewer than one hundred and fifty-six days of racing annually. Betting on racing became such a notorious evil that some years ago South and Western Australia established the totalisator by law, and gave its control to the legitimate racing-clubs. But gambling in Australia was by no means confined to racing. All kinds of games of chance—'two up,' 'pak-a-pu' (the latter a form of lottery imported by the Chinese)—flourished. There were gaming or 'tote' houses by the score in every large town and in many small ones.

At last, in 1906, the Government of New South Wales took strong action, and shortly afterwards Victoria followed the same example.

The New South Wales measure makes heavy increases in the penalties for breaches of the existing gaming law, and street-betting is defined as betting in 'any enclosed or unenclosed land, not being a house or a racecourse, within any municipal district.' A fine of one hundred pounds is exacted from the occupier of any house used for gambling purposes, and the owner of any such house who has reasonable grounds for suspecting that it is being used for gaming has been given power to evict the occupier at ten days' notice. Moreover, any police-officer who believes that gaming is being carried on in a house is empowered to 'quarantine' that house. The quarantine consists of a notice obtained from the court, which is served on the occupier or posted on the door. After that any person found in the house may be arrested *without warrant* and imprisoned for six months. The same Act limits the number of race-meetings which may be held yearly within forty miles of Sydney or for the same distance around Newcastle. Also, no races may be held on courses less than six furlongs in circumference. The last part of this most stringent measure prohibits newspapers from publishing the odds on any *future* event; though it is still permissible to give the starting price of winners in events reported. This Act has had the most amazing results. It is said that the day before it came into force no fewer than seven thousand people were counted going in and out of gambling-shops in *one* street in Sydney. Next day these houses were deserted, and had their shutters up.

The Victorian Act went even further than that of New South Wales—much too far, most people say. For instance, the police were permitted to arrest a man without a warrant if they so much as heard him make a sixpenny bet with a friend. No odds or advertisements connected with betting might be published at all. The Act was simply prohibition, and was far more drastic than that of the State of New York. It has, we believe, been already considerably modified.

Still more recently—namely, in June 1909—the French Senate passed a law, introduced in the previous April by M. Ruan, Minister of Agriculture, making it a criminal offence publicly to lay odds against horses. This, of course, has banished the bookmaker from the French racecourse. We cannot, however, take it that this piece of legislation originated in any special

consideration for the morals of the public at large. Rather it was designed to protect the State-controlled *pari-mutuel* or totalisator, the takings from which are taxed to a pretty sharp tune.

Still, that there is a growing feeling against gambling in the country of our neighbours across the Channel is proved by the fact that public lotteries have at last been stopped. The last was begun three years ago, the amount being one and three quarter millions, and the final drawing was held on Christmas Eve 1910. Italy still keeps its State lottery, from which it draws a profit of at least a million a year; Prussia has its State lottery; while the Hamburg lottery is perhaps the best known of all. But in other countries lotteries are disappearing. In England the first lottery was drawn at the doors of St Paul's Cathedral in 1569. Early in the last century the State benefited by lotteries to the extent of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year. The last British State lottery was drawn on 10th October 1826, and they were finally abolished by law in the year 1836. The last American lottery was the Mississippi State lottery, which had an enormous vogue all over the States. But it, too, was abolished by law nearly twenty years ago.

Roulette and *rouge et noir* were played openly in kursaals all over the Continent until nearly the end of the nineteenth century. Now one must go to a private club or to Monte Carlo to indulge in these forms of gambling. Ostend is a town which may be said to have lived on gambling for very many years; but even there legislation has set its heel on public games of chance. It is some eleven years since it was announced that the Belgian Government intended to legislate against public gaming. The burgomaster and aldermen of Ostend at once declared their intention of resigning in a body rather than undertake the thankless task of settling the inevitable financial difficulties. It was estimated that the cost to the town by the suppression of the gambling clubs would mean the quadrupling of existing taxation. Until quite recently gambling has gone on at Ostend in a furtive sort of fashion; but two years ago a raid was made by the police upon the rooms of the Ostend Literary Society at the Kursaal, and five hundred people were found to be playing *baccarat*. The stakes, amounting to fourteen thousand pounds, were seized; but the men present did not submit tamely, and some of the gendarmes were roughly handled. The raid was due to a peremptory order from the Belgian Minister of Justice.

Quite recently a Bill was introduced into the French Chamber imposing a progressive tax on the profits of casinos and clubs all through the country. Apart from *petits chevaux* and such-like amusements, enormously high play goes on at many smaller clubs. One is known to have made forty thousand pounds in a year merely out

of the percentage of the stakes paid into the *cagnotte* at the commencement of each game. Paris is full of illicit card-rooms. A special section of the police detective department devotes itself to raiding these establishments, which have themselves an elaborate spy system for getting due notice of the arrival of the police. The mere fact of collecting such a tax would, however, appear at once to legalise the gambling which goes on in these clubs and casinos.

The gigantic profits reaped at Monte Carlo have naturally caused many attempts to start another gambling centre of a similar sort. Some years ago a Belgian syndicate applied to the Government of the island of Samos for a gaming concession. The syndicate offered in return to pay a royalty of five thousand pounds a year, increasing to fifty thousand pounds; to build railways and carriage-roads all over the island; to found banks and schools, a theatre and a circus; and to maintain a hospital; also to subsidise a good steamship service and to complete the quays. Samos would have jumped at the offer. The insular Assembly did, but was (perhaps fortunately) unable to obtain the sanction of the Porte.

Another proposed elysium for the gambler was Moresnet, a little town on the Belgian frontier between Aix and Herbestal. In August 1903 a gambling club was actually opened there, and every membership (six hundred in all) was applied for before it opened its doors. Formerly Moresnet was controlled jointly by Belgium and Prussia; but Belgium bought out Prussia. Belgium, after a few months, put a stop to this newest Monte Carlo.

Even in far Alaska the gambling which was until recently universal in all gold-camps has been suppressed by law. But the diggers were too smart for the United States. When the anti-gambling law was proclaimed at Nome the saloon proprietors at once put their heads together and built a casino on the ice outside the three-mile limit, and consequently outside the jurisdiction of the United States courts. This establishment contained gaming-rooms, a saloon, and a dancing-hall, and ran full blast all the winter, the buildings being taken down before the spring thaw.

In this country Parliament has at various times attempted to cope with the gambling evil. The best-known law on the subject is the Gaming Act of 1845, the main provision of which is the prohibition of the recovery of wagers by civil process. In 1892 this Act was amended and strengthened. Of late years the courts have shown a disposition to treat certain bargains in 'futures' and 'options' in produce as gambling transactions, at least in cases where it was clear that the parties concerned did not contemplate actual exchanges or transfer of the properties.

In spite of these and other Acts, and in spite of the fact that wagering on the gigantic scale

common among rich men a generation ago has gone out of fashion, there never was a time when gambling was so prevalent among the masses as it is to-day. Working-men buy newspapers for no other reason than to read the racing intelligence; and kerbstone bookmakers, although they deal in small sums from sixpence up to five or possibly ten shillings, will take from fifty to seventy pounds a day on the occasion of any big race. Some working-men seem to prefer making a shilling by a bet to earning three times that amount by steady work.

The English law prohibiting bookmakers from receiving money before a race anywhere except in the ring drove a number of bookmakers out of England. They first took refuge in Scotland, but in 1874 the extension of Cockburn's Act drove them to Boulogne. In 1891 they were expelled from France, and found a third headquarters in Middelburg or Flushing. There they remained until recently, when once more the law was on their track. Just a year ago a Bill was brought before the Dutch Parliament to prohibit them from carrying on their business in Holland. This caused a tremendous sensation, for there were no fewer than ninety of these bookmakers, and they employed fully five hundred clerks; so that their expulsion was naturally a heavy blow to the towns in which they resided.

While gambling carried to an excess is an evil

which injures all classes, it is very certain that any Act intended to control gambling requires to be very carefully drawn. If it is not, if extremists are allowed to have their way, the inevitable result is that the law is misused by zealots and brought into disrepute. We have a crying example of this sort of thing in the American legislation already mentioned. In many states in the American Union the law permits a policeman to enter a *private* house and arrest any person found playing any game for money. The result is that bridge at ten cents a hundred is equally illegal with poker at an unlimited rise. The legislature of Utah has made itself an object of ridicule to the whole world by enacting a law making the very game of bridge illegal. The penalty is fixed at five years' imprisonment! The limit in absurdity was reached in New York State, when a golfer was arrested on the links at Long Island on a charge of betting half-a-dozen golf-balls on the result of a match with another member.

Severity in anti-gambling legislation reaches its maximum in the Russian districts on the borders of Manchuria. All persons who play cards are liable to arrest. The punishment is one hundred lashes, in addition to being compelled to wear for one month a metal ring around their necks such as convicts wear. Any official convicted of gambling is to be flogged and dismissed the service.

THE MAN AND THE PEACHES.

A TURKISH STORY.

MANY are the fantastic stories related of Abdul Hamid, the ex-Sultan of Turkey, and his attendants forming the once famous palace coterie. The following, however, came to me from a reliable source, and my informant vouched for its authenticity. I must say that I was still incredulous; but, having told the story in company, I was surprised to hear one of my listeners say he knew it to have occurred.

On the European shore of the Bosphorus, not very far from the ex-Sultan's palace, Yildiz Kiosk, lived, some years ago, a certain Ahmed Rushdi Effendi, one of the hundreds of clerks employed at the Sublime Porte.

For twenty years Ahmed Rushdi Effendi's duties had consisted of writing in ornate language an official communication to provincial governors and sub-governors advising them that such and such a consul, or vice-consul, of such and such a great and friendly Power having been granted leave of absence, during such absence his duties would be performed by such and such other person, to whom the official addressed was instructed to extend the usual courtesies and honours due to his office. The wording of this advice never changed year in and year out, excepting as re-

gards the names of the parties concerned; and if, instead of writing the whole by hand each time, a printed form had been used, Ahmed Effendi's labours of twenty years might have been compressed into, let us say, one month.

But this is digressing.

For his quill-driving, or, to be precise, for his reed-driving capacities, Ahmed Effendi was supposed to receive a salary of two hundred piastres (equal to about one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence) per month. If, however, he received this salary six times during the same year he considered himself to be very lucky indeed.

Ahmed Effendi was, compared to many of his colleagues, in quite comfortable circumstances. He had no house-rent to pay, his one wife having brought him as a marriage portion the small house in which they lived, boasting of three rooms and a kitchen, and surrounded by a little garden; and, his duties not being very onerous, all the scribe's leisure time was given to the cultivation of this strip of garden. The whole year round this tiny patch supplied Ahmed and his wife with fruit and vegetables, and on these to a very great extent they managed to subsist.

So that Ahmed Effendi, not being ambitious, was a contented man.

In this peaceful household there was, at intervals of a year, but one discordant note, which rang out with increasing vigour each year during the season when peaches were ripe. The cause of this dissonance was a dwarf peach-tree which grew in Ahmed Effendi's small garden, and which yearly bore some six or eight mammoth peaches. Early in this couple's married life Ahmed Effendi's wife dreamed, as wives will, that her husband would one day attain notoriety, and that the mammoth peaches were, in some inexplicable manner, connected with his good fortune.

Fifty times during the present season, as during twenty previous seasons, Ahmed Effendi's wife had urged her husband to carry the peaches as an offering to their sovereign lord, and on as many occasions had her husband declined to do so, relating to his spouse the whispered tales of doom that had befallen those who happened to come under the baneful influence of the palace. On the one thousand and first occasion a listener might have overheard the following conversation:

'Master, we are simple people; such magnificent peaches are not for the "likes of us," and are not in keeping with our meagre fare. It is thy fate, and do thou carry them, I pray thee, to the palace and present them to the Benefactor of the World.'

'Wife, I have ever told thee that no good comes to those who have relations with the palace; and I, who have always been discreet and avoided intrigue, do not wish now to fall under suspicion.'

'But, oh my lord, think of the recompense that may be ours! What is thy fear? Can evil come of a good action? I implore thee, be guided by me.'

'Slave, I am content with my lot and what fate has given me. It is thy duty to know thy place, and not to try to lead when thou shouldst be content to follow, or ill may come of it.'

And on this occasion, as on one thousand previous occasions, Ahmed said he would never consent; and, as men will, he might have been seen a week later, dressed in his 'Friday best,' approaching the palace gates, carrying a large fancy basket, covered in true Oriental fashion with pink gauze and decorated with coloured ribbons, in which rested seven magnificent peaches, truly fit to present to a king.

On his arrival before the palace gates Ahmed Effendi took his handkerchief and carefully flicked the dust off his shoes, then with the same handkerchief he just as carefully wiped the perspiration off his streaming face, and, summoning all his courage, entered the palace and asked for the Grand Chamberlain I—— Pasha. To this great official Ahmed Effendi stated his mission, and begged him to present to their Imperial

Master the wonderful peaches that had grown in the garden of his humble servant.

The Chamberlain, knowing the sovereign's inordinate fondness for fruit, and hoping that the receipt of this unusual gift might put him into a good humour, when the moment would be opportune to mention a small personal matter on which his heart had long been set, promptly carried the basket of peaches into the presence of the Illuminator of the Universe.

It happened that everything turned out just as the Chamberlain had hoped it would, even to the personal trifle, and the Sultan was so pleased with the gift, and so curious to see this faithful subject who brought something and actually asked for nothing in return, that he commanded the Chamberlain to tell the donor to wait, and as soon as he was at liberty he would like to see him; inwardly registering a vow that he would make him eat one of the peaches in his presence in order to satisfy himself that they were not poisoned. The Chamberlain returned to the nervous Ahmed, and, delivering his master's message, showed him into a large reception-room, where he told him to wait until he should come for him.

It so happened that on this particular day a High Commission was sitting at the palace to investigate several recent cases of bomb-throwing in the city, and the room into which Ahmed Effendi was shown contained no small muster of suspected revolutionaries awaiting their turn to be examined.

Shortly after Ahmed Effendi had been left to his own thoughts another official entered the room, and in curt terms told the mixed crowd that, the preliminary investigation having ended, they were to be taken to the central prison. The room mysteriously filled with armed guards, who began to use gentle persuasion with the butt-end of their rifles.

Ahmed Effendi, who had hitherto kept his stand in a corner unnoticed, was now accosted by one of the guards with 'Hey, fellow! are you waiting to be appointed Grand Vizir?' Ahmed Effendi was at that moment absorbed in his own thoughts, and, to his credit be it said, had no such high aspirations; but, having no answer ready for this remark, he held his peace. His silence, however, had the effect of further exasperating the none too gentle guard, who was quite unaccustomed to such coolness.

'Well, do you take me for your servant awaiting your orders?' roared the impatient adjunct of the law.

'I am the man that brought the peaches,' was the only explanation thought necessary by the timid wielder of the pen.

'Oh yes!' retaliated the now furious guard, 'I have heard that story before, and it is now time for us to be moving;' which remark he accompanied with a vicious kick.

Ahmed Effendi, now thoroughly confused, and at a loss for words, began to splutter further

about 'peaches,' 'the Grand Chamberlain,' and being told to wait; but before he could frame any intelligible sentence a shower of cuffs and kicks rained upon him from half-a-dozen guards who had surrounded him. As he was by nature a weak man, his expostulations were drowned in oaths and torrents of abuse, while he was literally carried off his feet into the courtyard below, jostled into a waiting wagon, and in the company of two guards hurried off, as were the whole motley crowd of suspects, to the central prison. Every attempt made at explanation during the journey was met with a savage blow on the mouth and a command to be silent.

Arrived at the prison—minus his headgear and necktie, both of which had been lost in the struggle, and with the imprints of the soldiers' boots clearly visible on various parts of his anatomy—Ahmed Rushdi Effendi presented a very different appearance to what he had done when he quitted his little homestead not much more than an hour ago. Utterly exhausted, after repeated attempts to explain himself, our worthy scribe was thrown into a cell, with some others, in a condition more dead than alive.

When evening came, and her lord and master had not returned from the palace, Fatima Hanoum, the wife of Ahmed Effendi, was much concerned; and, after passing a watchful night, at daybreak next morning—her husband still being absent—she betook herself to the palace to make inquiries. After several hours of tedious waiting, having no particular business to state, she was successful in seeing the Grand Chamberlain, from whom she learned that such a person as she described had certainly been to the palace yesterday with a basket of peaches; and although he had been instructed to wait His Majesty's pleasure, it was found when he was sought for a little later that he had taken his departure.

One of the palace guards, who had only lately been appointed, and to whom she related her story, stated that he remembered such a man, and, struck by his disconsolate appearance, had spoken to him when he was leaving, and had heard him utter, 'Come again to-morrow! Always "Come again to-morrow!"' Nothing more could she ascertain.

Fatima Hanoum again wended her way homewards, but only to be disappointed in the hope she had entertained that her husband might have returned during her absence. Unable to account for her spouse's non-appearance, she decided to go to the department where she knew her husband sat on an ottoman with his feet curled under him before a 'what-not,' and, using his hand for a pad, wrote the official documents described above. Here she learned nothing but what she knew already—that her husband had left his office as usual on Thursday afternoon, and had not appeared at his customary hour on Saturday morning, after the intervening Friday holiday.

On each of her successive visits, both to the palace and to the Sublime Porte, Fatima Hanoum could obtain no further news of her husband. Only from the affable guard did she learn that, having again addressed the man he took to be her husband, he had this time heard him say, 'For ten years now I have always been told to come again to-morrow! come again to-morrow!' This disposed of her last ray of hope; and, remembering her husband's misgivings of what befell those who came under the suspicion of the palace, she now mourned him as dead.

In the prison where he was confined, Ahmed Effendi soon became known to the other inmates as 'the man of the peaches,' and was looked upon as a harmless monomaniac. Many months thus passed, when one day the bomb-throwers, including Ahmed Rushdi Effendi, were brought before the criminal court for trial.

When the turn came for our innocent friend to be placed on the stand he was asked his name; and the judge, after vainly searching the *dossier* for such a name, asked him further to state what was the affair in connection with which he appeared before him. To this question Ahmed Effendi replied unperturbed, 'The affair of the peaches.'

'Prisoner,' exclaimed the judge, 'your miserable career is well known to the court, and your attempt at jocularities is most ill-timed. You should bless your magnanimous master for giving a scoundrel like you a public trial, when without a doubt you deserved to be hung years ago.'

Ahmed Effendi, who by now had become quite accustomed to the incredulity with which his attempts at explanation were everywhere received, was not at all nonplussed by this outburst of the noble judge, and simply asked that the Grand Chamberlain be called to confirm his story. The judge, who saw rapid promotion for himself if mere chance had enabled him to unearth a plot in which so high an official was involved, immediately acquiesced, and a messenger was despatched to invite the Court Chamberlain to attend, and pending his arrival the sitting was suspended.

The hopes of the judge were, however, short-lived, for on the arrival of the palace dignitary and with the resumption of the trial, instead of that official showing the least concern at the sight of the poor scribe, he burst into loud laughter, and explained to the judge in a few words the arrival of Ahmed Effendi at the palace some months ago with a tray of peaches, and his sudden disappearance, although ordered to wait His Majesty's pleasure.

After this unexpected *dénouement*, Ahmed Effendi was permitted to depart with the Grand Chamberlain, who at once carried him off to the palace, where, on their arrival, after having placed him this time safely in his own private room, the Chamberlain went to explain to the Sultan the cause of the sudden departure of the donor of the peaches a few months earlier.

The Sultan, realising that an unfortunate mistake had been made, instructed his Chamberlain to inform Ahmed Effendi that any wish of his would be fulfilled.

'Well,' said this official on returning to his room, 'His Majesty has ordained that you be recompensed for your disagreeable experience, and you have but to make known your desire.'

'I only ask to be allowed to depart,' answered Ahmed Effendi.

'Nonsense, man,' said the Chamberlain; 'you have been the unfortunate victim of circumstances, and His Most Gracious Majesty wishes to compensate you for the inconvenience you have suffered. You have but to ask to be appointed governor of a province, or'—

'I have no such desire,' interrupted the other. 'I only ask to be given my freedom.'

'Fool!' shouted the Chamberlain, visibly annoyed, and not understanding such modesty, with which he himself was not blessed, 'have you no military ambition? Ask to be made a Field-Marshal; or, if your taste runs in other grooves, ask to be appointed a provincial treasurer or tax-collector.'

'No,' replied Ahmed humbly; 'let me go in peace.'

After they had argued much in this strain, Ahmed Effendi suddenly veered round and said that he would accept not one but three gifts. Their nature, however, he would only consent to name to the Sultan personally. In his resolve he was obdurate; and, unable to obtain any explanation of this volte-face, the Chamberlain began to have his doubts whether Ahmed Effendi's experiences had not slightly affected his reason, and hurried off so to report to his imperial master.

It should here be stated that in Turkey those whose minds are afflicted are considered to have been visited by the Divine hand, and are for this reason treated with a certain awe and respect which is often denied to others who are *compos mentis*.

On hearing the Chamberlain's story, the Sultan, who happened to be interviewing some of his Ministers of State, was as much concerned as his intermediary at Ahmed Effendi's behaviour, and ordered that this original character be at once brought before him. Ahmed Effendi was accordingly ushered into the Sultan's private study, where, in his sorry plight, he never once dared lift his eyes from the ground.

Struck with his humble and abject appearance, the Sultan addressed him in no unkind voice, telling him that he had offered him through his emissary anything his heart might desire, and that he understood Ahmed Effendi wished to make his request personally, to which he was now prepared to listen.

'Sire,' said Ahmed, 'I ask for a hatchet, the sum of two hundred piastres, and a copy of the Koran.'

To a mind accustomed to innuendo and hidden meaning, it is not surprising that this peculiar request visibly affected the Sultan. Could the mention of a hatchet carry some obscure warning? Was the request for a copy of the sacred book meant to convey a censure not at once apparent? But then the two hundred piastres—what connection could there be between this and the other two requests? Perhaps some such questions suggested themselves to the Sultan while he appeared lost in thought.

'Your desire is granted,' said the Sultan after a few moments' reflection, 'but on condition that you explain the meaning of this very singular request.'

'Sire,' replied our hero, 'with the two hundred piastres I shall obtain a divorce from my wife, the original cause of all my trouble; with the hatchet I intend to cut down my peach-tree; and upon the Koran I wish to swear an oath never to enter the palace gates again as long as I live.'

It may be that the grim humour of the situation, or the extenuating circumstances, or even the supposition that his mind had become deranged under the strain he had undergone saved this man from severe punishment for his freedom of speech, as it is stated that he was neither exiled nor decapitated. What actually did become of him I am quite unable to say. He certainly disappeared into obscurity much in the same manner as a meteor which flashes across the heavens is lost in infinite space.

TENOS AT EVENING.

OH Tenos, could I picture thee
As once I saw thee lie,
In all thy dark solemnity,
Against a sunset sky!

The calm, the gentle wreath of smoke
That rose against the hill,
Transfigured forms and shapes that spoke
Of something holier still.

The lonely fane that glowed again,
The upward paths men trod,
The marble stairs like children's prayers
That go straight up to God.

As chalice on the faithful heart
Bestows a draught divine,
Eve can her eucharist impart
To those that love her shrine.

The patchwork lives where motley thrives;
Old shames that blur the view
Drop from us then and leave us men
Who face the world anew.

But 'tis no final goal we reach—
Short respite from the strain;
The morrow brings the call to each
To start the fight again.

OSWALD H. HARDY.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE SPHINX OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

By D. W. O. FAGAN.

AMONG all the enigmas of the world's long-past ages, there are perhaps none more inexplicable, and at the same time more interesting, than those of Easter Island, in the South Pacific, belonging to Chili.

Seldom visited, and a thousand miles from anywhere, a mere speck of solid earth set in the wide waste of a vast ocean, the island hides a secret that so far has defied all attempts at elucidation. Crowded into the narrow compass of its thirty miles of circumference is to be found probably a more romantic chapter of the past than it is possible to meet with elsewhere.

First mentioned in history by Captain Davis in 1686, the island was again visited by Captain Cook during his voyage of 1771-76; and it is to the record of the great circumnavigator that we owe the first detailed account of the wonders it contains. Memorials of a forgotten race stand on every hand. Their grim, absolute silence regarding the past challenges investigation, as if to say, 'Come, read me my riddle,' and at the last dismisses the baffled seeker, leaving the secret still unread. The great gray faces, that stare stonily out to the line of unbroken horizon from the terraces of the island slopes, tell us nothing. Speculation and research have alike proved futile. The wonder and the mystery still remain unilluminated; and, beyond the facts apparent to all, the world has practically learnt nothing of Easter Island.

Around the coast the cliffs have been cut into and foundationed to make wide terraces of cyclopean masonry so angled and sloped in perfect conformity to the lie of the surrounding country as to form almost a part of the hills themselves. Even in this age of mechanical science the building of these terraces would be an undertaking of no small difficulty. Many of the stones are large, measuring six feet and upwards in length by four feet square, and must weigh several tons. How they were transported from the distant quarries and raised into position forms yet another of those problems set by the engineers of a prehistoric past to puzzle the men of a later generation. No cement has been used to bind the masonry. The stones, cunningly tenoned and mortised, fit closely together, forming a solid whole that, except for mere surface abrasions, has defied the ravages of time.

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These terraces form the bases on which were set up the colossal statues in groups of four; but many of the statues have fallen or been thrown down. No attempt seems to have been made by the sculptors to portray anything more than the face, the carving always ending at the level of the shoulders. There is no depth to the head of the figure, the stone having been squared off behind the ears. Above the brows, too, the head has been squared and flattened for the reception of the cylindrical circle of red tufa with which each head was crowned. No attempt at frippery of ornamentation mars the simple severity of execution, which in itself is impressive. All the efforts of the original designers have evidently been directed towards the expression on the faces. The type of face is severely intellectual, and bears no trace of the Negroid or Papuan. The nose is fine, and the chin well formed and prominent. But the most noticeable characteristic of all is the look of haughty disdain that the sculptors have succeeded in producing in the imperishable stone. The thin, protuberant lips are curled into an expression of scorn, and the wide-open eyes stare from beneath heavy brows with imperious contempt.

The statues were all so placed that the faces front the sea, the eyes for ever searching questioningly the long horizon of an empty ocean. How many cycles have passed since first they were set up! For how many untold centuries have these stony eyes, day after day, seen the red chariots of the morning rise above the eastern sea-rim, to sink again into the gray of the west, who shall say?

The statues vary in height from four feet to sixty feet, the average height being between sixteen and seventeen feet, and they are of corresponding bulk; but one still lying in the quarry where it was fashioned—the largest that has been measured—is over eighty feet in length. And herein lies much of the mystery of the island—the work those ancient artificers had planned to do was never completed. Upwards of five hundred statues have been found; but scarcely one-third of the number have been erected in the places prepared for them. Many still lie, in various stages of completion, in the quarries beneath the rocks from which they were cut; many more are scattered over the island

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slopes, as though their transport from quarry to site had been suddenly interrupted.

The activity with which the work was conducted appears to have been immense. There is much, also, that points to feverish haste. The confusion and want of system apparent in the workings somehow suggest the spur of fear—fear, perhaps, of some epochal cataclysm that, even as they worked, loomed ominous above the workers' heads. Faces outlined in the natural rock of the quarry walls and still uncut, and complete and half-finished images that lie scattered around, indicate the moment when the sculptor flung down his chisel and the workman his tools as the terror fell.

What manner of men were these workers of the dim past? Were they the remnant of some great people that, retreating step by step before impending doom, had sought a last refuge on the island heights? Did they hope by building here a fortress-temple guarded by hundredfold reduplication of their god's features to stay the common peril? What was the cataclysm that swept workers and records alike to destruction, leaving only the cold gray faces with the sneering lips that tell no tale? And, lastly, granting these things, what of the continent of which the island must at one time have formed a part? These things form the riddle of Easter Island.

It is, of course, idle to speculate. Tradition and literature are silent as the stone images themselves; but that the ancient dwellers in Easter Island came of a race already far advanced toward ultimate civilisation is amply proved no less by the stupendous work undertaken than by the genius displayed in its execution. The inhabitants of the present day, of a wretched, low type, and numbering scarcely one hundred, can tell us nothing. 'The stones have been there since the beginning of things.' That is all they know. Will the problem ever be solved? Will the island yield its secret to future research? It seems unlikely.

The problem which is presented here is quite unique in many respects. The archæologist and the ethnologist have in great measure passed it by, or at most have accorded it scant attention. The island is so isolated and difficult of access, of such small importance to the world, and all working data are so entirely absent, that it seems the secret of the great gray faces must remain for all time among the inscrutable mysteries of things.

The craters of two extinct volcanoes have furnished the source from which the stone was quarried. From one has been taken the hard, gray stone of which the images are formed;

the other has supplied the red tufa of the crowns.

As the images and crowns were fashioned and cut on the spot from the natural rock, the subsequent raising of the huge monoliths to the craters' rim, the descent of the mountain-side, and the transport over eight miles of rough country to the sites chosen must have been very difficult and laborious.

Owing to the difficulty presented by the rough and harbourless coast, very few of the images have been shipped from the island. Indeed, the removal of the larger ones would be a costly and hazardous undertaking. Even the smaller ones are heavy and clumsy to handle; and some idea of their weight may be gathered from the fact that one measuring no more than eight feet in height, now standing in the British Museum, weighs more than four tons.

It is somewhat strange that an explorer so markedly observant as Captain Cook should have overlooked, or at least failed to record, the existence on the island of other relics which present another page of the unwritten history of this lost people. About the slopes of one of the four volcanic peaks that form the high ground of the island are many solidly built masses of masonry, formed of huge blocks of stone uncemented together. The structures are long and narrow, unpierced by windows, and have ludicrously small entrances. Several of the buildings—all of which seem to have consisted of one chamber six feet in width by five in height—measure upwards of one hundred feet in length. The floors are strewn with a debris of decaying timber that evidently once formed a lining to the stone walls. The wood, it is true, crumbles at a touch; but on it may still be traced the carved pattern of the ancient decoration. We may conjecture that these buildings were the barracks that housed the hosts of old-time workers.

There are other buildings of which it is more difficult to explain the use—great piles of stonework, with orifices so small as to preclude all possibility of entrance by the investigator who is not equipped with dynamite and boring tools. Apparently these structures also consist of one long chamber.

The walls of the buildings and even the sides of the quarry show traces of a strange hieroglyph, wall-paintings and geometrical designs that point to a picture-writing that hides the secret of the age-old masonry—a writing, to which, alas! we have no key. Will the future bring forth a second Flinders Petrie who shall solve the mystery and wrest the secret from the island Sphinx?



THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XVII.—TO THE ROAD.

WE rowed easily but steadily. In the early morning light I tried to make out the features of the shore. There was the suggestion of woods and heughs, here and there a gleam perhaps of a yellow creek, but all as yet blurred and vague in the half-light. Between us and the shore stretched the long sandy fringe of the Stewartry seaboard. The tide was at the flow, and an occasional stroke of the oars was now enough to keep the boat moving; so we drifted pleasantly, resting, waiting for the way. There was scarcely a ripple on the sea, the tide crooning around us, giving the boat a slow, drowsy, cradle-like swing. In the stillness and the sense of security the days and nights on *The Ayrshire Rose* seemed years ago. So I thought as we leaned over the oars and rested. I saw Evan's head nod once or twice; and, watching him, I dozed, and dreamed that I was at home, and that some one was knocking far too early at my room-door.

'I woke with a start to see Evan in the stern, hammering the seat with a stretcher to waken me. We had been asleep for an hour.

'He handed me the spy-glass. "Where are we!"

'I turned round, put up the glass, and in a trice my pulse was at a gallop. For under the glass, like the sudden raising of a theatre's curtain, there leaped forward into vividness a picture that I had carried in my heart throughout all my wanderings, a promontory dark green with woods, rising behind it hills laced with morning mists; a sentinel isle in the gateway of a little estuary.' He pointed westward. 'You can see them all from the cliffs over there—Screel, Bengairn, Balcary Point, and the Isle of Heston. I was within a summer day's tramp of home, and at the sight the glass grew suddenly dim.

'I handed the spy-glass to my comrade with "The sun is in my eyes, Evan!"

'He laid a big, kind hand on my shoulder. "No, laddie; it's your heart's in your eyes. The sun isna fairly awake yet. 'Deed, ye needna be ashamed, for the best men have just a touch o' a woman in them. Man, if yon were the mists on the Cuchullins instead o' them bits o' hillocks, I might pe feelin' the sun in my old blood as well as in my eyes too!"

'A few strokes of the oar brought the boat within fifty yards of the rim of the tide. I knew my bearings, and when her nose touched the sand we quickly planned our last move. We went over the side, waist-deep in the water; and then, dragging her half-a-dozen yards to a little hump of sand, we turned her keel upwards and left her to the will of the rising tide.

'To splash through the shallows to the sands

took us but a moment, and in half-an-hour we were walking briskly under the green arch of a bird-haunted wood that skirts Balcary Bay on the western side. Not a soul was astir at that early hour. In the village of Auchencairn—somnolent enough at broad noon—we heard a clock strike four.

'A couple of miles farther along the road we curled up snugly enough under the lee of a haystack, and slept the sleep of the just. When I woke, instead of the bilge and tar-laden aroma of the cramped fo'c'sle, a cool breeze greeted us. I stretched myself luxuriously, and sat up to discover the miracle of a green field, beyond it glowing uplands, vivid, splendid with the daring bloom of the whins. The breeze carried with it the scent of the hay and the whins, apricot and languorous, and there we sat for half-an-hour, feeling it was good to be in Scotland. But the sun was climbing, and the open road called. We had a wash in a burn, and took the road, Evan whistling alongside me, his beloved concertina under his arm.

'A glimpse of the sea gave us no signs of *The Ayrshire Rose*. We guessed that she would run with the tide somewhere up the Firth, and purposely had struck westward of Auchencairn. Evan's plan was to get to some quiet railway station, and thence unostentatiously push north off the beaten track. I knew my way, and had gone out of my track to see him part of the road.

'We tramped steadily on. Oh! the good brown hills and the windy moors; the white specks of farm-"touns" sprinkled among the tumbled hills; the kind eyes of the lochans, blue from the summer sky! "Tarry here!" cried the peewits. "Tarry here!" A hundred summer voices, a hundred singing burns, greeted us. We covered the road in deep content, our hearts answering the magic bugles of the homeland. We might have been princes coming into our own, with never a care in the world, instead of two shabby sailor-men on tramp, a few pounds in our pockets and the 'fore-the-mast marks on our hands.

"Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy-tree!
They grow sae green in my ain countrie,"

Evan trolled out; but I knew that he was mentally comparing every turn of the road with Skye.

'Bread and cheese and beer at a country inn, where the Galloway *patois* refreshed me almost as much as the provender; then to the road again, through the heart of Girthon, until we came near the railway that skirts Minnigaff, the burliest parish in that burly land.

'On the slant of a road by the Little Water of Fleet, girt about by birch-woods, we halted,

bird-voices from the thickets very loud in the stillness.

"Well, Evan, we've faced all kinds of weather together; but it's come to good-bye," I said, and for the life of me I could not keep a quaver out of my voice. "We'll meet again, I hope."

'He shook his head, looking at me long and kindly. "I doubt it; but if you will pe takin' my advice, it will pe to bide at hame, an' leave the sea an' roamin' alone, for the sea is like a woman—the more ye'll pe givin' yer heart to her, the more she will seek, an' the more she will keep callin', callin' to ye! An' more! A woman whiles grows old, but the sea never, never! It's mysel' that knows. For the truth is that I've lost notion of any roof over my head barrin' the deck. We have a true sayin' in the Gaelic, 'Blue are the hills that are farthest;' an', as like as no', I'll pe leavin' my old bones far enough from Skye. But ye're young, an' maybe in a year or two ye'll pe glad o' the advice o' a lonely old shell-back that never could guide himsel'. Bide ye at hame."

'He gave me an address that might find him, stood for a moment, then wrung my hand, and suddenly started off at a run. He never once looked back, but near the top of the dusty brae he slowed to a walk. Then the concertina broke into "On the Road to Garelloch," and the last I remember of him was his stepping out briskly to the tune, until it died away and he went out of sight down the other side of the hill. I never saw him again.

'As for me, I knew the countryside like my hand. After Evan and I parted, I sauntered leisurely through the Stewartry, making a détour across the Water of Urr, until I struck the main road at the Nine-mile-Bar, and at night-fall, for the first time for a couple of years, heard the ten o'clock bell ring from the old Mid Steeple of Dumfries. This in your ear. I got a cold-storage welcome from my aforesaid respectable relatives; but I took Evan's advice, and have done little roaming since—except in my dreams.

'Sometimes I come to dream here, where the ship lies bleaching. I know it is fantastic; but at times I fancy that the dead bones stir, and I see *The Ayrshire Rose* alive again from truck to water-line. Her sails curve and fill with life. I

can hear the crunch of the seas on her bows, the hoarse call of the watch; and I "sign on" again for a phantom cruise, around me the lost company of *The Ship of Shadows*.'

I give the story from memory, of course; but I do not try to—I cannot—reproduce the distinction in his presentment of it; the undercurrent of sympathy and love of his kind, the restraint and suggestion—the technique, I had almost said, but the word does not chime with his easy fluency, the speaking gestures of his nervous, capable hands, the vividness and ease with which he visualised the scenes for me.

'Man alive!' I said involuntarily, 'why don't you write all this?'

He gave me a quick, grateful look.

'You think it—my telling of it—worth writing?' He shook his head. 'But you forget. Obviously, it wouldn't do for publication. You see, the others concerned in it'—

'Change the names, the setting, the men, the woman, the ships,' I answered.

'You think, then, that it makes—that it is a good story?'

'Without doubt, as you tell it.'

'Thank you!' he said. 'Thank you! Some day, perhaps, I may write it.'

The afternoon was waning, and I rose, with an apology, to go.

'I think I shall linger here. There is a promise of a fine sunset,' he said.

I was curious to know more of him, I own, and I gave him a lead.

'We must meet again. *Au 'voir*.'

'Good-bye. Er—thanks awfully for—for—the cigars,' he replied, shaking hands with me, and the artificial accent of convention so soon after the grim links in his story and the vision of the blood-stained deck grated like a false note, almost giving me a momentary suggestion of its utterance behind a mask.

'Good-bye,' he said.

'Good-bye.'

Nearing home, I looked back from the cliff to the sands, and saw the sun lower, hesitate for a moment like a bather, and then take the water, the long golden ripples etherealising the wreck and the man's solitary figure.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

STAFFORD HOUSE AND ITS MEMORIES.

By SARAH A. TOOLEY, Author of *Royal Palaces and their Memories*.

FOR many years no sale of property has created such widespread interest as that of the lease of Stafford House, recently purchased from the Duke of Sutherland by Sir William Lever.

The stately and historic mansion enshrines some of the finest memories of the Victorian era. There is scarcely a man or woman of note in the

social, political, literary, or artistic world of the period who has not ascended its famous staircase, and many celebrities from abroad have enjoyed its hospitality. Its art treasures outvie those of Buckingham Palace near by, and it is unrivalled as a home of philanthropy. Its noble owners have made it a tradition to lend Stafford

House for the promotion of benevolent work and great causes. There William Lloyd Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe pleaded the cause of the American slave, the Earl of Shaftesbury pictured the sad lot of the slaves of labour at home, and Garibaldi voiced Italy's cry for freedom.

'What the future of Stafford House will be,' wrote Lord Ronald Gower in 1883, 'is not easy to guess. In twoscore years or so it reverts to the Crown. It will then probably become the home of one of the numerous princes that the future royal family will have to house.' The reversion to the Crown thus anticipated was postponed by the extension of the lease to the present Duke of Sutherland, which took place a few years ago; and now Sir William Lever holds the fate of the famous mansion in his hands.

Stafford House rears its massive bulk and pillared entrance in the south-west corner of St James's Parish, and seems to dwarf the castellated walls of its neighbour, the dingy old palace of St James's. The house occupies land which has been Crown property since 1532, when Henry the Eighth purchased the manor of St James from a community of Leper Maidens who from Norman times had dwelt in a hospital dedicated to St James the Less, in the then lonely region far removed from the City. Henry the Eighth coveted the demesne which formed so fair a piece of woodland country close to his newly acquired palace of Whitehall. He purchased the manor, razed the hospital to the ground, and on the site where 'leper maydens' had shaken their cups and platters to solicit alms from wayfarers passing their solitary abode he erected the Manor House of St James's, or the House in the Fields. It was designed by Holbein, and eventually became St James's Palace.

The grounds of Stafford House formed part of the fair expanse of fields and woodland which surrounded Henry's manor house. Where the Duchess of Sutherland has held her garden-parties and charity fêtes, bluff King Hal, in jaunty hat and feathers, with a cavalcade of courtiers in white and silver riding in his wake, and horns blowing, went a-maying with Anne Boleyn.

Stafford House was not, however, the first mansion built upon this site. Its forerunner was Berkshire House, the residence of the Earl of Berkshire at the period of the Restoration. The ubiquitous Pepys visited it, and records in his *Diary*, 19th November 1666: 'To Barkeshire House, where my Lord Chancellor hath been ever since the fire.' On the following day he makes the further entry: 'To church, it being Thanksgiving Day for the cessation of the plague. By coach to Barkeshire House, and there did get a very great meeting; the Duke of York being there, and much business done, though not in

proportion to the greatness of the business, and my Lord Chancellor sleeping and snoring the greater part of the time.' It would seem that in the stress and confusion of the time owing to the Plague and the Fire, the Earl of Berkshire had lent his mansion to the Lord Chancellor.

Two years later Berkshire House had been purchased by Charles II., who in April 1668 presented it to the notorious Barbara Villiers, then Countess of Castlemaine, and ultimately Duchess of Cleveland. It proved too large for the lady's use, and she disposed of the mansion, sold the large garden for building plots, and reserving the south-west corner of the estate, erected Cleveland House, named in honour of her new title of Duchess of Cleveland. The name is still perpetuated in Cleveland Court, Cleveland Square, and Cleveland Row, St James's. The memories of this period are associated with this beautiful and reckless woman of Charles's dissolute Court, driving forth in her coach-and-eight, and giving card-parties at which fortunes were lost and won. She retired to Chiswick in her later years; and at her death her title passed to her eldest son, Charles, first Duke of Cleveland, who eventually, in 1722, settled in Cleveland House.

For the next phase in the evolution of Stafford House we pass to the reign of George the Fourth, when the Duke of York became the possessor of Cleveland House, and on its site erected the present Stafford House on a scale of magnificence in keeping with his position as heir to the throne, prompted possibly by the building enterprises of his kingly brother, who was then converting old Buckingham House, a few hundred yards away, into a palace. The Duke of York died in 1827, without entering upon the occupation of his magnificent new mansion.

It is said that the money for building the house was lent to the Duke of York by his friend, the second Marquis of Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland; but be that as it may, the Marquis of Stafford now became the possessor of the house, and gave it its name.

Disraeli, with his fondness for introducing real people and places into his novels, could not resist the fascination of Stafford House, which was the most talked about house in London when he first entered Parliament, a thin, pale, dark-complexioned young man, with black curls and the dress of a dandy. Later he described it in *Lothair* under the name of Crecy House, 'one of the half-dozen stately structures which our capital can boast.' 'An heir-apparent to the throne in the earlier days of the present dynasty,' he continues, weaving facts into his fiction, 'had resolved to be lodged as became a prince, and had raised, amid gardens which he had diverted from one of the royal parks, an edifice not unworthy of Vicenza in its best days, though on a far more extensive

scale than any pile that favoured city boasts. Before the palace was finished the prince died, and irretrievably in debt. His executors were glad to sell to the trustees of the ancestors of the chief of the house of Brentham [Trentham] the incomplete palace, which ought never to have been commenced.

The novelist goes on to relate that the family which obtained possession of the mansion 'was what is called a lucky family—that is to say, a family with a charm that always attracted and absorbed heiresses; and perhaps the splendour of Crecy House—for it always retained its original title—might have in some degree contributed to fascinate the taste or imagination of the beautiful women who generation after generation brought their bright castles and their broad manors to swell the state and rentals of the family.'

The latter description is particularly applicable to the Marquis of Stafford, the purchaser of Stafford House. His wife, who became known as the duchess-countess, was Countess of Sutherland in her own right, and brought to her husband the vast Sutherlandshire estate, with Dunrobin Castle.

The marquis was high in favour at Court, and the fact that he was established with his richly dowered wife in the late Duke of York's magnificent mansion, close to the abode of the monarch, suggested to William the Fourth that it would be fitting to make the marquis a duke.

The manner in which the title was conferred is related in the *Stafford House Letters*, edited by Lord Ronald Gower. When William the Fourth first mooted the idea of a dukedom, the marquis had some idea of retaining the name of Stafford; but the king said that his sister, the Princess Augusta, had suggested that Sutherland should be the new title, so Duke of Sutherland the Marquis of Stafford became. It had doubtless occurred to the Princess Augusta that as the wife of the marquis was Countess of Sutherland in the peerage of Scotland, the title should be preserved in her husband's dukedom; also the family felt that the title of Sutherland would be 'satisfactory to friends in Scotland, and give umbrage to none.'

William the Fourth likewise settled in bluff, characteristic fashion the title for the new duke's heir, hitherto Lord Gower. At a dinner at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on 10th January 1833, the king called out, 'Lord Stafford,' and Lord Gower stepped forward.

'You intend, of course, to be called Stafford?' said the king.

Lord Gower replied that no determination had been arrived at.

'I think you ought to be so,' said the king, 'and I have called you by that title.'

Lord Gower could only acquiesce in the royal command, and became Marquis of Stafford.

The first Duke of Sutherland died in 1833,

six months after his creation; but already he and the duchess-countess had laid the foundations of the magnificent hospitality of Stafford House, which was to reach its zenith under their son, the second duke, and his wife, the Duchess Harriet, Mistress of the Robes to the young Queen Victoria.

The name of the house fluctuated during the foregoing period, and we find it referred to in diaries of the time sometimes as York House and more frequently as Cleveland House. I have before me an early catalogue of the pictures contained in the mansion which is inscribed as *A Catalogue of Pictures belonging to the Marquis of Stafford at Cleveland House*.

The name of Stafford House seems to have been permanently adopted for the mansion when the second Duke of Sutherland and the Duchess Harriet entered upon their reign in 1833. It now begins to figure as one of the most magnificent social centres of London, and became the talk of the town.

Greville thus refers to it in his *Memoirs* for 15th July 1835: 'The night before last there was a great concert on the staircase at Stafford House, the most magnificent assembly I ever saw, and such as I think no crowned head in Europe could display, so grand and picturesque. The appearance of the hall was exactly like one of Paul Veronese's pictures, and only wanted some tapestry to be hung over the balustrades. Such prodigious space, so cool, so blazing with light; everybody was comfortable even; and the concert combined the greatest talents in Europe all together—Grisi, Malibran, Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, and Ivanhoff. The splendour, the profusion, and the perfect ease of it all were really admirable.'

Such was Stafford House when William the Fourth was king.

It has been estimated that its first noble owners spent at least a quarter of a million on its decoration. It was the last of the great houses to be decorated with the pomp and magnificence of the Louis the Fourteenth period. But, superb as were the gilding and the painting, the house was chiefly remarkable for the art treasures which it contained. The palatial hall and magnificent staircase are surrounded by galleries and saloons where these treasures are lodged. Though some have been dispersed since its palmy days in the early Victorian period, Stafford House remains to-day a palace of art, where the works of Murillo, Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, and Landseer and Gainsborough are to be seen. The picture gallery is one hundred and thirty feet long, and one side is nearly covered by Murillo's two immense paintings of the 'Prodigal Son' and 'Abraham and the Angels.' These were purchased by the second Duke of Sutherland in 1836.

The position and importance of Stafford

House were greatly increased when, on her accession, the young Queen decided to make Buckingham Palace her home. The arid wilderness of sand and building débris which lay between the desolate and derided palace of George the Fourth and Stafford House, on the opposite side of the Mall, now began to blossom like the rose. The roads were made up, the footpaths levelled, and fashionable promenaders thronged the vicinity. All the pomp and circumstance of Court life became focussed about this portion of St James's Park. The Mall was thronged with the equipages of foreign ambassadors and the nobility, and began to look as gay as it did in the days of the Stuarts. Stafford House stood in dignified grandeur overlooking the gay scene; and thither on occasions came the young Queen herself to grace the hospitable mansion of the Mistress of the Robes.

In the recently published *Diary of Queen Victoria's Girlhood* we find the following graphic description of a Stafford House royal dinner-party.

'August 22, 1839,' the Queen writes, 'at 20 m. to 8, I went with Mamma, dear Victoire, Lady Lyttelton, Uncle, my 3 cousins, Lady C. Dundas, Thérésina, and the Lord and Equerry, to Stafford House, where we were received by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and were taken into a pretty drawing-room downstairs, full of fine pictures. Dinner was announced soon; the Duke of Sutherland led me in, and I sat between him and Lord Melbourne to my right. The dining-room downstairs is not large, but pretty; many fine pictures; fine plate. The Duke seemed much better. The House had been up very early; only the Bolton Police Bill; Lord Melbourne, pale and ill, said he was not well, and ate almost nothing. I said to him it was all that fish dinner.'

'After dinner I found my other ladies and gentlemen, Mary Howard and Elizabeth, Evelyn and Caroline in the drawing-room; the Duchess then showed us all the pretty rooms downstairs, and then took us up to see her beautiful bath-room [a great luxury at that time], bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room all full of such pretty things and pictures; and then we came downstairs again, and the gentlemen came in. I observed to Lord Melbourne how pretty the room was. He said, "But this is only the Vestibule;" and that upstairs was all the finery. [The State apartments are on the first floor.] We then went upstairs, and the Hall and Staircase, lit up, with a band in it, was really the handsomest thing I ever saw. We sat in the pretty room where the Christening had been; I sat between Victoire and the Duchess, all on chairs; Uncle and my cousins behind us. We remained sitting here for some time, having tea and ice. We then went into the Gallery, which is quite unfinished, to see the effect of some lighting. After that we sat in the room where we lunched last

year; I sat on a large sofa with dear Victoire; and then Lord Melbourne came and sat down there. "This is a beautiful room," said Lord Melbourne; "that Gallery will always be a dingy room," which I denied.'

The young Queen proved right in her judgment, for the completed gallery, as we know it to-day, is certainly not a 'dingy' apartment. "

The Duchess of Sutherland had a very natural wish to purchase the lease of Stafford House and make it a permanent possession of the family, and the girlhood diary of Queen Victoria throws an interesting light on the circumstance. In February 1838 the Queen writes: 'Spoke about the Duchess of Sutherland—her family; Lord Melbourne said she was naturally very proud; spoke about her house, the lease of which she wishes to buy, but which, as it is Crown property, Lord Melbourne said she could not do; he dreaded the time when the Duchess should learn she could not do so; but that he was afraid of writing to her before she received the formal answer from the Treasury. I told him, however, it would be better if he did so, upon which he said, "Then it shall be done."'

The affair passed off without any rift in the lute to disturb the harmony between the young Queen and the first lady of her Court. And if the duchess experienced any ruffled feelings, they must have been mollified when Queen Victoria, going from Buckingham Palace to a Stafford House party, paid the now historic compliment, 'I have come from my house to your palace.'

Stafford House was at the zenith of its fame during the twenty-eight years in which the Duchess Harriet reigned over its destinies. The duchess was a handsome woman of the fair Saxon type, with a gracious mien and commanding presence. Lawrence depicted her in her prime in the portrait which hangs in the ground floor of Stafford House. She was held in great esteem and affection by her royal mistress, was an ardent sympathiser with the Prince Consort in his beneficent schemes and lofty ideals, was a patron of literature, art, and music, the friend of many famous men and women at home and abroad, and a hostess of abounding hospitality. She welcomed guests of all ranks and interests, and lent her house for the furtherance of many humanitarian objects. The duchess was a pattern wife and mother, and combined the domestic virtues of the Court of Victoria with the social graces of a *grande dame* of old Versailles. Rogers poetically described her as the good fairy of a fairy palace. Amongst the outstanding men of her later intimate circle were Tennyson, Gladstone, Wilberforce, and the late Duke of Argyll, her son-in-law. It is no small tribute to the duchess that when Gladstone received the news of her death he wrote: 'I have lost in her, from view, the warmest and dearest friend, surely, that ever man had.'

The wide range of interests which were repre-

sented at Stafford House may be judged from the fact that on one occasion an exhibition of wicker coffins of all sorts and sizes and patterns was held in the garden, *à propos* of the 'earth to earth' theory then much discussed.

The duchess was a sympathiser with Italy and Poland in their struggles for freedom, and with the Abolitionists of America. Amongst the many scenes which took place during her reign at Stafford House the reception given to Harriet Beecher Stowe is outstanding. After the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had pleaded the cause of the slave before an audience at Stafford House, which included some of the most notable people of the day, the duchess took from her arm a gold chain bracelet, and, placing it upon the arm of Harriet Beecher Stowe, said that it was typical of the slaves' fetters which she hoped would soon be broken. Some ten years later Mrs Stowe was able to have the bracelet engraved with the words, 'Abolition of Slavery in the United States of America.'

It is a noticeable coincidence that the glories of Stafford House waned with those of Buckingham Palace. The Duchess Harriet became a widow in the same year as Queen Victoria. Buckingham Palace now lost the bright effulgence of a gay Court and happy family life which had distinguished it throughout the Queen's married life, and became merely the occasional official residence of the sovereign. Stafford House passed to the third Duke of Sutherland;

and, although he and his first duchess continued its traditions of wide hospitality, it lost something of the peculiar *cachet* which was attached to it during the palmy days of the Victorian Court.

Under the present Duke and Duchess of Sutherland the social and philanthropic traditions of Stafford House have been revived. The duchess is well known for her interest in questions of the day, and for her love of literature. She is an author of repute, and delights in the society of people of literary and artistic tastes. Her garden-parties at Stafford House have been remarkable for the men and women of varied interests and conditions gathered together. The cause of philanthropy and social reform has been voiced again and again at Stafford House, and it has played a distinguished part in the festivities of two coronation years. There are few notable visitors to London from other parts of the world, or delegates to congresses and conferences from the overseas dominions and abroad, who do not retain a memory of Stafford House.

In reply to a recent inquiry in the House of Commons as to the future of Stafford House, the Prime Minister, Mr Asquith, replied that the Government had received from Sir William Lever an offer of the remainder of the lease of Stafford House as a gift to the nation, subject to certain conditions. The Government much appreciated the generosity of the offer, and were considering the matter.

AT THE QUINTA PALAFOX.

CHAPTER III.

'I CAN send her to a convent,' Doña Elena answered, 'to a place of penitence where daughters who have forgotten what is due from them are sent in our country. Think how Joaquina will enjoy that! She has no vocation, no inclination to sacrifice and mortification. She is young. The rule is so severe that it implies perpetual hunger, perishing cold in winter, burning heat in summer. Think how she will suffer!'

'But'—began Louis.

Doña Elena silenced him. 'I have decided,' she said; 'I want no argument. My granddaughter must do as I wish. She ought to suffer; she shall suffer as I have described. Who is to prevent it? Her brothers certainly will not, since she has disgraced herself by looking at a Frenchman—unless'—

'Unless?' repeated Louis de Rubeaupré.

'You consent to my alternative.'

'And if I do?' asked Louis slowly.

'Joaquina shall go free.'

'I have only your word,' said the wounded man.

Doña Elena threw up her head. 'Fool!' she retorted, 'do you not know that I was born a Lerios, that I married a Palafox? The oldest

blood in the Peninsula does not lie. I have said that Joaquina shall go free.'

The Frenchman heard. He dropped back on to the straw, and lay with his widely opened eyes upturned, searching the discoloured white-washed ceiling. He was thinking hard. Anyway, it seemed to him that he must die.

'How do you intend to dispose of me?' he demanded.

'If you accede to my proposal?' asked Doña Elena.

'Yes.'

'That,' answered the old woman, 'you will know when you have dismissed your servant.'

Louis de Rubeaupré's eyes returned to the ceiling. He watched a great spider making its way over the surface; he heard the clash of the gate in the wall without. Life was sweet, and he did not want to lay it down. Life, even according to Doña Elena's showing, held the promise of Joaquina if he could but find the way to live. He turned over the situation in his mind. He could see no loophole. And, whatever was to come, he must save Joaquina from a life of misery.

'Come,' said Doña Elena when the spider

was curling itself into a ball close to the crack in the ceiling; 'you keep me waiting, Frenchman.'

It was the supreme moment. Louis de Rubeaupré could save the girl he loved, the servant who had been faithful to him; but he could not save himself. His blue eyes cast one swift glance through the window into the courtyard. He listened again, listened as if the very straining of his ears must bring a French patrol riding up the hill. But he heard nothing. Suddenly he seemed to realise how thick were the walls of the Quinta, how solitary was the situation of the house. Twenty hideous stories, told to him with bated breath since he entered Portugal, sprang into his mind. If only he knew what death he was to die; if he had but his pistol, and could make a sharp, swift end!

He raised himself. Doña Elena's eyes were fixed on him.

'Then,' observed the old woman insultingly, 'since you hesitate, love is not greater than life with a Frenchman.'

'I accept,' cried out Louis, stung by the taunt.

'I accept. Swear to me that Joaquina shall in no way suffer, and then do with me what you will.'

The old woman heard. Not the faintest impulse of pity stirred her; nothing in her hard nature bade her pause. 'You have my word,' she answered. 'Now, when I summon your servant you must give him a message for your General. You must bid him set out at once.'

Louis de Rubeaupré opened his lips to comply. The first time he tried to frame a sentence of acquiescence no sound came.

'Call Antoine,' he managed to say on making a second effort, 'and I will tell him what you will.'

In another moment Antoine Grandet stood by his master. For one instant Louis de Rubeaupré looked up at the great faithful fellow. When Antoine's broad back was turned there would remain but suffering and death. Yet to convey the merest hint of this to the man who would have risked everything for him was to spoil all.

'Antoine,' the colonel began, keeping his voice firm and steady, 'attend to what I have to say; and with Doña Elena to listen, with Doña Elena's glittering eyes fixed on him, he gave the message.

'But, *mon colonel*,' expostulated the soldier, 'I would rather stay with you. You need some one to look after you.'

Louis shook his head. 'You forget,' he returned, 'that I shall be in the hands of this lady.'

Antoine turned about and faced the little old woman. From the height of his extra inches he calmly scrutinised the dark, sharp-featured face. 'I do not like it, *mon colonel*,' he decided as he turned back. '*Fois d'un chien!*' he protested again as he looked still harder into his master's face; 'but if it were Antoine Grandet to command he would not leave his colonel.'

Louis smiled. He put out his hand and clasped the soldier's. 'But, indeed, my friend, you must leave me,' he said.

Grandet drew himself up and brought a reluctant hand to the salute. It was plain to see that he was dissatisfied, perplexed. 'If these are your orders'—he began in a mumble.

'They are my orders,' said Louis de Rubeaupré very slowly, very quietly.

Antoine saluted again. He wheeled about; but as he stood in the window, his big form shutting out the light, nature overcame Louis.

'My faithful friend,' he gasped, 'give me your hand again before you go.'

Antoine turned about so quickly that he was in time to see a quick movement from Doña Elena. She lifted her stick as though she would strike; her face was convulsed with contempt and disdain. But before the honest Breton could even be sure of the rage which was imprinted there she composed her features again.

'Yes,' she said, her tone as smooth as oil, 'come back and shake hands with your master before you leave him to my care.'

Antoine walked out of the Quinta with a slip of paper which Doña Elena assured him would protect him for the next six hours from any Portuguese that he might meet. The soldier knew that it would take him a considerable part of that time to get to the French lines, and yet he had not gone a dozen yards away from the walls surrounding the Quinta when he pulled up. He stood, with the bright sunshine on him, with the landscape smiling before him, and very slowly he raised his great right hand to his beard and began to stroke it.

'*Nom d'un cigar!*' muttered this faithful soul, 'I do not like it. *C'est vrai*, I do not like it.' He waited again; then he turned about. He looked at the line of solid white wall, at the flat roof of the house rising above it. 'I tell you,' he protested for the third time, 'I do not like it.'

With a shake of his shoulders he began to go down the hill. He went on until he came to the well and the iron wheel. Beside that he halted anew. He recollected how his colonel had drawn water, and for whom. He remembered the glitter in Doña Elena's eyes when he left her; he remembered the name that had been on his master's lips time and again when he was unconscious.

'*Sac à papiers!*' swore this faithful soul, 'my name is not Antoine Grandet if I leave my colonel.'

He stood a moment longer, one foot, in a worn regulation-boot, on the stone rim of the well, his chin resting on one hand, the other fingering his pistol. He wondered what he could do, what he had better do. Antoine might not be a very subtle person, but he realised that to present himself openly at the Quinta would do no good at all. If things were as he felt them to be, if some harm were meditated against his master, he must be on the spot, unsuspected, unseen, to circumvent that harm.

It was not for quite a little time, while the sun rose higher and still higher, that a way presented itself. Then, with a sudden joyfulness, Antoine

Grandet slapped his knee. He took his foot off the masonry and set off at once, not down the hill towards Coimbra, but up the rough track as though he would mount to the summit of Busaco.

He was making towards that outhouse, set among the camellia-bushes and the mimosa which backed on to the hill. Everything depended on Joaquina being there and on her grandmother not being there. Antoine, as he stumbled over a boulder, as he slipped on the clayey soil wet with the rain which had poured in torrents after the battle, felt that the girl could not have left the shelter. His master's life hung on the chance of her being there. He went on speedily but warily. He knew that his pass from Doña Elena specified the exact route on which he was to be immune from attack. He was obviously going in the opposite direction, and yet the additional risk never so much as entered his mind. Very soon he reached the outhouse. The door was shut, and he dared not knock. He raised the rough latch and pushed it open.

Joaquina was within. She started up when she saw a man in a French uniform. With an imperative gesture, Antoine bade her be silent. He shut the door, and then advanced towards her; and as he came along he saw that Joaquina recognised him. 'Mademoiselle,' he began, 'I am——'

'You are,' interrupted the girl, a certain eagerness in her tone, 'the servant of Colonel de Rubeaupré. Why have you come here?'

'To beg you to help me,' answered Antoine, going straight to his point.

'How do you wish me to help you?' Joaquina inquired.

'I believe the colonel's life is in danger,' answered the orderly.

'How?' demanded the girl. 'From whom?'

But Antoine hesitated. After all, 'that old woman,' as he called Doña Elena, was this beautiful girl's near relative. The ties of blood might prevail. He might lose everything. The next moment he dared all. 'My master's life is endangered by your grandmother,' he said bluntly.

Joaquina heard. She raised her head as if she were about to protest; then, with her proud chin half-tilted, she paused. One reflection had struck her, had stopped her. What the soldier had said was but too likely to be true if Colonel de Rubeaupré were unprotected and in Doña Elena's hands. 'Where is your master?' she asked breathlessly.

'Lying wounded in the Quinta. He was left behind.'

'Then why are you not with him?' Joaquina flashed out.

The soldier explained, and as Joaquina listened she grew suddenly cold. Her grandmother, Doña Elena de Palafox, who preached undying hatred of the invaders, would never nurse a Frenchman unless she meant to make herself certain that he should not recover.

For one moment—knowing that, realising all it foreshadowed—Joaquina stood overwhelmed with the feeling of her own helplessness. Never had she taken the initiative; never had she opposed her grandmother's iron will. She leaned across the rough table. 'Why did you come to me?' she waived.

'There was no one else,' answered the soldier.

'I can do nothing,' began the girl.

Then Antoine played his trump card. 'Mademoiselle,' he said sturdily, 'if you cannot help my master, no one else can. You know how the colonel saved you, but you do not know what he thought of you. I do.'

'You do!' cried out Joaquina, her face crimson, her voice an indignant protest.

'Yes,' answered Antoine steadily, 'I do. Not because the colonel told me or any man. A Frenchman is a gentleman as much as one of your own *hidalgos*. But when my master was off his head, when he did not know what he was talking about, then he called for you.'

'Called for me?' exclaimed the girl.

'Yes, mademoiselle,' the soldier assured her, 'my master called for you day and night.'

After that Antoine Grandet was silent, and Joaquina was silent too. The time was passing, and yet they both waited.

At length Joaquina sighed heavily. She lifted her head and looked the faithful Breton full in the face. 'My friend,' she said softly to him, 'I do not know how we are going to do it, but somehow we must save your master.'

Antoine put up his hand. 'I am at the orders of mademoiselle,' he told her, ranging himself under her superior powers of invention.

The girl began to rehearse the situation. 'We must get into the Quinta unseen,' she muttered; 'and we must get *him* out without any one knowing.'

'But how, mademoiselle?' put in Antoine, remembering the encircling walls and the heavy locks on the two gates.

Joaquina leaned over to him. She put up her little hand and took hold of the flap of his coat. 'Frenchman,' she whispered impressively, 'French soldier, can I trust you?'

'*Bien sûr!*' returned Antoine with his habitual brief simplicity.

'Frenchman,' went on Joaquina, mindful that she, a Palafox, was betraying the secrets of her house to an enemy, 'there is a secret way into the Quinta.'

'Not by either of the gates?' muttered the soldier.

'Not by either of the gates,' the girl repeated.

'*Grand Ciel!* how, then?' demanded Antoine.

Again Joaquina hesitated. Even with the fate of the man she was about to try to save trembling in the balance, she could not forget that she was going to do that which would shut her out as long as her life lasted from her grandmother's pardon. With a little shudder, with

her face even a paler hue than usual, she went towards the low couch in the corner. Tumbling off the rug, she pulled up the row of planks.

'Come here!' she said over her shoulder to Antoina.

The great bearded giant approached. He

looked down into a dark, round opening, and saw narrow, winding steps. '*Mais, nom de nom!*' he ejaculated, as he realised that this secret way had been there during all the French occupation, and that it had never been found out.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

THE OYSTER-FISHERIES OF THE WATTENMEER.

By GEORGE ADAMS.

ALONG the western coast of Schleswig, from a few miles to the north of Heligoland to the frontiers of Denmark, stretches the Wattenmeer. A fringe of low, sandy islands, limited in area, divides it from the North Sea, and forms a kind of natural breakwater. Between the islands and the mainland is an expanse some ten miles wide by about twenty miles long, consisting largely of stretches of water varying greatly in shape and dimension, dunes, shallows, sandbanks, and channels both swift and sluggish. In a few places islets throw patches of green amid this waste of dark blue and pale yellow, except when wintry fogs blot out everything from sight. Here are the most important oyster-fisheries of Germany. They are the property of the Prussian State, and were leased some years ago to a company. The fishing-banks number fifty-eight, and range from about three acres to some seven hundred acres, covering a total of nearly five thousand acres. The fishing area, however, increases almost every year. Most of the oyster-banks lie on that side of each channel through which the water flows freely at high-tide, thus bringing the oysters a constant supply of nourishment from the North Sea.

The oysters of the Wattenmeer differ widely from those found off Heligoland and the chain of islands extending towards the Dutch border. They are carefully and scientifically cultivated, and are much larger; they have thin shells, and their flavour is similar to that of the Channel 'natives.' In summer each of them produces approximately a million others as spawn, which develop only at a high temperature. At first the spawn is white and milky, then it passes from pale blue to a sort of dark blue, and finally becomes a blackish and granular substance. When cast off it is of the same weight as water, and floats in and out with the tides. After six or seven days its gradually increasing weight causes it to sink. If it falls into mud or on a muddy surface it is lost. In all cases the wastage is enormous, and a couple of marketable oysters obtained from every million of spawn is considered a satisfactory result.

Experience has shown where the spawn generally sinks, and towards the end of spring special beds are prepared. These are composed of oyster-shells, stones, bricks, gutter-tiles, &c., previously dried and covered with lime to give them a rough

surface. The best beds are in channels where the water flows freely and quickly, and brings the most nourishment. Young oysters cannot thrive in such strong currents, as they receive little sustenance, and do not grow so fast; but in the course of time they are transferred to where their growth is accelerated.

At the beginning of every high-tide oysters open to receive whatever food the water brings, and close again during the ebb. Especially when they are young, oysters have many species of enemies. Foremost among these are starfish, which drive their fangs through the open shell and drag out their prey, and the sea-urchins, which bore a hole through the shell and suck out the contents.

The fishing-vessels present a remarkable contrast. Besides paddle-steamers and smacks, they include a variety of craft partially or altogether unlike anything familiar to us; as a rule, they are very wide and rarely draw more than two feet of water. Their crews hail from the neighbouring islands and Schleswig, and earn a hard and precarious livelihood from agriculture when the oyster-fishing is closed. The after-deck of these boats, and particularly of the larger ones, is provided with apparatus resembling two gibbets. The first, close to the stern, is surmounted by from three to six pulleys. In its rear stands the other in front of a corresponding number of windlasses. A rope, ending with a big hook, runs through each pulley and is wound round a windlass. At the end of every rope is a basket made of small iron rings. When the nets are lowered the vessel slackens speed considerably to let them dredge the surface of the beds. Then the contents of the nets are hoisted and emptied on the deck, and the operations are repeated.

When the heaving, struggling mass on deck begins to scatter in all directions, there is revealed a jumble of crabs, crayfish, sea-urchins, sea-anemone, pipefish, starfish, small flounders, and many other denizens of the deep, besides rays' eggs, empty shells, stones, pieces of brick, and oysters of various dimensions.

The incoming boats are immediately boarded by gangs of men provided with huge baskets, into which are thrown the catches. These baskets are hoisted into trucks running on rails and drawn to the sorting-house by horses. The contents of the baskets are divided into four lots:

oysters, other edible fish, 'hurtfuls,' and empty shells, stones, &c. The edible fish are usually the workmen's perquisites; and the 'hurtfuls,' including starfish, sea-urchins, and so forth, are all buried in the sandy land, patches of which become fairly suitable for cultivation after this manuring has been done for a few years. As to the shells, they are reserved for use the following season.

The saleable oysters, when carefully cleaned, are placed in a separate reservoir, and the others are sorted into three sizes. Sizes one and two include those that will be fit for sale in one and two years respectively; the smaller ones fall into size three. To each size are assigned suitable places in the reservoirs, and special kinds of food.

Within sight of the mainland lies Sylt, measuring forty square miles, and therefore the largest German island in the North Sea. Only two-fifths of its surface is suitable for cultivation, the remainder consisting of heath, marshes, dunes, and sandhills. How long this island will retain its present size is doubtful, as for centuries the waves have been eating away its coast, despite the efforts of the Prussian Government to prevent erosion. Its population does not exceed five thousand.

In the north of this long strip of land lies the village of List, the headquarters of the fisheries. Its cluster of huts, inhabited by seventy persons, is perched on the top of an undulating dune

thirty-four mètres in height. Whatever it is or has it owes to the energy and foresight of the authorities at Berlin and of the company holding the monopoly. They have vastly improved the diminutive port, built a landing-pier fifty mètres long, a sorting-house, a packing-house, wash-houses, stables, store-houses, offices, dwellings for the managers, overseers, skippers, and men employed at the reservoirs and dock, besides a large erection containing accommodation for about twenty workmen who have their homes elsewhere and live at List only during the fishing season.

The three reservoirs are well worthy of inspection. They are constructed of iron and asphalt, and each has a capacity of one thousand two hundred cubic mètres. There is a tube one hundred and twenty mètres long, with a diameter of eighty mètres, between the sea and one side of the reservoirs. This tube, which terminates in a sluice, is carried through the dune and feeds a canal surrounding the reservoirs. The sluice is automatic. Other locks connect the canal with the reservoirs. Some of these locks fill the reservoirs, others empty them, and others again clean them. The reservoirs are emptied and refilled at each ebb and flow. Plans are ready for the erection of three additional reservoirs on a same scale.

As the popularity of the Wattenmeer oysters is increasing among the Germans, it is safe to predict a prosperous future for these fisheries.

THE LAST OUTLAW.

AFTER THE '45—A REMINISCENCE OF THE HIGHLAND SURVEY (1870).

By an Old ROYAL ENGINEER, Author of *The Curse of Cluny*.

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
'*Rob Roy*,' WORDSWORTH.

GLEN QUOICH, the glen to which this story relates, is a part of the Glengarry estates, Inverness-shire, and is really a continuation of Glengarry in its higher reaches, running westward towards Loch Hourn Head. The vast extent of these Highland estates owned by the most powerful chiefs and their clans can hardly be realised by the ordinary Lowlander who has never had the pleasure of visiting these wild, romantic districts. It may be thought by many that the Highland glens are barren and sterile; but such is not the case, for they are in parts well cultivated, and the slopes of many of the mountains are embossed with long stretches of beautiful woodlands. Even in the little glens in the more remote and out-of-the-way places there are fertile oases to be found where the industrious inhabitants find simple and solid comfort unknown to many a Lowland cottar.

Speaking of these vast estates, but ignoring the property of the Duke of Sutherland, the

greatest Scottish landowner, we may take as an example the Breadalbane estates, the property of the Marquis of Breadalbane. They are over one hundred miles long, although not very wide, extending across nearly the whole breadth of Scotland, from the mouth of the Tay on the east to Loch Awe on the west. Altogether he owns four hundred and thirty-eight thousand three hundred and fifty-eight acres. A man able to walk along a tract of his own land stretching as far as the distance between London and Warwick must have enormous power. From this an estimate may be formed of the great area once owned by the proud chief of Glengarry.

Macdonell, chief of Glengarry, possessed the estates extending from near Fort Augustus, Loch Ness, on the east, to the sea at Loch Hourn Head on the west, and a glance at the map will be sufficient to impress upon any one the vast extent of country over which he ruled. This proud chief in days gone by exercised absolute jurisdiction over his fierce and powerful clan. The greater number of the clansmen resided in the more cultivated spots in Glengarry and Glen Quoich, along the fertile banks of Loch Oich,

and along the shores of Loch Lochy to the Cameron or Lochiel country. Others, again, inhabited the little, out-of-the-way glens. These clansmen recognised no law but the will of their chief, who could muster at call upwards of eight hundred claymores, all wielded by efficient warriors whose greatest ambition was to die for him. Whether the cause were right or wrong the clansmen never questioned; the chief's cause was their cause, the chief's king their king.

In the 'troubulous times' of '15 and '45, Glengarry, by his tactics and cautious strategy, managed so far to evade responsibility as to save his estates from forfeiture. His territory in the heart of the Highlands, coupled with the ready support afforded him by all his kindred Macdonald clans, naturally gave him great influence with the more powerful Jacobite chiefs, in whose secrets Glengarry was known to be deeply involved. Taking apparently no active part, the wily chieftain sent his clan in force to the side of Prince Charlie at Culloden, secretly directed by his orders, and under the command of a kinsman, whose loss in case of defeat would be of less importance.

The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th April 1746. After their defeat the spirit of the clans was broken, and their chiefs had to flee to the Continent for safety. Many had lost their all—name, rank, estates, and fortune. Now the spirit of those stirring times seems best expressed by the minstrels of that day. Nowhere in the annals of any country since the world began can we find a record more beautifully expressed or a more exquisite set of ballads than those written on this fallen cause. These ballads stand alone, a halo of kindly, pathetic, fervent feeling lighting up every word and breathing unswerving devotion; history, ancient or modern, has scarce a parallel that can afford a theme of self-sacrifice so whole-hearted, or call back to the heart and mind an evidence of such stern yet tender adherence to a cause (though sadly and reluctantly admitted) scarce worthy of the ruin and disaster which overwhelmed the defeated chiefs. But, however right or however wrong, it was in the minds of many of the best and purest-hearted men of the day a just and righteous cause.

After Culloden the Highlands continued to be in a more or less troubled state for many years. Numerous bands of Highlanders lived in undisguised hostility to the lawful authority of the Government, being either legally proscribed on the charge of rebellion or having voluntarily disclaimed allegiance to the House of Hanover. The Government, with a wisdom opportune to the moment, wisely conceived the idea of subduing this unrest by turning the evil with which it had to contend into a benefit and a security to the kingdom at large. It was decided to form the clansmen into regiments; and as this could only be done by placing the men of each clan

under their own representative chief or their nominated *daoine-uasals* (or gentlemen of the clan) as officers, it was so arranged. On no other condition would the project have been possible, so far as the consent of the clansmen was concerned. This wise policy was speedily put in operation, and so successfully did it work that it requires, at this time of day, no speech or writing to eulogise the result. The clansmen and their successors, as represented in the Highland regiments both past and present, have immortalised their country's fame by their dauntless courage. Noble and heroic in the cause of king and country, as they were, their deeds are recorded in the fire of their valour and the blood of their kindred clansmen.

Among the military appointments made at this time was that of the chief Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, who held the rank of colonel in the army, and who was immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in *Waverley* as the gallant Fergus Macivor. He was the chief from whom Sir Walter received his celebrated deerhound Maida. This was the famous Glengarry who died in 1828, and who was recognised by all his countrymen as the last of the chiefs of the ancient mind and manners. He united in his person the head or chieftainship of the two great septs of the clan Dughall or Macdonald—namely, Glengarry and Clanranald—and is said to have lived a century too late. He rode about in full Highland costume, with his eagle-plume in his bonnet, and with shield, pistols, and dirk, his gillies behind him, and his pipers blowing with might and main before him. His love of pomp, his idle retainers, and the law-courts so burdened his estates that after his death his son was obliged to sell them and emigrate to the Colonies. This young chief's parting with his birthright, and the consequent extinction of the old clan ties, with all the endearing, though often arbitrary, institutions, must have caused regret in the minds of some at least of the ancient race. It was the uprooting of the stem which had held together and supported so many branches for generations, with its far-reaching interests; the snapping of the bond of union which had united two of the most powerful and turbulent of the Highland clans—'the extinction of a little sovereignty, and the transfer of the virtue and violence, thus sheltered, from action to memory.'

Practically all the property was sold; the Glen Quoich to the Right Hon. E. Ellice, P.C., chairman of the Hudson Bay Company; the Glengarry portion to the Marquis of Huntly, who sold it to Lord Ward; and the latter again sold it to Mr E. Ellice of Glen Quoich, who built Invergarry House, a beautiful modern mansion, situated near the junction of the river Garry with Loch Oich. It may be interesting to know that although the present proprietor of these vast estates owns practically all, yet the ancient, ruined Glengarry Castle, and the rock on which it

stands, Creagan an Fhithich—that is, the Raven's Little Rock—and the old mausoleum at Killfinan, near Laggan, where the former chiefs of the clan rest, were excluded from the sale, and it is said that this retention of the castle secures the title of Macdonell of Glengarry to the heir-male, or the head of the clan, for ever.

Glengarry or Invergarry Castle, standing on the Raven's Rock, is now a magnificent ruin. The rock rises from the waters of Loch Oich about midway on its western bank. Loch Oich is a sweet inland lake, fringed with birch, ash, and hazel. Its surroundings were in perfect solitude until the formation of the Caledonian Canal; and at a still earlier date, before the military stations of Fort Augustus and Fort William were established, or the Highland military roads were made (1726–1737), must have been a perfect sanctuary. The people were amenable to no laws but those of their chief, who could defy all Government authority when it suited his purpose so to do. Glengarry Castle, like many of the ancient Scottish castles, was a fortified residence. It was burned down by order of the Duke of Cumberland in 1746, after the defeat of the clans at Culloden. Gazing on its ruined towers, the stranger sees in its decay a fitting emblem of the departed glory of the once great and powerful Glengarry chiefs, whose war-cry or slogan was, '*Creagan an Fhithich!*'

At the end of the eighteenth century Glen Quoich was a wild, pastoral country, embosomed in the heart of lofty mountains. Mile after mile could be traversed without the sight of a human habitation, save the hut of a shepherd raised in some nook or cranny, partly sheltered from the winter blasts and storms. The banks of Loch Garry and Loch Quoich are girdled with huge mountains, in winter sear and brown and overspread with withered fern, but in summer covered with rich, luxuriant pasture. These mountains present fine, bold outlines, peaks, cones, and domes towering aloft in solitary grandeur.

In the bend formed in the centre of the waters of Loch Quoich, and within the Glengarry estates boundary—although only a short distance from the loch's southern shore, which is Lochiel's property—is situated a small island named Eilean MhicPhi, or MacPhee's Island. This island, which is less than an acre in extent, and of little or no value beyond being an adornment to the surrounding scenery, came under our notice in connection with its name, for purposes of insertion as a place-name on the Ordnance Survey maps. As the origin and circumstances appertaining to the name were of an interesting character, we have been led, through seeing a copy of an old record referring to it, taken from the *Inverness Courier* of 25th November 1840, 'to tell the story as it was told' to us, being greatly assisted in doing so by the *Courier's* account, which the editor courteously furnished us with.

On this lonely spot, which is as solitary as the heart of hermit or recluse could wish, resided

(1840) a Highlander, old and stern, who bade defiance to all the civil powers, and lived a free denizen of nature. In the early days of the last century Ewen MacPhee, a fine, sprightly, athletic lad, enlisted in a Highland regiment of which the chief Glengarry was colonel. And here we may pause just to say that, although nearly the whole of the Glengarry clansmen bore the patronymic clan-name of Macdonell, there were included as clansmen other adherents, as was well known. For instance, there was a small body who bore the name MacUalrig, said to have been a minor sept of the Clan Choinnich (or Mackenzie clan), who had been compelled to flee from their own country for some terrible act of internecine revenge, and sought sanctuary under the chief of Glengarry. This chief could depend upon his own kindred clansmen (the Macdonells) for carrying out almost any villainy; but when it was an act of more than ordinary treachery and devil's work, he called on the MacUalrigs to execute it, and they never failed him.

Ewen, having joined the army, was led to believe, or was promised, that he would receive speedy preferment. He went through his exercises with correctness and regularity, but promotion came not; so he one day deliberately marched out of the ranks and betook himself to the hills. His retreat being discovered, an armed escort was sent to apprehend him, and by the connivance of Glengarry he was taken, handcuffed, and marched back a prisoner. Ewen's local knowledge of the whole countryside proved of great advantage to him in this sore stress on his freedom. He went quietly with his escort till he came to Stratherrick, where, on their approaching a deep, precipitous ravine, he suddenly rushed from his captors, and, making a tremendous leap over it, escaped. The escort fired after him, but apparently without any effect on the dauntless Highlander. To this day the place is known as Leum an t' Saighdear, or the Soldier's Jump. Ewen dashed his handcuffs against a rock, broke them, and was once more free among the wilds.

He retraced his steps towards Loch Quoich, and established his abode in the little glen of Corrybuie, which is on the south side of the loch and on the estate of Lochiel. It is an out-of-the-world retreat, and here the outlaw lived for many years unmolested, supporting himself by hunting, fishing, and rearing goats, without any one daring to make him afraid or presuming to speak of rent. As a companion was wanted to relieve his solitude, Ewen wooed, won, and ran off with a damsel of fifteen, who eventually bore him five children. At length, however, the law prevailed for a time, and the adventurer was ejected from Corrybuie. He submitted quietly, and took refuge in the little island in Loch Quoich, which he deemed safe and impregnable. He constructed a hut of turf (or divots) and birch-trees, and procured or made a boat to enable him to communicate with the mainland. His goats, about fifty

in number, were quartered upon the neighbouring hills, and his gun and rod supplied his wants in fish and game. Ewen's strong, handsome, and muscular frame, clad in the Highland costume, was embellished with the skean-dhu (or black dirk), without which he never went abroad. In winter the situation of the lonely family must have been awful.

The tenants of the estate treated the outlaw with respect, some from fear of his daring character, others because of his supposed witchcraft or supernatural power, which was thoroughly believed in by the natives of the district. Thus a supply of meal or a sum of money would from time to time find its way to the lonely island, and the heart of the outlaw was made glad for the winter. He personally believed that he possessed a charmed life; but this did not dissuade him from keeping his loaded gun constantly at his bedside during the night, or having his dirk ever ready by day to supply mortal means of defence. As he always went armed and avoided giving offence, he was not molested, although he was well known to the inhabitants; and the fact of his determination not to be taken alive made it a matter of prudence not to attempt his arrest or arouse his sense of danger. On one occasion he was pointed out to a stranger with the incautious remark, 'There he is;,' on which Ewen drew his dirk and attacked and wounded the stranger, a Mackenzie by name.

The few who had intercourse with Ewen represented him as strongly attached to his family, and it is related by the late Dr Carruthers, editor of the *Inverness Courier*, that on the day when he visited the glen one of Ewen's children had died—died in that solitary Patmos which was destitute of neighbourly aid or consolation. Overwhelmed with grief, the old man took his boat and crossed to a shepherd's hut, begging the shepherd to assist him in making a coffin for the dead child, as he could not steady his hand under the blow of the calamity. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' says Shakespeare. The assistance was freely given. Some birch-staves from an old herring-barrel were formed into a rude coffin, and a day or two afterwards the child was interred in a spot exactly suited to Ewen's taste and character; for the ancient burial-ground used by the simple people of the glen is also situated on an island in another part of the lake. A number of the graveyards of the clans are to be found on such solitary islands, where, under the shadow of the silvery birch,

amid the odours of the wild thyme and bog-myrtle, many a weary heart long ago found its last refuge. 'The poet's thoughts, the warrior's fire, the lover's sighs are sleeping there.'

When in 1840 the new proprietor, the Right Hon. E. Ellice, visited Glen Quoich after purchasing the property, Ewen called upon him like a dutiful vassal of the old feudal time doing homage to his liege lord, and presented some goats'-milk cheese. His terms were simple but decisive. He told Mr Ellice, not that he would pay rent for his island, but that he would not molest the new laird if the new laird did not molest him in his possession! The grizzled aspect, intrepid bearing, and free speech of the old outlaw struck the Englishman with surprise. Ewen instantly became a favourite, and was not for the time being disturbed.

In February 1842, however, he was bereft of his property, which consisted of a flock of sixty goats. These MacPhee had pastured on the farm occupied by Mr Cameron of Corrychoile, near Roy Bridge, Lochaber; and as he had never paid 'grass-mail,' the goats were seized as compensation for the loss sustained by Mr Cameron's sheep. One day, when the outlaw was absent, a party of Mr Cameron's shepherds, armed with guns and sticks, seized and drove off the goats. MacPhee's wife, who knew how to handle a rifle, gave quick pursuit, firing several times upon the party. They fled precipitately, but managed to drive the goats before them, and to secure them in the old castle of Inverloch near Fort William. MacPhee on his return vowed vengeance, and Mr Cameron was fain to pay him for the goats to avert threatened evil. The outlaw was afterwards evicted from his island, as his notions about property were too primitive.

Ewen MacPhee, the last outlaw, was a wild, unconquered Highlander, one of the types of a fierce and hardy race in whose nature strong passions were mingled for good and evil. He lived long and grew gray under the ban of the law. In his later days he was often seen at Fort Augustus and Inverness, but finally lived with his family at Fort William as a peaceful and well-disposed resident; and so he quietly ended his days without fear of being molested by either civil or military authorities. The little island which bears his name, Eilean MhicPhi, and is so recorded on the Ordnance Survey maps, will serve to retain the name of 'The Last Outlaw,' whose story we have endeavoured to tell, long after the incidents relating to it are forgotten.

TRAVELLERS' RISKS.

APART from the actual horror of shipwreck or danger of railway accident, to which only the most nervous give any thought at the time, travel entails a number of minor risks, of

which, however, those who have no taste for it make so much that one might imagine that a man never died in his bed at home. Among the worst diseases that confront the tourist are

those two terrors of the tropics, yellow-fever and malaria; and to both the bird of passage is less subject than the settler, a curious fact that is less known than it should be. Since, however, various mosquitoes have been conclusively convicted of the carriage of both complaints, ordinary precautions in the way of mosquito-screens, besides quinine, should provide effectual protection. Dysentery is another phantom that haunts the wanderer in the lands of the equator, and it likewise may be averted by using only boiled water. So, too, a pith helmet and green umbrella will defeat the evil purpose of the sun, and gaiters may be worn as a safeguard against deadly snakes. There are some lesser risks arising out of climatic conditions, but on these local information is usually forthcoming. The treacherous sunset hour of the Riviera winter is perhaps the most familiar example; but there are others, notably in Australia and California.

Considerable risk is run by the traveller who does not exercise moderation at table; and if the total renunciation of alcohol while he is in the tropics is too much to exact, the extreme latitude in this respect should be a very modest daily allowance. Excessive indulgence in the rich cuisine of otherlands may bring swift retribution to stomachs accustomed to plainer fare, and the wise man, even if he may not always act on it, at any rate bears in mind the sound advice in *Ingoldsby*:

Whatever you do, have your eyes on the joint!
Keep clear of side-dishes.

This was the view of that robust old sportsman Colonel Hawker, who, always with an eye to straight shooting, restricted himself to the simplest of food, a discipline which did not in all cases enhance the pleasure of his travel. Indulgence in tobacco may also be carried to excess, and any rule locally honoured is worth the tourist's regard. Thus he will rarely see any one smoking out of doors in the Russian winter, and he is likely soon to learn the reason from his throat if he flouts the caution of the natives, who have good cause for their self-denial. It is probable, indeed, that the long cardboard mouthpieces provided with Russian cigarettes are intended to protect Russians against themselves by reducing the proportion of tobacco. While, therefore, Russians smoke an enormous number of cigarettes, they do not actually inhale more tobacco-smoke than those who seem to indulge more moderately in other countries.

The other minor risks of travel are less easily defined, and consist in the vague perils which are popularly supposed to invest sudden change from familiar conditions. Such is the moral of one of the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, in which Daudet relates the pathetic story of the goat of M. Seguin, which, silly creature, snatched its liberty only to be devoured by a wolf. There are always wolves in the traveller's path, but there is no sound reason for his behaving like a goat. It may have been at such pitfalls that Erasmus

hinted darkly when he vowed that it was better to die good than see Jerusalem; but a more convincing estimate of the manifold dangers that hedge the traveller may be gathered from the old Italian adage that the traveller should have a falcon's eyes, an ass's ears, a monkey's face, a merchant's words, a camel's back, a hog's mouth, and the feet of a deer. Perils that call for so tremendous an equipment must be great indeed, and those who have travelled in Italy may perhaps see sweet reason in more than one of these recommendations. Travellers have at all times been watched with apprehension by those they leave behind, and one old writer declares that no man should go abroad without first making his peace with God and satisfying his creditors.

If any one makes much of these risks of travel besides those who know nothing of them, it is the imaginative traveller himself, either in his letters home or in conversation after his return. He is assailed by the same temptation that proved too much for the garrulous *Æneas* before Dido, or the love-smitten *Othello* winning his *Desdemona*. A sympathetic audience makes havoc of his sense of proportion. Every risk is magnified until it fills the picture. With a little help from the imagination and a little disregard of the truth, a man may conjure up in his back-garden dangers quite as alarming as in a tour round the world. Those who have travelled a hundred thousand miles and more without one solitary adventure that could reasonably be described as hazardous know the comfortable commonplace of travel and the paucity of its risks. The insurance companies know these things also, and few charge any additional premium for travel within the boundaries of Europe.

THE MOORLAND.

SING me a song of the moorland wide,
Of the moorland rolling far and free,
Purple and brown in the billowing tide
Of a silent, measureless sea.

Scarred and furrowed by torrent wild,
Bare to the sun and the fierce winds' sweep,
Mists encircling the rocks up-piled,
Fern and bracken climbing the steep;

Home of all wild and wandering things—
Shaggy cattle with startled eyes,
Flash of a sea-gull's gleaming wings,
Mournful plaint of a curlew's cries.

Fragrant moorland with breath like wine,
Far outspread 'neath a northern sky,
When in crowded streets I faint and pine,
In dreams on thy bosom let me lie!

Once again in the heather bloom,
While the laden bees hum drowsily,
There let me sleep till the day of doom,
Till mountain and moorland cease to be!

J. M. KRAUSE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

IN my previous paper, a brief narrative of some impressions of a dash through Canada, I wrote of the great earnestness, the cold severity, the hard and matter-of-fact energy that are displayed everywhere in this wonderful land of opportunity, the like of which in that respect there is not elsewhere on the face of the globe, and never will be again. Now, as a study of a new land and an adapting people, Canada is the most intensely interesting subject conceivable, and all the more for the fact that she is of us, of the Empire, and there is the great problem of her future association with us, one glorious point in regard to this problem having been splendidly demonstrated of late. Now that question of the nature of the future association, or loyalty if you would have the word, seems somehow to come up at almost every new thought, each new impression. Everything that you see and hear as you wander through this country, which is bigger than the United States, and almost as big as Europe, seems to have a bearing on that question of the imperial future. It may be the predisposition of the travelling homelander, or the obsession of the subject, that makes him see almost every object and every action tested for its qualities of or tendencies towards unity or separation; but the fact is there, and the result is that one of an open, unprejudiced, and intelligent mind finds his views and thoughts and feelings upon this subject undergoing a continual process of change. With certain slight halts and recoveries, however, the process for the most part works all one way, and that is from doubts about the absolute and affectionate unity to no shred of doubt at all, but the happiest and most inspiring confidence. For my poor part, having an interest aroused in this question, and applying the test to all that I saw and heard, that was just the progress of the idea. I have already suggested that when you go up into Canada from the United States you are apt to find the change a little chilly to the emotions. With a serviceable sense of patriotism and a comfortable pride of possession, you may feel when your train has passed through Port Huron at night, and gets along towards Toronto, that now you are at home, where everybody will do all things for you, be bright and cheery in

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doing them, and pay a proper deference to such a master homelander, as people do when he travels upon the continent of Europe—but perhaps more so—and not as Americans did in the States, where, welcome as he was, and hospitable as they were, they did not permit him the retention of his special British pride, nor allow him to believe that he was better than any one else, or specially entitled to any more than the ordinary courtesies that the Americans employ for their social and business purposes.

* * *

But at Toronto the earnest Canadian seems to give you to understand that he has neither time nor disposition to talk unless you have business to do with him. His features are generally strong, and the cold and stern demeanour that sits upon them invites no pleasantries. The men are going about their business always. They are pushing their way along, pushing their country along. Seeing the methods and manners of these people, and having watched the thousands 'going through,' as I called it—through to the Far West—Calgary, Edmonton, Bull Moose, Medicine Hat, Prince Rupert, and all the other ascending cities—you begin to feel the process of a second creation going on in this wonderful country, the earth being taken straight from God and worked upon by man with all his most up-to-date appliances. The speed and thoroughness of it all are amazing. Half-a-dozen huts made up Calgary thirty years ago. Ten years later she had a population of only a trifle over four thousand. Now it is about fifty thousand, and Calgary is a modern city with all the proper appurtenances thereof. And the speed of things is quickening all the time with the extra facility that comes from experience. To-day in the train you may ride through virgin woods or along an untouched prairie, and before you have passed through another of your seven ages there may have arisen at such a spot the town hall, the public library, the great streets and the cars thereof, and above all the C.P.R. or G.T.R. depôt which sets the life-blood circulating through the new city. When a railroad flings out a tentacle into another piece of raw Canada, as is being done all the time, cities and industrial centres spring up all about it, and especially at

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FEBRUARY 22, 1913.

the terminus, as if by magic. This is the way of a second creation such as there has never been on any other continent. Throughout the Old World the cities and towns have not been made; they have been for the most part the slow growths of hundreds or thousands of years; and in that slow growth and shaping, like the petrifying of some amorphous clay, there has been bred about them a certain cultured way of life, a way of taking things as they come, and getting along with comfort. The difference is that the European seems to live because he has to, and the Canadian because he wants to. When you first consider the temper of the Canadians you must remember these circumstances; and then also you must remember that in the case of comparatively new Canadians they are often people who have come away from the motherland with some feelings of sadness and disappointment in them which have not yet worn away. The motherland failed to feed and keep them as they wished, and they were turned adrift. At this period discernment and justice are not conspicuous in them, and they are not expressing their gratitude to the Crown on every possible occasion. They do not assemble in the streets to sing about the glories of the Empire; they do not hunger for news of the latest London sensations; they just go about their business with straight faces and cold, closed lips. If you were to tell them you came from Liverpool, or Manchester, or Glasgow, or Edinburgh, and were a British subject, they might seem to be no more moved than if you informed them you belonged to Reykjavik. So there is that seeming chilliness everywhere; but these Canadians say little and think deeply, and my Lady of the Snows does not wear her heart upon her sleeve, you will see.

* * *

When you wander about Toronto and consider it in its various features, a new set of views upon this imperial unity question is presented. As I have said, it has been described as more British than Britain and more American than America. Neither statement is correct; certainly not the former. When I was in Quebec or Montreal it was easy enough for me to think of myself as being, if not in England, at some large place in France; but in Toronto all that you can feel is that you are in the capital of Ontario, and that Ontario lies right alongside the states of New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Toronto is quite American in its ways. It, of all cities over which the Stars and Stripes do not float, is most American in its plan and American in its system. It is, of course, mapped out in blocks and straight lines and rectangles, and cars of American design run along most of its streets. It does not call its streets by numbers; but, when it can avoid doing so, it does not call them streets at all, but simply 'King' or 'Yonge.' It has stores and shops of the American sort, and some goods are displayed

that are declared with no shame to have come from New York. The fashions are set by the great American eastern city. 'Latest fall shapes from New York' I see on hats in the windows; 'Broadway style' I notice on something else. You see there is more in common between New York conditions and those of Toronto than there is between the conditions of London and the Canadian city, and so a readier sympathy in such matters. What New York does in dress is right. (When you go to New York you find it is trying to do what London does, and offering the latest from Piccadilly, so it all comes right in the end!) The clothes are all of American cut and design. Then I see Toronto going in at last for skyscrapers in the New York way. She does not as yet build them at all so high, but the new offices of the C.P.R. rise nearly twenty floors aloft, and that is getting on. In its white enamel the building looks very much like a young New York house. The hotel systems and the foods are to some extent the same as in New York, as indeed they might be expected to be, as they suit the circumstances best. There are the same kind of quick lunch and light refreshment places. There is one of the 'Childs' restaurants such as New York is covered with, and it is open day and night. Some of the newspapers are very American in make-up and manner, though they utter no American thoughts. They have the same bluntness of headline, the same scare sort of way, the same form of expression, and they go in for the same kind of cartoons. You may buy the weekly or Sunday paper with the coloured supplement the same as in New York; in fact, the coloured supplement with pictures of the Tired Tim variety is printed in New York. But much worse than this, the Canadian writers have begun to Americanise the King's English in a way I do not like at all. This is really bad. They are shortening the words, tending to spell them phonetically, and generally making them look queer and improper to an extent that even the Americans do not go. While I was in Toronto I saw some most daring exhibitions of word-reforming. This should not be while Canada is a Dominion. It counts for more than the Canadians may think. We know that they are above all an intensely practical people, and we know also that our English is a queer old language, with hosts of absurdities and inconsistencies grown into it by its long history. But all of the Britains should go along in one British way, and with much respect I would tell the people of Toronto that they are not doing a nice thing in this matter. Then you find that in Toronto they are most enthusiastically playing the American games, and playing them with Americans. I observed that some of their lacrosse clubs were in financial difficulties; but they play baseball in just the American way, with all the American expressions, and they

belong to a league which embraces clubs at the other end of the lake round Buffalo way—American clubs. Of course the money is the same; the dollar bill of Canada and its equivalent in the States are as like as two bills could be. American songs are sung whenever there is singing of a common and impromptu kind to be done; the latest New York and Chicago stories are told; and one day when I walked some way out along King Street I stood for a few moments at a corner to realise the amazing fact that at the kerbstone there was an Italian organ-grinder and his lady with their machine, on which had been pinned a cigarette-box badge of the North-West Mounted Police, and of all the tunes in freedom that these Neapolitans were rattling out, this one was the 'Stars and Stripes for Ever'! Leaving out this ludicrous case, the thoughtful homelander, wandering about the city and making notes, marks all these similarities, these imitations, and he asks if they do not beget or arise from sympathy; and when two countries have so much in common, nearly everything, why—It does not matter; it is not so.

* * *

Watching and thinking, I could not help the feeling that while an impression of America was that it was a country without a soul, it was not so with Canada. There is a difference. Canada is surrounded with the elements that make for a deeper feeling. She has finer scenery; there is more original romance in her bare, new lands. In the States there is beautiful country in the west and in the north-east; but it takes a long time for the oppression of that appallingly monotonous train-journey through the flat, bare middle to be relieved. I remember how, after one long spell of it, I suddenly felt a tingle of pleasure, even though it was dark, as I realised that for the first time for long enough my train was climbing a hill. I looked out and saw the incline. We were at the foot of some of the mountains of the east. Once I sailed all the way down the Hudson River from Albany to New York, and they said I should find it to be at least as grand as the Rhine. It was not, though the river-boat that I sailed on was the finest thing of its kind I had ever seen, with its thick green carpets everywhere, its plants and flowers, its easy-chairs, and its orchestra playing excellent music as the paddle-wheels churned their way along the stream. It was interesting to look up at the Catskill Mountains and see where Rip Van Winkle slept so long and well; and just for a few minutes, after leaving Poughkeepsie, when we turned a bend and passed those splendid hills which, rising up from the edge black and steep, shaded the waters round about—the great 'Storm King,' 'Old Cro Nest,' and 'Breakneck' Mountain, with their history and traditions attached to them—it was really splendid. But one must ride far for tremor of the

emotions caused by scenic wonder in the United States. Canada has far more glory, wild and tame. For an example of the latter, there is Quebec. I shall not forget the Sunday morning when, after a night-journey from Montreal, and a scanty breakfast before eight in the morning at a little French café that was not too inviting in appearance, I climbed up to the heights, tramped over the Plains of Abraham, stood reverently for a moment at the spot where Wolfe died, and then rested in the fresh sunshine on that magnificent promenade, half-way, as one fancied, between the glittering St Lawrence below and the unfecked blue above. A battleship down there on the limpid water was but as a little canoe; away to the left there were hills and islands, and the St Charles bending round the corner. Across on the other side was Levis; and from there, and behind me, and all about, there arose in an otherwise silent world the sweet chiming of Sunday bells from, as it seemed, a hundred towers. The silver music suited the scene and the time. It was the most wonderful, noble, peaceful view of its kind that I had ever looked upon. I drank in the glory of Quebec, and I felt one happiness that had not been mine for a long season.

* * *

Niagara is of the States and the Dominion. By gentle hints kind people tried to prepare me for a disappointment. The Niagara Falls have been a name with us all since our cradle-days. They were surely so wonderful that they could hardly be real. One friend told me that he went to the Falls every year as he would go to pay a great homage to Nature, and that he was more awe-stricken every time—that he was much more so the third time than the first. People would put it that way. So I curbed expectancy when I approached the Falls in the most desirable way, by taking steamboat across Lake Ontario, on the bosom of which we were soon out of sight of land. Entering the Niagara River, we hitched up and went ashore at Lewiston, and then had the car-ride which, with that along the Riviera cliffs from Nice to Mentone, ranks as the finest in the world. Up the great gorge we sped at the water's level almost all the way; soon we were at the whirlpool, and then there, in the far distance, silent, seeming as if they were illuminated by a heavenly light, and with a filmy vapour hanging about them, were the torrents that are a wonder of the world. The wild water of the whirlpool, curling and raging as indeed to suggest the angry mood, and those sublime Falls in the distance, made an ineffaceable first impression, and one cared little about what followed. I elected to be one of the tiny minority of visitors to the place who bid their nerves be still, and, stripping themselves of all clothing at an appointed place, and then donning some rough flannel vestments, descend the Biddle

Stairway with a guide, and take the greatest shower-bath in the world. On arriving at the base of the Falls, with the American flood on the right and the Horseshoe on the left, and, as we are told, a little matter of a hundred million tons of water tumbling over these precipices every hour, the object is to pass along the rickety bridge in front of the Central Fall just by, and then round it and through the Cave of the Winds, between the fall and the rock behind it. Timidly, falteringly, with the guide only with me, I step along the bridge and stand before the Fall, which then beats out a blinding spray, and the bath begins. Nothing can be seen save at fitful intervals of bravery, when for an instant the eyes are opened and shut down again by the water almost with a click. Nothing can be heard but the tremendous roar. The guide comes close and screams, and as in a distant whisper he is heard to recommend that the soaking flannels be taken off and the bare body be given to the beating waters. The spray whirls and whistles about. It is like a hundred shower-baths in one—no, a thousand, ten thousand. It is glorious, heavenly, and yet fearful. Presently the oil-skinned leader shrieks his whisper to come along. He and I are there alone with the rushing Fall. He pulls at my hand, we slide along the rickety planks, and creep under the mighty cataract, between it and the cliff. We are then, meek and helpless almost, in the Cave of the Winds. The roar is louder. Now the back of the Fall showers itself against me. It is splendid, but terrible. One feels so very lonesome. We get through at last. The spray still dashes hard against us, but we have got so far from the tumbling water that we can see and realise. And then some thoughts inevitably arise upon the greatness and the power, and yet the beautiful gentleness, of Nature. There like a great kind lion she toys with a puny little kitten, almost caressing him. Did she but disturb the torrent in the least from its settled position, he would be crushed to an awful death; but she is constant, reliable, and he moves away with awe and wonder.

* * *

Yet I should not have told this commonplace story of a visit to such an old sight as the Niagara Falls. I had had it in mind to get quickly past the Falls to tell of a trifling incident, which was in its way significant, that happened on the homeward journey that night. Darkness fell on the lake soon after we left Lewiston, and no moon arose; so the *Chippewa* (half-full as she was with baskets of peaches which she had taken aboard, a glut of the fruit having happened at the farms and orchards) paddled her way through blackness, and I muffled a coat around me and sat on deck with feet up on the rails like many others, and fell to meditation. It was a place and time and situation to think of

home. Two young girls from Toronto were on deck-seats on my left, and they began talking animatedly to each other about their domestic and other affairs. One explained the circumstances of a marvellously rapid change of residence by her family, the difficulties of it, and the excellent manner in which all inconveniences were overcome. It was a story that would hearten and encourage a flitting Londoner on quarter-day. They talked of men in whom they were interested, and then of a royal princess at home in England, though they had never seen England. They showed knowledge of the kingly set, and whispered appreciatively of homely and domestic qualities as features of the highest life. They kept on about the princess; it seemed a topic that they liked. They disputed concerning an incident in her history, and about a feature of her appearance. They continually used the word 'princess,' and then it suddenly dawned on me that I had not heard that word all the time I was in the United States—never since I left England. It did not much matter, but it was curious. So the princess mattered to these Toronto girls. There was something here—an Empire with bonds.

* * *

I must end this story of impressions. But as you linger longer in Canada you realise more and more that the Canadian, as I have said, does not wear his heart on his sleeve; that he is a severe, earnest, strong, silent man who is always going about his business. In the material sense he knows that he can make life very well worth living in a land that abounds in richness, and that is what he is going to do. But he feels the bond, and is a great, true, loyal colonist, as we have lately seen. Some time after I appreciated him the full truth was demonstrated. I was at Montreal on an occasion that was unique. I had once met Sir Wilfrid Laurier in London, and had some interesting talk with him on expanding Canada. Here I had the satisfaction of meeting the new Prime Minister, the great Canadian who has succeeded him. Mr Borden is a very different type of man. There is not that fine delicacy about him that hangs upon Sir Wilfrid; he seems more of the strong, silent, resourceful British Canadian I have talked about. He had then only just come back from his visit to England, where he had been settling those splendid navy schemes. Here at Montreal he was to make his first great speech on his return, and explain things to the Canadians. I went into the big hall of the Windsor Hotel to listen to it, and it was not a thing to forget. That meeting of Canadians did not look at all like a political meeting at home. It was a much more impressive gathering, all the people thoughtful, and for long unemotional. They listened eagerly to what Mr Borden had to say, as his strong voice went rolling through

the hall. He made pictures of empire, spoke of duties, interests; and now and then, when towards the end the emotions of the listeners were stirred, and they were given to imagine the big mother and her scattered children, and

the enduring parental and filial sympathy, some great, wild cheers rang up to the roof, such hot shouts from the heart as one seldom hears. Then, indeed, one understood that Canada was all right.

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—PHILISTINE AND ARCADIAN.

THAT evening Hugh and I played 'a hundred up' at billiards. I lost. I am the better player; but I lack concentration, which is to say that I am the worse player. After the game he and I smoked by the snug bay-window, in the after-dinner peace that comes from a day in the open, good digestion, and a good cigar.

'You ought to have beaten me, Frank; but you asked "Is this my ball?" too often. Your wits were wool-gathering,' said Hugh with complacency.

'I was thinking about a story that I've heard,' I replied, for the wreck of *The Ayrshire Rose* had been in my mind the whole evening.

'Must keep your mind on the game. It's half—it's the whole battle in everything. (By the way, that reminds me that I've an accursed "memorial" to read to-night.) As I was saying, concentration of purpose—one's mind on the game.'

He never could resist an opening for giving me a word in season—and out of season, for that matter.

'It depends on the game, doesn't it?' said I. I was in the mood for arguing on any side.

'You mean?'

'That some games aren't worth the candle; that the happy selection of a career is half the battle; that industry and concentration are of little use to a man who is chained to work that he is temperamentally unfitted for. Genius'—

He took the bait without noticing that I dangled it. 'Means a transcendent capacity for taking trouble,' came the triumphant platitude.

'Which is one of the stupidest and falsest generalities ever written!'

He stared at me.

'I quoted from Carlyle,' he said with an air of finality.

'I don't care. The phrase is base metal, if it were Socrates's or Shakespeare's. "Talent does what it can, genius what it must," rings clearer. No amount of argument will convince me that all the pains a thoroughbred takes in the plough will make him do his work other than sulkily and badly, if indeed he'll do it at all.'

'Then let him starve! Man, the scores of good fellows that I've known to go under, apparently mysteriously, really through sheer lack of concentration—men that you knew.'

He named half-a-dozen. I mentally recalled them. 'Yes,' I said,

'most of them men of intense vitality and imagination.'

He rushed at the word 'imagination' like a pike.

'There you are! Imagination is your King Charles's head, Frank! Its possession, real or fancied, is often an excuse for a pose ending in loafing. In nine cases out of ten it's a positive hindrance to success.'

'Yes. The breed that would have sent Keats back to his gallipots—the ruck of the world—often murders its teachers. Imagination might be a hindrance if the doom of a man endowed with it happened to be the career, say, of a pork-butcher or a cheesemonger. These are respectable, even necessary, occupations; but their spur is the huckster sense, the hope of this world's gear.'

'But some one must do what you are pleased to call the huckster-work of this world,' he said with a touch of crossness.

'Of course. I don't disparage them. They are probably pleased with themselves, for Providence has arranged that they don't know that, compared with the artist in anything, they are merely gropers in the gutter for bawbees! Art may be—is a merciless master, demanding the royal service of a man's life. But the big fact remains. Not the least reward of the creative artist—the man who gives this royal service, laughing at all temptations and compromises—is that his is the cleanest of all pursuits, the one that works least injury to one's neighbours. Imagination is the salt of a sordid world. No man who ever benefited the world has not blessed it. It makes life possible. It—it's vision, man! Now, an you love me, don't say, "Imphm!"'

'I won't! But you're off on your hobby, and I sha'n't gallop after you!' laughed Hugh. Then he finished, a little irrelevantly, 'Still, the fact remains. Life's a grim syllogism. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat. Whatsoever a man findeth to do—don't y' know?'

'Yes. The pitiless fact is that so many find their hands trying to do the wrong work. However, I must be off to-morrow, and we may not meet for years. Let's change the subject, old man.'

He nodded acquiescence, and then asked, 'What was the story you were thinking of when we were playing billiards, Frank?'

'One I heard to-day. Do you remember, I wonder, a morning fifteen years ago when you

went fishing, and left me behind because of the weather—the morning a schooner with no one on board took the sands?’

‘I remember about the schooner. Her bones are still lying out there.’

‘I was on board the wreck of her this afternoon, and heard her story. It interested me vastly, especially as I got it from the only man who knows it.’

Hugh looked at me. ‘What’s that? The only one! You may have chanced on some one who was able to give you a few details; but, bless my soul! the story is fairly well known. To my inartistic mind it’s commonplace. But, then, I’m not an artist in anything except, I hope, salmon flies.’

‘Commonplace!’ I repeated. I was surprised, and I suppose I looked it, for he seemed puzzled. ‘I thought it anything but commonplace. The whole thing—the collision, the fight with the sea, the two men and the woman, and the end. Heavens! it is tragedy.’

‘You must be dreaming, Frank. I *know* the schooner’s story.’

‘So do I!’ I said with some acerbity.

‘Let me hear the outline of it, will you? and we’ll compare notes,’ he said after staring at me for a moment.

Nothing loath, I gave him a skeleton narrative of the voyages of *The Berwick Law* and *The Ayrshire Rose*. He listened judicially, without uttering a word, until I stopped.

‘Now, who on earth could have stuffed you with all that? You’ve been badly had, old son.’

‘Had! What do you mean?’ I faltered.

‘What I say. The schooner’s real story was the vulgar one of a swindling master who stole her on a voyage abroad, changed her name, and sold the cargo somewhere on the English coast. He and his mate, his accomplice in the theft, paid off the hands, and the two rascals sailed her up the Irish Sea. They left the ship in a small boat, and landed somewhere or other on the Solway seaboard. I know the yarn, for I was consulted in a similar case of barratry a year or two ago, and got professional access to the papers in *The Ayrshire Rose* business through one of the Advocate-Deputes.’

‘There—there *must* be some mistake,’ I said feebly.

‘Yes! The mistake is that you have knocked up against rather a useful liar, that’s all! Why, the skipper and the mate were caught afterwards. They pleaded guilty, and did appropriate “time.” What did you pay this Munchausen for unfolding his wonders of the deep, may I ask?’

‘Not a sou. I shrank from the idea. The man was poorly dressed, but there was a—a—you know—a—something about him. Then he knew books—and all that—better than I do, and tried not to show it.’ I described him as best I could, and added that I rather thought that he lived near the village.

‘I don’t know him, and I can’t say that I’m sorry. What beats me is this,’ said Hugh: ‘why should a man waste his time telling you “hair-breadth ‘scapes and moving accidents” if it wasn’t for money?’

‘It wasn’t for money, I’m sure, Hugh. I *couldn’t* have offered him money.’

‘Well, I give it up. Perhaps you’ll admit that this at least is an instance of imagination running to seed.’ He dismissed the subject with a shrug of his shoulders.

‘P’raps,’ I said absently. I was in no humour now for a discussion. The thing was inexplicable. Had I been dreaming? Trinidad—Saint Pierre—Lowden at the helm, revolver in hand—the two men bringing the schooner up the Solway! I walked across the room to the fireplace, where I smoked in morose silence.

On the chimneypiece were some of Hugh’s belongings—a silver trophy or two won at golf or billiards; two or three good sporting prints; in the centre a photograph of a group of youngsters in flannels, on the margin the arms of an old Scottish school. I looked at it idly. Next moment I was hurrying with it into the light at the table.

‘Here, Hugh!’ I called. In the centre of the photograph, sitting down, was a youngster, a shy smile on his boyish face. ‘That’s him!’ I said, in the excitement of my find as heedless of grammar as the monks in ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims.’ ‘That’s the man I met to-day at the wreck!’

Hugh looked at the photograph.

‘*Bosh!* That’s Jim Lennox—“Proxime” Jim. Yes, “Proxime” Jim! It can’t be, Frank!’

There was no mistaking the face. I was positive about it, and I said so.

‘Extraordinary! You must be wrong, misled probably by a chance likeness. The photo is the school eleven, years old, of course. True, I’ve lost sight of “Proxime” Jim. He was a shy, sensitive little chap. Clever as they make ‘em! Very straight chap, too! I can’t imagine him sitting solemnly lying to you for a summer afternoon.’

I took another look at the photograph.

‘I don’t think I’m wrong. Let me hear about the man! Why “Proxime” Jim?’

‘*Proxime accessit*, y’know. He *very nearly* did things! But a brilliant man. He was “proxime” in old Mac’s class, and “proxime” in this, that, and the other class. The name “Proxime” stuck to him. Good man all round! In the end he went to Oxford. He left suddenly, I heard, without taking his degree, although he promised well. I haven’t heard of him for years. No, this isn’t the Sir John de Maundeville you met to-day. However, it isn’t worth bothering about. Now, I must buckle to my “papers.” Sorry.’ He rose and went into his sanctum, leaving me to ruffled and conflicting thoughts.

After all, the fault was my own if I chose to listen to and believe a mere stranger! As Hugh said, the futility of it was inexplicable. *Cui bono?* But I recalled the man's frankness, his gestures, his complete immersion in his story, the beads of sweat on his brow as he told it. I

looked at the photograph again, and again the likeness challenged me.

For once I did the obvious and practical thing. I went quietly out and sought the road to the village.

(Continued next month.)

'TWIXT GUINEA COAST AND TIMBUCTOO.

By Captain C. E. COOKSON.

HALF-WAY along the old Slave Coast, facing south toward the Gulf of Guinea, stands Cape Coast Castle. Thence a winding bush-path leads northward, which in the days of Prempeh, 'King of All the Ashantis,' was the principal route to Coomassie, his capital, tucked away amidst many thousand square miles of primeval forest. The old Cape Coast road is now little used, for a railway has been built from the modern port of Seccondee, and Coomassie is separated from the coast by eight hours only, instead of at least ten days as formerly. A march of seven or eight days from Coomassie takes one beyond the northern limit of hills and forest to a fringe of flat orchard country, gradually merging into the open plains and pasture-land which spread right away to the Upper Niger valley. Here was an ideal hunting-ground for mounted slave-raiders, such as Barbatu and the Mandingo chieftain Samory. The latter did, in fact, establish an 'empire' a few days' march only from Timbuctoo, and struck terror into the hearts of the simple-minded Negroid tribes of that region up to the very borders of Ashanti, until himself hunted down by French and British troops in 1897-98. The scene of his ravages was then divided up into protectorates under French and British rule, one of which has lately been incorporated into the Gold Coast Colony, under the name of the Northern Territories.

Though in point of actual distance the greater part of the Northern Territories is nearer to the coast than to the arch of the Upper Niger where stands Timbuctoo, their physical characteristics and inhabitants are similar to those of the neighbouring French colony of Upper Senegal and Niger, and essentially different from those of Ashanti to the south. Moreover, owing in some measure to the dense forest and almost precipitous hills of the Ashanti highlands, communication with the coast is very incomplete. This difficulty is well illustrated by the fact that the Gold Coast hinterland had not been visited by a Governor for five years previous to 1912, when Mr Thorburn undertook a three months' journey therein—and I had the honour of accompanying him as extra A.D.C.—the first complete tour of the country made by any British official.

Not the least interesting of our experiences was the visit to Coomassie *en route*, that delightful peep into the somewhat monotonous forest of

Ashanti, and the later voyage down two hundred miles of river, where the rapids, no respecter of persons, seemed to take a particular pleasure in tossing from rock to rock the Governor's own 'dug-out.' Ashanti, however, has found many chroniclers; and the canoe-journey, novel enough as far as we were concerned, was probably not different from one over many a better-known waterway than the Volta; so the following study is confined to the comparatively little known hinterland.

In the southern province of the Northern Territories the monster trees which lend such grandeur to Ashanti scenery give place to diminutives dotting a portion of the elevated plain—the chief characteristic of the whole of the Northern Territories—and impeding the view without offering any obstacle to cross-country travel. Here and there are patches of open country, while the silk-cotton tree, or less frequently the coco-nut, affords an occasional landmark. In the northern provinces grass-land and open plains are more general, and moderately wooded or orchard country exists only in the neighbourhood of river-beds. A marked feature of the whole country is the Upper Volta River, displaying itself like a lob-sided candelabra, with the White Volta as a central stick, the Black Volta its left branch, and the little Dakar tributary on the right struggling bravely to keep the balance. During the rainy season, lasting four or five months, the twin Voltas and their tributaries are raging torrents; but for several months of the year the former, though broad, are shallow and sluggish, while the latter are dry or at best a mere series of pools. During this dry season the Northern Territories as a whole are a parched and desolate region, where the dull, flat outlook is only relieved by an occasional kopje or native village. A marked exception, however, is to be found in the Bawku district, forming a wedge between French and German colonies in the extreme north-east of British territory. Here the landscape is relieved by undulating ground, intersected by the valleys of several tributaries of the Volta, which, though dry in hot weather, still leave vivid patches of green here and there, while some hills to the north afford a background all the more pleasing because it is exceptional in this country.

Owing to the tsetse fly which infects the bush

and is so fatal to horseflesh, ponies cannot be kept either in Ashanti or the coast districts of the Gold Coast, except at Coomassie itself and at Accra, where large clearances have been made. In the Northern Territories, however, many of the native chiefs have large mounted retinues, and a hammock slung on a pole and borne by four men, the conveyance commonly used in bush travelling, is seldom seen.

The natives of the Northern Territories live mostly in round mud huts, with flat roofs also of mud. The villages are divided into compounds, each belonging to one family, and consisting of a number of huts connected together by a mud rampart. In Bole district, however, lying to the south-west, and bordering on Ashanti, the huts are square shelters, with the inner side open, as in Ashanti compounds. Moreover, in Bole itself, where the fear of the slave-raider still haunts the native imagination, the division between the compounds is scarcely perceptible, and the whole village has the appearance of a large, square mud fort, for the ramparts are particularly high. On the other hand, the natives of Bawku and other more flourishing districts have begun to build their huts with conical grass roofs, formerly tabooed through fear of the raider's torch. A feature of nearly every compound in the northern districts is the family granary, a tall, narrow building with conical roof rising above the huts and rampart which surround it.

Shea-butter, the chief export of the Northern Territories, used as a lubricant, is the fruit of a wild tree very common in the districts immediately north of Ashanti. The native condiment called *dawa-dawa* is the product of another small tree, which it is the custom to farm out at a yearly rent of four shillings. The staple food of the people is guinea-corn, which is cultivated and stored with a thrift quite exceptional amongst West African natives. In some parts there are yam-fields; but the yam appears to be an importation from the coast, where yams and plantains are the staple food. Hitherto the strict prohibition of all kinds of alcohol in the Northern Territories has protected the native from the evil effects which usually follow the introduction of spirits to a primitive people.

Nearly every village has its professional 'hunterman,' whose duty it is to kill the larger game which do damage to the crops, and whose pleasure is to shoot the smaller antelope for food, and occasionally to act as a guide to the white sportsman. In the latter respect he seldom displays the same eagerness or skill as the Indian *shikari*. In the larger villages there are several of these 'huntermen,' who were always much to the fore in the welcome accorded to the Governor on his late tour. The 'hunterman' of the southern province, armed with muzzle-loading 'dane-guns,' would let off deafening charges right over the Governor's hammock; but as we approached the north and left Coomassie

(whence powder has to be obtained) farther and farther behind, firearms gradually gave place to the more picturesque bow and arrow, and the deafening discharges to mimic show by archers, lightly clad, with antelope-skins over their shoulders, if not stark-naked. Large herds of elephants visit certain localities every year, and leave unmistakable tracks in the marshlands which they prefer, besides occasionally breaking down the light culverts of Government roads encountered *en route*. Lions frequently raid the villages, and actually took a man out of his hut at one place a few days before our arrival; but though a few have been shot lately, they cannot be said to be as common as they are elusive.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the natives of the Gold Coast hinterland are the Fra-Fras. The name Fra-Fra is in reality a nickname (from *fura-fura*, meaning 'good-morning') for three kindred tribes, the Nankannis, Nankurassis, and Kasassis. From their stronghold in the Tong Hills the two former used to be the terror of passing caravans, until less than two years ago they were dislodged therefrom by a company of the Gold Coast regiment, assisted by the constabulary. It is on their account that a detachment of one company, the only military force in the Northern Territories, is stationed at Zouaragu, within sight of the Tong Hills, which are now forbidden ground. Since the recent opening of a station at Bawku, the Kasassis of that district have prospered, and are no longer the crude savages they had the reputation of being a few years ago. Their women appeared to me particularly well clothed, and the ladies of the 'fig-leaf' are far less common than amongst the Grunshis, another tribe in the extreme north, but west of Bawku.

Most of the tribes have distinct tribal marks, consisting of cuts on the face in varying patterns. The most remarkable of all is the Fra-Fra tribal mark, an elaborate but symmetrical pattern of groups of parallel cuts on the forehead, cheek, and chin. Girls are often marked also with similar patterns on the body, and in spite of the mutilation of their skin have a real fascination of their own. Frequent visitors to the Gold Coast are the Moshis, Wangaras, and Basaberimis, from French country. There are settled communities of the first-mentioned—a Moshi can be recognised by three long parallel cuts on each side of the face—at Bawku, Zouaragu, and other places in the hinterland. The Wangara tribal marks are three cuts splaying outwards from the corners of the mouth, often seen amongst labourers on the gold-mines of Ashanti and the colony. Less common is the Basaberimi, with a pretty lemon-pip pattern on each side of the face, who travels occasionally all the way from the Niger valley to enlist in the Gold Coast regiment or police.

All the tribes referred to in the preceding paragraphs are without doubt closely related

to one another. To a different category belong the Fulanis, who still form the ruling class in Northern Nigeria, and a distinct, though humbler, portion of the community in the Northern Territories. The Fulah, who claims Timbuctoo as his native country, has probably Moorish or Arab blood in his veins, for his sharp features are a remarkable contrast to those of his Negroid fellow-inhabitants of the Niger valley, and his fatalism smacks of the desert. He is essentially a herdsman, and in the Gold Coast hinterland indispensable, for without him the cows remain unmilked and the natives of the country lack the milk which they like, and yet will not obtain for themselves.

The samples of native dances to which we were treated were modest, but on the whole monotonous. The usual female dance is a tiresome *pas seul* with bent head and shuffling feet. At Bole, Lorha, and other villages there are the 'monkey dancers,' men with tails of *tie-tie* (native rope) and anklets of loose pieces of tow, who follow each other round in a continuous circle, and contrive to make an astonishing din by a shaking movement of the feet. At a tiny village called Tuna, in Bole district, where the natives seem to have a comparatively varied repertoire, we were spectators of a rather effective and amusing cotillion, of which I will endeavour to give the reader some idea. It is not possible to do justice in print to the performance, which might be counted vulgar by persons unacquainted with the savages' code of vulgarity and unable to realise the grave, almost refined, demeanour of the performers themselves. Imagine two solemn, dark damsels doing a turn not unlike the chassée of Sir Roger de Coverley, but with a far greater vigour than ever was seen in an English ballroom; the steps consisting of gazelle-like springs on both feet, in perfect unison with the drums, and the whole manoeuvre culminating in a severe shock between their two unmentionable extremities! At Y'pala, where we stayed the night after passing Tuna, the 'dancing-mistress' had instituted a system of turns whereby the dance began with the two youngest girls and ended with the two oldest hags in a continuous round, the elderly performers often making up in skill and manoeuvre what they lacked in grace. There are no doubt other dances of a coarser type which even the native idea of modesty forbids to be performed before Europeans.

Musical instruments other than the drum are quite exceptional. The Lobis of Lorha district in the extreme north-west have a kind of xylophone, the 'notes' consisting of wooden staves, to which variety of tone is given by a number of graduated calabashes forming the base of the instrument. The effect is quite pleasing, but somewhat marred by the too great insistence of the inevitable drum accompaniment. The Kasasas of Tili, near Bawku, have a kind of primi-

tive violin, with a gourd as the body of the instrument, and a small semicircular bow which produces a few mournful notes out of a single string. Drums are of all sizes and conditions, the greatest variety being seen at Navarro, the capital of Grunshi country. Here we listened to a concert of hide instruments, wherein the usual order of things was reversed by some monsters being placed in the forefront, while the kettle-drums barely contrived to make themselves heard from the back in the brief intervals caused by fatigue of the more prominent performers.

As to morals there are great diversities of opinion; but it seems to be the generally accepted view that the modesty of women only begins where in civilised society it is not uncommonly supposed to end. That such a curious idea of morality, if carried to extremes, is harmful for the race can hardly be questioned. But that there are points in its favour, if carried out in moderation, as I believe it to be in the Gold Coast hinterland, is proved by the fact that the native of that country is second to no other West African negro in physique, amiable disposition, and courage under discipline, whilst disease and deformity are almost unknown to him.

One of the most astonishing characteristics of this people is the small part that 'religion' appears to play in their daily life. There are amongst the pagan inhabitants certain superstitions, usually connected with the supposed powers of the medicine-men. But fetish idols, which obtrude themselves so constantly on the notice of travellers in Ashanti and the coast regions, are far less prominent in the Northern Territories. Of mutilations of face or form, so common amongst savages of primitive type, the only signs are tribal marks on the face and occasionally on the body, which in no way interfere with the natural life, comparatively free from superstition, led by male and female alike. In 1905 there was a serious attempt made by emissaries sent from Mecca itself to stir up a Mohammedan 'revival' in this part of Africa. Many converts were made, and some uneasiness was caused amongst officials by the militant character of the propaganda. Local enthusiasm subsided immediately on the expulsion of these emissaries; but undoubtedly large numbers are still professing Mohammedans. There are even Mohammedan temples to be seen in some places, weird mud structures with pointed steeples decorated with an irregular pattern of short, protruding stakes. Few of the natives, however—if we except the Fulanis, who are intruders—appear to have the Mohammedan temperament, and I doubt if 'the true belief' has gone very far, or will go much farther, amongst the happy-go-lucky inhabitants of the Upper Volta valley.

These random jottings from the back-of-beyond do not claim to be more than the impressions of a traveller whose knowledge of native

life and customs is a matter of observation rather than of study. I have been unable to find any studies, scientific or otherwise, of this particular region of Africa beyond an admirable report by Colonel Northcote, who first took over the territory for the British Government, and some French monographs on adjacent territory under their rule. A very interesting field for ethnographic and anthropological research is opened by our occupation of the hinterland; and this country has, moreover, an historic past, closely interwoven with the movement of races in the

great African continent. The seed of civilisation has now been sown on the soil left fallow by centuries of neglect, and already bears the early fruit of happiness and content amongst the natives; but it is only through a sympathetic study of native life and customs that a full harvest of material prosperity can be reaped at some future period without the loss, meanwhile, of those pagan virtues common to many primitive peoples, but nowhere more evident than among the fine races of the Gold Coast hinterland.

AT THE QUINTA PALAFOX.

CHAPTER IV.

'YES,' answered Joaquina, replying to the bewilderment and the consternation of the man, 'it is a secret of the Quinta. My countrymen have used this secret passage to gain information, to overhear what the enemy said, as long as the invaders have been in the Quinta. Now'—— She stopped.

She looked down into the darkness again. Recollecting that there was no light below, she came back into the outhouse, took a candle from a box in a corner, lighted it, and with it in her hand went back to the steps. 'Follow me,' she said to Antoine. 'I know the way. We may be able to reach Colonel de Rubeaupré this way.'

Antoine carefully lowered his great body into the aperture, and no sooner were they at the foot of the steps than he took the candle from the girl's hand, and, raising it first on one side and then on the other, began a methodical survey of his surroundings. He stood in a large, vaulted chamber.

'The corn-chamber when the Quinta had to stand sieges,' Joaquina whispered to him.

Antoine nodded. The two went on again. The next room was much like the first.

'How many are there?' Antoine was beginning, intending to ask her if there were not a way up from these store-vaults into the heart of the house, when a sudden action by Joaquina stopped him. She put her hand on his arm. In the faint, flickering light of the candle, Antoine saw a new expression of horror spring into the girl's dark eyes, saw her face drawn down into lines with a hideous terror.

'What is it?' the big man asked.

'Do you hear nothing?' Joaquina gasped.

The soldier listened.

'Do you hear nothing?' the girl repeated.

'Do you not?'—her voice hissing in its suppressed vehemence—'hear it dripping?'

'I hear water dripping,' began the Frenchman.

'You do not understand,' cried out Joaquina.

'It is not merely the dripping of water; it is that the spring in the court has been set working; it

is that the water in the well is flowing into the great tank. That is another secret of the Quinta. There is a contrivance, a wheel in the masonry at the head of the well in the courtyard, by which the water can be turned off into a tank below. It is an old device—ever so old. It is said that Dom Pedro invented it so that if an enemy captured the Quinta he might be able to deprive them of water.'

'If it is so old'—— Antoine began.

Joaquina stopped him again. She guessed the thought in his mind.

'However old it is, the contrivance works,' she returned. 'My grandmother had it put in order in case it might be of use when the French came. Now'——

The girl broke off. She went along a few steps. About her were the massive walls of the old store-chambers, and coming faintly to her in the damp and the dimness was a steady, even dropping. She put up her hands and pressed her fingers into her ears as though to shut out the even, thudding sound, then looked about her wildly.

'What is it?' demanded Antoine, for there was evidently more here than he understood.

The girl turned round and faced him. 'Dom Pedro used the contrivance for other things,' she told him.

'For what?' demanded Antoine.

'To torture those he wanted to get rid of with a death by inches,' Joaquina faltered.

'To torture'—— the soldier began.

'Don't you see?' cried out Joaquina. 'The water falls into the tank drop by drop. It rises so slowly—it might take hours—if a man were shut into that tank'——

Antoine had heard enough. '*Grand Ciel!*' the soldier cried out, 'the old woman has shut my master into the tank; she has turned on the water; he is'——

Joaquina was past speech. She bent her head. But Grandet did not so much as notice the gesture. He was hurrying through the stone vaults in the direction of that regular, mono-

tonous dripping. Joaquina, with her knees trembling, her hands cold, and her face aflame, followed him.

Antoine hurried into the next cellar. There was damp on the floor of this one; a little trickle was running down the drain in the centre. The faithful servant followed the line of that drain until he found himself in front of a massive square tank of stone some seven feet high, open at the top so that no victim might die of suffocation before he had time to drown.

Grandet walked up to this huge erection. The first thing he saw was that the trickle of water he had followed emerged from one point at the base of the tank. But before he bent to examine that egress, before he tried to make out whether it might or might not be made to serve him in any way, he shouted. '*Mon colonel!*' called the faithful soul—'*mon colonel!*'

At first only the dropping of the water answered him; then there came a faint sound, but a sound which was unmistakably that of a human voice.

It was enough for Antoine Grandet; it was enough for Joaquina. The two standing outside that great square erection of stone were animated by the same resolve. They were both of them certain that Louis de Rubeaupré was slowly perishing within; they were both of them determined to rescue him.

'But how?' breathed Joaquina, giving voice first to the difficulty that was but too apparent to both of them.

Antoine Grandet did not answer the question. He walked round the four walls of the tank. On every side he met a smooth surface. He concluded that the victims were somehow dropped into it from above. He looked round the vault. There was nothing to help him there, though there were great rings in the walls that suggested horrible possibilities. He came back to the tank, and, hardly hoping anything from it, bent down to examine more minutely the trickling overflow. The water came out at one place, and at one place only. Antoine concluded, therefore, that this must be the result of some arrangement, and not, as he had at first thought, of a defect in the masonry. He thrust the blade of his sword between the bottom of the tank and the floor. It went in a little way and then encountered something hard. Antoine pushed against the obstacle, and then, to his great amazement, the large slab of stone grooved to form the drain opened an inch or so. The Frenchman did not know what might result, but instantly he set to work to widen the opening.

He worked with all his might, and threw the whole of his ponderous weight against his sword, which he was using as a lever. There was the danger that the tampered steel might snap. Antoine knew this, and yet he went on.

The perspiration dropped off the honest fellow's face. Joaquina looked on, her lips

trembling, her hands clasped. Then the water began to gush out of the tank; it came forth gurgling as it fell into the hole that the stone disclosed; it rose and flooded over into the cellar.

It increased in volume until a new fear presented itself to the soldier. '*Mademoiselle!*' he exclaimed, 'this isn't something more—another of these devices? It won't flood the whole cellar?'

'I know of nothing,' said Joaquina, as she stood with the overflow wetting her feet, with the gurgle and the rush in her ears.

In reality this horrible situation lasted for but a fraction of time, though it seemed an eternity to the two watchers; then the volume of water sensibly diminished.

They had merely opened a sluice which emptied the tank.

Antoine waited until there was but the dropping from above, but the trickle from below. Then he bent down. He felt for the bottom of the drain. When he encountered a solid foundation he lowered himself into it. He stood a moment, his arms resting on the floor of the cellar, while he stamped with both his feet to make sure that the drain would not give way and drop him into the well or whatever carried off the water that he had released from the tank. When so much was safe, he bent down and inserted his arm into the sluice which emptied the tank. It went in without difficulty; then he moved it up as far as it would go—up, down, to and fro. Finally he raised himself.

'*Mademoiselle,*' he said, '*Antoine Grandet is going to wriggle through this hole, or he is going to squeeze to death in it.*'

If Joaquina really understood, she uttered no protest. She watched the faithful soul divest himself of his coat; she watched him pull off his boots; she watched him take his sword and push it along before him.

'Be ready, *mademoiselle,*' Antoine counselled as he lowered himself into the drain again.

It was a desperate venture, and Antoine knew it. The drain was some five feet deep, and the sluice into the tank just wide enough to give him a chance of success if he got through quickly. If he got fast he was doomed, as the falling water flowing to the outlet would assuredly suffocate him.

There was nothing for Joaquina but to wait. She sank to her knees and lifted her hands. Antoine had stuck the candle upright on a ledge, and it cast uncertain, flickering shadows about her. She knelt there in the stillness. She seemed to be hours alone. She turned her head sharply from side to side as if in one corner or the other she was sure to see her grandmother's cruel eyes fastened on her.

At length, after Joaquina had lived through a time which made her know herself—her heart, her love—as nothing else ever would, she heard her name.

It was Antoine Grandet calling to her. He was alive, then; he was within the tank. She rose and went towards the sluice. She saw nothing there. She snatched up the candle and hurried round to the opposite side. There she saw the end of a rope hanging over the brim of the tank.

'Pull!' called Antoine laconically.

Joaquina was afraid that the rope hung too high for her to catch it. '*Madre di Dios*, but I cannot fail!' the girl implored. She sprang up. Her fingers just touched the hempen surface, but failed to grasp it. '*Madre di Dios*, it is for his sake!' implored the girl.

She tried again. The second time she was more successful. She began to pull at the rope. She felt that there was a weight on it. She prayed to the Holy Mother, to all the saints, that it might be heavy with Louis de Rubeaupré. When she saw Antoine's head appear over the top of the cistern she knew that he held a form in his arms, and that she had been assisting him to hoist up this form.

Grandet looked over, measuring the distance to the ground. He was evidently wondering how to lower his burden down. Finally he called to Joaquina to throw her end of the rope back to him. He caught the end as it came upward, coiled it, then he slid his colonel's form over the rim of the tank, and cautiously paid out the rope until Joaquina could catch the human bundle and guide it to the ground. Louis de Rubeaupré had fainted.

For a moment longer Antoine hung by his hands; then he dropped and stood by Joaquina. He looked at her. 'He is alive,' he said to her. He saw her gaze with dismay at the closed eyes and the white face lying at her feet. 'They had tied him upright against the post that I suppose was put there so that poor souls might take as long as possible to drown. I undid the rope and tied it round him. I threw one end to you, for I could never have climbed up the post without you to help, and as you pulled I guided him up.'

'How did you climb up yourself?' breathed Joaquina.

'As for me,' said Grandet—and that was evidently a matter of small moment—'I clung on to the staples in the post that the rope had passed through. It was nothing, I assure mademoiselle. A veteran learns to climb like a cat as well as to fight.'

The next moment Louis de Rubeaupré opened his eyes and became conscious again. He knew that he was saved; he saw Joaquina, and in some way he realised that she had had a hand in freeing him.

Antoine left the two of them for an instant while he went and searched for a certain flask that was in his coat-pocket. It was one of the old campaigner's cherished possessions. Eau-de-vie, the veteran was wont to proclaim, saved more lives than all the doctors in the camp. He poured a little of the liquid down his colonel's throat. The fluid revived Louis. He looked from his servant to the woman he loved.

'You did this for me?' he began.

'And,' put in Antoine before another word could be said, 'mademoiselle here must do more yet.'

'What must I do?' asked Joaquina, very happily, very softly.

'You must go back, mademoiselle,' the big man assured her, 'and you must see that no one is in the outhouse.'

'After that?' breathed Joaquina.

'I will bring the colonel up that way,' Antoine answered, 'and then I will carry him to the French lines on my back. My pass gives me six hours. I can do it before the time is up.'

The girl bent her head. For an instant she would not meet the blue eyes which were awaiting her glance.

She rose; she made a movement as if she would go without another word.

'Joaquina,' cried the Frenchman passionately, 'I cannot let you go; you cannot leave me.'

'Of course not,' put in Antoine Grandet stolidly, taking it upon himself to answer this momentous question. 'But it is I, Antoine Grandet, who, when I have left my master in safety, will come back for mademoiselle.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOLVING THE PETROL PROBLEM.

THE increasing cost of petrol constitutes one of the most disturbing factors in motoring circles at the present moment, and has led to considerable academic discussion. So far as Great Britain is concerned, it must be admitted that very little has been done to mitigate the difficulty. Here is a splendid field for inventive effort, and the brains which succeed in unravelling the problem in a practical, simple, and

inexpensive manner will accomplish one of the biggest achievements in the realm of commercial science. Petrol, as is well known, is one of the higher distillates of petroleum, and in its production the baser liquid fuel, kerosene or paraffin, is thrown out. Before the arrival of the high-speed internal combustion engine the prime product was paraffin, the more volatile spirit being waste, which was burned as refuse. To-day the position is reversed. The spirit is the article for which the distillers mainly strive; and the

heavier oil, being ousted from its former market, is thrown on the hands of the refiners. Seeing that a greater proportion of paraffin than petrol is obtained from a given quantity of crude petroleum rich in the volatile constituents, it will be realised that this superfluity of paraffin is a serious item to the manufacturer. Accordingly, to recoup for the loss arising from the disposal of the lower-grade fuel, the purchaser has to pay more for his spirit. The oil-producers have been assailed vehemently for their avaricious tactics; but it is only another interpretation of the old law of demand and supply. The solution of the problem rests with the engineer; he is the man who should be persecuted, not the oil-refiner. If the former were to concentrate his energies upon the evolution of a rational carburettor capable of vaporising paraffin the trouble would end. The average motor-engineer will retort that it is a hopeless quest. But science is unfamiliar with the word impossible. The American motor-engineers, who are more vitally affected by the rise in the price of petrol than their British colleagues, instead of wasting their energies upon pen, ink, and paper, are striving to make their engines run by paraffin. One firm is within measurable distance of success, as its vehicles burn paraffin, which costs in America twopence halfpenny per gallon, as compared with the more volatile fuel costing a shilling for the same quantity. If the American engineer can solve the problem, it is surely not beyond the skill of his British colleague to do so. Substitutes will never be able to compete with the original article; but many automobile manufacturers in the United States are to-day fitting their cars with two tanks—one, of small dimensions, within the other. The small tank carries a supply of petrol for starting the engine, and when it is fairly under way the petrol is cut off and paraffin is used. This meets the situation very efficiently, though it cannot compare with a direct system of using the denser oil exclusively.

AN INGENUOUS ADJUSTABLE ASH-GUARD.

When describing the Houghton adjustable fire-grate in a recent issue of the 'Month' we referred to the fact that the under-part of the grate was necessarily left open. In the average room this is a great disadvantage; but the drawback has now been very ingeniously overcome. An ash-guard has been devised which can be adapted to any type of grate, whether fitted with the Houghton invention or not. The guard may be described most suitably as a number of small palings about four to six inches in height, set upon two parallel longitudinal supports. The pieces are not attached to one another, but their two edges, being bent at right angles to the face and pierced with holes, enable the sections to be threaded on to the foundation, which comprises two pieces of round iron about three-eighths of an inch in thickness. At one

and the outermost piece is kept in position by a nut with the foundation burred over, while at the other extremity the two rods are threaded and carry a nut which can be screwed up to hold the pieces in position. As the edges of each section merely press together and are not attached, the guard can be bent to the shape of the grate. The ash-guard is made in various styles—in copper and brass, both burnished and lacquered, as well as with antique finish. The brass guard is to be recommended, as it possesses the best wearing qualities, and does not discolour with heat. It is made in stock-sizes both as regards length and height, and small knobs are fitted to enable the guard to be moved easily. It can be made to fit any grate-front within its length, as by releasing the nuts it can be shortened to suit the conditions. Any mechanic can accomplish this in a few minutes if the purchaser is unable to make the alteration himself. It is an ingenious invention, and gives a very neat finish to the fire-grate. After doing service in one room, it can be adapted to the grate in another in a few seconds. As the guard is fitted with two small, substantial feet, it maintains its position when set.

A SHORTHAND TYPEWRITER.

From time to time attempts to increase the efficiency of the office have been made by the evolution of machines for printing a shorthand system. Some two or three years ago an English device of this kind appeared upon the market—the stenotype; but it failed to create more than a passing interest. Now another machine, with a similar name, has appeared in the United States, with which, it is reported, a skilled stenographer has attained a speed of five hundred and ninety-two words per minute. This machine differs from its English namesake in that, instead of carrying certain signs to represent letters and words, as in a shorthand system, it prints phonetic spelling. It has twenty-two keys, seven at the left of the keyboard being initial consonants, the remaining seven possible initial consonants being obtained by combinations of the first seven characters. On the right-hand side of the keyboard are ten final consonants, the balance of eight possible finals being likewise obtained by combinations. In the centre are four keys corresponding to the vowels *a, e, o, u*, the fifth vowel, *i*, being supplied by a combination. The stenographer using this appliance works in conjunction with a system of abbreviation or code. The idea, although introduced with true American advertising, is far from being new; and, so far as experience in the Old World is concerned, such machines have not proved very capable time-savers. A German inventor has recently introduced a typewriter in which complete syllables are printed; but here again the intricacy of the system demands hard and constant practice for several months to attain

complete efficiency. As the phonograph is coming into use extensively, while to save time many dictate straightway to the typist, and, in addition, simpler and easier letter-copying methods are being adopted, the advantages of a shorthand typewriter appear to be somewhat limited.

A RAPIDLY GROWING CITY.

One naturally looks to such new countries as Canada and the western United States for instances of amazing growth of cities. Therefore it is somewhat surprising to learn that one of the most rapidly growing centres in the world to-day is in South America. This is São Paulo, the capital of the coffee-growing state of Brazil. Its present population is nearly four hundred thousand, yet its progress is so remarkable that within the next twenty years it is expected that it will touch the million mark. During the year 1911 four thousand houses were built, and were snapped up before they were finished. Rents are exorbitant, as may be imagined. In view of the city's future, a comprehensive and expensive modernising system, which will even eclipse the 'Hausmannising' period of Paris, is to be undertaken. The authorities have already completed a magnificent opera-house which ranks as one of the finest in the world. The old cathedral is to be demolished, and a new building of imposing architectural magnificence is to be built on the site at a cost of four hundred thousand pounds. The boulevards, viaducts, asphalted streets, promenades, and a public garden, designed by M. Bonvard, the architect to the French capital, will entail an outlay estimated at four million pounds, to which the State has already made a first contribution of seven hundred thousand pounds.

ALUMINIUM TANK-WAGONS FOR RAILWAY TRANSPORT.

One of the latest developments in connection with aluminium is its application to the transportation in bulk of liquids upon railways. Its light weight certainly offers many recommendations for such service, seeing that a cylindrical vessel of two thousand seven hundred and fifty gallons weighs only one ton. The development enables a big saving to be effected in freight charges, while the hygienic properties of this metal should recommend its use for the carriage of edible liquids in bulk. For instance, it should serve to supersede the unsatisfactory methods now in vogue for conveying milk from the dairy-farming districts to large retailers in big centres. The can now used is primitive, while it does not coincide with present-day interpretations of bulk transport. By means of the aluminium tanks a far greater quantity can be carried on a single truck than is possible under present conditions, the contents are better preserved from outside influences, and the work of filling and emptying is much easier and more

quickly done. Moreover, by resorting to steam flushing, far greater cleanliness of the vessel itself may be secured. The tank is also adapted to the transport in bulk of edible oils, chemicals, and other fluids. The idea is not limited to railways; and, as the tank can be used with equal facility upon the highroads in conjunction with motor-lorries, it should prove a useful adjunct to the dairy-farm where carriage is by road from producer to consumer.

THE ECONOCOOKER.

Devices for facilitating and simplifying the housewife's most difficult task of cooking appear to be endless. Certainly a wonderful display of fertile ingenuity is manifested in this direction. The latest is the econocooker, which, as its name implies, claims to be an economical apparatus for preparing comestibles for the table. The system certainly is the acme of simplicity. In this device neither flame nor fuel is necessary except as an accessory, the task being performed, one might say, by radiant heat. The apparatus comprises a tray, over which drops a large bell-cover so as to envelop the contents completely. This cover is lined with an insulating material which serves to keep in the heat. Within this device are placed a number of cast-iron discs which have been heated on a fire, gas-ring, or what not to such a degree that water will hiss when dropped upon them. These discs are laid on the tray, and thereon are placed the various culinary utensils supplied with the apparatus, each of which contains the desired article—fish, meat, soup, vegetables, sweets, and so forth. The cover is then slipped over the whole and locked. The heat stored up in the cast-iron discs, radiating throughout the confined space, cooks all the articles simultaneously. After the vessel has been locked no further attention is required, the food being cooked gently and thoroughly; it cannot be spoiled by too fierce a temperature, and yet cannot be underdone if the proper time is allowed. Even when cooked it cannot spoil if left in the cooker, because the heat merely keeps it in the heated condition. Moreover, the losses arising from cooking are reduced to the minimum. There is no smell or dirt, and no utensils are required beyond those supplied with the appliance. The dishes in which the articles are prepared can be transferred direct to the table in the same manner as casserole or fireproof china, as they are not soiled or rendered unsightly in the cooking process. It is claimed for the invention that it reduces the art of cooking to a mechanical operation, and the dishes certainly retain all their nutritive properties. The saving in fuel and the avoidance of waste arising from inattention, such as prevails with a coal or gas fired oven, more than recoups for the initial outlay for the apparatus. Efforts are now being made towards applying electric cooking to the device, inasmuch as there

are many conditions where the heating of the discs becomes impossible by existing methods. This can be effected by heating the discs electrically before inserting them. The invention is rational, and should meet with success, although at first the careful housewife will not readily believe that a task which to her is one of grave concern can be accomplished so easily and completely.

PAPER CLOTHING.

While the day has not yet dawned for our clothes to be fashioned from paper, yet a step in this direction has been made. As is well known, paper constitutes an excellent material for securing warmth in wintry weather. An American firm has introduced what it calls a paper vest. In reality it is a kind of waistcoat that can be worn by men, women, and children, the idea being to wear it beneath the ordinary outer clothing. It is made of a stout, soft material throughout, and fastened in front with laces instead of buttons. It has been subjected to exacting tests—the North American winter is sufficiently cold to demonstrate the efficiency of such a garment—and has been found highly successful. The wind cannot penetrate the material, while all the bodily heat is retained. The vest is extremely light, and has practically no bulk, so that the fact of its being worn is not discernible. Owing to the care exercised in the selection of the paper, the vest has a long life, and when its period of usefulness is over it can be thrown away without one feeling that it is an expensive luxury. These vests are sold in the States for about two shillings, and the meed of popularity which they have received should be a sufficient inducement to British manufacturers to market a similar article.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS AWAITING AN INVENTOR.

The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, having suffered two terrible accidents on its system through the drivers deliberately disregarding the signals set at danger, are attempting to eliminate dependence upon the human factor in the driving of trains. The Interstate Commerce Commission, after deliberating upon the second accident for two months, recommended that the railway companies 'ought to experiment unitedly with the automatic train-stop until a device of practicability for general use shall be available.' Thereupon the above-mentioned company decided to stimulate inventive genius, and to search for a practical apparatus whereby the engine may be pulled up, either by setting the air-brakes or closing the steam-throttle automatically, in the event of the signals being set at danger. To secure this a prize of two thousand pounds has been offered. The stipulations are not exacting, and inventors will not be able to complain about scant treatment if they possess a feasible idea. Its test of efficiency is to be its adoption within the

years 1913, 1914, or 1915 by either the New Haven, the New York Central, or the Pennsylvania Railroads, or its approval and recommendation by the Interstate Commerce Commissioners.

THE COAL-ENGINE.

One of the reasons why oil-engines and petrol-motors have become so popular is that the actual engine which does the work is the only piece of mechanism needed; whereas with a steam or gas engine we have the extra trouble of looking after a boiler or gas-producer, together with the additional space taken up and some risk of explosion. Furthermore, the amount of fuel consumed by a large oil-engine is very much less than is required for a steam or gas engine of the same power. Thus, if an oil-engine uses half-a-hundredweight of oil a day, a gas-engine of equal power needs one hundredweight of coal, and a steam-engine one and a half hundredweight, to give the same power; and it is only the much higher price of oil which still allows gas and steam engines to find a market. Now, if we had an engine which consumed only the same weight of coal as the oil required by an oil-engine—half-a-hundredweight in our example—and needed no boiler or gas-producer, the coal-engine, as we may call it, would have all the advantages. This coal-engine is now an accomplished fact, having been invented by Dr A. M. Low; and experiments with an engine of one hundred horse-power have shown that the weight of coal consumed does not exceed the weight of oil needed in some of the most economical oil-engines. Although coal is apparently fed into the engine, it really passes through a gaswork in miniature. In ordinary town gasworks the gas is made in retorts containing coal, which are heated by a furnace built round them. In the coal-engine the retorts are in the form of tubes which pass through the end of the cylinder just beyond the point to which the piston comes. Now, the explosion of gas and air causes very great heat; in fact, a gas-engine cylinder would actually be burnt or melted if it were not surrounded by a water-jacket. This heat acts the part of the furnace in the town gasworks, and gas is given off by the coal in the tubes, to be subsequently drawn into the cylinder as required. The coal is kept slowly moving through the tubes by revolving worms, and by the time it reaches the ends it has burnt away to ashes, which fall out into a suitable receptacle. The action is quite automatic; it is only necessary to fill up a hopper with coal, and the engine will run for hours without further attention. Another development likely to have similar effects is the production of tar-oils from coal, which still leaves a rich coke for domestic and other purposes. These tar-oils are already used in oil-engines, and eventually the results may prove even better than in the coal-engine. In view of

these developments, we need not suffer any anxiety as to the failure of our sources of power in time of war.

'THE CANADIAN BOAT-SONG' AGAIN.

The authorship of this poem has been variously ascribed to John Galt, J. G. Lockhart, Professor John Wilson, and the twelfth Earl of Eglinton. The writer of the article on Galt in *Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature* thinks that to credit either Galt or the Earl of Eglinton with its authorship is equally absurd. The poem is so unlike Galt's other verses that more direct evidence is required to prove that he was the author. Mr G. M. Fraser, of Aberdeen Public Library, in his *Literary and Historical Sketches* (1908), makes a laboured attempt to prove it to be wholly the work of Professor John Wilson. Mr Thomas Newbigging, in a recent publication, *The Canadian Boat-Song and other Papers* (Sheratt & Hughes), takes particular pains to prove that Professor John Wilson could not possibly have written the poem, and that the most likely person to have done so was the Earl of Eglinton. The song was first given in print in a *Noctes Ambrosianae* paper by J. G. Lockhart in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September 1829. The poem so inserted was said to be from a friend in Canada, and a translation from the Gaelic. The second verse is one that is most frequently quoted and misquoted:

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!

Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

A writer in *Tait's Magazine* for 1849 ascribed the poem to the Earl of Eglinton. The conclusions arrived at by Mr Newbigging are that the song was by one who sympathised with the Highlanders in their being forbidden to wear the Highland garb and accoutrements, and in their banishment from their native land; that it was written long before the altered version that appeared in *Blackwood* in 1829; that in all probability it was written by a soldier who was proud of his country's past, and that none was more likely than Hugh Montgomerie, the twelfth Earl of Eglinton. Why has so little been made of the possibilities of J. G. Lockhart's authorship? The author of one of the best biographies in the language, of several novels, the clever *Peter's Letters*, the *Spanish Ballads*, and the pathetic verses on immortality so often on the lips of Carlyle in his later days, was surely quite capable of writing the poem. We have good authority for saying that the letters and papers of Lockhart in the archives of Mr John Murray, publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, were not laid under contribution for Andrew Lang's biography of the son-in-law of Scott. There might be a hint in some of

these letters, for he wrote most of the above-mentioned number of the *Noctes* while editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

A GREAT AUSTRALIAN DAM.

An Australian correspondent has described the new Burrinjuck Dam in New South Wales. It is the second largest dam in the world—second only to the Assouan Dam; and although not yet finished, it has already come into use. It is set between two granite mountains that rise from opposite sides of the Murrumbidgee River. Forty-five miles of the river are held back by this great wall in the neck of a gorge, and when the dam has risen to its full height of two hundred and forty feet the enclosed lake will be half as large again as Sydney Harbour. Two hundred miles farther down the river, at Berembed, another great work is contemplated. When the combined system is complete, between five and six million acres will be served. Vast tracts of the so-called barren land of Australia could be made to blossom if irrigation were as scientific as in some American states. 'Immigration and irrigation' is the motto for Australia. The Director of Australian Immigration announces that irrigated farms are now available for farmers in the Murrumbidgee Valley, irrigated by the Burrinjuck Dam. The New South Wales Government will give assistance in house-building, fencing, grading, and seeding to a limited number of British farmers.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE CHOICE.

Do what is right, and I will be content!
I say it bravely, though, at times, grim fear
Shake my weak heart and make the burning tear
Well up to blind mine eye. I was not sent
Into your life to bid your soul relent
From its high sense of duty. Through each year
Follow that pathway till it disappear,
However far from me those years be spent!

Is there no other morn, that we withhold
This day of life, though long, at Duty's call?
If parted, shall we trudge on through the cold,
Uncomforted of God? And will there fall
No gleam of glory from the hills of gold,
Where all paths meet, and God is all in all!

KATE MELLERSH.

The April issue of Chambers's Journal will contain the opening chapters of a New Serial by J. J. BELL, entitled

ATLANTIC GOLD;

also complete Short Stories and Articles of general interest and entertainment.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ATLANTIC GOLD.

By J. J. BELL, Author of *A Kingdom of Dreams*, *Wee Macgregor*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

YAWNING, Stephen Arcus dropped the newspaper and turned to the window overlooking the rush and crush of Piccadilly. At the end of three minutes he yawned again, and glanced idly round the almost deserted smoking-room. Had the month been June instead of September he would still have been uncertain of finding a familiar face, for his visits to his club were rare. He stretched himself from his long legs to his broad shoulders, and took up another newspaper. The hour was noon. His fresh, lightly bronzed complexion and clear, grayish eyes denied a sleepless night as a reason for all this yawning and stretching; the fingers that held the printed sheets admitted no tell-tale tremors.

There was nothing particularly distinguished about the young man's appearance. He was well groomed rather than smartly dressed. He was neither fair nor dark, and his clean-shaven countenance, while it offered no hint of moral weakness, promised more strength of will, perhaps, than tenacity of purpose. Stephen Arcus must always be doing something. Thus far—he was now thirty-two—he had, in the conventional sense of the phrase, done nothing. He had only seen about three-fourths of the world, and had lived as his neighbours for the time being lived; he possessed, at any rate, the great gift of adaptability. His nearest surviving relations were cousins. An inherited fortune yielded him a trifle over five thousand pounds a year.

The doors at each end of the smoking-room opened almost simultaneously. Through one came a page-boy, through the other a dark, worried-looking man in regulation City garb. Both came towards Arcus; the boy, who bore a telegram on a salver, arrived first. Taking the telegram in his left hand, Arcus rose and gave his right to the new-comer.

'I was wondering whether you were going to turn up, Anstruther. One moment.' He opened the envelope, glanced at the message, nodded a dismissal to the boy, and reseated himself at the little round table opposite his friend. 'In fact, I was going to 'phone you if this wire gave me the news I wanted,' he continued. 'Can you come with me to Scotland?'

'When?'

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'There's a train at one-thirty.'

'To-day? Good heavens, no!'

'You've been talking about a holiday all summer, and now we're into September.'

'Talking's easy,' said Anstruther wearily, lighting a cigarette. 'But why Scotland? You're not keen on killing things.'

Arcus passed him the telegram. 'I've bought that motor-boat I mentioned yesterday.'

'You haven't lost much time. Didn't you want to have a look at the thing before purchasing?'

'The man for whom the thing was built—a marine engineer, Sir Francis M'Calmont—died the other day. It's a cruiser, not a racer; can stand some weather; fairly roomy, and may be handled by one man; now lying at Greenock on the Clyde. It seemed pretty much what I wanted. Take a cruise with me, Anstruther.'

'You tempt me; but—but what on earth made you buy the boat when you are going abroad again so soon?'

'I've a month to put in before then. I've had enough of town; and my few friends, with the exception of yourself, would expect me to kill things, as you put it; if I accepted their kind invitations to the country. At present I'm not hungry enough to kill things.'

'And you are not yet looking for a wife?'

'Does a man ever *look* for a wife—unless he is over forty, a fortune-hunter, or a widower?' Arcus laughed. 'Did you *look* for the charming lady to whom you are engaged? Of course, I should hardly venture to ask you to come with me had she not been from home at present.'

'I honestly wish I could come, Arcus. But even a stockbroker cannot leave his business on an hour's notice.'

'Your partner can look after things, can't he? I understand you have no boom on at present.'

'Wish we had. But we've got something on which may turn out to be quite as exciting—and ruinous—to many people,' Anstruther drew his chair close to his friend's and lowered his voice. 'My chief reason for coming to see you this morning, Arcus, was to ask you to let me have any bearer certificates of American and colonial securities you may happen to hold. I

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shall want them for a month—six weeks at most. Will you?’

‘Certainly, my dear fellow. I don’t hold much in that way, but you are welcome.’

‘Thanks, thanks!’ said Anstruther hastily; ‘but I’m not going to borrow money on them. And I only want securities on which no dividend has been paid within the last few years, and on which no dividend is likely’—

‘I’ll tell my bankers to hand you over all the scrip I have. I’ve got to call at the bank on my way to the station.’ Arcus glanced at the clock. ‘Plenty of time. I packed my bag on chance. What were you going to say?’

‘I must tell you my reason for asking for these certificates. I am asking for the certificates of a similar nature from all our clients who hold them, in order that they may be submitted to an expert.’

‘Hope he may find them worth more than we think.’

Anstruther laid his hand on the other’s arm. ‘I hope he won’t find any of them worth less than the paper they are printed on. Listen, Arcus! What I am about to tell you is a secret as yet. At present it is only a whisper that has reached us from the other side. The papers have not got it so far. One does not want a panic. Perhaps you may remember that about ten years ago some of the Continental municipalities had their bonds forged in a remarkably successful fashion. No doubt plenty of the forgeries are still in existence. Anyway, the forgers are still at large. They may have retired on their fortunes, or they may be directing their skill and energies in another direction. At the moment the bearer certificates of at least three American railroads are said to have received the attention of forgers, and the thing has been so well done that there is no saying how far it has gone.’

‘You mean that the forged scrip may be enjoying a large circulation?’

‘For all we know, the banks and safe-deposits may be full of it. Fortunately for people on this side, they don’t hold much of the American stuff. But there is no reason why British scrip should not be forged also. It’s only a case of science against science.’

‘The police are at work, I suppose?’

‘I don’t know. Probably they are. We’ll hear soon enough.’

‘The public ought to be warned.’

‘The forgers ought not, if they are to be laid by the heels. It’s a difficult question.’

‘How was the discovery made?’

‘A clerk in our correspondents’ office came upon two certificates bearing identical numbers. It took an expert to say which was the genuine one.’ Anstruther sighed and lit a fresh cigarette. ‘Well, that’s one pretty good reason for staying at home, isn’t it?’

‘Staying at home won’t stop the forgers, and

you say you require an expert to test the scrip. Leave the job to him and your partner,’ said Arcus. ‘I see that you can’t come to-day; but why not join me—say on Thursday next week? Join me at Portree in Skye on Thursday night. Leave here by the Great Northern on Wednesday night. How’s that?’

Anstruther smiled uncertainly.

‘Look here,’ said his friend, ‘you’re about played out. But I want you to come for my own sake. You’re the only man I know who would appreciate the trip I have in mind. You don’t get seasick, you’re not too particular about what you eat and drink, you can pass by a golf-course, and you don’t want to talk all the time.’

‘I guess I should want to sleep most of the time. What is your programme after Portree?’

‘We shall run across to the Hebrides, then through the Sound of Harris, and up to West Loch Tarbert, where there is a Norwegian whaling-station. I met the manager in Gibraltar last February, and he gave me a standing invitation. If the weather is anything decent we can make a trip out to St Kilda; and I hope it may allow of our following one of the whaleboats.’

‘By the gods, you tempt me sorely!’ cried Anstruther. ‘It’s what I need—what I desire. I’m sick of money-grubbing. The market-place stinks in my nostrils. All the same, a little motor-boat on the big Atlantic—it’s the open sea, isn’t it?’

‘Oh, we shan’t take foolish risks. You can count on my running for shelter at the first threat of a storm.’ With his pleasant smile, Arcus rose leisurely. ‘Well, I shall look for you on the mail-steamer at Portree on Thursday evening. We’ll stay the night at the Royal Hotel. I shan’t ask you to sleep on board oftener than is necessary.’

Anstruther rose also. ‘I almost think I shall be there,’ he said. As they descended the stair he added, ‘Don’t forget to instruct your bankers about that scrip. Of course you won’t say why I want it!’

‘I understand. Don’t worry if you find a few wrong uns among my certificates. A forgery or two won’t worry me.’

‘I wonder what would worry you,’ said Anstruther with a laugh. ‘But it will be rough on people who can’t afford to lose.’

‘It will be a change to lose on scrip that isn’t genuine. If you come across any specially hard case you might let me know.’

‘I’ll remember that, you philanthropic cynic. But I hope the thing may be less tremendous than my New York friends imagine.’

‘It’s a rotten world in many ways!’ Arcus cheerfully remarked. ‘We’ll get away from it for a spell on Friday morning.’

‘It’s a fine thing to have all you want, Arcus,’ said Anstruther a little enviously, though he shook hands warmly enough.

'Finer to want all you have, Anstruther. Good-bye till Thursday.'

Driving Citywards, the stockbroker pondered his friend's words. 'Finer to want all you have!' What had Arcus meant by that? Was this young man of great possessions growing discontented? What had he that he didn't want? Would he exchange his ease and freedom for something else? Had he fallen in love at last? Anstruther slapped his knee. That was it!

It was not; but, being sadly in love himself, Anstruther may be excused his hasty and somewhat commonplace conclusion. As a matter of fact, Arcus could not then have explained his own words. In a moment of vague dissatisfaction with his own life he had uttered a remark which time might or might not take seriously.

CHAPTER II.

TO a man of Arcus's experiences, the voyage from the Clyde to the Isle of Skye was almost uneventful. He lay the first night at Campbeltown, the second at Crinan, having rounded the Mull of Cantire in fine weather, which held until he reached Tobermory, where he anchored for the third night. Leaving the bay at dawn, he presently encountered a fresh wet breeze off Ardnamurchan; but the *Vesta's* behaviour in a choppy sea was all the agent had promised, and he ran past Mallaig into the Sound of Sleat with a growing pride in his little craft. It took the *Vesta* all her speed, however, to gain Portree's natural harbour ahead of the mail-steamer. The latter landed her passengers ere Arcus could get ashore. He therefore made straight for the hotel, anticipating a little mild chaff from Anstruther.

He found the following telegram: 'Much regret. Impossible leave business. Your scrip in order, but others not. Matters serious. Much worried. Wire your Harris address.—ANSTRUTHER.'

It occurred to Arcus to abandon his trip—why, he could not have explained; but the idea passed like the shadow of a bird on sunny ground, and after engaging a room and ordering a bath he went round to the post-office and wrote a reply: 'Very sorry. Come to Harris if you possibly can. Let me know if I can be of any use. Leaving Portree to-morrow morning. Reach whaling-station some time on Friday, weather permitting. *Vesta* is a treat.' He added the address requested, and also a hope that Anstruther might be able to turn up during the ensuing fortnight, and handed the message and a sovereign across the counter. His smile disarmed the rather severe-looking woman, who was ready to evince her contempt for a person so regardless of his ha'pennies. She made a mild inquiry respecting a carelessly written word,

gave him his change quietly, and returned his parting salutation almost amiably.

The trifling incident is mentioned because it was typical of the young man's way with the world at this time. Only he who literally takes no thought for the morrow can smile as Arcus smiled. You may say that he was thinking of the morrow when presently he purchased petrol; but, as a matter of fact, he was merely accepting the statements of the gauges on the *Vesta's* patent tanks.

It was the beginning of the end of the short tourist season in the Western Highlands and Islands. Still, the hotel was comfortably filled, from a proprietor's point of view, though many of the guests would sojourn but for the night. At dinner Arcus fell into conversation with his neighbour, a middle-aged man whose complexion, like most of the complexions in the room, had not been tanned by a native sun and air. This individual vouchsafed the information that he was a Londoner, and had been enjoying a fortnight's fishing in South Harris.

'You ought to go to Harris. I have taken my holiday there for twenty years. Do you fish?'

Arcus replied that he had fished from necessity on various occasions, and that he was crossing to Harris on the morrow.

'But you can't. There's no steamer till Saturday—Saturday at 6 a.m.'

Arcus mentioned his motor-boat.

'In that thing? Pardon me. But really—do you mean the little gray boat that came into the harbour this afternoon?'

'Yes.' Arcus was amused. 'I hope she will carry me there. I am bound for the whaling-station in West Loch Tarbert.'

'Ah! I visited it one Sunday last year. Very interesting, but—er—odorous. So you will leave your boat in East Loch Tarbert, and drive across to—'

'No; I go all the way by water.'

The middle-aged gentleman, laying down his knife and fork, stared solemnly at Arcus. 'Not by the Sound of Harris?'

'That's my route.'

'You are telling me that you are going through the Sound of Harris and into the Atlantic—the open Atlantic, mind you!—in that little boat!'

'I shall defer to the weather, of course. I'm not travelling against time,' said Arcus.

'You have passed through the Sound before?'

'No.'

'Then you must certainly take a pilot. You should find one at Rodel.'

'I have a chart.'

The middle-aged man shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and was about to take up his knife and fork, when a waiter whipped away his plate. He let it go, and repeated his gesture of doubt. 'I'm sure I wish you a safe passage,' he said at last, and remained silent during the rest of the meal.

An hour later, however, he came to Arcus in the smoking-room and unfolded an excellent map.

'You see the Sound of Harris—also the Atlantic Ocean—the open Atlantic, mind you!' he said, pointing.

Arcus nodded. 'Things are never so bad as they look on paper,' he returned. 'Will you join me'—

'God forbid!'

Arcus laughed. 'I meant in drinking to my safe arrival at West Loch Tarbert.'

'I cannot refuse to do that—a very small drop of Scotch, thank you; but'—the middle-aged man laid his hand on the young man's arm—'I wish you wouldn't do it. There was a steamer wrecked in the Sound of Harris the other day, and her captain had passed through fifty times.'

'One is more careful the first time,' said Arcus, and gave the waiter the order.

The other sighed. 'You will excuse an older man's interference?'

'I am much obliged to you,' Arcus replied gravely.

His companion evidently decided that further argument would be useless, for he folded up his map and said, 'I heard a curious story in Rodel. It was to the effect that a man, supposed to be a crazy professor of chemistry, was occupying one of the small islands or rocks in the Atlantic—I can't recollect its name, but it is twenty or thirty miles from the Hebridean coast—and extracting, or attempting to extract, gold from the sea-water. The accounts I obtained were extremely vague, but they may be based on something. I understand there is gold in sea-water, but in the very minutest quantities.'

'I'm no chemist, but I believe it is so,' said Arcus. 'I wonder what his method is.'

'I can't say. It must be a desperately lonely existence out there. I confess my curiosity was excited.'

'Mine is.'

'Ah! in that case I venture to ask a favour of you. You appear to be adventurous in the extreme, and it is possible you may make a trip in one of the whalers, though I understand the hunting season must close soon. Still, you may make a trip; you may see the island I speak of; you may even land on it. May I offer you my card and say how deeply obliged I shall be if you will write me a few lines should you discover confirmation of what I have told you!'

'I will make a point of looking out for the island. I will also make inquiries,' said Arcus, giving his card in exchange. 'You have roused my interest.' He yawned involuntarily.

His new acquaintance rose. 'You told me you had started at daybreak to-day, and are going to do the same to-morrow.' Holding out his hand, he added, 'Good-night, Mr Arcus. Apart from satisfying my curiosity, perhaps you will relieve my anxiety by sending me a post-card on your arrival at West Loch Tarbert. I'm sorry not to have seen more of you. Again, good-night, and a safe passage.' With an inclination he departed.

'Well, he is a nice, friendly chap!' said Arcus to himself, and yawned again.

A newspaper—the *Glasgow Herald* of that morning—was lying on the table. Arcus, who had not seen the news of three days—not that he had craved for it—picked up the paper, yawned once more, and dropped it.

'Must go to bed, or I shall sleep here,' he decided; and, rising with an effort, he proceeded to his chamber. Within ten minutes he was sound asleep.

In the smoking-room another guest picked up the *Herald*. 'Not so bad being able to get a paper of same day up here,' he remarked to his friend, and began to turn the pages idly. Suddenly, 'Good God!'

'What's the matter?'

'Why, there has been a most extraordinary fall in Yankee rails. Regular panic.'

(Continued in following section of this part.)

THE FATE OF MANUSCRIPTS.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A.

INNUMERABLE as are the books which have seen the light—have emerged from their manuscript state into the glare of publicity—there must have been, there must be, thousands which have progressed only as far as this first stage, and which have been known only to their authors or to those intimate friends who have been chosen to share in the partly prepared meal. The story of books in manuscript forms, indeed, one of the most interesting phases of the history of literature.

In early days, of course, the relatively few books which the labours of the mediæval monks

produced were in no other form. But what manuscripts many of them were! Hardly a page was without its exquisite illumination; even the chapter-headings would begin with some beautiful initial letter into which a whole history could often be read, and were pregnant with the condensed thought of a generation less hurried than our own, that loved beauty and the production of beautiful things for their own sake and not for the 'rascal counters' which could be obtained for them.

Before the mediæval monks were the classical copyists. Earlier still, the hieroglyphics on the monuments of Egypt and Assyria may be regarded

in the light of almost permanent books in manuscript, as were such later productions as the Persian Chronicle, the Rosetta Stone, and the Nicene Creed, which Pope Leo the Third ordered to be cut in silver. But these things are, after all, hardly what we mean when we think of manuscripts which have never emerged from their writers' studies, or at least have never been reproduced in their thousands as they are to-day. The patient scribe, too, who laboured six hours a day, according to the anonymous writer of those early times who tells us that it was customary 'Membranas *bis ternas* sulcare per horas,' knew that his work was but for the fit and few, and that if his audience was a limited, it was also sure to be an appreciative, one; and in the knowledge was produced the wonderful Book of Kells and the lovely Bedford Missal, in which this labour of the writer was combined with the exquisite resources of the artist.

But it is rather of those unpublished books which have been produced at a later period, and which are now preserved with such pious care in our great libraries, that we think when we talk of books in manuscript—such as are to be found in the British Museum amongst the Sloane, Lansdowne, Cotton, and other lesser collections; or at Oxford, where the Bodleian, the Rawlinson, and the Clarendon manuscripts draw students from all parts of the world. And still more do we think of the labours of those whose industry has been its own reward, and whose 'daily line' has never gladdened their hearts in the form of a rivulet of print flowing through a meadow of margin, as it has been bibliographically expressed.

Luckily for us, many of these delicate and perishable treasures have been preserved in more durable form by the industry and care of others; sometimes the diffident authors have been persuaded to give to mankind what was originally meant but for themselves, as was the case with Browne's *Religio Medici*, written in 1635 merely for the Norwich physician's own amusement. The manuscript was known to various friends, and somehow got into the hands of a bookseller, who published the little book in 1642 without the knowledge of its author, who, in self-defence, was himself obliged to bring out a more correct version in the following year. Sometimes the original manuscript, through accident, has never reached the printer's hands, as was the case with the first volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which, having been lent to John Stuart Mill, fell a victim to that philosopher's maid-servant, and perished untimely in a pre-prandial fire.

Sad has been the fate of other embryo works besides Carlyle's masterpiece! Some have been destroyed by sectarian zeal; some have been lost for centuries through the necessity of hiding them from this very danger, and there is little doubt that the accumulations in banks and lawyers' offices would, if systematically investigated, yield

quite a harvest in literary remains. It is, indeed, curious how much has been recovered from the secret recesses of old houses and the forgotten contents of obscure lumber-rooms. We know that Dr Dee's interesting manuscripts were found in the secret drawer of a chest, and how Thurloe's vast collection of state papers literally fell through a false ceiling in Lincoln's Inn is common knowledge. The shops of grocers have before now given up to the curious inquirer the dilapidated and fragmentary remains of valuable documents; and the chance discovery of the manuscript of Evelyn's *Diary* in an upper room at Wotton forms one of the fascinating incidents in literary history.

Many works have in their manuscript state been saved from fire, but how many have perished in that element it would be impossible to say, and rather sad to have to record. Our rich classical literature is yet not so rich as the ancients themselves left it. Of Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, and Ammianus Marcellinus we might certainly accept with equanimity the *lacunæ* which exist; but that innumerable writings of Tacitus should have perished, that out of Livy's one hundred and forty-two books only thirty-five should have come down to us, while the extant works of such men as Menander, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Plautus are really but fragments—mighty fragments as they are—is a thought sufficient to sadden us even after we have become inured to the loss through so many hundreds of years. Who shall tell what was lost to the world by the burning of the Alexandrian Library? Who can enumerate what has perished in other ways—ways due to bigotry or carelessness or the mere lust of destruction?

We have it on record that the descendants of Leonardo da Vinci thought so little of the fame of their great ancestor that they indifferently permitted his note-books to rot in a garret or to become the prey of vermin. Ménage's pathetic *De Bibliothecæ Incendio* was written as the result of a fire which destroyed many valuable manuscripts in his library; on the other hand, the collections formed by Peiresc were calmly allocated by his niece to the furnishing of the grates—a saving in fuel which she supposed compensated for the loss of the literary treasures whose value she did not, or would not, realise. No small quantity of such treasures has gone down into the sea, and the labour of years, the fruit of genius, has rotted beneath the treacherous calm of the ocean, or has been more quickly destroyed by its terrible storms.

But perhaps, after all, the saddest fate that can overtake a manuscript is the poverty of its writer, which sometimes prevents his ever perpetuating it in print, or the indifference of the world, which leaves it in its original destructible form. Occasionally one comes across in second-hand bookshops or in the unconsidered lumber of auction-rooms

some manuscript to which the workings of a long-forgotten brain have given birth and which the love of a long-stilled hand has traced with care. Here you will find an elaborate essay on a philosophy which has been superseded, but which in its writer's eyes, no doubt, would have revolutionised thought had it emerged from its pristine state; there a treatise on logarithms or a diary of travel. Sometimes it is poetry—and often such poetry. It was only the other day that I came across a complete translation

of Dante's epic translated into English verse, and obviously representing the labour of years. Cary and Longfellow need not turn in their graves with envy. But is there not something inexpressibly sad in the thought that so much labour, even if not infused with the true Promethean fire, should have come to this—to be bandied about in its original manuscript in booksellers' shops, and to be priced at a less sum than would buy a copy of Robert Montgomery's poems or Pollok's *Course of Time*?

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Bernardine*, *The Forgotten Rock*, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—'PROXIME JIM.'

IT was at the darkening. The night was still, with no sound but the even murmur of the sea. The very landscape seemed fallen on a deep sleep after the long, tiring day. So breathless was the night that my footsteps, though muffled by the thick summer powder of dust on the road, sounded to my fancy strangely loud, calling up faint echoes out of the quiet distance. The village lay in a crease of the hills a mile distant, and about half-way I stopped for a moment on the crest of the road to look back on the darkening sea and the flash of St Bees' light.

As I stood a faint sound in the night grew into footfalls, and the figure of a man appeared. We saw each other at the same moment. It was my acquaintance of the wreck. He came forward to me.

'I—I wanted to see you,' he said nervously.

'And I was coming to see you.' There was an awkward silence.

'Perhaps—if you care to come back with me?' I continued. I saw him hesitate, almost timidly, I thought.

'What I have to say will not detain you more than a few minutes,' he said. 'And we are close to my quarters.'

'As you like,' I answered, and we set off. Neither of us spoke, save in strained common-places. It was a relief when we turned down a side-path, about half a mile from the village, and I saw a square of light shining from a cottage-window in the dark.

'This is where I live,' he said as we neared the cottage. It was an ordinary 'but-and-ben,' whitewashed, thatched, small-windowed, with a kail-garden and a few currant-bushes, flanked by the ubiquitous Galloway 'dry-stane' dike; a dwelling of the very poor.

He showed me in, and brightened the lamp. The furnishings were scanty—a desk and two or three Spartan-looking chairs, no pictures, but the place rescued from bareness and humanised by a gracious array of books that covered the walls of the little room.

He offered me a chair, and then stood opposite me.

'I wanted to see you again,' he began in a steady voice, 'because I wish to ask your pardon for having—lied to you this afternoon at the wreck.'

'Your name is Lennox,' I said on an impulse. He coloured painfully. Then, 'Does it matter much?' he replied; but his careless shrug was not convincing. 'However, that is my name.'

'Mine is Herries.'

'Thanks. What I want to tell you is that the story of *The Ayrshire Rose* is untrue from beginning to end,' he said, looking at me with a straight and inscrutable eye.

'Well, you killed an afternoon most pleasantly for me. I wanted to thank you. Need we discuss it. If you chose to amuse yourself! Pray dismiss it.' I laughed; but he laid a hand on my arm.

'No, you're not going to head me off. I must tell you,' he continued. 'But I want a promise from you that you'll keep what I tell you to yourself.'

'I promise, of course; and don't think me a meddlesome ass if I say that I felt interested after I found out who you were. I'm not here out of vulgar curiosity. My word for it, Lennox;' and I held out my hand.

He shook hands. His voice trembled a little as he said, 'Thanks. I hope—I think you'll understand. When I met you at the wreck I had not spoken to—to one of my own class for a long time. No reason, except the dreadful one that I'm a failure. I've been living here alone, trying to do without friends, except—thank God!—these.' His eye kindled at the rows of books. 'I've stuck it out better than most men—I'm afraid to say how long. Sometimes—one has nerves, I suppose. I fancy that when you met me at the wreck I wasn't quite normal.' He paused, then went on hurriedly, 'Ever try hack-writing for the halfpenny papers?'

'No.'

'Don't begin. I did. Try crossing-sweeping first.'

'Sold cheap what is most dear,' I thought aloud, and regretted it instantly, for he reddened.

'Yes, I suppose so. One must live. I could enlighten some of the smug platform shams about the living wage. I'm on an article just now on "The Enervating Influence of Wealth." It's got to be bright and amusing. Gad! Well, that morning—perhaps there's a subtle freemasonry between wrecks—I went down to the sands. I was moping—thinking too much, I suppose—what-might-have-been, and all that. Useless and cowardly, no doubt. Then you came along. You probably may put me down as light in the head. You can if you like. Only wait till I've done. Whether it was the cigar or the talk that conjured up other times and faces I cannot say; but you—well, you made me feel not quite so out of the running. You brought up Oxford—the men there, the keenness of life, the young voices, the big things we were going to do. The world went very well then!'

"*Ante oculos errant*"—— I began.

"*Domus, urbs et forma locorum.*" Heavens!

Yes, I can see them. Well, when I saw that you knew nothing about the wreck, and wanted to know about it, I determined to bring you back. Sorry, but I wanted badly to see you again. I had the bones of a yarn thought out before I saw you. I was going to try my luck in writing it, so I spun it to you this afternoon. Rather a thick lot of lies, no doubt. I suppose it's falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition; but I got interested in it, and it ran away with me. I don't know that I'm really sorry, for it gave me a blessed afternoon of creating, an audience, the satisfying of—oh, you can't grasp it unless you've felt it!—a ravenous hunger for something—a holiday from—from my—my chains. I can't explain myself better.

His tragic smile did.

I nodded. 'Go on!' I said. 'I understand.'

'Thank you. There's not much more to tell. Hundreds of fellows have the same story. Oxford,

a swindling trustee, and a sudden loss of money. I had to chuck it. You know what the University man at a loose end is? Then two or three billets I wasn't cut out for, ending up—the limit!—as an assistant in a Secondary School in a small Scottish town, where I had neither privacy nor comradeship. I had a craving for other work. Money, fame, and all that sort of thing may bring pleasure, but not happiness, if a man's heart is elsewhere. Mine was in creative work! To do anything else seemed as futile as chasing'—he smiled—'shall I say a Ship of Shadows? So I turned the Scotch billet up, and I have lived since on faith, hope, and—no, I haven't touched charity yet! So here I am.'

He waved his hand round the little room.

'This mansion is fairly wind and water tight. My neighbours, if Boeotians, are not inquisitive. I am my own master. Nobody ever had a worse servant. Living is not expensive. Peats are positively cheap. I wish they were edible; but I grow my own potatoes, so I'm not quite in the last ditch!' The ghost of a boyish smile flickered for a second. Then, quite suddenly, he broke down.

'Sorry! Better go, Herries,' he said at length.

But I did not go. Some men learn more of each other's hearts in an hour than brothers or husbands and wives do in a lifetime. So it was, I think, with us.

He came a part of the way back with me, and in the hush of that summer night I came to know something of one of the common, unconsidered tragedies of Life's lottery.

My time was running short in the old country, for I had my passage booked for India; but before parting I registered a mental resolve to do what I could for him ere I sailed.

For here was a man born with the golden, burdensome gift of imagination; the hunger for expression, his artistry, as vital as his blood; his mind starving to death, manacled to sordid routine, souring through solitude and disillusion, aching for the glimpse of a bright strand on his gray horizon.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

EARS OF RYE.

By JEAN D'AUVERGNE.

WE British boast that we are the most practical nation in the world, and in view of this preconceived idea we are inclined to think that our charities are unequalled in usefulness and in practicability of organisation. The charities are certainly varied enough, for there is no deserving object, however insignificant, which has not its claim upon our private purse. There are charities run by newspapers, in which both the donors and the newspapers reap the reward of publicity; there are soup-kitchens, presided

over by some member of the aristocracy; theatre matinees, where actresses give their services free; football matches, where the gate-money is devoted to some special object—in a word, all forms of charity which are likely to induce people to spend money.

I venture to think, however, that we have no form of charity so charming or so effective as the Russian Kolos Day.

A kolos is an ear of grain—in the present instance an ear of rye; and Kolos Day is the

day set apart for the selling of little button-holes of rye-ears for the relief of the starving in the famine-districts of Siberia and eastern Russia.

Petersburg celebrated its *Kolos* Day last autumn, when a sum of one hundred and ninety thousand roubles was collected in the twenty-four hours. A few weeks later it was Moscow's turn. Here the day was organised by the local agricultural society, who, with admirable foresight, engaged an army of nearly four thousand young ladies to carry out the work. The method of collecting was simple and effective, and—still more important—cost nothing to arrange. Each member of the four thousand was given a white band bearing the letters 'For the Hungry,' and a round tin money-box. The band she slipped over her blouse, and the money-box she gave to the young student who accompanied her. The buttonholes, to the number of perhaps five hundred, she had made herself at a cost of a rouble or two for the ribbon and the artificial cornflowers.

After all the necessary preparations had been made, each lady was posted at a special station in the town—in the principal streets, in the railway stations, in the theatres, in the banks and large shops, and in the cafés and restaurants.

The selling of these *kolos* was restricted to one day, but every minute of the twenty-four hours was utilised; and on the Thursday night, as soon as the clock struck twelve, every theatre, music-hall, and restaurant was invaded by bands of fair ladies carrying daintily coloured baskets of *kolos*. Some arrived in elegant motor-cars, others in the more humble *izvozzchik*; but all shared the same intense eagerness and the same friendly rivalry to outvie each other in the quest for gold and silver.

On the Theatre Place, outside the Opera House, and even in the corridors of the theatre itself, some fifteen ladies took up their stand, waiting patiently for the clock to strike. Then there began a never-ceasing rushing to and fro. 'Won't you buy a *kolos*?' 'A *kolos* for the starving, please.' The request was made in such a charming and yet determined manner that there was no refusing the fair offerer.

It is only after twelve that the chief Moscow music-halls and restaurants begin to show signs of life, and at Yar' and at Streylna, at the Hermitage and at Praga, a rich harvest was reaped. At Yar', the famous music-hall restaurant of Moscow, the scene was extraordinary. Shortly after midnight a couple of automobiles drove up to the entrance, and a band of *kolos*-sellers—laughing, smiling, pleading, exhorting—invaded the great hall and made their way from table to table through the merry throng of officers and merchants, of students and demi-mondaines. There was a frank abandon in the manner of presenting the *kolos*, and resistance was out of the question. 'Come now! Petersburg raised

nearly two hundred thousand roubles. You won't allow Moscow to be beaten! That will never do.' And at this remark the pride of the Muscovite was awakened, and the rich Moscow merchant dived still deeper into his pockets. In no circumstances could 'the heart of Russia' allow itself to be outshone by its northern rival, and the money-boxes jingled joyously, as though denying even the possibility of such a catastrophe. And so it continued in every café and restaurant until the early hours of the morning.

On the Friday morning the streets seemed ablaze with colour. The sun shone out in warm approval of the day, and at the thought of the coming spring every heart was glad. And yet the streets were not without their note of tragedy. At every corner, as if to remind one of the vital necessity of this charity, were gathered beggars of every description—one-legged, one-armed, blind, deformed, miserable creatures such as can be seen only in Moscow; and there was a grim humour in the fact that the buttonholes should consist of rye, the rye that was so badly wanted in Samara and in Siberia.

Every man, and every woman, and every child, however, wore a *kolos*. Even the street-porters and the newsboys had contributed their dole and sported their sprig as proudly as the rest, while the fat droshky-driver, with the inevitable cigarette between his lips, had decked out his horse with gaily coloured *kolos* ribbons. It was quite impossible to walk ten yards without being stopped. In sheer desperation one would say at last, 'But I've already bought nearly a dozen.' 'Ah, but you haven't a red one yet!' And a red one, perforce, one had to buy.

In Britain business-men hurrying to their work would have been seriously annoyed; but in Moscow no one is ever in a hurry, and everywhere the utmost good-humour prevailed. Then, too, it was a new game for Moscow, and in the novelty and excitement of the pastime one wondered in how many hearts there was any real feeling of sympathy for those for whom all were spending their money so readily.

In the afternoon, although a pretty face met with no refusals, the buyers grew more capricious, and it was necessary to resort to more desperate methods. In the Kuznetsky Most—the Bond Street of Moscow—the crowd on the pavement had been content for some time to crawl along at a snail's pace. In the centre of the street two young girls, assisted by two students, successfully held up the passing traffic and levied their toll. An Englishman drove past in a ramshackle cab drawn by a lean, scraggy horse, whose miserable condition excited the jeers of the crowd. He was duly hailed and forced to stop. After all, the driver could hardly run down two fair maidens who persisted in standing in front of his horse. 'No,' stammered the Englishman in bad Russian, 'I won't buy any more. I've already spent ten roubles.' 'Ah, but you must pay

something for having such a beautiful horse,' came the ready answer. And another rouble clinked against the others in the box.

No means of persuasion were neglected. Every possible source of supply was exhausted. The shop-windows were strewn with bunches of *kolos* to show that their owners had contributed lavishly to the general fund. The railway stations were carefully 'worked,' and all the local trains were boarded. Generals in uniform were held up by young girls of seventeen and eighteen, and did not seem to resent the audacity. Actresses driving to the theatre bought recklessly and plentifully, as is their wont. In the families of the fair sellers there was only one subject of conversation—how many roubles Maria Vassilievna had collected; and mothers related with just pride that their daughters had been standing in the streets for seven and even for eight hours at a stretch.

At last the day drew near its end, and the

streets began to grow empty. A few minutes before midnight, when most of the sellers, tired out after their long exertions, were making their way homewards, a belated traveller would be stopped. 'The last *kolos*. Come now! Buy the last *kolos*. To-morrow it will be too late. Please, just to beat Petersburg.' Once more the never-failing argument prevailed, and in this way a few more roubles found their way into the already heavily laden money-boxes, which were then taken to the Town Hall for the contents to be counted.

For four days the impatient sellers had to wait for the result of their efforts to be made known; but on the fourth day their fears were set at rest. Moscow had beaten the record. A sum of two hundred and thirty thousand roubles had been collected, and Petersburg would have to be content with second place. Moscow had done well, and 'the heart of Russia' had once again established its superiority.

THE DIAMOND SMUGGLER.

By C. EDWARDES.

CHAPTER I.

'I NEVER meant to turn out such a ruffian; but, then, one seldom does, I suppose. And there's this about it in my case: I really will get these men their money back, somehow and sometime.'

Lawrie Beedham smoked a cigarette after this virtuous murmur, and viewed his purple socks, yellow-striped, on the opposite seat of the railway-carriage in which he was being speeded to Liverpool, the Prophet liner *Micah* (already full of steam in the Mersey), and new life in America, with soothing obliteration of the old life.

He thought about Messrs Clearwell, David Jones, and Field, and what they would look like when in a fortnight or so they learned that *they* were the clients whom he had selected to share in his pecuniary misfortunes. It served them right in a degree. They should have been less grasping about their per cents. per annum—especially Archdeacon Field, who knew better than any of them that it is not the thing unduly to accumulate treasure on the earth, where moth and rust corrupt. Their request for a safe 5½ or even 6 per cent. on their five hundred pounds apiece had almost certainly helped to lure him into that specious path of the speculator which had dropped him into an abyss.

How surprised Durnham town would be when the truth came out! The dull, little, red-brick hole would doubtless enjoy its sensations about him. He could hear the paper-boys shrilling the news, see the citizens discussing it at street-corners. Clearwell the provision merchant and David Jones the tanner would probably swear; one couldn't be sure what an archdeacon would

do. Even the London press might find him, Lawrie, worth a paragraph or two in the circumstances. Perhaps it would be 'Extraordinary Conduct of a Dishonest Solicitor,' or some such heading. Thus the whole British Empire would learn that on this present Friday the 15th of June he had left Durnham for a holiday at St Leonard's-on-Sea; that the fears about him when he did not return on Monday the 2nd July became suspicions on the Tuesday, strong suspicions on the Wednesday, stronger still on the Thursday; and that on the Friday his private safe was forced and letters to Messrs Clearwell, David Jones, and Archdeacon Field were discovered informing them that they had each lost five hundred pounds temporarily. There was a fourth letter, for Trevor, his clerk, enclosing a power of attorney to enable him to straighten matters, and giving the assurance that everything was in order except as regarded those three five hundreds. The London press might or might not get hold of the following words from the clerk's letter, and deem them also good copy: 'Whatever I am, Trevor, *you'll* know I'm not a robber of widows and orphans.'

Dismissing his three victims from his mind, Lawrie donned a pair of plain glass spectacles. 'They're a nuisance, but advisable,' he said with a light laugh; and then, still viewing the flitting landscapes as readily as with his naked eyes, he said, 'Let me see now, John Ellis, what we've got to do; and remember that you *are* Ellis henceforth, if not for ever. Golf-clubs and portmanteau left at Rutlington Junction in the name of Simpson; but you needn't remember

that. By-and-by the company will sell them with its other lost stuff, and welcome. That bad egg Beedham is off the stage, anyway; and with no moustache and these blinkers it would take even Aunt Gracie all her time to'—

His jaws stiffened; he frowned at the sunny fields and an ivy-clad, old stone farmhouse, and spoke forcibly: 'Be dashed to it! I am sorry about her; though *she'll* understand.'

Miss Grace Ridley, novelist and intrepid traveller in unmapped parts of the tropics, had, from his first plottings to throw off his chains, been his chief hindrance in the matter. Not in the flesh, for she was still somewhere in Africa. But it was extremely painful to him to contemplate her home-coming to such a blow. Whether she understood or not, it would hurt her dreadfully, none the less that it proved how discerning she was about him. She had always said he was too thorough a Ridley to become a successful lawyer. 'The Ridleys, Lawrie boy, have imaginations, not common-sense, as it is called.' This was one of her gleeful deliveries. Memory shot it at him.

His own mother's share of the Ridley imagination had made her marry his father, a delirious mistake of which they both died rather soon.

Again to quote this intelligent and agile, nut-brown and tailor-made, dear aunt, who in her travel get-up and slung binoculars was the ideal of a shrewd lady bookmaker, not writer: 'Yes, Lawrie, your poor mother's life was a sad mess; but she could no more help it than a bird can help flying, I think. I'm the luckiest of the family so far, because, you see, I determined to specialise in my imagination, to live on it and for it as long as it lasts. It's the specialist's century, this twentieth, Lawrie. That's how I earn so much money—all yours when my imagination dies. I shan't survive my imagination, Lawrie, and you may make a legal note of that truth if you like, my dear.' *What* would she say and think in the first crushing hour or two after her next return to Durnham?

The train stopped, and an official exclaimed, 'Tickets, please!' before Lawrie could shake off the depression of the problem.

'You may call it Liverpool, sir, though it's Edgehill,' the ticket-collector said in answer to his question, promptly awakening the more cheerful and practical elements in his mind.

In the next hour he visited a barber, and with a crowd of others boarded the *Micah*. It was a lovely night, even on such a river as the Mersey, and Lawrie forgot everything and every one, including Aunt Grace, under its passing spell.

The steward—who took his shipper's receipt and pointed him to his cabin—was flustered and perspiring; and as he was seized the next moment by an American lady with three chattering daughters, Lawrie didn't see him again until an hour later, when the *Micah* was hastening towards Ireland. He pushed an anxious head into the

cabin and said, 'Oh, sorry, Mr Kramm! It's all right, sir,' and didn't tarry for an answering word.

Kramm was Lawrie's stable-mate. The lower of the two berths, No. 95, was his; and the mean little portmanteau of gray canvas, with his name on the label, which occupied that lower berth was the only local indication of him hitherto. Lawrie had waited about for Kramm partly from curiosity, partly because he was not yet used to the spectacled and unmoustached new self which the cabin mirror introduced to him, and also because he envied Mr Kramm his lower berth, and proposed to suggest an exchange. The common article of luggage hinted that Mr Kramm was a person of little importance in the world. He might, therefore, be simple and obliging.

At length Lawrie went on deck and diverted himself. Durnham and Lawrence Beedham, as an admired young rising feature of it, were far in the background. It was a psychological mercy that he could live those next two or three hours engrossed by mere surface interests. He gossiped at random, took stock of the first-class travellers aft, mingled in friendly fashion with the third-class crowd forward, and hoped there would be a decent second-class dinner. He rejoiced in the salt air, the blue sky, the sea, and the charming display of the Welsh hills; and until the first dinner-bell he had nothing to remind him that after thirty-two years as Lawrence Beedham he was now an *alias* John Ellis, with little more than a change of linen and pyjamas in his handbag. The Ridley imagination was doing helpful work in him.

But the cabin and the Kramm portmanteau brought him to earth again. He washed, and brushed his hair; and still the only sign of Kramm was that portmanteau.

Then the second bell rang; and, responding to it, he collided with his flurried steward.

'Your table number is the same as your berth, sir—ninety-five; and the other gentleman of your cabin sits next to you,' gushed the man.

'Thanks,' said Lawrie; 'but I haven't seen the other gentleman.'

'He'll be in the saloon, sir, no doubt,' said the steward, and passed away.

But Kramm was not in the saloon, and Lawrie dined between a vacant chair and a Boston dry-goods merchant named Read; and the dinner was in the Irish stew stage when it chanced upon him almost excitingly that the only part of Mr Kramm on the *Micah* might be his portmanteau. The table-steward also addressed him as 'Kramm,' and assumed that Mr Ellis was the absent party. Lawrie found it amusing, especially when the dry-goods merchant said that perhaps Ellis's stomach was delicate his first day at sea. They would laugh together about that, he reflected—he and Kramm—if Kramm showed up and proved a con-

genial creature. Meanwhile he continued to be Kramm, paced the deck with Dry-goods, and accepted a cigar from him, still as Kramm.

But at half-past ten he left the sea and stars to themselves, and went downstairs; and, having removed Kramm's portmanteau to his own bunk, slept soundly in Kramm's bed, after a few vivid conjectures about his missing mate which he didn't think it worth while to ring up the steward to impart.

At seven o'clock the next morning the steward brought him some tea and said straightway, 'Mr Ellis has got left. Must have gone ashore again for something after giving me his ticket. Perhaps his luggage went astray, and he after it. You'll be by yourself this trip, Mr Kramm.'

'That's so!' said Lawrie.

'Seems like it, sir. I can't even remember the gent. We're leaving Ireland behind us nicely.'

'Are we?' said Lawrie.

'Yes, sir; and breakfast's from eight to nine.'

'I'll remember,' said Lawrie; and, alone, he sipped his tea and mused until he felt compelled to rise and examine Kramm's portmanteau. Outside, it told him nothing fresh except that it had been lately at Rotterdam and Liverpool Street. It had a loggy feel, however, which made him inquisitive about its contents.

He washed and dressed and breakfasted, and was 'Mr Kramm' persistently to the dry-goods merchant and the table-steward, and afterwards smoked and leaned over the rushing green-and-white water, and saw no harm, and glimpses even of providential arrangement, in his definite acceptance of Kramm's personality till he reached New York.

The Ridley imagination was stimulating on the subject. It didn't intrude about Kramm's portmanteau with more than a reminder that when they were in the Hudson it could be shoved out of sight and abandoned. He ought to have thought of communications from Kramm by 'wireless,' but didn't until the Sunday, which seemed comfortably too late for such trouble.

Still as Kramm, therefore, Lawrie attended evening service in the *Micah's* chief saloon. He had his metaphysical moments, like every one else. Monday and Tuesday passed serenely; but on Wednesday the weather was cool, with a dim white sun.

'Icebergs from the North Pole, Kramm!' Dry-goods explained at table.

'You don't say!' said Lawrie.

But Mr Read did say. Furthermore, he said Lawrie might hope for a sight of the bergs themselves unless the haze thickened; and that afternoon Lawrie kept his eyes open on deck for the spectacle.

Instead of icebergs, however, he saw some one in a deck-chair in the first-class part of the *Micah* who made him pull off his glasses to make sure, and then hurry down for a passengers' list.

He read the name 'Miss Ridley' in the list with a sense of heart-shock such as even a 'wireless' about Kramm could not have given him. Aunt Gracie on the *Micah*! Of all souls—she!

There could be no possible doubt about her either. The old brown ulster, the deer-stalker in which she had interviewed African kings, her daring way of resting the ankle of one knickerbockered leg on the knee of the other—these were hammering evidences although her face had been hidden from him.

Lawrie was a silent man at dinner that evening.

Dry-goods found him so disappointing that at length he hoped his liver was well. 'Then maybe it's your conscience, Kramm?' he tried next, with a smile that seemed as impertinent as his words.

'It's my neighbour, sir,' said Lawrie, stirred by that chance home-thrust; and, having slowly digested the affront, Dry-goods said, 'All right, young Mr Kramm; all right, sir!' and there was an end to conversation.

Lawrie kept himself to himself thereafter until bedtime, pacing in the growing gloom of an unseasonably early and clammy night without the glint of a heavenly star to it. But he felt calmer when his pacing was over. Whether Aunt Gracie were bound for the Rockies or a blistering bare spot of Mexican territory which she had chosen from an atlas for exploration purposes, it meant a blessed reprieve for her from the Durnham blow. Much might happen in the meantime. He might strike something sudden and rich whereby it would be a case of almost 'as you were' when next she opened her arms to him with her usual sunburnt smile and warm-hearted, 'Well, Lawrie boy!'

But this fond castle in the air was scarcely up ere it was down.

He was going below, when he was stopped by a young bore named Powell. 'I say, Kramm, this is jolly rotten, isn't it?' he was asked.

'Very jolly rotten indeed!' said Lawrie.

'Good-night. I'm turning in.'

'She's playing Jonah to the cods by now, I bet, poor wretch! Jonah in pieces, though, which makes the diff,' proceeded Powell.

'I don't understand you,' said Lawrie.

'No? Not heard? A first-class lady missing. Last seen making notes in a dangerous position right aft. And it's nine hundred to one she's slipped in. A Miss Ridley. Her book and knitting were on a chair; but she, alas! was no longer there. Poetry, Kramm!'

Lawrie caught him by the arm. 'What are you blithering about?' he gasped. 'Drowned!' 'Drowned and eaten by the cods, any odds, Kramm. And that's enough pinching, old chap.'

'Ridley, you say?' But Lawrie didn't wait; he ceased pinching, and staggered below.

'Yes, sir; too true,' the steward told him in

the corridor. 'A writer of books, Mr Kramm, the purser says—very entertaining books. Such a pity! It casts such a gloom—the loss of a passenger. We're two short on the tally now—one first and one second. I mean Mr Ellis, sir.'

A night of wild thoughts and agitations followed. Lawrie came to cursing Fate. It seemed to him that Fate had given him this knock to punish him. Smashed him up retributively. He tumbled out of bed twice to look moodily at the outer blackness and the lamp-lit sheen of the ocean. Fate was mad if it reckoned to benefit him by such a whipping. The Ridley imagination was fierce in him, and when he slept his brain continued its riots on that frantic theme.

He was awake and staring at the wire heaven of his bunk when the steward entered with the tea. 'Any news of her—Miss Ridley?' he asked hoarsely and immediately.

'No, sir; nor ever will be. She's written off,' replied the steward.

'Hard luck!' said Lawrie. 'But so we go on, Griffiths!'

The steward said dolefully, 'We do indeed, sir,' and went; and straightway Lawrie arose and forced the lock of Mr Kramm's portmanteau and examined its contents. His early cogitations had brought him even to this. With Aunt Gracie gone, what the devil cared he what he did? Kramm might be as dead as the dear aunt herself.

Kramm's travelling properties were a disappointment—absolutely; yet not very keen. There was a torn navy-blue cotton nightgown that would have disgraced the steerage. His hair-brush was clotted with grease and hairs. Two respectable white shirts and some clean collars were the only articles Lawrie looked at patiently. And he laughed in supreme derision of himself and Kramm when he had unrolled from several strong-smelling linen cloths the two *pièces de résistance* of the portmanteau—a couple of Dutch cheeses with purple scalps. Enfolded with one of them was an unsealed envelope addressed, 'Miss Anna Kramm, 24 Lexington Street, Ninety-eight Street, Brooklyn,' which,

still without scruple, Lawrie opened; and within was a card which he made out to be a blank bill-head of the Logement de Zeven Provincien, of Ondeschild, Texel, and on it were these words:

'MINE DEAR COUSIN ANNA,—I send to you by Henrik two of the father's best quality cheeses which was to have gone to Alkmaar market to-morrow; but I tell him no, they shall better go to America with Henrik. When you are eating them, please think of me on the old farm "Little by Little," where you were so happy when a child. I write no more because Henrik shall tell you everything. Have I not learned my English pretty good? Until the next year then, with much kiss, JAN.'

Lawrie tore up the card and cast the pieces through the porthole; the envelope, for no reason he could have given, he pouched in his pocket-book. Then, having put away the portmanteau and its rubbish, he washed and dressed and renewed his simple life as Kramm. He apologised to Dry-goods for his rudeness the previous evening, and was forgiven. No one seemed to notice the change in him, and there were times when he smiled grimly to himself about the convenient blindness of his fellow-creatures. His Durnham misfortune had taught him something of this, but the drowning of Aunt Gracie carried him much farther. This was like a definite burial of his past. Messrs Clearwell, Jones, and Field had small chance now of profiting by any of those righteous hopes of ultimate restitution which had brought him to the *Micah* with an upright head and a light heart in spite of all.

He needed no more proof of Aunt Gracie's identity with the vanished Miss Ridley, yet some was given. She had reached Liverpool by a West African steamer on the Friday morning, and was making this instantaneous crossing to New York to compare notes about tribal folklore with a Boston specialist in such studies. It was just the freakish, rapid kind of thing she loved to do.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

PROGRESS OF THE GAS INDUSTRY.

LORD KELVIN said, in connection with the centenary of gas-lighting in 1892, that just as gas had succeeded without snuffing out the sun, the moon, and the planets, so he believed that electricity would succeed without snuffing out gas. If those connected with the gas interest would do as much for the electric light as the electric light had done for gas, the fortunes of many would be made. Instead of being quenched, the gas industry has gone up by leaps and bounds since the introduction of electric light, mainly

because of the widespread use of the incandescent mantle, and through the utilisation of gas for heating, cooking, power-supply, and other purposes. There may yet be many other interesting and useful developments in the use of gas for the service of man.

A gas engineer contributed to these pages in 1904 a paper on 'Some Aspects of the Gas Industry,' which was a wonderful record of progress until that time. Mr F. A. Talbot in 1909 related 'The Romance of the Incandescent

Mantle.' The conference of the British Commercial Gas Association at Manchester last October and a successful Gas Exhibition held in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1912 again brought the industry into prominence. The points emphasised in dealing with the subject are usually those of comfort and economy: the absence in a gas-stove of dust and dirt as compared with a coal-fire, and by use of cookers the saving of time and temper on the part of cooks and housewives. Gas may be turned on or off by the pneumatic method as easily as electric light. It pierces a fog by its radiance much better than electricity. Gas cookers are in growing demand because of their steady heating qualities, and they roast, boil, and bake with ease and certainty. As to the hygienic side of the question, we record a professional opinion later, that of Professor Vivian B. Lewes, who gives reasons for holding that electric light in small rooms and large places of resort is more inimical to health than gaslight. The prejudices of doctors seem to be largely overcome, as there are many gas-fires in Harley Street, London, and in hospitals and dispensaries.

For the sake of those who may have forgotten, it may be worth while glancing back at the beginnings of the use of coal-gas for lighting purposes in this country. Its first introducer was William Murdoch, latterly spelled Murdock, a Scotsman, born at Bell's Mill, near Old Cumnock, Ayrshire, on 21st August 1754. He was trained as a millwright, and afterwards found employment with Messrs Boulton & Watt at Soho Foundry in 1777. This firm sent him in 1779 to look after their pumping-engines near Redruth, in Cornwall. In the process of coke and tar making at Lord Dundonald's ovens at Culrose, in Fife, in 1785, the gas there generated was treated as a waste product. Professor Minklers, of Louvain, had produced gas from bones about the same time for ballooning purposes. Murdock's share in its development for lighting led to a revolution. As a boy he had distilled coal-gas from coal put into an ordinary teapot. While he was smoking by the fire in his cottage at Redruth, the gas issuing from the burning coal again drew his attention to the subject. He made what has since been a common experiment, and transferred a piece of coal to the bowl of his tobacco-pipe, closed the top, and ignited the gas which escaped from its stem. He continued on a larger and more practical scale his experiments in the making and purifying of coal-gas, and had an iron retort erected in his back-yard. From this retort the gas was conveyed in a lead pipe, through his window-frame, up to a point near the ceiling of the room and just over his table. This pipe was seen by an inhabitant in 1872. Murdock also burned gas outside from a bladder with a pipe or nozzle attached. His employers, Boulton and Watt, in 1794 threw cold water on the proposal to take out a patent for this use of gas. It was not considered by James Watt a fit subject

for a patent. In 1803, however, the Soho Foundry was lit by gas, and gasworks were then established. A patent had been taken out by Murdock in 1791 for the treatment of coal-tar; and so he may be said to have begun the series of processes crowned by the discovery by Perkin of aniline as a by-product. He also made one of the earliest locomotives. There is a bust of Murdock (who died in 1839), by Chantrey, at Handsworth, and another in the Wallace Monument, near Stirling. Sir Richard Tangye placed a granite slab on Murdock's cottage at Redruth, which bears this inscription: 'William Murdock lived in this house, 1782-98, made the first locomotive here, and tested it in 1784; invented gas-lighting, and used it in this house, 1792.'

The famous Dr Thomas Chalmers, who attended what he called a badly rendered lecture and exhibition of gas-lights at Pall Mall, London, in 1807, concluded 'that with proper precautions gas will succeed.' He caused gas-pipes to be laid in his new manse at Kilmany, in Fife, in 1810. Though he made gas in a fire-place, no installation was ever established in the village. Sir Walter Scott, it may be recalled, was chairman of a company for improving the manufacture of oil-gas. He had gas installed in that romance of stone and lime, Abbotsford; though Lockhart, his son-in-law, condemned his working at night under a flare of gas when in his later years his strength was failing. In Tennyson's 'Palace of Art' we have the line, 'She lit white streams of dazzling gas.'

We need not follow this early history further than to say that a beginning was made in the lighting of London streets with gas in 1813, Great George Street and Westminster Bridge being the first to have installations. Companies for providing gaslight were started in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1817. Now the Scottish capital has about four hundred and forty miles of gas-mains; Glasgow has a larger mileage; Manchester has nine hundred and forty-eight miles; Liverpool, nine hundred and eight; and Dublin, six hundred and forty-three, each serving large and growingly important areas.

At the Edinburgh Gas Exhibition held last October there were shown up-to-date appliances for efficiently and economically using gas for lighting, cooking, heating, power, and other domestic and industrial purposes. The high and low pressure gas systems of lighting were seen in operation. It was claimed that over one thousand candle-power is now procurable from one pennyworth of gas. There are close upon one hundred thousand consumers in the Edinburgh area, and over thirteen thousand cookers have been fitted up by the Gas Commissioners free of expense to the users.

In this connection the manufacture of mantles by the various incandescent light companies is now an enormous industry. In the Welsbach process the first stage of manufacture consists in knitting

the fabric or hose which forms the basis of the mantle. The thread used is made either from fine sea island cotton or from ramie, a species of China grass. The fabric undergoes a thorough washing, chemically and mechanically, and is subsequently dried, and cut into lengths of about eight inches for mantles of the usual household size. It then undergoes impregnation in a solution of nitrates, just sufficient soaking being given to fill the fibre without destroying the vitality. This is followed by its being passed through rollers, which serves both to squeeze the fluid uniformly into the fabric and relieve it of superfluity. The upright mantles are stretched over glass moulds and rapidly dried, and thereafter the tops undergo a further process of dipping in order to strengthen the heads, on completion of which the suspension loop of asbestos thread is added. After undergoing a shaping and seasoning process, the mantle, which at this stage is merely a skeleton of fibre, has to be toughened to render it transportable. This toughening is effected by dipping the mantle into collodion, a thin film of which remains on it. The mantle is then dried by hot air, after which it can be safely handled. In the course of manufacture the Welsbach mantle passes through no fewer than twenty-two distinct operations. Both upright and inverted mantles are produced in this way.

Although gas cooking was advocated in the later 'fifties of last century, it is only within recent years that we have witnessed the rapid growth of the system. James and Thomas Sharp of Southampton and Northampton (of whom the former lectured in many places on the subject), and Mr Alfred King of Liverpool, were all pioneers. Their inventions were at once practical and useful; although tinplate has given place to cast-iron in the construction of the apparatus. M. Jules Gouffé of the Paris Jockey Club recommended in 1888 the gas kitchener for its regular and continuous heat, and regretted it was so little known. The introduction of double-case stoves with packed sides and double-cased tops was important in regard to retaining the heat. The iron plate known as a heat distributor for top burners and gas-rings is also useful. There is, too, one for fitting into the interior of the gas-oven. An acetylene oven range was one of the novelties at the Edinburgh Gas Exhibition.

Mr Corbet Woodall, president of the British Commercial Gas Association, has said that an examination of the small cottages in which the labourers and poorer mechanics of our towns live would show one thing clearly—that decent cooking is practically impossible with the apparatus provided. Among the social needs of the day the knowledge of cookery by the wives of our workers holds a chief place. Surely with school lessons for the girls, and all the other helps, there ought to be less waste and more comfort.

There is a mighty difference in the clear atmosphere over Rome as compared with the murky air

hanging over Glasgow. But much is being done in the cause of smoke abatement. It has been stated that sixty tons of soot pass into the air every day from Edinburgh chimneys; from those of Leith about eighteen tons. A great deal has been said and done in different parts of the country in connection with smoke abatement, and the city of Glasgow has done much pioneer work in the crusade against the smoke evil. Smoke abatement exhibitions have been held and lectures have been delivered during the winter months to educate the public in the benefits to be derived from the adoption of the smokeless methods of heating and cooking. The gas department of Glasgow, one of the largest undertakings in the hands of the civic authorities, under its gas engineer and general manager, Mr Alexander Wilson, M.Inst.C.E., has done much to develop a broader and deeper interest in the use of gas for domestic and manufacturing purposes. In 1885 gas cookers were first given out on hire in the city, the number then hired out being over two thousand. Fifteen years afterwards twenty-one thousand and fifty-three were in use; and in 1910, when prepayment-meter gas-consumers were in receipt of a free gas grill or cooker, the number of cooking appliances on hire and loan had reached the large total of about sixty-eight thousand. In 1910 a system of hire-purchase of gas-fires was inaugurated to help in the smoke abatement crusade that had been begun in the city, and at the end of that year about two thousand gas-fires were installed. In 1912 it was decided that on and after 1st March all gas cooking appliances should be given on loan (free of all charges) to both ordinary and pre-payment consumers, and that from the 1st June onwards gas-fires and other heating appliances should be let out on 'simple' hire terms. The results have been phenomenal. Since the beginning of last March upwards of fifty thousand orders have been received for cooking appliances on the hire system, which now brings the total cooking appliances in use belonging to the department up to about one hundred and forty thousand, an increase of over seventy-two thousand in two years. In heating appliances a similar record has been established; the smoke abatement exhibition held in September and October being no doubt a splendid medium for bringing the advantages of smokeless heating before the public. The number of orders received for gas-fires and radiators on the hire and hire-purchase systems during the three weeks of the exhibition amounted to over three thousand five hundred, which brings the number of heating appliances on hire and hire-purchase up to the grand total of about nine thousand, an increase of nearly seven thousand appliances in two years.

Professor Vivian B. Lewes, of the Chemistry Chair, Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and chief superintending gas-examiner for the city of London, discussed the hygienic aspects of gas for heating and lighting before the Commercial Gas

Association. He found from experiment that when a room was lighted by two Welsbach 'C' burners and mantles on a pendant, each consuming four cubic feet of gas per hour, the air at the breathing-level in the room was far purer and fresher than when three sixteen-candle incandescent electric lamps were used, and that the result became the more markedly in favour of gas the larger the number of people in the room. The cause of this difference in favour of gas was that the strong uprush of heated products of combustion from the gas-burners drew up the emanations from the skin and lungs of the occupants, charred and sterilised any germs that accompanied them, and reached the ceiling at a temperature twelve degrees higher than when electric light was employed. The heated air diffused through the plaster so rapidly as to draw fresh air into the lower portion and create a brisk draught under the door of the room, and, while so diffusing, filtered off the charred remains of germs and organic matter on the whitewashed ceiling, thus giving the blackened area which always occurs on the ceiling above the gaslight in town air. Professor Lewes believes this marks the beneficial work of sterilisation that the gas-flame is carrying on, and not, as the advocate of electric light always insists, imperfect combustion.

It is upon this power of setting air in motion and promoting diffusion that a good deal of the hygienic superiority of gas as an illuminant is based; while the sterilising effect of the flame and the trace of sulphurous acid in the products produce the reduction in organic matter and bacteria. In referring to gas-fires the professor said that we

can achieve the warming of our rooms not only under conditions every whit as hygienic as with a coal-fire, but at a cost which is practically the same, as when coal is burnt in an open grate only one-fifth of the heat-units present in it are conveyed to the air of the room. With the modern gas-stove nearly four times as great an efficiency can be obtained. The balance in cost is amply made up for by the cleanliness in use, the absence of dust and the lessened labour in the supply of fuel to the coal-fire, and the economy in lighting. The efficiency of the stoves has been so greatly increased that some 80 per cent. of the total heat in the gas is utilised, so that in heating effect the gas-stove is far superior to the coal-fire. In the best modern stove the radiant heat has been increased to the maximum attainable. The displacement of the coal-fire by the gas-stove, as we have seen in the case of Glasgow, has been urged by those who are labouring for smoke abatement in our large cities.

The award of the Nobel prize for physics last year, amounting to seven thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds, was conferred on M. Gustaf Dalén, chief engineer and general manager of the Gas Accumulator Company of Stockholm. This company owns his system of coast and buoy lighting by means of compressed acetylene. By using the Dalén flash apparatus an economy of gas consumption up to 90 per cent. is attained. This flash apparatus automatically shuts off the flow of gas at sunrise, and at dusk lights it up again. Dalén is the inventor of the 'Aga' flash-light used in railway signalling, and makes an apparatus for lighting railway cars.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS A COUNTRY SQUIRE.

By GEORGE ADAMS.

LITTLE is known of the German Emperor as a squire, yet this is one of the most striking aspects of his interesting personality.

Elbing, now a centre of German shipping and shipbuilding, is in the district of Danzig; and between Elbing and the Frisches Haff and the Baltic stand the village and the Imperial country seat of Cadinen. Both are at a point where an alluvial plain ends at the foot of a range of hills. Three well-kept roads run from Elbing to the village. One of these, unusually wide, lined with fine trees on each side, and almost monotonously straight, is used by the Imperial family. Tourists, however, usually avail themselves of a narrow-gauge railway running from Elbing to the outskirts of Cadinen. It is longer, but cheaper.

The village is soon described. It consists of a cluster of small, scattered houses and cottages without any pretensions to beauty, and surrounded by gardens. The inhabitants scarcely number three hundred and fifty. Nearly all the

men and many of the women are in the Emperor's service. A few yards from the south side of it is the main entrance to the Imperial park, between two pillars surmounted by the shield of the Counts of Schwerin, once owners of the property. A short drive brings you to the house, known as the castle. At first sight the latter may disappoint those who had expected anything similar to some of the stately seats of the nobility to be found in the British Isles. It answers more to our idea of a hundred pounds a year residence anywhere within twenty miles of London than of the estate of a sovereign ruling sixty-five millions of subjects. Partially rebuilt in the style of the early nineteenth century, it consists chiefly of a high basement, one floor, and a roof two storeys high, the upper one being very slanting. The imposing arms of the Counts of Schlieben, at one time lords of the manor of Cadinen, in the gable over the portal, are all that give the building anything like a princely appearance. The widest frontage

is three hundred and twenty metres. The halls and inner appointments, the rooms and offices, are comfortable and tasteful, but plain, and in some instances extremely so.

For more than seventy years the park has been open to all the people of the countryside. It is much under a quarter of a mile long. In some places its width does not reach two hundred yards. A part of it is in the plain; the greater portion, however, lies on the declivity of a range of hills rising to over two hundred feet. At one end, not far from the castle, is a fruit-garden; at the opposite one a vegetable-garden, with beehives and trout-tanks. The pleasure-grounds round the castle are laid out in the old French style.

Practically every kind of tree known in the northern half of Europe is abundantly represented in its finest stage of development. Perhaps the most interesting is an oak probably a thousand years old. It has a circumference round the trunk of twenty-seven feet six and a half inches (8·64 metres). In the lower portion is a cavity large enough for eleven soldiers in full war-equipment, and closed by a large wooden door. The park offers a delightful combination of alleys—several of them lined with hundred-year-old chestnut and beech trees—grass plots, clumps of flowers, arbours, basins, ornamental fountains, columns, statues, &c. There is a large arbour, called the Students' Arbour because in former times university students and other bodies held their annual revels there. Rows of white beeches on both sides of it form a kind of natural theatre, where performances formerly took place in the open air. The grotto, too, and the terraces laid out one above the other, deserve notice.

Beauty is the characteristic of Cadinen and all the surrounding country. The whole region is beyond dispute the most picturesque in all north-eastern Germany. Much of it has been described as a sort of miniature French Switzerland. Such a medley of hill, mountain, rock, ravine, forest, valley, plain, delta, winding river, lake, town, village, hamlet, sandbank, indented coast, and sea is hardly to be found anywhere else. None but a master brush or pen can reproduce it adequately. It lacks, of course, the rich, warm colouring of the south. But the northern sky, the dark-green, almost black, woods and forests so familiar to those who know Germany, and the glorious Baltic Sea rippling gently under the sun's rays in summer and lashed to tempests and carrying huge drifts of ice and snow in winter, give to the varied landscape a majesty peculiarly its own. If you wish to have a good idea of it all you must climb to the top of the Kloster Berg, more than two hundred feet above the plain, and just outside the Imperial domain.

Nor are legends and rich historical associations wanting to add to the enchantment of the scene. The valiant Teutonic Knights, Polish kings and nobles, and other personages who have faded

away into the dim mist of ages take an important place in the earlier history of these parts. Nearly at your elbow stand the carefully preserved ruins of a famous Franciscan monastery. It held many square miles of land, possessed vast treasures, and enjoyed a sanctity that spread far and wide. Thousands of pilgrims repaired to it yearly. The three strange and weather-beaten columns standing next to the village, with their mutilated statues of saints and empty niches, mark the point where the pilgrims were lined in procession before they entered the precincts of the monastery, singing hymns and carrying lighted candles.

The Emperor and his family arrive without much pomp. Crowds of people, of course, assemble. The local authorities offer their welcome. For some distance down the road the school children in their Sunday clothes are drawn up in two lines by their teachers; they carry small flags, chiefly black-and-white. When the big, yellow Imperial motor-car appears in sight the flags are waved amid lusty shouts of '*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*' and that is all. The coming of the distinguished party is the prelude to open-air concerts, balls, and other amusements.

William the Second identifies himself completely with his surroundings. His thoroughness, ability to go into the smallest particulars, and bluff and genial manner have won for him golden opinions. His Empress is even more popular, if possible. The Emperor, smoking in the alleys of Cadinen, his big German pipe filled with very coarse-cut tobacco and dried cherry-leaves, is vastly different from the one conjured up by popular imagination. As a landlord and employer he leaves little or nothing to be desired. Views differ considerably regarding his capacity as a soldier, sailor, statesman, and many other things; but no man who has visited the Imperial estate will care to contest his powers as a farmer, cattle-raiser, and china manufacturer. Since inheriting the property shortly before Christmas 1898, he has effected great improvements in various directions. Many of them took long and were costly, but the results they have already yielded do full credit to his business acumen and spirit of enterprise. Still further improvements are in contemplation and in course of execution.

SUN AND SEA.

THE wild, wide sea, with heaving swell and dip,
Calls through the darkness to the coming day;
The bell-buoys off the harbour reel and sway,
The wet tongue strikes the curled, cold metal lip,
Homeward and outward bound boat, barge, and ship,
Warning of peril in the strait seaway.
The high light on the cliff fades o'er the bay
Against the sun's light on the salt white drip
That falls off slowly from the rock's black side,
As the waves fall back on the receding tide
To greet the daybreak, and the whispering surge
Rolls eastward to the sun; the billows free,
By thousands, through the surface plane emerge
To hail the meeting of the sun and sea.

CHARLES WHITE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

AIR-CRAFT IN WAR.

By BREECH-SCREW.

THE far-reaching results of successful reconnaissance in war were fittingly summed up by Frederick the Great. 'If,' said he, 'we had exact information of our enemy's dispositions we should beat him every time.' Nowadays every commander in the field hopes to obtain this 'exact information' by means of his flying corps. Until recently a General relied mainly on his cavalry for intelligence duties, but the information he obtained from this source invariably related to events several hours old. The great speed of air-craft has changed all this. His flying squadrons can also be used by him for purposes of offence—namely, bombing; for communication by means of wireless, or signalling between the widely extended wings of his army; and last, but by no means least, for observation of artillery fire. Darkness, fog, and perhaps very stormy weather, these alone will prevent his air-vessels from viewing every disposition and movement of his adversary.

During the war in Tripoli the Italian aeroplanes made reconnaissance flights daily, and the materials for the map of the Tripolitan region were mainly obtained from photographs taken from dirigibles by Italian observers. The Italian Government evidently appreciate very fully the value of air-craft in war, for they intend to form before the end of this year twelve squadrons of aeroplanes, and have already ordered three new dirigibles. For purposes of defence and communication, Italy is also expending over a quarter of a million on establishing a chain of hydro-aeroplane stations round her coast. There are to be twelve of these stations, from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five miles apart. In July 1912 it was announced from Milan that her dirigible M. 1 was equipped with two machine-guns, several bomb-discharging appliances, and a wireless installation. The range of aerial wireless telegraphy is at present only from three hundred and eighty to four hundred and thirty miles.

In the Balkan war, unhappily not yet ended, two aviators were killed by rifle-fire. Dr Jules Constantin was the second to meet his death in this manner. He was struck by a bullet while endeavouring to drop bombs on the Turks at Chatalja, but had sufficient strength left to steer his machine toward the Bulgarian camp, near

which he was found dead. The wings of his biplane were riddled with bullets. The Bulgarian aviators made daily flights over the besieged Adrianople, and were able to report the result of the fire of their artillery, and to observe every movement in that city.

During the French army manoeuvres of 1912 forty thousand miles were covered by her fleet of aeroplanes, and there were no accidents.

For purposes of war on sea and on land, each form of craft has its own special duties; but the dirigible is at present the form best suited for offensive action. As compared with the heavier-than-air machine, the dirigible has a larger radius of action, a greater carrying capacity, and it can remain motionless in the air by its engines being stopped—a risky proceeding in the case of the aeroplane. The heavier-than-air machine has the advantage over its larger and more expensive rival in speed, handiness, comparative invulnerability, the height to which it can rise, and in its power of flying under bad weather conditions. At Tunis, last December, M. Garros, in his Gnome-Bleriot monoplane, flew to a height of nineteen thousand feet. At Issy, in June 1912, the Astra dirigible *Eclairneur Conte* rose to ten thousand feet, a record for lighter-than-air vessels. The dirigible has never reached a speed greater than sixty miles per hour; M. Vedrines has accomplished a speed of one hundred and eighteen miles per hour on an aeroplane fitted with the 'integral propeller.'

The aeroplane, by overtaking the dirigible, flying above it, and dropping hand-grenades, explosive rockets, or bombs upon its envelope, can in this way bring about its destruction. But so far as ships and fortresses are concerned, the dirigible, on account of its greater carrying capacity, and owing to the fact that it can remain steady in the air, is able to direct on the object of its attack a far more formidable and better-aimed fire than can the heavier-than-air vessel. The larger dirigibles can carry a supply of ammunition weighing from one to two thousand pounds.

The dirigible, as the larger and the slower moving of the two machines, affords the gunner an easier target. Its envelope, too, is filled with an inflammable gas; but, doubtless, in a few years such a gas will not be used.

Experiments recently conducted on the Continent show us that on a moderately calm day there is no reason why a large and steadily moving airship, with good sights, should not be able to drop 50 per cent. of its projectiles into a circle of twenty feet diameter from a height of two thousand feet. The projectiles used are high explosive shell and shrapnel. The striking velocity of shell let fall from air-craft must be very small—namely, thirty-two feet per second of flight; though in the case of shrapnel the striking velocity of its bullets will be increased by the bursting charge in its base. It may be regarded as certain that in the near future every military dirigible will be armed with either a gun using compressed air as a propellant for its projectiles, or some light weapon of high velocity with a shell of five or six pounds weight. These pieces will be used for its own protection against other dirigibles or aeroplanes, or perhaps one will be carried for that purpose and one for the attack on ships and fortresses.

The effect of explosives dropped from an air-ship is generally greatly exaggerated. A dirigible which discharges its cargo of, say, twenty shells, each weighing fifty or even one hundred pounds, would do little damage in the most crowded of cities. Bomb-dropping at night will be a frequent occurrence in war-time. Once a dirigible has obtained its bearings by day, it can return to the same spot by night, and, hovering over the place, continue its bombardment. In the case of the House of Commons, such tactics would lead to the abandonment of many an intended 'all night sitting,' and so prove a blessing in disguise to some of the jaded members of that historic assembly. On the other hand, the shock experienced by those members who were asleep would probably necessitate many by-elections.

Every war of the future, whether it be waged on land or on sea, will be preluded by a series of fierce air-battles. In view of this fact, witness the great strength of foreign air battalions.

According to *Aeronautics*, Germany will in a few months possess twenty-seven dirigibles of high power, carrying capacity, and speed. Of these at least fifteen are military or naval craft. The dirigible Zeppelin L. 1, recently delivered to the German navy, has a volume of seven hundred and seventy-six thousand cubic feet, a speed of fifty-two miles per hour, and a useful load of fourteen thousand pounds. Its length is

five hundred and twenty-five feet, and diameter forty-nine feet. It is equipped with wireless apparatus, and carries one gun at least. The crew of this vessel consists of two naval officers, one engineer officer, one pilot, and ten men. The Schutte-Lanz S. L. dirigible is fitted with an armoured platform on each side, on which a gun can be mounted. Germany also possesses a fleet of two hundred and fifty aeroplanes, one hundred and twenty of which are of the latest design and make.

By next June France will have twenty-five dirigibles, of which number twenty are for naval or military purposes. Her largest is the *Spéna*, whose volume is four hundred and six thousand cubic feet, length three hundred and forty-one feet, diameter forty-three feet, and speed fifty miles per hour. In 1912 France purchased four hundred aeroplanes of war, and it is authoritatively stated that this number will be greatly exceeded in 1913. The French biplane of war is capable of accommodating three persons, though ordinarily only two will be carried—namely, the aviator and the observer. The latter is armed with a repeating rifle for use against hostile air-craft.

Russia's new dirigible, the *Albatross*, which is driven by two one hundred horse-power motors, carries a wireless installation and one machine-gun. A Henri Farman biplane which lately passed its tests for the Russian army is fitted with a mitrailleuse. This aeroplane is almost the only one in existence in which there is a clear field of fire. It is difficult, however, to see how even moderate accuracy of aim can be obtained with such a weapon, owing to the great vibration the engine causes throughout the whole framework.

All the Powers, great and small, are purchasing air-craft, and we are endeavouring to retrieve our past policy. That policy seems to have been this: Can we, a maritime Power, afford to develop or aid the advancement of a project likely to affect very materially our predominance at sea? Whatever the answer may be, it was obviously our duty to retaliate directly other countries commenced to build air-craft and to study the art of aerial locomotion. Command of the sea is impossible unless we also rule the air. We live in the hope that some great British firm will soon build a huge giant of the air, armoured and heavily armed—the Dreadnought of the Skies.

THE SHIP OF SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XX.—FRIENDS MEET.

I SPENT a week in London before I sailed, and got a ready promise from two kind-hearted and level-headed men to interest themselves in

Lennox. I said nothing more to Hugh on the subject of the wreck.

Two months afterwards, at the Byculla Club,

Bombay, I got a letter from Lennox. He had become private secretary to an M.P., young, noisy, but rich. He got the offer of it through one of my friends, and his letter reflected much gratitude and a measure of content. I wrote him a reply intended for counsel and encouragement, gave him an address for letters, and started up-country on a shooting expedition. I was lucky to get some good heads, but unlucky enough to break a leg, and had to lie up for repairs for some slack and weary months at a remote hill-station. There I got another letter from him, forwarded. His employer, he wrote, contemplated resigning his seat, having discovered (what many people could have told him) that the House was a dull hole. Lennox himself hinted that, for his own part, he was not very sorry, for his secretaryship gave him little or no time for original work. I wrote him again, but got no answer. My accident changed my plans and my itinerary. I was away from England longer than I expected, and as I did not hear from him I reluctantly put 'Proxime' Jim on the drab lengthening roll of the friends one has lost.

It was two years before I heard the roar of the Strand again. Its voice was welcome, for in life's salad I must have a little of London. I only want a little of it, but the little is indispensable. I had been fortunate for once in some speculations, and the siren city gave me the open-armed welcome to the wanderer returned with any money to burn. So I tasted thankfully the joys that await the exile from the East. I realised my dreams of a fresh sole for breakfast. I visited my tailor's and humbly received instructions in the last cry of sartorial inspiration. I met old chums at the club. I listened to the band of the Guards. I did the theatres and halls. I bridged and danced and went to race-meetings. I haunted the Park, marvelling at and admiring the throngs of beautiful women and well-dressed men. I feasted my eyes on the flowers of home and the foliage, choral with the sweet voices of English birds.

Thus a week or two passed in pleasant dalliance, and I had thoughts of running north, when one afternoon Hugh's welcome voice rang me up on the club telephone. He was in London for a day or two. Would I dine early with him at Diennonné's, and go afterwards to a first night of a play? What was more important—for I am not a keen first-nighter—his hospitable voice adumbrated some fishing in the Annan. I accepted his invitation at once—the shrill, sweet music of a salmon-reel rising over the hum of London—and he and I exchanged hearty greetings punctually at the hour appointed. Two other guests, old schoolfellows, were of the party, and the dinner was a cheery affair. We had a great deal to talk about, and there was much laughter and good-fellowship. The time slipped quickly past.

'Mustn't be late, though,' said our host at last. 'We can sup somewhere after the theatre, and yarn away then as much as we like. Meanwhile, we'll get a "move on." I got tickets for this show from the sub-editor of *The Blade-geon*. I don't know what it will be like. It's the first night of a play by Margaret Somers, a new name. Come along!' He bundled us into a taxi-cab.

The theatre, a small one out of the charmed circle of lights, with a reputation for ill-luck in its productions, was full when we arrived. The usual menagerie was there—people in cool evening-dress; smartly dressed women, and men about town; dingy-looking rooks; critics; actors and actresses; pittites and the gallery, packed but good-natured; and the crowd of busy loafers whose opinion concerning the drama does not count, but to whom a first night partakes of the nature of a fetish.

The orchestra finished a handicap, the first violin winning by a short head. There was a hush of expectancy as the curtain rose on a play in three acts—*Jephthah's Daughter*. Of course I do not give its real name. All I shall say is that it dealt with a modern sacrifice, its *motif* based on the pitiful drama of success at too high a price in the life of the great warrior in Israel. 'And she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter.'

The first act was the usual—or what should be the usual—quiet unfolding of the characters to the audience; no powerful scenes in it, but from the first it held the house. Stalls and pit joined in the applause, and before the second act was half-finished the action of the play had laid a spell on us all. One read the verdict in the strained hush of the audience, in the indescribable thrill of sympathy between the players and the house. Beyond doubt here was no mere craftsman's hand, but the work of a great artist.

At the end of the second act Hugh and I ran across a veteran critic.

'Well?' asked Hugh.

'Splendid!' answered the great man; and then, with the caution of his dread calling, 'so far! But if the finish is as good, it's one of the few triumphs of the imagination on the stage that I've seen. It's a diamond among the tons of rubbish we've been getting lately. Seems too good to be true! I wonder who she is?'

But the third act crowned the play's triumph. It was plain to critics and audience that here for once was the right stuff. In *Jephthah's Daughter* there was no trace of the feeble devices of the jerry-builders. The author owned that rare and elusive thing—the sense of the theatre. The spectacular, the limelight, the carefully concocted epigram, the Parisian diamonds of speech, all were refreshingly absent. The problem-hunter and the collector of toadstools

were ignored. The author had gone to The Book rich beyond all others in the story of human nature. The play owed nothing to scenery, dresses, rickety dialogue, or to forced dramatic situation. Relying on the spoken word, it unfolded a chapter of the heart of man with an insight, a sincerity, and dignity that stirred the depths of us all.

When the curtain fell the play received the rare tribute of a moment or two's tense silence; a long breath, almost a sigh from the enthralled house, and then a hurricane of whole-hearted applause.

Hugh turned to me, and gulped out huskily, 'By George, old man, that's great, y'know! Makes one feel—er—you know—eh!' He cleared his throat with unnecessary vigour. For a Philistine, his voice was strangely unsteady. 'You know what I mean? What!'

I did; and, although I remembered some of his caustic criticisms on art and romance, I refrained from the poetic justice of grunting out 'Imphm!'

Up and down went the curtain on the 'picture' of the last scene, the cast, the leading actor and actress; and then—surely one of the sweetest and most refreshing of earthly guerdons—came the shouts of 'Author! Author!' There was no response, and I thought that perhaps the manager would appear to give us the conventional inexactitude about the author not being in the house. But the calls were lustily renewed, and at last the curtain rose again. Alone on the stage was a slight figure that bowed and bowed its thanks to us. 'Margaret Somers' was a man. He looked up with a shy, boyish smile at the charmed house. I knew him at once. I clutched Hugh's arm, and handed him my opera-glasses.

'Look, Hugh! Ever seen him before?'

Hugh looked, and looked again. 'By all that's wonderful! I believe—— It—it can't be! It's "Proxime" Jim!'

It was. I scribbled a note and sent it round post-haste to him. He came at once, his eye glowing as we met. Sure am I that both of us at that moment harked back to our meeting in Galloway, and that among all the congratulations he received none were dearer than mine. He insisted on carrying us off with him to a delightful little gathering of the genus airily classified under the label 'literary and artistic.' Authors, playwrights, actors, journalists, first-nighters were there with their friends. A

Cabinet Minister and one of his chief opponents had paired, and exchanged grins at the door.

At first I could scarcely get a word with Lennox, for there were renewed congratulations from everybody, and much good talk. He was the centre of a little maelstrom of attention, so that it was no easy matter to get a few minutes with him; but at last the ranks thinned, and we drifted to a corner. He had never received the letter that I wrote him in answer to his from up-country in India. In all probability—if I know the breed—a native had stolen the stamps and burned the letter. It happened that, through his employer, he had made the acquaintance of two or three of the 'mandarins' of theatrical management. The futilities swallowed by the British playgoer had filled him with amazement, and gradually the idea of writing a play grew into an obsession. After his employer had resigned his seat, and Lennox's secretaryship had become a make-believe, he deliberately refused to continue in it, and set himself to master the difficult business of stage technique; and to that end, refusing some offers to go back to routine work, he had, through his theatrical friends, 'gone on,' first as a super, and then in a small part or two.

'It wasn't easy. The rest you know,' he said, just as a great dramatist got up, and in a speech that mirrored the thoughts of us all gave the toast of the author of *Jephthah's Daughter*. Lennox, unspoiled—as he still is—his voice barely under control, replied in a couple of sentences. They were lame and halting, but far beyond rhetoric. His eye met mine as he sat down, and I know that his thoughts and my own were at that moment towards a summer night of two years before, in the hush of the country, the stars swinging high over the Galloway hills.

'Lucky man! I hear that he can book commissions for years already,' a young painter whispered at my elbow. 'Some fellows have all the luck.'

His look was wistful, or I might have cavilled at his phrase. I said nothing.

If the word 'luck' jarred, it was for an instant only, to be drowned in the music of my thoughts, for I knew that luck does not haunt the road that my friend had trudged with naked feet—the long flinty road leading, sometimes, to the jealous gates of Art.

THE END.



THE FISHERMAN ABROAD.

By R. W. BURGESS.

FROM 'the back of beyond,' among the Negri Sembilan Hills, flows the Muar River, winding around the foothills of Mount Ophir in Malacca, clear and bright while yet its bed is of mountain sand and shingle, but changing to a turbid flood as it continues its journey through the tiger-haunted jungles of Johore, where swampy valleys pay their tribute of silt-laden water to its ever-widening flood. It is the highway of the Malay villagers, whose plantations of coco-palm and betel-nut fringe the shores on the higher banks, increasing stretches of mangrove swamp, or graceful feathery atap palms, growing with their feet in the water at high-tide, lining the lower reaches as it nears the sea.

Two momentous years of my life were passed on the banks of this river, some forty miles up from the sea. To reach this salubrious spot one has to embark at Singapore on a small Chinese-owned coasting-steamer plying between that port and Malacca, and calling at the native town of Bandar Maharani at the mouth of the river. Here one disembarks, usually in the small hours of the morning, long before daylight, on to a feeble and dilapidated bamboo landing-stage, with no shelter, and with nothing to do but sit on one's baggage and wait for dawn. At the first glimmer of daylight the little town awakens suddenly into full and bustling life. Chinese pedlars appear from mysterious haunts, having baskets of comestibles or little glazed cabinets displaying a quaint variety of small merchandise slung on bamboo poles across their shoulders, and with raucous shouts, aided by tin rattles, call attention to their wares. The native shops are opened, ancient and dangerous-looking rickshaws rattle up and down the roads, and a yelling crowd of coolies begin to load up the fussy little Chinese up-river launch now getting up steam. On this craft one's journey is continued, among an unsavoury crowd of coolies and still more unsavoury merchandise destined for the most part for Chinese 'universal providers' in the small native riverside villages.

Turbid and slate-coloured, with logs and floating islands of vegetation borne along on the slow current, crocodile infested, and bordered by steaming swamp, this sombre flood is a contrast indeed to the tumbling, dancing streams of the north of England, with their endless charm of rocky pool and gravelly shallow, or the placid Hampshire chalk-streams of happy memory.

I have not spent many days beside the river, however, before I feel the fishing fever stirring within me. An incurable malady is this, recurring whenever water is in sight. I had acquired it in an aggravated form in the far-off days of my youth among the Sussex brooklands.

Having seen fish of unknown variety rising near the shore during the still hour of fading light after the daily sea-breeze had died away, one afternoon when work is over I determine to try my luck.

For the lordly mahseer or such-like monsters I am unequipped, work rather than play being my object in coming to this far-off land, and my slender means when I left home not allowing of a sporting outfit; but my cherished greenheart rod I have by me, companion of my happiest hours, fraught throughout its slender length with quivering memories of vivid moments in many a hard-fought battle with the gallant trout.

On looking up my tackle, I find that a tin case, in which should have been my small dry flies, proves to be empty. My Chinese 'boy,' who has charge of my belongings, informs me, on inquiry, that, having found nothing but some dead insects within it, he had brushed them out. After explaining to him, with vigorous emphasis, the nature of the 'dead insects,' I find in the folds of my tackle-case some few remaining, also a selection of larger varieties of sea-trout flies.

I do not much fancy casting from a native dug-out canoe; with only about two inches of freeboard, there would be a good sporting chance of an involuntary swim, with crocodiles as companions of the bath. As this is the only craft available, I decide to make my first essay from the bank.

There is a small, decrepit pier, just wide enough to walk on, extending beyond the tidal mud. It is made of bamboo stakes and a few waste planks, and was erected for the use of the *tukang ayer*, the water-carrier, when dipping water from the river for domestic use. It was constructed with no margin of safety, the end having already fallen into decay, and the whole structure having an infirm and aged appearance. As the only alternative to wading in a foot or so of slimy mud, I decide to use this frail staging.

The size, habits, and food of possible fish are all unknown quantities; indeed, it is far from certain that any fish in the river will take a fly at all. However, a few fish are occasionally rising at something invisible, so I try them first with the dry fly.

Now any reader who is expecting details of thrilling struggles with gigantic fish had better stop here. I am a FISHERMAN, and as such incapable of departing in the slightest detail from the bounds of the strictest veracity. It is only those poor mortals, alien and outcast, to whom the rod is but a sequence of jointed, tapering sticks, brass rings, and varnish, and to whom fish are merely food—faugh! food indeed! Does the foxhunter eat his fox or the fisherman his

chub?—that presume to doubt the truth of anglers' stories. Why, is not the very word 'fishy' the synonym for all that is good and true? Is not— But enough. Please excuse this digression. My feelings for the moment overcame me.

After I had been casting at random for a few minutes, something takes my fly. What it is, large or small, I cannot say, as the gut promptly breaks on striking, and I have scored my first miss.

Gut perishes rapidly in the moist heat of this country; and on testing, I find all my *fine* casts in a bad way.

Selecting a stouter length, with a small 'silver doctor' for the fly, I change my tactics, letting the fly sink a few feet under water at each cast. For some half-hour I whip the river industriously, with no result. At last there is a pluck at the line, and, striking sharply, I caught my first fish in tropical waters!

Is there any sensation in this life that can compare with the electric thrill that runs through every nerve and fibre of the body at the sudden tightening of the line, the quiver and spring of the rod, that tell of a fish well hooked? If there is, I have never experienced it.

In this instance there is the additional interest of the unknown. What manner of fish will come to the bank? Will it be handsome or hideous, safe to handle or poisonous? Will it, indeed, be a fish at all, or will it be some other water monstrosity? Anything is possible.

I need not have excited myself, however, as there is nothing very strange about this specimen. It is somewhat similar to an English perch, and about a pound in weight. It has a spiny back-fin, erected on leaving the water, a large head, and huge red eyes set rather close together, these being the only abnormal features.

By this time many of the Chinese and Malay labourers employed on the plantation have gathered on the bank to watch the strange proceedings. The Chinese have a tolerant but slightly contemptuous smile for the foolishness of the *Tuan* who is taking all this trouble to catch a few small fish that he does not require for food; accounting for it, I suppose, by recalling the well-known (Chinese) fact that all the red-haired foreign devils are mad.

The Malays, on the other hand, being good sportsmen, are much interested. One old fellow politely asks to see my bait. He looks askance at my confection of tinsel and feather, wags his head solemnly, and says it is very pretty, but he does not think the fish will eat it. He goes thoughtfully away, but presently returns, smiling benevolently, and produces a flat package, which on being unfolded is found to contain some remarkably fine specimens of the domestic cockroach in a squashed and juicy condition, besides other nameless horrors, which he gravely presents to me, assuring me that with these I shall catch many fish. I thank him profusely, promising to

use them later, and telling him I am now trying to see if Johore fish will take the bait I use in my own country. He seems sceptical on this point, but wishes me luck and departs.

The next capture is rather a startling event. Fishing in the same manner, deep in the water, I have a sharp tug, and bring to land a fish about the same size as the last, a brilliant green in colour, with a large head, and having an evil gleam in its eye. As I carefully examine it to see if it is safe to handle, it starts making a curious sucking noise, and, to my amazement, begins to grow visibly larger! I decide to await developments before touching the thing. The curious performance continues until it has assumed the shape of a Rugby football, with short, erect spines covering the body. Wrapping a thick cloth around it, I handle it gingerly, disengaging the hook, and drop the uncanny creature back into the water, where it subsides like a pricked bladder and swims away.

A blank interval follows, so I change the fly for a 'green and teal.' With this two pretty silvery fish, about six ounces in weight, are taken, very similar to dace, but with larger scales.

The next interesting event is the collapse of the fragile structure on which I am standing. I have incautiously advanced too near to the rotten end, and some six feet of the staging slides away into dismal ruin, leaving me up to the waist in mud and water, clinging to the wreckage. I manage to scramble to the top again, with no more serious damage than wet and muddy clothes, which one takes little notice of in this climate.

After a short interval for cleansing and refreshment, my rod and tackle being undamaged, I resume operations. The tide is rising, so the shortening of the pier is little hindrance.

My next capture is another weird-looking creature. The Malay name, *ikan parang*, or knife-fish, aptly describes the shape. It is rather like a long, thin herring that has been put through a mangle, the under part of the body tapering off to a knife-edge, and resembling nothing so much as the blade of a thick-backed, long-bladed *parang* that the Malays use for cutting undergrowth in the jungle. The striking feature of this fish is the curious upturned mouth and the position of the eyes, which are set close together at the top of the head, giving it a strangely deformed appearance. The Malays say it is good eating, but I have not tried it. It is a sporting fish, and puts up a strong fight.

The sun is now setting, and in half-an-hour it will be dark. Just as I am thinking of packing up, I see, about a hundred yards up-river, what appear in the dusk to be several huge fish cruising around near the shore, their large, triangular back-fins showing at times above the water.

The tide has covered the mud, so I can get near enough to them to cast from the bank. Taking up a strategical position, screened by a

dump of high grass, I cast carefully at each of these objects as they come within range, with high hopes of an exciting struggle with a leviathan to wind up the evening's sport. Vain hope! They take no notice whatever of my fly, and one by one sail quietly out into deep water and disappear.

The phenomenon, by the way, was repeated next day in bright sunlight, and I then discovered that the objects I had taken in the dusk for the fins of fish were the small, rat-like heads of river turtle projected above the water. I know not what these creatures feed on, but had one by any chance taken my fly it would have been novel sport indeed!

The short twilight of the tropics is now rapidly fading into the darkness of night. The steady breeze that has tempered the heat during the day has quite died away, leaving the air still and heavy, and the nocturnal concert of the tropics is commencing. The cicadas are tuning up. First a single insect begins his shrill, elusive chirp, then others join in the chorus, until the sound merges into a continuous sizzling murmur, which will continue throughout the hours of darkness. The bass parts of the symphony are supplied by the croaking of count-

less frogs in the swampy pools by the margin of the river. The *wah wah* monkeys in the jungle across the river are settling down for the night, calling one to another with a curious whistling cry which rises and falls in pitch like the siren of a steamer. The bark of a deer from the jungle cuts sharply through the still air, while a night-jar near by with his intermittent note recalls the sound of a stone bouncing over a frozen pond.

As the darkness deepens the illuminated dance of the fireflies begins, myriads of them around favoured trees and bushes apparently opening and closing their lanterns by concerted action, a few stray ones aimlessly drifting and twinkling about in the open, while distant lightning is flickering round the horizon.

The mosquitoes are on the feed, and after dark tigers and panthers and other jungle pests may be on the prowl; so I pack up, and make tracks for the bungalow, where a welcome tub and change of garments await me. Then dinner, during which the adventures of the day are recounted, and tales told of the mighty fish I *nearly* caught; a rubber of bridge with my three companions of the wilderness; then to bed, under the curtains, where mosquitoes cease from troubling and the fisherman may rest.

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the night rain fell, and the hills of Skye were still banded with white vapours when Arcus resumed his voyage. Through the mild, moist air, through the gray, unruffled Sound, the *Vesta* sped, her engine running as sweetly as ever. Past Staffin Bay, with its far-stretching green and scattered gray cottages, past a succession of sheer cliffs, basaltic and streaked with snowy waterfalls, past the little port of Kilmaluig, she sped; then by that high islet, whose odd shape you will see precisely reproduced and reproduced in Hebridean, Orca-dian, and Icelandic waters; round the Aird, and so into the Little Minch.

Arcus unrolled the chart on his knee. Twenty-five miles, almost due west, lay Rodel, at the entrance to the Sound of Harris; at a slightly less distance, in a more northerly direction, East Loch Tarbert opened. By taking the latter course he would find himself at the whaling-station in a few hours; by holding to his original plan he might, perhaps, reach his destination by nightfall. For a minute or two he hesitated—he could not have told why. His mind was certainly not then swayed by any memory of his hotel acquaintance of the previous night, nor by any thought of a telegram from Anstruther waiting him at the station. He had not specified an hour, nor even a day, for his arrival there; his host and he

were sufficiently men of the world—the world, that is, in the larger sense of the word—to dispense with formalities. The still weather favoured the longer journey; the voyager was by no means tired of his own company. There was nothing, indeed, to discourage the original plans. Yet Arcus hesitated, his eyes on two names on the chart, his intention wavering like the needle of his little compass between two points, while in one of these directions, away in the mist, unknown to him, waited the great adventure of his adventurous life.

With a laugh at his indecision, he finally set the *Vesta's* bow for Rodel. 'Forgot my breakfast—that's what's the matter,' he said to a gull. From a locker he brought a thermos of tea, some sandwiches, and a couple of hard-boiled eggs, and proceeded to make a hearty repast. Ere he had finished a light breeze came crisp from the north, and presently the sun won forth. And soon the mists took flight, the sea sparkled, the Hebridean hills appeared. A couple of herring-smacks passed half a mile to leeward; their weary crews were shipping the long, heavy sweeps, and thanking God, mayhap, for the blessed breeze that bulged at last the brown, dank sails. No other craft were in sight; only on the southern horizon a trail of smoke. High in the air a gannet shut his wings and fell like a bolt on his quarry beneath

the ripples. A cormorant, black but uncomely, flapped ponderously shoreward, a dreary glutton beside the handsome gallant emerging with his feast. Here and there parties of quaint little sea-birds paddled and dived. And, behold! a school of porpoises puffing and plunging with glistering hides through gleaming spray.

Arcus laughed aloud. For this he had fled from London!

The sun was high when, having passed Rodel and rounded Ru Rhenish, the *Vesta* entered the Sound. In clear weather the waterway between Harris and North Uist, despite its numerous islets and shoals, need not trouble the moderately careful navigator, especially if his craft possesses motive-power and as shallow a draught as the *Vesta*. Nevertheless Arcus exercised an unwonted caution, following to the best of his ability the track dotted on his chart, and running the motor at half-speed. Suspecting strong currents, moreover, he anchored before partaking of a frugal dinner. After all, he had his pride, and was less anxious about reaching his destination than about the message on the post-card to be thence despatched to his hotel acquaintance. He wanted to be able to write: 'Arrived without slightest mishap.' Later, he spent over an hour in getting his anchor up from foul ground, whereby the passage through the Sound took longer than he had calculated, and the afternoon was waning when, close to the lone, lofty rock called Coppey, the *Vesta* began to cut the waters of the veritable Atlantic.

Arcus was boyishly pleased to be there; but his gratification was presently tempered by the realisation that he could not reach the whaling-station, some twenty miles away, in daylight. He was not foolhardy enough to relish entering a strange loch in darkness. It would be only sensible to retreat a few miles and find harbourage for the night. But stay! there ought to be a full moon shortly. Yes, rising at seven-seventeen. That was more like his luck. He would go on! He gave the *Vesta* her full speed, and set his course north-east. And immediately a spirt of spray flicked his face. The wind had shifted to the east; ere long he became aware that it was keen. Soon, too, he became aware of changes in the sky. Low in the west the sun smouldered behind banking-up clouds; overhead hues lately lovely grew angry, sulky, dull, dead. Bleak, vaporous masses gathered and swelled and lowered. There was a covert threat in the very atmosphere. And as Arcus doubted, yet held on his course, a squall swooped down from the grim, gray mountains of Harris and through the Sound of Taransay. A silence that became a sigh, a sigh that rose to a savage hiss, and it was upon him. The spray stung.

Arcus put the helm to starboard. No good in attempting to make West Loch Tarbert now. He wriggled into his oilskins and faced the wind and the vicious little new-born breakers.

The nearest land was not three miles away. But all the land, even as he gazed, was blotted out.

Came the rain, fine as needles, chill and dense. Arcus screwed up his face and laughed softly. For this also he had fled from London! A gust of salt-water rattled on his oilskins, and he shouted defiance. And at his shout, with a snap, a grating, a clatter, the motor struck work. There was silence save for the eager sibilance of broken water.

Arcus opened the covering of the motor. He was no engineer, though he had handled refractory engines in his time. The *Vesta's* motor was not of a pattern familiar to him, but he knew enough and saw enough to judge that repair of the damage was beyond him. A cylinder had split; a rod had run amuck. He softly cursed the engine and its Muranium steel, the invention and the discovery of the late Sir Francis M'Calmont.

During the hopeless inspection the last wretched blur of the sun disappeared. At the end of it Arcus wiped his hands on a lump of waste, and made a hasty meal, for he felt cold, if not precisely hungry. The last of his tea (now cool), a handful of biscuits, and a couple of pears satisfied him. The *Vesta* carried a week's stores, plenty of water, also a spirit-kettle. It was not starvation that stared him in the face; lack of food was a distant prospect compared with that of his being beyond the need of it. He was not so much concerned about the buoyancy of the craft joggling under him as about its stability. He had watched Atlantic seas and surges from the decks of liners. He judged that the disabled *Vesta* must be travelling oceanward at a fair rate, and he knew there was nothing solid between him and the American continent excepting little St Kilda and its lesser neighbours, Boreray and Soay. He had heard of the sea-anchor used by fishers in a gale, but had no idea of the rigging of that expedient.

As he ate he summed up his chances, remembering items of information casually gleaned from his friend the manager of the whaling-station. His chances, all of them but one, lay within a semicircle of a hundred miles' radius, and they appeared to his mind's eye as ships—trawlers, steam-drifters, sailers, whale-boats, perhaps a Scandinavian-American liner. But here is a patch of ocean so deserted at best that you may cruise it for a week in clear weather without sighting sail or trail of smoke. His remaining and barest chance—the tiny dingy lurching on the starboard quarter was not to be reckoned—hung upon the wind; and the wind's changing soon to the opposite point of the compass was a possibility almost too remote even for so sanguine a spirit as Arcus's.

He studied the compass again, and peered at the damp chart. It seemed to him that the wind had already veered to the south-east. But if it

steadied in that quarter he was in worse case than ever, for he would be blown far north of St Kilda, and it was round St Kilda (so he had heard) that the trawlers and whalers were most given to ply their business.

Despair, however, was not to find an easy prey in Arcus, who had faced what most of us deem the supreme disaster before now. Yet until now he had never done so alone; and danger in solitude is the ultimate test of a man. Arcus was not afraid of death, but he hated it as strongly as he cherished life. And he loved this world. He had seen more than most men, and perhaps—in spite of his freedom from sordid responsibilities and his lack of ambition—he had achieved more also; for even in these jingling days a man may 'do things' without earning or desiring to earn a penny. Some of us would seem to believe that the Recording Angel's Book is ruled with cash columns.

In the dwindling twilight he rose and went forward. The *Vesta* was half-decked; the little, dim cabin was an inviting shelter. Arcus secured such articles of food and raiment as he was likely to require during the night, closed the watertight door, and made things generally as snug as possible. The *Vesta* had been constructed with an eye to safety; with her hull intact she was unsinkable though her navigator should sit to the breast in brine. Arcus picked his way back to the stern with his bundle and also the lamp, which, after some trouble, he managed to light. He contrived to secure the lamp within easy reach, ready for signalling with at a moment's notice; placed the food in the locker; donned a muffler, sou'-wester, and high boots; and settled himself to await what the night might bring forth.

The seas continued to increase; the rain thickened and drove across the *Vesta* in roaring blatters, with brief, sullen drenchings between. Of the moon there came no sign, though her presence behind the clouds saved the night from utter darkness.

The eyes of the voyager searched diligently for a light. 'Looks as if the post-card will include a humble apology,' he said to himself at the end of an hour, during which his thoughts had been with the few people he loved and the many he liked, his hotel acquaintance, curiously enough, having cropped up among the latter. In the next world it will be rather interesting to compare the numbers of familiar faces that pass us stolidly with those of the strange ones that lighten with casual kindnesses may be remembered when our handsomest hospitalities are forgotten.

Arcus made sundry ineffectual attempts to light a cigarette. For a man on the brink of destruction his annoyance over so paltry a disappointment was doubtless quite inexcusable. Other and less carnal matters than tobacco ought to have occupied his attention. Still, humanity

does not grudge the murderer a boiled egg with his last breakfast, and would probably not despise him the more if he ate it. Arcus had his share of sins to think on had he been so inclined; but as he dropped the pulp of tobacco and paper, and began to munch a biscuit, salted ere it reached his teeth, his thoughts reverted to his friends. They dwelt longest on Anstruther. Though not his oldest, Anstruther was his closest friend. They had come together in the most commonplace fashion—through business—and by degrees the formal acquaintanceship had given place to mutual regard, which in turn developed into honest, unselfish affection. Dear as he held his own life, Arcus had yet the heart to consider now the temporal affairs of his friend. He knew that Anstruther was not a wealthy man, and of a sudden words of the latter's telegram came back to him: 'Matters serious. Much worried.' By any chance had Anstruther referred to his own business? Arcus cursed himself for not having replied differently. He ought to have wired Anstruther to make use, if necessary, of the securities sent him from the bank. He had proved a poor sort of friend. Well, he must wire Anstruther the moment he reached land—a bitter gust of brine slapped into his face as he peered in the direction where he supposed land to be—if ever he did reach it. Fool that he was, he had never made a will! His money would go to cousins who did not need it. But it was early yet to think of that.

Of women his thoughts were few, kindly, a trifle humorous. His smile was without cynicism. There had been sentimental passages in his youth—passages leading to nowhere, as Anstruther had once called them. Arcus had looked Life and Death straight in the face; but the third of the three great powers, Love, he had passed with a glance. Nevertheless, there had been a girl in Sydney whom he might have—

A violent lurch of the boat threw him off his balance. Recovering himself, he held his watch to the lamp. Ten minutes past nine—more than two hours since the *Vesta* had become a sport to the elements. He wondered how far he had been carried. Then an idea occurred to him. The principle of the sea-anchor was unknown to him; but might not the *Vesta's* progress be checked by swamping the dingy and so making the small boat a drag on the large? Gripping the painter with numbed hands, he drew in the dingy. She was already half-full; a mixture of rain and sea washed about her thwarts. He transferred her oars to the *Vesta*. There was more difficulty in tilting the dingy than he had anticipated; but at the cost of a bruised hand he at last achieved the task, and let her go, all but submerged. He was congratulating himself on the success of his expedient—undoubtedly it worked, though how far effectively he could not tell—when the painter parted. The dingy was gone ere he got out the boat-hook.

Somehow the mishap disheartened him. Presently, however, he set to work to rig a sort of mast and sail out of boat-hook, oar, and clothes from his bunk. The effort restored his circulation somewhat, and quickened hope. During a lull he returned to his seat in the stern and took the helm. But the pressure of the reviving gale was too much, and his crazy erection collapsed overboard.

For a space he sat as if stunned. Then he caught up the lamp, and, rising, waved it at his arm's height. There was something of franticness in the action—which, however, was brief. 'You're making a fool of yourself!' he said aloud. 'Sit down and have patience.' Whereupon he methodically replaced the lamp in security, and, huddling in the bottom of the boat, sodden and sore, set himself to wait and watch to keep despair at bay.

The hours dragged past. About midnight the rain became torrential. He was soon sitting in water, but the position was easier for his exhausted body than the narrow seat above. Those three long days of navigation and nights of insufficient sleep were having their effect. In the face of death he was actually drowsy. His eyes ached with peering into the darkness; their lids sagged in spite of his determination to watch. He ate some biscuits and chocolate, and partook of his flask for the first time. For a little while the spirit supplied alertness. He fancied the wind was falling. The motion of the boat was more of a swing than a joggle. But the sea was bigger. He wondered once more how many miles he had been blown from the Hebrides. He took another sip of whisky.

He held out till two in the morning, and then his self-command relaxed, and he drowsed.

He awoke in a flood of light. Thin tatters of cloud were racing across the full face of the moon, now almost directly overhead. The rain had ceased. But the sea had further risen, and there were crashes amid the hissing of the breakers. Rubbing slumber and salt from his eyes, Arcus stared about him. And he cried aloud.

The *Vesta* was close to land, so close that Arcus drew himself to his knees and, as the boat was tossed high, wrenched at the tiller.

Out of the radiant sea, fringed with foam, embraced by the bursting swell, and be showered

with soaring spray, rose ragged masses of rock like ebony touched with silver, and from the noisy surge sprang streaming reefs and pinnacles, fangs watching for their prey.

When the *Vesta* dipped into the next trough there was a jar and a shudder under the man's knees. He seized the dingy's remaining oar and staggered forward. There might be a clear passage somewhere. A high-crested billow, hissing, caught the *Vesta*, heaved her over, half-swamping her, then up and swooped with her shoreward, then lost its grip, as it seemed, and let her slip back over its shoulder. Arcus had a bare glimpse of something black amid the turmoil, and within the instant the *Vesta* crashed down on a knife-like ridge, breaking her back. The water swirled about Arcus's knees, his waist, his chest. Somehow he managed to get rid of his high boots. He was an indifferent swimmer. He was tearing at the buttons of his oilskins, when another huge roller arrived. It caught up its victim, rending the wound, and tossed her to the next row of grinning black fangs. Arcus, clutching the oar, was pitched overboard. He struck rock, grabbed at weeds that failed him, struck again—this time with his head—was sucked backwards and downwards, half-stunned and suffocating, yet clinging to the oar. And then a wave took him and slung him at the shore.

He came to himself, his hands clawing at pebbles, his feet kicking feebly at the receding foam. The clouds were thickening again, and the moon was hidden. At the third attempt he arose, omitting to thank Providence that he was only bruised instead of broken. The omission may have been due to mere carelessness, or to the fact that the moment he was upright he perceived a light. It seemed to burn at the end of a tunnel through the wall of rock above him. Stumbling painfully up the steep beach, blown through the tunnel by the gale, and along a stony path, he came at last to the source of the light—a window. Wiping his bleared eyes, he peeped between partially drawn curtains.

Within, under the glow of an electric lamp, a woman sat writing. Arcus, feeling faint, raised his hand to tap, hesitated, and sought for the door of the house. It was not far away; still, he had difficulty in dragging his limbs thither. With nerveless fists he beat upon it and collapsed.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

THE LAST NATIVE KINGDOM OF THE PACIFIC.

By J. O. BYRNE.

TONGANS are proud to be spoken of as the Anglo-Saxons of the South Pacific. Eighty years ago they were heathens, barbarians, and savages; to-day they are among the most polite

people of the world, the kindest in disposition, and the most anxious to stand high in the estimation of civilised peoples. They have not become flaccid or supine. In a just cause the

courage and daring of the old time blaze out, and the community talks rebellion or war; but the rulers recognise that such war as they could wage is out of date in present circumstances. It is not Fijians or Samoans or other indigenous tribes they now regard as crossing their path, but the great Powers of Europe, with an occasional threat from the Republic of the Stars and Stripes. A few years ago Germany was said to have made up its mind to annex Tonga, proposing to give Britain territory in the Solomon Islands in exchange. There are people who believe such an exchange still possible. In Australia, however, any such exchange would be regarded as a calamity. The surrender of Samoa for some territory in the Solomon group was bad enough; but Tonga has been so long and intimately associated with Australia that the bartering of it away for territory elsewhere would be hard to justify. The Tonga Islands have been Anglicised on an Australian model. The trade they carry on with Sydney and New Zealand is considerable and growing. Tasman discovered the islands, but Captain Cook, on his second and third voyages, took possession of them under the name of the Friendly Islands; and, following fast on the settlement of Australia, they came under the influence of British civilisation. All the natives profess Christianity. The Government is a limited monarchy under British protection. The king, the only recognised native king in the Pacific, is assisted by an Executive and a Legislative Assembly of thirty-one hereditary chiefs and thirty-one representatives of the people, elected every three years. The population is estimated at between twenty and twenty-five thousand, of whom nearly three hundred are Europeans. There are over one hundred islands in the group, but only about thirty maintain an appreciable population.

King George Tubou the Second, the present ruler, succeeded to the throne of Tonga at nineteen years of age. He joined in his own person two royal lines, his father being the son of the late king's daughter, and his mother the daughter of the late king's son.

Old King George was unlike his grandson in many respects. He was aggressive as a youth, and continued so all through his long life. In the closing years senile decay clouded his faculties; but till he died at the age of ninety-four he often broke through the disabilities of years and assumed the manner his people admired. He originally won the throne of Tonga by his genius for arms and a barbaric sort of state intrigue, managing thereby to deport the rightful heir to a chieftainship over a section of his race in Fiji. But, though personally unscrupulous, he perceived what made for the progress of his people, and worked hard to realise ideals. The Tongan kings ruled both temporally and spiritually, and when King George embraced Christianity his people also embraced it. A previous king had

seized a band of Christian missionaries who landed on the isles, and killed all of them; but King George frankly admitted, after careful comparisons, that the white man's faith was superior to that of his race, and promptly announced that he would devote himself to its propagation. He became a preacher at forty years of age. In 1876 he entered into a treaty with Germany, in 1879 with Britain, and in 1888 with the United States. By these treaties the independence of Tonga was assured, and the arrangement lasted till the British protectorate was established.

When the present king ascended the throne there were many doubts as to his capacity to maintain Tonga as an independent kingdom. His predecessors had a moroseness and savagery of disposition which at critical periods were regarded by their subjects as evidences of power; George Tubou the Second is amiable above everything. Although his grandfather gave a constitution to his people, he did not let the personal element disappear. They recognised that he was still king, and that he counted for a great deal. On some occasions it was he who limited the constitution instead of the constitution limiting him. The grandson began his reign by a docility that was taken for timidity. Local rivals consequently beset him, and demanded concessions. Traders poured in claims, many of them impossible to entertain, and on being staved off threatened to hoist foreign flags on the islands. A fear of foreign gunboats haunted the people. The king may have relied on the merits of his case, but his manner under menace was not the manner that made his ancestors famous. His subjects desired the old royal cry of defiance. They were a warrior people in all their traditions, and ready to meet threats half-way. Finoo, King of Haapai, the present king's birthplace, once exclaimed, 'Oh that the gods would make me King of England! There is not an island in the whole world that I would not then subject to my power. I would come down with the front of battle and the thunder of cannon. None but men of enterprising spirit should be in possession of guns. Let such rule the earth, and those be their vassals who can bear to submit to insulting threats!' Threat is the true Tongan sentiment. It is that sentiment which made the people the most active, daring, and ambitious of Pacific races. The change to King George Tubou the Second suggested to them, therefore, an inexplicable contrast; and his attitude in applying to a court of law to get back his expatriated Premier, and petitioning the late King Edward and Mr Lyttelton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to exercise their good offices on his behalf, complete a picture of humble suing the old barbaric spirit failed to appreciate.

The political outlook of Tonga is full of interest to Australians. Vavau is one of the finest islands in the Pacific, and much in the same latitude as Sydney. The group has large strategic possibili-

ties, and possesses at least one magnificent harbour—Vavau. The tripartite control served its day, and the days of the protectorate are near a close; the time for annexation seems almost at hand. Australia has an interest besides the political one in the fortunes of the little kingdom. Social intercourse between the two has often been close. A couple of the royal princes went to school near Sydney. One of the last trips taken to the islands by Sir George Debbs when Premier of New South Wales included an exchange of views with King George the Second. Lady Jersey leaves on record an account of her visit to the king's grandfather while Lord Jersey was Governor of New South Wales. The old king, to her surprise, came to meet her dressed in a full London-made tailor suit. Lady Jersey was literary and in search of 'copy,' and this zeal for current fashion did not nearly so much gratify her as if he had received her more in native fashion. But the old king was punctilious in matters social when representative Britons called upon him. He was—and his grandson resembles him in that—profuse in inquiries about Sydney and all that concerns it. And the royal house has shown a systematic desire to trade with Sydney. The old king had a yacht built there at a cost of over three thousand pounds. She was a sort of brigantine, and, although not exactly what

he wanted, gave him no end of enjoyment. The present king ordered the five cannon which celebrated his marriage from the Atlas Engineering Works, Woolwich, near Sydney. Of course, the pieces of ordnance did not cease duty on completing this service; to-day they salute the warships of all friendly nations.

Although about two thousand miles apart, Sydney and Tonga touch at so many points of trade and sentiment that the future of the group of islands excites as deep interest as if they lay in Australian waters. A year ago it was semi-officially stated that the British Government was negotiating to pass the islands over to New Zealand. At that time the Tongan people, if they were to lose their independence, favoured association with Australia, and still do so. Australia, however, has tropical regions, and the products of coloured labour might be met with a hostile tariff. It is probable a friendly arrangement could be reached; but while the matter was in suspense Tonga settled down to a union with Fiji under the High Commissioner of the Pacific. This is not wholly agreeable to the Tongan people; but, looking at all their surroundings, they are temporarily content, and for a little longer the only native kingdom of the Pacific maintains a measure of independence under the protection of Great Britain.

THE DIAMOND SMUGGLER.

CHAPTER II.

THURSDAY afternoon found the *Micah* safely docked, and Lawrie extremely anxious to get ashore with his own handbag and nothing else.

But it was not to be. His generosity to the cabin-steward was perhaps a mistake. Before he could get clear of the ship the man came up to him with that miserable portmanteau of Kramm's, the handles over the broken lock knotted with string just as they were after his raid upon it.

'I suppose you were coming back, sir; but you'd better let the Custom officers examine it at once. Then you can deposit it, if you like,' he explained.

Lawrie swallowed the pill. It was most disagreeable to open out Kramm's goods to his fellow-travellers and the Argus-eyed officials; but he went through with it. His particular inspector seemed struck at once by the meagre exhibition, and glanced at him incredulously. Then he discovered and unwrapped the cheeses, and said, 'Hello!'

'You may keep them,' said Lawrie in a low voice, 'whether they're contraband or not. I'll be glad to be rid of them.'

The man's second glance gave him a quite correct estimate of Lawrie's humiliation in this

public exposure of his properties. He snorted dryly, tumbled the cheeses back into the portmanteau, and said something unnecessary about hot weather and farmhouse truck. The remainder of Lawrie's examination was brief and unfruitful for the great nation's revenue, and at the end of it he went forth restively into the city.

For a hot hour he meandered about the streets of New York, seeking a suitably modest hotel for luggage like Kramm's. A boy carried the portmanteau, and it was praise for his honesty that he opposed two determined attempts on Lawrie's part to lose him.

Thus they came to the Brooklyn Bridge; and, remembering the communication about the two cheeses, Lawrie remembered also the envelope still in his pocket. 'Just a moment,' he said, and referred to it.

For a daring other moment or two he actually thought of delivering the portmanteau at its proper destination in Lexington Street, and indeed nothing could have been simpler than to instruct the boy to that effect. But instead of this he decided only to look at the street, and thither they went across the bridge. And the upshot was that after a passing survey of the unpretentious two-storied No. 24 of the address,

he rang at No. 29 in the street, and obtained a bedroom there. The placard, 'Hinkson's Private Hotel,' above its door was not to be resisted after so melting a ramble.

'Certainly! Come right in!' said the untidy woman whom he asked if he could be accommodated. 'I'm Mrs Hinkson myself.'

Lawrie's 'That's a blessing!' was for himself alone. 'You're a gentleman!' said the boy in return for a dollar; and Lawrie followed Mrs Hinkson into a back-parlour with a sudden bitter mock of the boy's ignorance in such a matter when he had flung Kramm's portmanteau to the floor on the shadowy side of the hat-stand.

'Our boarding rates are eight dollars,' Mrs Hinkson started; 'but I'm sorry we have only a small bedroom vacant.'

'It'll do. I don't care how small it is. I'll go up to it, please,' said Lawrie.

But Mrs Hinkson was not a person of such hasty ways. She wished to know a little about her new guest, and perhaps she saw the dew on his brow when he nearly gave his name as Kramm. 'Ellis' also he shied at; and his ultimate mention of himself as 'John Simpson, madam,' was not a smooth achievement. His hand was in his left trousers-pocket, feeling at the undestroyed cloak-room ticket of Rutlington Junction. This flashed its inspiration at him.

To Mrs Hinkson, of course, one name was as good as another; but she asked for a week's payment in advance.

'Just as you like,' said Lawrie, and it was paid.

'Is that all your luggage, Mr Simpson?' inquired Mrs Hinkson in amiable jest, as she turned on the staircase and caught him snatching up Kramm's incubus.

'All I shall require here. I ex'— A ghastly misadventure cut his words. The portmanteau gaped, and from the dropping half rolled those two purple cheeses several yards towards the front-door ere he could overtake them.

The accident and his look of shame and anger afterwards amused Mrs Hinkson intensely.

'A couple of silly presents I—had to bring across the Atlantic with me,' he stammered. 'Couldn't get out of them.'

'What! from England? I reckoned you might be. But, sakes alive! what things to have—cheeses!'

They laughed together, but differently, until Lawrie showed impatience, and the climb was resumed.

In a few minutes he came downstairs, and 'calculated' he might not be in till bedtime, this his first day in America. He wanted to look around well. What he really wanted was to rave at large about life's mistakes and tragedies. There was a cupboard in his bedroom; Kramm's abominations were locked therein, and the key

was in his pocket. This was the only present mercy upon which his consciousness could fasten.

'Well, Mr Simpson, if that suits you, it will suit me,' said Mrs Hinkson, more than complacently.

Of Lawrie's experiences during this long day nothing sufficing may be said. They were mainly mental. He ate twice at restaurants, but his mind needed no stoking. It blazed all the hours on endless fuel, and especially upon the urgings of his reason that he ought to return to England without a boat's delay and administer his poor aunt's estate. The *Micah's* owners might already have investigated her luggage and cabled the sad news to him in Durnham. She had often told him to be prepared for such an advice from anywhere, at any time; it was the kind of energetic death she desired. Of course he ought to return. A cable to Trevor, startling yet matter of fact, and there would be no exposure of his breach of trust. Aunt Gracie had left fully ten thousand pounds, and he was her sole legatee.

He sat for a long time in the Central Park, struggling with this natural and legitimate inclination. It was so manifestly the thing to do; and yet when, about eleven o'clock, he was back in Lexington Street he had resolved not to do it. Aunt Gracie's ghost would, he knew, freely forgive him his precipitancy in thus seeking to save his reputation; but he didn't feel like it. Now that she was gone, his attachment to the old Durnham life was very faint. What he had done he had done, and the consequences he had apportioned to himself might follow. He had about ninety pounds in his pocket, and he liked better to think of beginning anew in a new land with this, and any name except Beedham or Kramm, than of sailing for England and the lies and hypocrisies which would have to be his portion in Durnham. With this intention firm in him, he rang the Hinkson bell and went to bed. The young man with thick, dull-red hair parted in the middle who let him in was given just time and no more to say jocosely, 'I'm Chris Hinkson, my mother's son, Mr Simpson!' and to ask if he was sure he wouldn't snap at something before turning in.

'Pleased to know you, Mr Chris Hinkson, and I've had my supper, thanks. Good-night,' said Lawrie, stepping for the stairs.

A frown at the cupboard which concealed the portmanteau soon spent itself, and presently he was sound asleep between the novelty of his bed's mosquito curtains.

The Hinkson breakfast-table in the morning was not more engaging in its invitations to appetite than the pleasant face Lawrie brought down to it. A good sleep had bucked him up, and he flattered himself that he was now like

the wise man who begins each new day as if there were no yesterdays, and to-morrows only possibly.

He made himself very acceptable to the breakfast-party of five—Mrs Hinkson in a bold, cool blouse; a Swede bound for Minnesota, but delayed in New York by its liquor bars; a rustic Mr and Mrs Bethel from Tennessee, in the capital for a week's excitement; and a white-haired, retired minister named Williams, the one permanent boarder of the house.

His appetite was as live as his spirits, and he made good play with the hominy and syrup, fish, cutlets, hot cakes, and coffee, until, after some free staring about the table, the Swede said that he would like some cheese.

'Why, how stupid of me!' exclaimed Mrs Hinkson. 'Of course you would. I forgot, Mr Ulrik. Such different habits people of different countries do have! But I must send out for it, unless'—she dimpled middle-agedly at Lawrie—'unless, you know, Mr Simpson.'

She laughed from the waist upwards—shook with it; and Lawrie's clouded countenance did but increase her merriment.

'A joke o' some size, ain't it?' inquired the Tennessee man, with moderate eagerness to be on to it; but before the question could be answered, in came the red-haired young Hinkson with a brisk 'Morning, all!' and an 'Ah! Mr Simpson, sir, you're the very feller I wanted to see.—I've been at No. 24, mother,' he added.

'What do you want to see me about—particularly?' asked Lawrie, heedless for the moment of his association with that No. 24.

'Did you cross in the *Micah*, sir?' continued Chris Hinkson.

'I did,' said Lawrie, uneasy again.

'Thought you might have. Well, a friend of ours was on her, and hasn't yet reached his home—a gentleman named Kramm. His sister's terrible afraid the crooks have got hold of him between then and now. She couldn't meet him, but she's seen the shipping fellers, and they say he landed right enough. Get to know him on board, Mr Simpson? He'd be second-class.'

This was rather hideous, but Lawrie bore it without a visible flinch. 'I do seem to remember the name,' he murmured.

'Poor Anna!' said Mrs Hinkson. 'She'll be feeling all to pieces, then, Chris?'

'Yes, little pieces,' said Chris.—'You didn't chum up with him, I suppose, Mr Simpson? Yeller-haired, short, fattish, about thirty, and smoked a pipe with a bowl as big as a duck's egg. Not a lot to say for himself; but that pipe of his—you'd notice that. A china bowl with painted figgers and trees on it!'

'No,' said Lawrie; 'I saw no one with such a pipe.'

'That's queer! But he was there right enough, and so something's happened to him.'

'Sakes, I trust not!' said Mrs Hinkson, as grave and concerned as her son.

'But why?' stammered Lawrie. 'Was he worth robbing?'

He marked the exchange of glances between his landlady and her son, and even a certain slight pursing of Mrs Hinkson's lips; but they told him nothing.

'I'm not saying he was,' said Chris. 'When they're in the mood, our Bowery toughs don't feel a feller's pockets before they down him. Wall, we'll hope better—that's so. Anythin' left for me, ladies and gentlemen?' He sat down sanguinely.

Lawrie finished his coffee and rose. 'I seem to be through,' he said; 'please excuse me.' He bowed and departed and was upstairs before Mrs Hinkson recalled her larder's shortcoming and his ability to make it good. But she was a lady with a glib tongue, and her other guests were soon being amused by the tale of those rolling cheeses in her hall.

'Do you think, Chris,' she said afterwards, 'you'd mind going and asking the Englishman if he'd sell us one of them, or half one? He was touchy about them yesterday, but he seems good-humoured to-day, and I'm sure he doesn't want them.'

'Very strange objects for a young gentleman like Simpson to bring with him!' remarked the old minister, his reverend eyes twinkling.

'I'll hear what he says, mother,' said Chris, jumping up. 'But perhaps he's a drummer in 'em, and they're his samples.'

'Take a knife with you in case,' laughed his mother, and Chris took a knife from the table.

He knocked at Lawrie's door and entered without further 'By your leave.' Lawrie was sitting on the bed. He had been busy with meditations about Kramm and this poor sister of his, whose anxiety about her brother was a sudden new weight upon his mind. He could dispel that anxiety, or at least change its character, and he wished to do so. But how was he to do it without confessions which he was exceedingly reluctant to make? Young Hinkson appeared opportunely.

'Ah, it's you!' said Lawrie. 'I've been thinking about your friend Mr Kramm. But what's *that* for?' he cried, starting from the bed and eying the knife.

'Not your blood, Mr Simpson. Don't be scared,' said young Hinkson, depositing the knife upon the dresser. 'Ulrik may wait and stuff himself with crackers. What about Mr Kramm, sir?'

'It's not so much himself as his sister. Is she the kind who worries badly? Some women do, you know. I'm sorry for her, but I've an idea that he's safe somewhere.'

'Oh, have you?' said young Hinkson. 'But'—he paused and contemplated Lawrie rather subtly—'there's reasons why she *should*

worry—strong reasons, Mr Simpson. I wonder if I'll like to tell you.'

'Yes, tell me,' said Lawrie.

Chris Hinkson shook his head and sat down. 'I don't think I ought, but I will. You're a kind-hearted chap, Mr Simpson, any one can see, and I reckon you won't give him away, will you!'

'Give him away!' Lawrie echoed. 'No; I promise I'll not do that.'

'Well, then, it's like this, Mr Simpson. He'll have about him the value of maybe twenty or thirty thousand dollars in diamonds. That's his line—diamonds. He's run by one of the big shops on this side, and—smuggles them in. There's a killing duty on diamonds in this country, and that's why it is. I've never asked how he does it, but I know that about it from Anna. If the toughs have got him it's because— See!'

'Well, of all things!' gasped Lawrie, surprised out of his discretion. 'He a diamond smuggler!' He turned to the window and remembered with perfect accuracy the visible contents of Kramm's portmanteau. 'A pretty dangerous game, isn't it!' he added.

'Yes; but with fat commissions, sir,' said young Hinkson. 'Anna's a dear little girl, and thinks a heap of me, and that's why I'm worryin' about Henrik too, d'you see?'

'Ah!' said Lawrie. 'She loves you, do you mean?'

'Just about. Yes. She's my Little Dutch, Mr Simpson, sure enough.' He rubbed his hands, and an expression of solemn-minded bliss stole upon him and continued there while Lawrie looked at him and remembered that simple letter from Cousin Jan and its extra-cousinly tenderness. A call from below reminded young Hinkson of the Swede and his needs.

'By the way, Mr Simpson,' he exclaimed, 'we're out of cheese, and my mother says you've got some.'

Lawrie coloured as if to a blow.

'Confound her cheek!' he panted, transported by a temper.

'Eh!' said young Hinkson; and his mouth stayed open.

'Sorry! That was a slip!' Lawrie broke into reckless laughter. 'She might have had the decency to forget about them; that's what I mean. So that's what this knife's for! Ha! ha! I must say it's funny. You folks over here don't mind asking for what you want, do you? Well, all right. Leave the knife and I'll cut you a chunk and bring it down.' His gestures were as wild as his words, and his sudden seizure of the knife at the end made Chris Hinkson retreat to the door.

'Say, Mr Simpson, what are you so raw about?' young Hinkson whispered.

But Lawrie's reckless fit was over. I don't know,' he answered, with a sardonic smile.

'It's a fact, I do not know. I get turns like that now and then. You shall have the stuff directly, though. It's the least I can do, to make amends.'

'Oh, don't trouble, Mr Simpson,' said young Hinkson, withdrawing delicately.

But Lawrie did trouble to that extent and more. The other and chief trouble was the perception in his legal mind that it might be a very serious matter indeed for him, in these enlightening circumstances of Kramm's mode of life, if his personation of that individual on the *Micah* and appropriation of his portmanteau were brought home to him. Fortune was playing him some pretty tricks this current year. Aunt Gracie's death was a sad one; but these others, from the Stock Exchange mishaps to this compound one of Kramm, were certainly neat specimens of the jade's powers as a double-dealer.

This swept him to the plain conclusion that he could stay no longer in the Hinkson establishment. 'But they shall have their blessed cheese first,' he said, with another laugh that had no right ring to it; 'whether Kramm's alive or dead they shall have it.' He would cut off a chunk of cheese, and, locking up the rest, would leave Lexington Street for ever. Perhaps go West in an hour or two. Perhaps anything!

He brought out the portmanteau, and taking out one of the purple scalps, clove it viciously. A second gash, and the yellow wedge came away in his hands. He fancied the knife grated against something in this second effort, and looked to see. And verily and indeed it was so. A gleaming crystal point protruded from the surface of the detached portion of cheese. A lustrous little facet showed elsewhere. On the other side of the wedge were three similar indications of exotic substance; and in about five minutes, without digging deep, he excavated with the knife no fewer than nine charming pea-sized diamonds from this mere sample.

He sat down with the diamonds in his palm and thought.

What craft on poor Kramm's part! Unlawful, but so clever! The whole method of it was bared to his imagination. Kramm had bought the diamonds in Amsterdam, taken them to the confederate farmhouse 'Little by Little' in his Dutch fatherland, and that ingenious letter from Cousin Jan to Cousin Anna, so guilefully left open, was to explain the dairy produce to New York's authorities if they chose to be inquisitive about them. Like enough—nay, probably—Kramm would have come ashore, with scant English and much emigrant stupidity on his tongue, carrying that unsuspecting portmanteau, and faced his risks with justifiable confidence.

Such was the pictorial sequence with which Lawrie's fancy indulged him by degrees.

Meanwhile the breakfast-party downstairs broke up. He heard the Tennessee man and

the Swede at gruff talk in the hall, and then the front-door closed twice.

Then some heavy, slow footsteps sounded on the stairs, and there was a tap at the door.

'Yes!' he said.

'It's only me, Mr Simpson,' answered Mrs Hinkson. 'I'm vexed if I've wounded your feelings, as Chris says I have.'

'You haven't,' said Lawrie. 'Don't think it, Mrs Hinkson. I'm going out very soon.'

'It was so inconsiderate of me, Mr Simpson! I see it now,' she said.

'Not at all,' protested Lawrie. 'Not in the very least.'

'Thank you for saying so, Mr Simpson.' This said, she went her way.

But Lawrie knew now what he would do before departing from Lexington Street, and he set to work to do it. In a little while he quietly descended the stairs and left the house with Kramm's portmanteau in one hand and his own little bag in the other, and got outside without interruption.

A few steps and he was at No. 24 in the street; and on his ringing the bell, the door was opened to him by a round-headed, flaxen-haired girl as obviously Dutch as the cheeses. She seemed prettily eager at first, but cried 'Ach!' when she perceived the portmanteau.

'Hush!' said Lawrie. 'I wish to see Miss Kramm.'

'But I myself am Miss Kramm!' she exclaimed. 'You have mine brother's bag.' She seemed in doubt whether to be glad or alarmed. 'Please come inside, sir,' she whispered, as if still uncertain.

Lawrie accompanied her into a parlour that was nearly as Dutch as herself and the cheeses, and began at once with good Samaritan consolation about Kramm. 'Before I tell you about this,' he said, raising the portmanteau, 'do let me assure you that, in my opinion, your brother is quite safe somewhere, and will perhaps come by a later boat.'

'Oh, yes, yes, that is so,' she said, with beaming eyes. 'I have heard. There was a telegram only just now. He is in the hospital in Liverpool. He was run over by a cart, poor boy! and they would not let him speak before because of his brain, which was hurt. But now he is better, and he will be here in a few weeks. It was such a long telegram, it cost something, I think. But how good of you, sir, to—to—bring it! He says it was on the ship.'

A blush, with her hesitation, added to her prettiness.

'Splendid!' said Lawrie. 'I congratulate you, Miss Kramm, with all my heart. It's a great relief to me too; though perhaps I'll not tell you why.'

He wondered if he was right in his guess why she blushed and looked so sweetly plaintive, and believed he was right.

'No,' he said, 'I'll only tell you this and be off. It was by accident that I discovered what was in the—you know—what was in your brother's luggage. There are some loose ones in paper, but none are missing, take my word for that. And now good-bye, Miss Kramm, and your brother's secret is quite safe with me.'

'Oh, but, sir!' she cried, tripping after him into the hall.

'No, Miss Kramm,' he said, as he opened the door, 'I would rather say nothing more. I'm heaps worse than he is—heaps.'

'But what is your name, sir?' she asked pleadingly. 'Won't you tell me?'

'That doesn't matter at all,' said Lawrie, with an encouraging laugh. 'Good wishes for you both!'

He marched straight for the cars and bustle of Ninety-eight Street at the bottom of Lexington Street, with only a slight inclination to turn and see if the pretty blue eyes were watching him. What he had done was well done, and he enjoyed the good cheer of this conviction.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

THE KISS OF PEACE.

THE silver aspen's leaf upcurled

In sweet young winds at play,
Long lines of shadow o'er the sward—

A fervent parting ray
That shines low through the tender green,
And twinkles like to gold;
It is the kiss of peace serene,
The call from field to field.

A clear bell-note chimes far, and dies
In sounds that seem to stay;
Through coolness 'neath the even's skies
The dark rooks wend their way,
The sparrows hop about the grass,
And twitter on the lawn;
What dreams of love and languor pass
The way that day has gone!

Ah yes, the toiler, brown with sun,
And with his toil so tired,
Hears sweetness in the winds that run,
And, by the sights inspired,
A love, a lilt, springs in his heart,
And to his lips a lay,
As, homeward speeding, children start
To meet him on his way.

'Back, dad,' I hear the little voice,
I see the fair young face.
I pray that ever may rejoice
Such love and youthful grace!
My path has been a way of tears;
But surely less they seem
While rest, and hope for others' fears,
Arise in evening's beam!

The sun has sunk. The soft, sweet breath
Of night brings from the wood
The smell of all sweet things in death,
All greening life renewed;
And then the stars come out, and light
With specks the wood, the way.
Oh blessed day! oh blissful night!
The Kiss of Peace away!

W. J. GALLAGHER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE OLD PAROCHIAL

By the Rev. D. C. STEWART, M.A.

IN the newspapers the other day I read of the death of an old parochial schoolmaster, amongst the last of his race. The announcement set me thinking of another, my old parochial, who for nine-and-twenty years was lord and master in the village school. 'Lord and master' was the expression he used, for he would say to some would-be rebellious pupil, 'While I hold the reins of government I will be lord and master in this institution'—which was but an example of his grand manner. For the old parochial could not brook to say anything in common style. He addressed us as 'ladies and gentlemen'; though there were occasions when we were dolts, dolberts, boobies, dunderheads, or likened to the wild *gauchos* of South America or the uncivilised denizens of the northern prairies. But even these uncomplimentary terms and comparisons were rolled out in the grand manner. It was not the grand manner of pretentious pomposity; it was the grand manner of one who, modest by nature and refined intercourse and wealth of learning, magnified his office.

At sixteen he had left the parish school to take a foremost place at the university of the west. Afterwards he had made his way to King's College, London, where in the absence of the professor he would conduct the class of Latin. From London he went to St Andrews with a view to the Church; but he was heterodox as to certain parts of the Confession, and his conscience was tender, though he would have been orthodox now. So he gave up the Church as a profession, tutored for a time in a well-known family, and through the influence of his patron was settled in a small school on the banks of the Clyde. Thence the marquis got him preferment to the last scene of his labours, a highly accomplished scholar who, when you suggested he was worthy of a far wider sphere, would modestly reply, 'I never thought I was equal to the occasion.'

But that was the man. Almost the last time I saw him—he was then eighty-three, but still in full vigour of intellect—I found him reading his *Thucydides*. As he reverently closed the book he said, 'I have been an ardent Grecian for some seventy years, and I am only now beginning to enter into the spirit of the Greek language. But, alas! the night is at hand; the sun is going

down. Mayhap, however, I shall be permitted to resume in the Elysian Fields.'

He knew the classics. Not a day but he read one or another of the 'great immortals,' as he would call them. He was a keen mathematician. Frequently you found him with a big slate on his knee, busy with a problem set in the examinations at Cambridge. It was at a time of holiday, when he was wrestling with an impossible deduction, that the maid next door said, 'The auld maister 'll sune be in the asylum. He's been sittin' in the garden for fower weeks tryin' to draw a three-barred yett.' Ancient history and Greek philosophy were things familiar to him. He could have acted as your guide through Greece or the Roman Empire; but one thing he knew little about, and that was modern geography.

When he left the little village by the Clyde, on his way to meet the heritors and representatives of the Presbytery prior to his last appointment, he carried with him a book entitled *Elements of Modern Geography*. But the wind was contrary, and the elements of the Clyde too much for him. 'What do you know of geography?' said the marquis in the course of examination. The dire moment had arrived. In one way only could it be faced. 'The word geography, my lord, is derived from two Greek words, *ge* the earth, and *grapho*, I write. It is a description of what is to be found on the surface of the earth, and in the bowels thereof. Geography and history, my lord, are twin sisters. To understand the one aright you must understand the other. To understand, for example, the history of Rome you must have a clear conception of the natural position of the ancient city; for it was that position which rendered ultimately possible the world-wide sway of the Imperium Romanum. From your classical knowledge your lordship knows that such is the case.' And the marquis said, 'That will do.'

He had a keen, untiring sense of duty. Four o'clock in the afternoon was the nominal hour for setting the seniors free. A gentle tap on the door which led from the dwelling-house into the schoolroom was a delicate hint from his considerate lady that the pupils should be suffered to go; but seldom did the old parochial give heed thereunto. A succession of raps, increasing in

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force, not infrequently roused his ire, and he would say to one of his boys, 'Will you kindly go and ask that woman to desist from her noisy and most uncalled-for interruptions?' So on the spur of the moment he would speak of her. But when, three years before himself, she went, he said, 'The light has departed.'

To an indolent pupil he would quote, '*Horæ, et dies, et menses, et anni cedunt; nec præteritum tempus unquam revertitur*' ('Hours, and days, and months, and years go by; nor can past time ever be recalled'). 'It never returns,' he would continue, 'to me at least, hard though I have tried to redeem the golden hours; and far less can it be expected to return to you, so prodigal of precious moments. But, remember this, sir, these golden hours, with their lost opportunities, will stare you in the face at the judgment-bar of eternity.'

He had this keen sense of duty. Moreover, the acquisition of knowledge had presented few difficulties to him. And the two things combined produced his greatest weakness as an instructor of children—namely, a lack of patience and a lack of discrimination as to varying capabilities. So there were often tears when these should not have been, and corporal punishment not infrequently took the place of sweet reason. 'You should try moral suasion,' said an irate parent. 'Moral suasion, sir! Moral suasion with the members of your family! Have you never heard of the law of heredity?'

And yet there was a keen sense of humour which sometimes redeemed the situation. One day he was trying most ineffectively to infuse into the head of a farmer's daughter the distinctions between 'shall' and 'will.' Her stupidity increased with the increased attentions of her mentor. It was the depth of winter, and butter-milk was scarce. 'D'ye think, maister,' she ejaculated in a momentary lull—'d'ye think ye're needin' ony soor milk for bakin', for I could bring ye some the morn?' A smile came, and the stern tone gave place to something gentler. Patting her on the back, he said, 'Thank you very warmly.' Then he added, 'Kindliness of heart, my child, is more than all the rules of syntax.'

She fared better than a boy who under somewhat similar circumstances, and hoping to profit by a like experience, exclaimed, 'Oh maister, wad ye like my uncle Archie to bring ye a wee Bengal tiger frae India?' 'Sir,' was the scathing reply, 'so long as you are here there's no need for a Bengal tiger.'

He said bitter things, but as he once remarked to me, 'I had the unfortunate faculty of being able to say them.' To a lame man with a vile tongue he said, 'Sir, you have got the foot-and-mouth disease.' Of another man, who had given over wheeling his father-in-law in a bath-chair after the father-in-law had been involved in finan-

cial disaster, he exclaimed, 'Depend upon it, in Hades the miserable fellow will be condemned to wheel a perambulator.'

His irony in the schoolroom was magnificent. Fortunately it was too delicate for some to understand, but often we understood and felt it, and many vowed that the day of reckoning would come. But the day of reckoning never came, for the virtues of the man were greater far than his failings, and in the clearer light of after years the virtues shone forth, and a wonderful satisfaction that we had come into close touch with a marked personality obliterated the scars of former days.

'When I left your school,' said a young man who had prospered in the south, 'I vowed I would come back to kill you. I've come back to-night to pour blessings on your head, and I wish you to accept this grateful gift.' And tears came into the old man's eyes. The kind remembrances of former pupils were of the things which passed not away.

Though stern and aloof in school, he was in private life one of the most approachable and kindly of beings. So the parishioners came to consult him on divers matters. He composed most of their speeches. In critical times he would write their letters.

When John Smith had his farm taken over his head he made his way to the old parochial. 'D'ye think, maister, ye could write a bit letter to her leddyship? If you pit a bit letter thegither I'll try to copy't, and me and you thegither'— 'The first personal pronoun singular should never, sir, precede the second. It is deemed egotistical in good English, whatever the usages of other languages, either ancient or modern.' 'Your way be't, maister. Ye'll write the letter an' I'll copy't.' So the old parochial wrote to the effect that it was not the material loss, heavy though that would undoubtedly be; it was the severing of a tie which bound him (John Smith) to a venerable, illustrious, and well-beloved family. Her ladyship replied, in her own hand, that John Smith was to remain undisturbed for life. She added, however, taking a certain liberty with her Biblical quotation: 'The hand is the hand of John Smith, but the voice is the voice of the parish schoolmaster.'

He was fastidious in his choice of words. He was equally careful in his pronunciation. When his good wife died a neighbour called to condole with him 'Man, maister,' he said, 'is this no' lament'able?' The ear of the grief-stricken man rebelled, and the maister said, 'The accent is on the first, not on the antepenultimate, syllable. The word, sir, is lam'ent'able.'

This nice discrimination produced one of his lifelong regrets. He had by him a versior written in his college days for which he had stood second. But one of the sentences was marred by a great unforgiven defect. The first

ablative absolute should have been turned by *quum* and the *subjunctive*. This *quum* and the *subjunctive* were to him one of the great 'might-have-beens.'

He always had, however, a partiality for the ablative absolute. 'Get a clear understanding,' he would say of the ablative absolute 'and you have to a certain extent mastered the Latin language. I say, "to a certain extent," for no modern can master that imperious language. Get a clear understanding,' he would repeat, 'of the ablative absolute, and if you wish to do that read and re-read your *Cæsar*. Some of the upstarts of these days affect to despise *Cæsar*. If ever, sir, you hear any one say that *Cæsar* is easy, attribute his statement to crass ignorance. To understand the exact situation, to give the true rendering, never can, at this time of day, be an easy matter.'

He had a supreme contempt for the more modern aids, the too elaborate notes, the keys, the 'ready-made-easies.' 'Spurn these,' was his advice; 'spurn these as inventions of the Evil One. And ransack your vocabulary. By all means ransack your vocabulary. And, oh, be careful of your quantities!' (Of which punctilious care the old minister knew full well. Did he not one Monday morning call at the school to apologise for having lengthened the 'y' in *Euroclydon*?) To a newly entered pupil, a youth whose quantities were bad, he said, 'I trust Julius Cæsar may not have heard you; for, if so, then should it be your lot in the next world to fall in with him, by Jupiter! you will meet with condign punishment for thus maltreating the Latin tongue.'

For many years he was registrar for the parish. With what minuteness, with what exacting care, he kept the books! He would spend hours over a couple of entries, labouring away in his bold calligraphy. If there was the slightest smudge of ink he would sadly exclaim, 'I have marred the page,' and during that night there would be sleepless hours. The books were his country's care entrusted to him to be records for the years to come, and he trusted that succeeding ages would not speak ill of him. I remember seeing him tackle a ploughman whose signature had transgressed the allotted bounds. Administering a box on the ear, the old parochial exclaimed, 'Sir, have you no regard for the annals of your country?' Then the old parochial, sparely built, five feet five inches in height, took John Thomson, six feet three inches, and built proportionately, by the lapels of his coat and shook him as a terrier would a rat. As the ploughman left, the repentant registrar ventured an apology. 'I was somewhat hasty, John.' 'Man, maister,' never mind. I thoct I was back at the schule. But, by heavens! ye're the only man that wad tak' such liberties wi' Jock Tamson.'

But that was the case with them all. When Will Smith and Sandy Allan—well over forty

years of age both of them—were on a Fair Night engaged in hostile combat in the centre of an admiring, excited ring, the maister, coming up from the reading-room, espied them, and shouted, 'William Smith and Alexander Allan, how dare you? Come here, sirs!' Meekly they obeyed. 'Go home, sirs!' And William Smith and Alexander Allan looked for their bonnets and took their respective ways.

Talking of his duties as the parish registrar reminds me that the census-time was a period of great anxiety. Long before the fateful day the enumerators were schooled as to their duties, and severe were the comments of the parochial upon their subsequent errors, minute or glaring. To an enumerator whose self-confidence was in inverse proportion to his ability, he said, 'In the infernal regions, sir, you will spend eternity meditating upon these errors. I shall add nothing to augment your well-merited punishment.' In after years this was one of the enumerator's most refreshing stories, as he recalled the scene and admired the delicious kindliness of heart which refrained from augmenting eternal punishment.

It was a strenuous place, as may be gathered, that village school presided over by stern duty. There were occasions upon which discipline was relaxed, though these were few. There were times, as I have hinted, when the keen sense of humour would be suffered to assert itself. There were the thunderstorms, too, which were somewhat frequent in the valley. The old parochial's was a sensitive, reverent nature, and the flashing fire and the rolling thunder were manifestations of the awful power of the Almighty. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he would say, 'this is a fitting occasion upon which to use the word "awful." The decadent age in which we live applies the word to insignificant details of ordinary everyday life; but the word should be reverently reserved for speaking of the majestic might of God.' As the lightning flashed more vividly, and more loudly rolled the thunder, he dropped the reins of government, and pandemonium ensued. But when the last echoes died away among the hills he would exclaim in his stentorian voice, 'Ladies and gentlemen, how dare you?' And the scholars scurried to their seats, and silence fell upon the place.

There was, too, the annual occasion when a bunch of flies, dressed by a famous fishing-tackle-maker on the Border, came, a present from a former pupil. Even *Cæsar* was forgotten, or *Virgil*, or *Euclid*. The maister put on his best spectacles. One by one the flies were held up to the light. 'Ah, these *are* flies!' he would say. In anticipation he was on the river; the oblivious minutes passed, and he heard not the uproar. But when the last fly was carefully replaced silence fell again, for once more he shouted, 'Ladies and gentlemen, how dare you?'

It was a heavy task the old parochial had, ofttimes single-handed, and some ninety or a

hundred pupils to be instructed. We knew nothing of many of the multifarious extras of the modern curriculum; but the three R's, with grammar and geography and religious knowledge, were carefully taught, and the apt pupil who wished to do so could prepare himself to take an honoured place at the university. Out from that little school there went not a few who in after years made their mark in the professions or in other walks of life. But it must be remembered that the village then was somewhat isolated, and isolation is the mother of ambition.

When the Education Act of 1872 was passed some one asked the old parochial what he intended to do. He replied, 'I think the best thing to do is to take out all the old parochials, place them in a row, and mercifully shoot them. It is too late for us to come under a new régime. And it would pain our hearts to say good-bye to the scene of our labours, and know that others ruled where we were wont to hold undivided

sway.' Then he added more practically, 'I, at least, shall retire. I would never condescend to have some whipper-snapper come into my school, and on the strength of a couple of hours' investigation pronounce judgment upon the whole work of a year. There are things, moreover, too elusive for the passing visitor, and the true aim of education is the building up of moral and spiritual beings.'

So, with a sad heart, he laid down the 'reins of government.' But there remained the 'great immortals' and his 'three-barred yetts.' And old pupils would come to see him, and there were those of his own around him. Thus the years glided by, and at length he passed to the Elysian Fields. That's long ago. '*Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni!*'

Still, at this lengthening distance, there are not a few who in the inner sanctuary of their being reserve a place for the memory of the Old Parochial.

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER IV.

ARCUS came to himself in a room whose walls and ceiling were of narrow planking enamelled white. The floor was covered with a Turkey rug and a 'surround' of olive-green linoleum. The bed he lay on had been built against the wall, bunk-fashion, and was also enamelled white. The furniture consisted almost entirely of pieces of veritable Sheraton—bureau, writing-table, bookcase, chairs. Only the comfortable-looking couch was of modern make. Under it lay a pair of slippers with 'Louis' heels. A couple of delicate water-colours in narrow gilt frames did more than relieve from monotony two of the walls. Electric bulbs, shaded, depended from the ceiling over bed, bureau, and writing-table. There were two doors, one of which stood wide to a dressing-room. A fireplace was not in evidence. The window, which opened outwards, had curtains harmonising with the blues of the carpets.

At the window a girl was standing, engaged apparently in watching bleak rocks, an angry sea, a drear sky. You would have called her good-looking rather than pretty. Nature had not been slipshod in its moulding of her features; each had a perfection of its own, albeit Nature had omitted the little final touch (or whatever Nature calls it) which, though it may spoil one or more features in themselves, yet leaves the face lovely as a whole. This was a girl who would be a handsome woman long after days of prettiness were ended. Dark-haired, gray-eyed, ruddy of lip, softly browned by sun, wind, and sea, slim and supple of body, she had charms enough now, at the age of four-and-twenty, to please any eye but the dullest. She wore a

white linen blouse, a dark-grayish tweed skirt cut rather shorter than was the fashion, and high laced boots of tan with sturdy soles.

She had been at the window for some ten minutes when the man on the bed stirred. She saw his eyes open, wander about the room, and finally linger on herself. For a moment or two she hesitated, her colour increasing, then stepped toward the bed.

'You are awake?' She spoke in a somewhat formal tone. 'Do you feel better?'

Arcus stared. 'I beg your pardon,' he said at last; then, half-remembering, 'Where am I, please? Have I been ill?'

'Not ill'—her voice came more easily—'but very tired and bruised. Does your head ache?'

'A bit heavy and queer, but'—He halted. 'I don't understand.'

'Don't trouble about understanding just now. You must be hungry. I am going to get you some tea. Hubert should attend to you, but this is one of his busy hours. Please keep still. I shall not be long.'

As the door closed upon her Arcus raised his head in order to gain a better view of his surroundings; but he was glad to lay it on the pillow again. The accident, the wreck, the escape, came back to him.

'Civilisation, anyway,' he muttered, noticing the quality of the bed-linen, the texture of the pyjamas he wore. 'Gad, I'm thirsty!'

His nurse did not keep him waiting.

'I think you ought to take this powder first,' she said, leaving the tray on the table, and approaching him with spoon and glass. 'I'm sure your head hurts. Stay; don't lift it till

I get cushions.' She fetched them from the couch, and slipped them under his head with a certain gentle awkwardness and haste.

Arcus may not have noticed the awkwardness, but he regretted the haste. His mind was clearing rapidly. He swallowed the bitter dose and thanked her.

Responding to her inquiry, he took sugar but not milk with tea.

'I'm rather glad of that,' she said, 'because we have only condensed milk on the island.' She brought him the cup, also thinly cut home-made bread and butter.

'The island?'

She smiled slightly. 'Don't you even know that you are on Laskaer, or rather on one of the Laskaers? There are three; but we call this one, the largest, Laskaer, and the next one the Other Island. The third is merely a rock. My uncle is on the Other Island at present. He was storm-stayed yesterday evening. The storm came very suddenly, did it not? Am I talking too much? Does your head?'

'There's not much the matter with it. Please don't stop. I am eager to get my bearings. The last thing I remember was looking in at a window. Some one was writing—you?'

She nodded, flushing a little. 'I could not sleep last night. I was anxious about my uncle; though it is not the first time he has been caught on the Other Island, and he has a comfortable hut there for emergencies.'

'I must have alarmed you when I knocked. I suppose I did knock?'

'I was startled, but not alarmed then. I thought my uncle had risked the passage, and I was angry with him. But when I opened the door I was alarmed of course. I thought you were—dead. Then Hubert came and assured me you would soon be all right. He got you to bed, and you have done nothing but sleep—and grown a little.'

'When was that?'

'About four in the morning. It is now a little after five in the evening. You have had a good sleep. I should tell you that Hubert saved some of your things—a bag and a dressing-case—from the wreck. They are in the dressing-room next door. Most of your clothes are dry now.'

'You are too good,' said Arcus. 'I must apologise'—

'Please don't. I am really very glad to see you,' she returned simply. 'You are our first visitor, or, rather, guest, and we have been here for nearly three years. There is no one else on the islands.'

'Fortunate for me that you were here! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Stephen Arcus. When I am in this country, which is not often, I live at the Caradoc Club in London. I have no very near relations, and no fixed place of abode. I have a few friends who

would, I believe, guarantee my respectability. The breaking down of my motor on the way to West Loch Tarbert and the storm account for my presence here.'

'Thank you, Mr Arcus. My name is Florence Helmsdale. My uncle is Dr Victor Helmsdale. He is my nearest relation, and has taken care of me for a good many years. Let me give you more tea?'

'A thousand thanks! It is making me feel as fit as a fiddle.' He watched her as she crossed to the table. 'Dr Helmsdale is a man of science, is he not?' he ventured.

'You have heard of him?'

'Curiously enough, in the hotel at Portree the other night, a man mentioned that he had heard of a professor who had taken up his residence on an island west of the Hebrides.'

'Some whalerman or fisherman has been telling tales,' she said, refilling his cup. 'Was that all the man told you?'

'Well'—He paused.

'Nothing about gold from sea-water?' She laughed softly as she set down the teapot. 'Mr Arcus, my uncle makes no secret of the nature of his work here. He will be glad if he finds you are interested in it; though I can't promise that he will show you exactly how the gold is got. I have never seen the whole process.'

'He gets the gold!' Arcus exclaimed. 'I beg your pardon, I ought not'—

'Oh, I have seen the gold, but not the whole method of getting it. I'd just as soon not know that. But the few strangers who have landed here have gone away smiling. No doubt they think he is mad. It amuses Uncle Victor. Try to eat some more bread, please. Dinner is not till seven-thirty.'

'Forgive me,' he said, taking the cup from her smooth, brown hand; 'but aren't you rather indiscreet in talking to an utter stranger about—gold?'

'The way you say "gold" reassures me, Mr Arcus,' she answered, smiling. 'Besides, I don't think my uncle would mind very much if all the gold now on the island were taken away. He has still the Atlantic and the other oceans. But I must leave you to rest. Hubert will wait upon you in a little while. Ask him for anything you want.'

Arcus would fain have detained her, but not merely for the sake of obtaining some further information regarding his novel situation and surroundings. 'I shall get up in five minutes,' he said.

'Stay until Hubert comes, and see how you feel then, Mr Arcus. My uncle said we were not to allow you to take risks.' Noticing his wonderment, she said, 'Oh, I forgot to tell you that the rain-mist cleared for a few minutes this afternoon, and he and Hubert signalled to each other. So be careful, please.'

With a smile, which Arcus found himself hoping was really friendly, she left him.

An hour later appeared Hubert, a big, middle-aged man, fair, blue-eyed, ruddy, and of clean-shaven, amiable countenance. He greeted Arcus cheerfully, betraying a mere trace of a foreign accent.

'Glad to see you looking so well, sir! You had an escape last night—this morning, I should say. Now, can I do something for you?'

Arcus expressed his thanks for what had been done already, and his intention of getting up.

'With your permission, sir!' said Hubert, and proceeded to examine the guest's bruises, doing his work with the hands of a prize-fighter and the touch of a mother. 'Yes,' he said at length, 'it will do no harm to get up for dinner. The knee will be stiff and the shoulder may hurt; the head is the worst, but luckily there is no deep wound. Shall I prepare the bath now?'

Later Arcus enjoyed the luxury of hot water in which a flask of sweet vinegar had been flung. He emerged from it still shaky, but much comforted in body.

Hubert assisted him to dress. The man was ready enough to talk. 'Yes, sir,' he said in response to a remark from Arcus, 'it is a Norwegian house—built in Norway and brought here in pieces, numbered. Very comfortable house, sir.'

'You seem to have every luxury,' said the visitor, as the other switched on the lights. 'Where do you get your power?'

'Oil, sir. We burn nothing but oil—great tanks holding six months' supply. The yacht calls every month in the summer; but for four months in the winter we do not see her.'

'The yacht?'

'The doctor's steam-yacht, sir. A fine vessel. He used to sail in her very much; now she only brings stores and so on.'

'You have no regular communication with the shore?'

'No communication at all, sir. I dare say by signalling we could get a whaler or a trawler to call. We have never needed to do so. But we do not see a ship every day. We are off the track. In the early part of the summer we may see whalers going north, but seldom so late as this. Last year I saw but one. They get most of the whales farther south. Ah, the shoulder hurts! Let me hold the sleeve—so! To-night it shall have some embrocation. Your things are not much damaged, are they, sir? The cabin of your boat came off best—the stern is in pieces. You made a fine escape.'

The man appeared desirous of hearing of the adventure, and Arcus gave him the main incidents.

'Ah,' Hubert remarked, 'you have to thank the wind for blowing the way it did. And, if you will excuse me, sir, we too have to thank it. The life here is good for a man like myself, but it has too little change for a lady. And the doctor has been too busy lately. He will be glad to see you. A wonderful gentleman, the

doctor! Well, sir, how do you feel now? It wants just half-an-hour till dinner. Shall I bring you sherry-and-bitters or vermouth?'

Arcus absently declined an *apéritif*. He eyed the slippers under the couch. 'Have I been occupying Miss Helmsdale's room?' he asked.

'Another has been prepared for her. Permit me to show you the sitting-room. One moment.' Hubert spoke from the door, touching two plated handles, one of them on a dial, upon the wall. 'This is for regulating the heat; this for the ventilation.'

'More luxury!' laughed Arcus.

'All planned by the doctor. If you please, sir, I will now show you the way.'

They crossed a square hall, enamelled white, carpeted with an Indian rug, lit by bulbs in ruby globes. Against two of the walls were large pots of chrysanthemums.

The room Arcus entered was also white, the colour-scheme of the furnishings being lilac and lemon-yellow. The curtains were drawn. The table was laid; fine linen, silver, and crystal shone and gleamed under a pale gold light. The pictures were again water-colours, and Arcus promised himself pleasure from them in daylight. A baby-grand piano stood in one of the corners.

He seated himself in a lounge-chair, and was glancing at the heap of September magazines on a small table at his side, when Miss Helmsdale came in. She had changed her blouse and skirt for a gown of silver-gray silk. She wore a brooch—a bar of platinum set with three diamonds—but no rings. Arcus noted the latter fact.

'You see we are not so hopelessly out of reach here,' she said, indicating the magazines. 'The yacht brought them three days ago.'

'Three days ago!' he repeated. So perhaps he would be a prisoner on the island for practically a month! His heart leapt and sank. What about Anstruther! How was he to communicate with his friend?

'Her next visit will be in October, and then we shall not see her again till March.' Miss Helmsdale's voice was slightly wistful.

'I cannot inflict myself upon you and Dr Helmsdale for weeks,' said Arcus, seating himself opposite her. 'Although, as Hubert has informed me, few vessels come near the island, there must surely be some means— You could lend me a small boat perhaps?'

'Have you not had enough of small boats? But, seriously, I don't think my uncle would allow you to risk your life in his little boat; he had a larger one, but it got smashed during a gale a fortnight ago. We used it for fishing. The yacht is bringing a new one next month. You are nearly thirty miles from the coast of Harris, Mr Arcus, and you cannot trust the weather. Don't consider the idea of getting there in an open boat.' She paused till a thought seemed to strike her. 'But your friends will be dreadfully anxious. Forgive my forgetting that.'

'I have only one friend who knew that I had actually started on the trip. For several reasons he may be concerned at not hearing from me. Don't think me ungracious, Miss Helmsdale. If it were not for that friend I should consider it the greatest luck in the world to have been cast ashore on your island.'

Possibly her voice was colder as she replied, 'You must consult my uncle. I hope he may be here to-morrow. To-night the sea is as rough as ever. After to-night we shall keep a bright lookout, and perhaps we may attract the attention of a vessel before long.'

Arcus, glancing at the proud face, did not venture to protest that only his conscience could mar the prospect of a long stay on the island. He begged her to tell him something of the island itself.

While she was describing the Laskeirs, Hubert, in dazzling-white jacket and apron, entered with the soup. The dinner that followed, though limited to four courses, was worthy of a Piccadilly restaurant. And at precisely the right moment Hubert brought the guest a pint of '93 Pom-mard, warmed to precisely the right degree. Miss Helmsdale drank nothing.

'You must forgive my talking so much,' she

said; 'but it's so long since I have spoken to a person from the big world! However, it is your turn now, Mr Arcus. Tell me about London.'

The meal ended with Neapolitan ices.

'I know it's rude to make remarks,' said Arcus; 'but all this on a lone isle in the Atlantic savours of magic. I'm beginning to wonder if last night was real. Shall I wake up to-morrow and find myself on the cold beach?'

Miss Helmsdale laughed. 'Hubert is clever, isn't he? My uncle calls him a wonderful man.'

'That is what Hubert calls your uncle.'

'I believe you will agree with Hubert,' she said gravely. 'Poor Uncle Victor! to think of his supping out there alone on tinned tongue and coffee. But at the hut he has an open fire, which I rather miss here. Listen to the wind!' she continued. 'Surely it will blow itself out before morning!'

Once more Hubert appeared, and set coffee and cigarettes on a side-table, and presently hostess and guest were carrying on the conversation from easy-chairs.

It must be confessed that just then Anstruther was not prominent in his friend's thoughts.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

WIRELESS SYSTEMS.

By Captain C. G. CRAWLEY, M.I.E.E., Royal Marine Artillery.

PUBLIC interest in wireless telegraphy has recently received a great impetus from the publication of the evidence given at the inquiry of the Select Committee of the House of Commons into the Government contract for a chain of imperial wireless stations; but there are many who, not possessing any special knowledge of the subject, may perhaps welcome a short explanation of the fundamental differences between the various systems which were so prominently discussed.

It is not intended, nor would it be possible in one short article, to do more than touch on the general principles of wireless telegraphy, which are founded on Hertz's classical investigations into the production of electric waves in 1886-87, and which first assumed a practical form some ten years later as a result of the experiments of Mr Marconi, with whose name this means of communication must for ever remain associated.

Wireless messages are sent by means of electric waves just as heliograph or flashing-lamp messages are sent by light waves; and, the 'all-pervading' ether being the medium of propagation in both cases, the speed of travel is the same—namely, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. These wireless—or, as they are usually called, Hertzian—waves cannot produce directly the sensation of light, as such waves are much longer than those which are called light-waves.

For the same reason they cannot produce the effect of other known ether-waves, such as heat, actinic, or X rays. The propagation of sound, being due to wave motion in a denser medium, has of course no sort of connection with any of these ether-waves.

Hertzian waves have the property of producing oscillatory electric currents in a conductor of electricity, and it is this property which enables their presence to be detected, and so permits of the reception of wireless messages. An oscillatory current is one which oscillates to and fro at a very high speed, of the order of, say, a million or some hundreds of thousands of times per second. For the purpose of receiving messages, one or more wires, called aerial wires, are suspended from masts, and form the conductor in which the oscillatory currents are produced by the action of the Hertzian waves transmitted from the distant station, and these currents work various electrical devices which ultimately produce effects which can be either seen or heard. The oscillatory currents received last only as long as the waves which produce them, so that when waves are sent for short or long periods the receiving instruments respond for corresponding periods, thus reproducing at the receiving station the dots and dashes of the Morse code which were made by the signalling-key at the transmitting station.

In systems which make use of continuous waves the action is often somewhat different, as the transmitting system may radiate a continuous stream of waves during the whole time that the station is in operation, as opposed to the finite trains of waves which are radiated from a spark system whenever the key is pressed.

For such continuous wave-systems, therefore, arrangements are made so as to alter the form of the waves during the time that the key remains pressed, these alterations affecting the instruments at the receiving station for short or long periods of time corresponding to the dots or dashes made by the signalling-key at the sending end. This means that devices designed specially for the reception of spark-systems are not the most suitable for receiving these continuous wave-systems, and *vice versa*.

There are numerous detectors and receiving devices used and patented by the various systems; but these can hardly be said to form the important distinctive features, as all spark-system receivers are suitable for any spark-system, and all continuous wave-receivers are suitable for any continuous wave-system.

We will, therefore, turn our attention to the methods of producing wireless waves, as it is in this respect that we find the main differences between the various systems.

Hertz proved by his famous experiments at Karlsruhe, already referred to, that when a condenser, such as a Leyden jar, charged with electricity, is discharged, under certain conditions, across an air-gap, an oscillatory current flows in the discharging circuit, producing an oscillatory spark across the gap, and creating electric waves, which radiate into space. These facts form the basis of all spark-systems of wireless transmission.

For practical signalling it is necessary to produce the oscillatory currents in an aerial wire suspended from masts, and it is essential to employ high masts if radiation over great distances is required; whereas for receiving, height is not of such vital importance, provided that very long aeriels can be used. If it is permissible to concentrate the radiation mainly in one direction, Marconi found that the height of the aerial might be reduced, provided that the length could be increased in the line of propagation, and that form of aerial is one of the distinctive features of a long-distance Marconi installation both for transmission to and reception from a definite direction.

Marconi originally connected the aerial to one side of the spark-gap and 'earth' to the other, so that the aerial and the 'earth' formed the two plates of the condenser corresponding to the inner and outer metallic coatings of the Leyden jar. In this arrangement each wave-train is heavily damped—that is to say, it dies down very rapidly; and it was soon found that such wave-trains do not permit of selectivity at the receiving station; and unless a receiver is selective for

the particular wave-length of the message required, it will be 'jammed' by messages being sent on other wave-lengths. The 'plain aerial' method, as it is called, has therefore been abandoned, and is not now used in any of the spark-systems.

The present Marconi system uses a condenser spark-gap circuit to generate oscillatory currents, which induce similar currents in the aerial wire, which is accurately tuned to the same natural electrical period as the generating circuit.

The inductive method used for producing oscillatory currents in the aerial, combined with the fact that the circuits are in tune, is most important, and judgment has been given in several legal actions to the effect that it is one of the distinctive features of the system.

Another outstanding feature is the form of spark-gap employed, which is so arranged that the length of gap is variable in such a way as to control the length and duration of the spark, as well as to regulate the number of sparks per second. This arrangement, in conjunction with the method of inducing the oscillatory currents in the aerial, produces not only comparatively undamped wave-trains which permit of more selective receiving, but also gives the Morse code signals a distinctive note when heard in the receiving telephones, and this is of great assistance for distinguishing the required signals from other signals and from atmospheric disturbances.

The Telefunken system induces the oscillatory currents into the aerial in a similar manner to that used in the Marconi system; but the aerial and spark circuits are not absolutely in tune with one another, and the spark-gaps are of a different type. The Telefunken system uses a number of very short spark-gaps, the electrodes, or sides of each gap, consisting of a large metal disc, an arrangement based on investigations carried out by Professor Wien, of Dantzig, in 1904-5. In this system the spark dies away very rapidly, and for that reason is called a 'quenched spark'; but the oscillatory current in the aerial, and therefore the wave-train radiated, continue long after the spark has been quenched, so that the wave-trains are, comparatively speaking, undamped. This system produces in the telephones at the receiving station a distinctive musical note which has the advantages referred to in the case of the Marconi system.

These two, the Marconi and Telefunken, are the foremost spark-systems; and it is outside the scope of this article to mention others, though there are several which present features of considerable technical interest.

Spark-systems, headed by the Marconi and the Telefunken, have held the field so long that wireless—or, as it is officially called, radio—telegraphy is frequently referred to as 'spark-telegraphy'; but this expression can no longer be used as synonymous with the other two, as there are now a number of stations working

commercially on a system which does not use a spark at all. This system is called the Poulsen system, and is the outcome of experiments carried out by Dr Poulsen in Copenhagen in 1903, based on the results of experiments in England by Mr Duddell, published in 1900. In this system an electric arc is used instead of a spark, the arc being placed either in the aerial, like Marconi's original plain aerial spark, or in an influencing circuit somewhat similar to that used in the Marconi system. The waves radiated by either of these arrangements are very nearly continuous, and the system is called a continuous wave-system.

The only other continuous wave-system which calls for mention here is the Goldschmidt system, based on the results of experiments carried out in Berlin by Professor Goldschmidt during the last few years. In this system the rate of alternation of a current generated by an alternating

current machine is increased by electrical devices to such a rate as is required for the production of wireless waves; that is to say, an alternating current is stepped up in speed of alternation until it becomes an oscillatory current, which is then applied directly to the aerial wire. This system is being rapidly developed, and is said to have great possibilities; but it is not yet in use for commercial communication.

There are other continuous wave-systems, but the majority have scarcely yet emerged from the experimental stage. Their progress, however, demands the careful attention of all interested in the subject, for not only are continuous waves, or at any rate trains of very persistent waves, advantageous for wireless telegraphy communication, but they are essential for wireless telephony, which, though still in the experimental stage, will no doubt very soon be claiming more serious attention.

THE DIAMOND SMUGGLER.

CHAPTER III.

THE enjoyment continued, though diminishingly, until Lawrie was on the Brooklyn Bridge; but there it ended. The sight of the shipping in the river gave him pangs about himself and Aunt Grace. It hurled him back upon his past distressingly, and he was soon wishing with all the futile ardour of his Ridley mind that the last three months of his life could be blotted out. Such a fool he had been, yet only since the middle of April! The Stock Exchange slump which wrecked him had opened in the merry month of May, and—who'd have thought three months ago that by the 22nd of June he, Lawrie Beedham, would be an absconding felon in New York, half-disposed to terminate his earthly career from the Brooklyn Bridge?

He was bitterly repentant in these black moments. A little more, however, and he was making for the docks with his head up and a brave light in his eyes. He would not drown himself like a craven; neither would he go West with the few hundreds of dollars in his pocket, each of which ought to cry 'Thief! thief!' to him as he spent it. Better to return to Durham, steerage, and do his penitential time like a man. With Aunt Grace gone, there was no one's feelings in the matter to consider except his own. Right to the landing-stage of the day before he maintained this worthy frame of mind, supported enthusiastically by his Ridley imagination, which gave him glimpses, and more, of a future beyond the broad-arrow period which should nobly atone for the ignominious meantime.

Here he allowed himself to be distracted. A three-funnelled steamer was alongside, and the passengers were filing ashore. She was the *Lodore*, a Waterfall liner, and he remembered

that he had had thoughts of crossing in her instead of the *Micah*. What a difference it might have made to him! No Kramm, and the tragedy of Aunt Grace's death spared him!

His eyes were on the people, and he was trying to engage himself with conjectures about the betterness or otherwise of things as they were, when all in an instant he felt like fainting. It was due to a passenger on the gangway, with a ship's officer in smiling attendance upon her. In fact, Aunt Grace herself, or her materialised ghost, in the old ulster. Yes, and the gaitered feet of useful size which he knew so well.

He mastered the fainting sensation and went nearer, pale and absorbed, hurried and met her almost as soon as his dear square-toed boots were on American stone. She was wearing a beehive brown straw hat which didn't suit her a bit, and she had nothing in her hands until Lawrie's face was there.

'The Powers be good to us!' she whispered softly. 'It's Lawrie!' She seized his face and kissed him—three loud kisses! 'My dearest boy!' she then exclaimed, 'what are you doing here, and where's your moustache!'

Lawrie's hand sought hers. 'This is glorious!' he said very humbly. 'It really is you!'

'Why, of course it is, my dear. There aren't two of me in the world, I'm sure. But how truly delightful, Lawrie, to'— She turned to the officer at her elbow. 'A piece of unexpected luck, Mr Clinton. This is my nephew, Mr Beedham.—Mr Clinton, Lawrie, has been awfully good to me; so has every one on the *Lodore*.—But that's another story, isn't it, Mr Clinton?'

The two men shook hands, sunned by her smiles.

'Your aunt, Mr Beedham'—began the *Lodore's* officer, with twinkling eyes.

But Aunt Gracie interposed. 'You are not to tell him, Mr Clinton,' she commanded. 'Don't forget I'm at the "Bristol;" and *au revoir*, my dear friend, and ten thousand thanks again to you and every one.'

'Mr Beedham wonders for what, by the look of him,' said Mr Clinton, cap in hand and apparently much amused.

'Let him wonder,' said Aunt Gracie merrily. 'Mind, I expect you, and the captain, if he can so honour me.—Now, Lawrie.' She turned and took his arm. 'Let's get a car, and—tell me what it means, my dear boy. You don't look at all well, and I'm so sorry you've shaved your moustache. But that's nothing. I've had the most exciting times myself, and it is such a pleasure to see your dear face again, anywhere. By the way, my luggage preceded me, so we've nothing to bother about. They'll see to it at the hotel. But fancy meeting you *here*—like an angel from the skies—Lawrie!'

The Customs delayed them only a minute. A patriarchal fellow-traveller from the *Lodore*, wearing a cowboy hat, franked her through the ordeal. 'You may pass this lady,' he said loftily, and that sufficed.

'So sweet of you, Senator!' said Aunt Gracie. 'I never knew such a world for kindness—never!'

'One makes one's own world, dear lady, as no one knows better than your wise self, I suspect,' responded the Senator, with much respect and cordiality. 'The "Bristol," is it not?'

'Yes, Senator; and if a cup of tea will tempt you this afternoon—'

'Count on me, Miss Ridley. I'll be there,' said he.

A few other hands had to be shaken, and then they were in the car.

'Just imagine, Lawrie,' said Aunt Gracie in the intermediate moments, 'these dear, good people making such a fuss of an old guy like me (in a borrowed hat, too) only because I'm steeled against all the changes and chances of this precious mortal life of ours, and take things as they come! Lawrie boy, there's nothing like pluck—as some call it—nothing!'

Lawrie gulped and bided his time.

It soon came. Ere the car had hooted over a furlong of roadway Aunt Gracie put her hand on his and said, 'Tell me what it is, dear. There's something wrong, I can see. What is it?'

He told her with extraordinary ease. She didn't wince even at his preamble: 'I'm an awful scoundrel, old dear; not fit to manure a field'—

'Go on, Lawrie boy!' she said, clipping his hand tight, with a smile a saint might have envied her.

He began with the stocks and shares, and

they were near the hotel when he reached the cheese-and-diamond stage.

She had commented hitherto only with gentle 'Ahs' and 'Ohs' and pressures of his hand; but the diamonds were too much for her. 'Lawrie *darling*,' she burst forth, 'how gorgeous! I see it all. You need scarcely tell me *any* more. Of course you couldn't have kept it up, poor boy! You'd changed your mind and meant to go home to face the music, hadn't you?' He nodded. 'Yes, yes, I knew it. But what a delicious story it is—about Mr Kramm! You must let me have it, dear. I can work it into a couple of thousand pounds by Christmas. There's the Chaga-country book to do first; but I'll rush that in six weeks. This afterwards, Lawrie, if you'll let me; and— But here we are!' She whispered rapidly before they alighted, 'You see what I mean, dear, don't you? We'll go home together in a day or two and put things quite straight at the office. How thankful I am that I *knew* I wasn't meant to sink! It was just feeling so positive about it that kept me afloat. But I've got to tell you about that!'

There was much traffic with newspaper reporters that afternoon and evening at the 'Bristol.' 'Miss Ridley the traveller,' already an appreciated character in New York, was a first-class scoop. She welcomed this increase of her fame, and gave the press gentlemen nearly as much copy as they craved from her. And between four o'clock and half-past five Senator Huggan's own stately tongue helped her and them in the matter with great good humour. 'You cannot be too lavish in your generosity to the public, dear lady, if you desire them to be generous to you,' he said; and she agreed.

By then Lawrie was almost happy again.

Two hours' shopping and telephone talk with the headquarters of the Prophet Line settled the deficiencies of their respective wardrobes. And a telegram had gone to Trevor in Durnham to assure him that although Lawrie was in New York with Miss Ridley, wind and weather permitting, he would be at the office on Monday the 2nd July as arranged.

Aunt Gracie was an undiluted blessing to him throughout the day. Such a gay blessing, moreover, with no foolish remorse on his behalf about his sideslip, as she termed it. 'We've recovered our balance in time, and that's the only point we need remember, Lawrie boy—except our beautiful story about Kramm the Diamond Smuggler.'

The Durnham trouble and its rectification she took entirely on her own brave shoulders; the Kramm book that was to come would be more than enough for that.

The busy and blessed day ended for them about midnight, with a cocktail apiece in a cosy

corner of the hotel—the cocktail a special West African creation of which Aunt Gracie had made a note. She said they both deserved such a treat, and tossed hers down after a remarkable wink, and the words, 'To you, dear, now and evermore!'

Lawrie's response, 'To the best aunt that ever breathed!' had a quaver of emotion in it; and as if to give this no growing-room, she promptly smacked her lips like the commonest of the common, and exclaimed, 'Lawrie, what wouldn't I have given for one of these when I'd been in the water ten minutes? But we've had enough of my rescue from a watery grave by this time. I'll tell you something fresh. We are such funny animals! Do you know what I was most glad about just before that Newfoundland fisherman drifted out of the fog as nearly as possible on top of me, and I shouted 'Ship ahoy there, help!' with all the lung music I'd got left?'

Lawrie shook his head.

'You'd *never* guess, my dear,' said Aunt Grace, hunching her shoulders mirthfully. 'I'm afraid I didn't give Paradise a thought from first to last, but I was so *glad* I'd added another thousand to my life assurance policy last year

—for you, Lawrie. *Aren't* we creatures? But come along, to bed with you.'

Lawrie had thoughts that night like prayers, chiefly, of course, about this best aunt that ever breathed, but also about those Newfoundland fishermen and the skipper of the Waterfall liner *Lodore* who had consented to slow down for a mere fisherman's hail, and give a derelict lady a lift to New York. Also, he made vows about himself which were better than prayers.

And the vows were stronger in him than ever when, precisely on the Monday of his prescribed return to business, he left Aunt Gracie to chat with the Rutlington Junction stationmaster while he went to the cloakroom.

'There'll be something to pay, sir,' said the man in charge, after due scrutiny of his luggage-receipt in the name of Simpson. 'They've been here several days.'

'Yes,' said Lawrie; 'I'll pay whatever you please, gladly.'

It was an indiscreet avowal for any man, much more for a lawyer. But that was what he felt like, through and through, the Beedham half of him as well as the Ridley half.

THE END.

THE EDUCATION OF TRAVEL

Is it a great way to go to school, and a great fee to pay for it?—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

DEAN KITCHIN once remarked what fine breadth of intelligence, evident in all his work, had entered into the soul of John Ruskin from his travels. Our present King has shown in all he has said and done the enlightening influence of world-wide travel. In these days of going to and fro upon the earth, knowledge has certainly increased. The increase of wisdom in every case is not so certain. To bring home knowledge a man must carry much away with him; the eye sees what it brings the power of seeing. James Hannay, writing about the snob abroad, asked who ever saw him learning anything, and pointed to his ignorance as one of the causes of his insolence and contempt for what he does not understand. Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. Lord Bacon wrote in an age when travel was part of a liberal education as much as grammar or philosophy, and said that travel in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of experience. James Howell, who wrote *Instructions for Foreign Travel*, left an amusing series of letters descriptive of his Continental wanderings. John Milton travelled with a man-servant for fifteen months in Italy; while Joseph Addison made good use of the pension of three hundred pounds a year which he received from Government for purposes of travel and general preparation in public affairs.

Other famous travellers will occur to the reader, such as Roger Ascham, Coryate, and William Lithgow, who travelled for their own and other people's edification.

Robert Shortreed, the companion of Sir Walter Scott in some of his Border pilgrimages, hit on a truth in regard to him, as well as in regard to every man of individuality and genius. 'He was making himself a' the time, but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.' Would George Borrow have developed his literary powers as he did had he not turned his back on London and become a wanderer, first in gipsy fashion, and then as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? R. L. Stevenson, another wayward wanderer, chiefly in search of health, wrote paradoxically:

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heaven so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

Too often the modern craze for travel is an expression of restlessness; the soul cries, 'Were I there and not here it would be well with me.' It is not of or for such restless and aimless individuals we write.

The effects of study and European travel are written broadly over the writings of such well-known Americans as Washington Irving,

George Ticknor, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, and W. D. Howells. A few in this list made their reputation from work suggested by what they saw and felt in Europe. Irving's *Sketch Book* embalms the England of a hundred years ago, and has still the dew of morning upon it. Mark Twain made a great reputation by his *Innocents Abroad*, *New Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Tramp Abroad*. We have heard a clergyman say on his return from Palestine that Mark Twain's impressions of that country, in the *New Pilgrim's Progress*, were the truest and most graphic ever penned. Probably they are also the least reverent. By study and travel in Europe Longfellow laid the foundation of the learning necessary for the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard. Of an Italian journey he said, 'The joy is written in my memory with a sunbeam.' His sketch-books of scenes and stories of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy are not so well-known as Irving's; but they have many good qualities of their own. And Longfellow, whose works have still a larger sale than those of any modern poet, thus gained ideas and the groundwork for much of his best verse. He traversed France from Normandy to Navarre, smoked his pipe in a Flemish inn, floated through Holland in a *trekschuit*, trimmed his midnight lamp in a German university, wandered amidst the classic scenes of Italy, and listened to the gay guitar and castanet on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The *Views Afoot* of Bayard Taylor (1846) was a record of two years of pedestrian travel, 'while I was educating myself in a most earnest but desultory way, without the guidance or even contact of minds which could have properly assisted me.' He made a reputation by his travel-book whilst educating himself more completely and variously than he could have done at home. James Russell Lowell, commenting on the results of his first European journey, asks, 'Is it a great way to go to school, and a great fee to pay for it?' It was to know things, rather than to know men, that he travelled, because he felt that there was a microcosm of the great world of human beings in every small community. In his *Fireside Travels* he asserts there are two epochs at which a man might travel—before twenty for pure enjoyment, and after thirty for instruction. At the first age the eye is sufficiently delighted with merely seeing; after the second, the man can benefit more by study and reflection. In arranging his baggage does the traveller ever ask himself how small a portmanteau will contain all his mental and spiritual outfit? Was Mark Twain in jest or earnest when he said that the gentle reader would never know what a consummate ass he could become until he went abroad? Vivid and full of colour and humour are his own writings, presenting 'a new gospel in travel literature, the gospel of seeing with an overflowing honesty.'

Few members of the great American annual invasion are any but shallow travellers, as compared with these distinguished examples. One lady, who has seen many parts of England, France, and Belgium, comfortably and pleasantly, for an expenditure of about sixty pounds, wrote a book on *How to See Europe on Next to Nothing*. Fetridge, in his *Handbook for Travellers in Europe* (Americans), wishes 'strongly to impress upon the minds of our countrymen who are making the tour of Europe by no means to miss Scotland. If your time and means will not allow of it, miss Italy, miss Switzerland, miss Germany, the Rhine (how tame compared with the Caledonian Canal route!), miss any of these, but do not miss making the tour to Inverness.' It is marvellous, when we think of it, the attraction of the Old Country to the travelled American.

It is a feature of to-day that there are American schools for boys and girls which give an important place to the education of travel. Excursions are also made by some English and German schools to places of interest. Mr Porter E. Sargent, of Cambridge, U.S.A., conducts a 'Travel School for Boys,' about which a grateful parent writes: 'From an educational standpoint I think absolutely nothing can compare with the opportunities afforded by travel under the conditions that these boys enjoyed with you and Mrs Sargent.' It is his custom to make world and European tours in alternate years, and this year (1912-13) will be spent in Europe, the party having sailed from New York last October. The great advantage of this European travel-study plan for boys, he considers, lies in the fact that secondary school studies are so largely European in their nature. Naturally, therefore, the interest in them can be greatly enhanced when they are pursued in European surroundings. The advantage of studying French and German in their native countries is obvious, and we all know how history becomes a matter of immediate interest in the presence of historic scenes. About half of the boys are usually preparing for college, and pursue the necessary subjects with individual instruction, concentrating upon that study which is of the greatest immediate interest. For those who are preparing for business a course in commercial subjects is given. The entire cost of the school year of eight months is about three hundred and seventy pounds. This includes care, tuition, maintenance, and all travelling expenses from the time of sailing until the return to the United States. The boy's possible allowance of twenty-five dollars a month is under control of the director, to be advanced weekly or monthly. School-work begins on the same day that the steamer leaves New York. Short excursions are made where the steamer stops at the Madeiras, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Genoa. A few days are given to excursions in and

around Naples, to Pompeii, Pozzuoli, or Capri. Time is also spent at Sorrento, Amalfi, and Ravello, permitting morning school-work. In Rome there is opportunity after school-work for sight-seeing, for visiting monuments, churches, ruins, and museums. The tour is continued by Florence, Bologna, and Venice, through Austria to Germany, where Munich and Nuremberg are visited. Next come tours in Holland, Belgium, and France; with motor journeys through the château district and Normandy. Mr Sargent says on crossing to London that it is 'a world in itself, the epitome of Anglo-Saxon civilisation. Its museums and galleries, filled with the great treasures of the world's art, will interest us, as well as the best things at the theatres.' There is some touring and motoring in Devon and Cornwall, and Chester is also visited before departure at Liverpool; but surely it is a mistake to say that this last town still has its Roman walls. These have to be dug for below the street-level.

Miss Moxley's school of study and travel for American girls is situated on the Pincian Hill, the highest and the most beautiful and healthful part of Rome. It affords a home, with opportunities for study and travel. Music, art, languages, as well as the history of Rome and her monuments, the operas, museums, excavations, and art collections, all receive due attention. The school year is from October to June, and the fees are three hundred pounds, including the ocean passage from New York back to New York. During the midwinter vacation in February excursions are arranged to south Italy and Sicily, Greece, Spain, or the Riviera, and a tour of central and north Italy is made in May. The pupils are previously prepared for these excursions by their school-work in history and art, and in the various talks and readings.

Travel classes for American girls at Paris, Munich, and Florence are conducted by Mrs Edith Cooper Hartman, who says that 'travel becomes not the mere sight-seeing round of the courier-driven tourist, but a revelation of humanity in its great phases of evolution and history-building, which develops in the young mind tolerance without sentimentality, knowledge

without pedantry, and taste without affectation.' She holds that seeing for one's self at first hand is much more vivid and stimulating than hearing about the same thing in the schoolroom. So from October to June a small party of young ladies over eighteen years of age have the privilege of conducted study and travel in Paris, Munich, Nuremberg, Florence, Rome, and Naples. The itinerary includes prolonged residence in three of the greatest centres of art and culture, with considerable general travel. Mornings are devoted to class-work, music, and language lessons, as well as talks and preparation for sight-seeing. The Thompson-Baldasseroni school of travel is on similar lines, with its opening tour in England, France, Switzerland, and Italy; and the closing tour includes Venice, Austria, Germany, Belgium, and Holland.

Under the will of Cecil Rhodes a number of colonial, American, and German scholarships were established in order to instil into the minds of young colonists the advantage to the Colonies as well as to the United Kingdom of the retention of unity of empire, and to further the good understanding between Britain and the United States. Seventy-eight colonial scholarships of three hundred pounds a year are tenable at any college in the University of Oxford for three consecutive years. There are travelling scholarships at Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, and Edinburgh Universities. Two fellowships at the last-named enable graduates 'to issue from the world of books and their narrow sphere of habitual interests into the broader world of various civilisations.' In the regulations for other scholarships, travel or study in foreign countries is suggested and encouraged. The Oxford students for the Indian Forestry Service must spend, out of a curriculum of two years, eight months of their holidays in getting into close touch with the forest services in France, Switzerland, and Germany. Thus a thoroughly practical training is secured in forestry, as well as a broadening of the students' knowledge of peoples and places. So the twentieth century has its own methods of carrying on the travel cult of the sixteenth century, which was infinitely slower, narrower in range, and limited to the wealthy student and traveller.

THE DOOR OF RELEASE.

By CHARLES D. LESLIE.

THE General got to his feet shakily. Of late an increasing stiffness in his limbs warned him that the limited activity eighty-five years permitted was lessening. He marched to the door, mutely and irritably refusing the arm Henderson officiously offered. On the table lay the flowers, a big bunch of red and white roses, the best money could buy. He sniffed them appreciatively and fingered the white silk

streamer with red lettering attached to the stems.

'Read it to me,' he commanded; and the servant read, 'And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew.'

'Ay, ay,' said the General complacently, 'it's true. Mrs Frowde and I both know it.'

'Yes, sir,' agreed Henderson. 'Shall I carry 'em downstairs?'

'Yes; but be careful of them,' the General admonished.

A raw October day met him when he issued forth, but he was well muffled and heeded it not. Self-absorbed, he stepped into the waiting taxi; and Henderson, laying the flowers on the front-seat, shut him in. In his heart the General preferred a four-wheeler, but he prided himself on moving with the times, and always insisted on the swifter vehicle. But to-day there was no need to fight his secret nervousness—the cab went too slowly for his liking; and, though the distance between Jermyn Street and Berkeley Square was short, he was fuming with impatience ere the driver pulled up.

Lady Burrell's butler was on the lookout, and the visitor had hardly descended, clutching his flowers, ere the man was beside him, relieving him of his charge. 'Her ladyship is out, sir, at present; but I'm expecting her back every moment. I'll tell Nurse Palmer you're here.'

'How is Mrs Frowde?'

'About the same, sir, I believe.'

The nurse came to him in the downstairs drawing-room, a tall, good-looking woman, with the placid face and capable air that mark the model sickroom attendant; but her welcoming smile lacked its usual warmth. 'I don't think I can let you see my patient to-day, General,' she said at once.

'What! not see Mrs Frowde to-day! On her birthday! Nonsense! Why, I've not missed it since— She'll be hurt not to see me.'

'Her memory is failing. I don't think she'll know you.'

'Not know *me*? Pooh! Nonsense!'

'She's getting a little childish,' said the nurse gently; 'but I'll take her these lovely flowers. I'm sure she'll enjoy them.'

'Childish!' echoed the General. 'I don't believe it. Mrs Frowde childish! Gad, young lady, if you'd been in the Lucknow Residency fifty-four years ago—only of course you weren't born—and seen her nursing the wounded, sustaining the last hours of the dying, entertaining and cheering us men in our scanty hours of release from the trenches, never despairing, always bright and smiling and hopeful! The Florence Nightingale of the siege childish!'

'She's fifty-four years older,' said the nurse, with a deprecating smile. 'However, General, if you insist'—

'I insist on seeing my old friend on her birthday, and offering her my congratulations and homage.'

They went—the hale young woman and the frail old man—upstairs into the sickroom. It was a spacious, well-lighted apartment; all the resources of modern science had been called in to soften the inevitable passing of the old woman whose useful life had ended long ago. Wrapped in a purple robe, she lay in an invalid-chair near the fire staring at the flames with a

face utterly void of expression. While her body obstinately lingered on earth her mobile mind came and went, her senses were blurred and almost dead; she had outlived everything but life itself.

The nurse, stooping, said loudly in her ear, 'Here's the General come to see you, Mrs Frowde.'

'Fanny!' said the visitor, advancing.

The voice struck a chord of memory, and for a moment the wrinkled countenance became animated; perhaps she recalled the days when she had listened for it during the eighty-seven days of the first siege, that siege with only three days without a casualty list. 'Sam!' she whispered.

He took her hand and kissed it reverently.

The tragedy of his life was in that salute. Her husband had been his brother-officer and friend, and to that friendship, though he loved Fanny, his loyalty had been lifelong. A time there had been when the temptation to try to win her from Frowde had come to him, but a certain memory stayed him—a memory of the siege. In its early days, when the story of Cawnpore had filtered in—that blackest page in the book of Britain's history—Frowde, in his wife's presence, had asked his comrade and best friend, if he survived the speaker, to kill Fanny with his own hand when the Residency fell, for fall they then feared it must. Fanny had religious scruples as to taking her own life, but infinitely preferred to die by the hand of her husband or of his comrade rather than fall into the power of the rebels. She told them so, a hand in each of theirs, her dark, tired eyes shining sombrely in her white, drawn face. For her at that moment the bitterness of death was past; little Jack, her first-born, had died in her arms the night before—died for lack of the food his wealthy parents could not provide.

It was Frowde who had stood between the young officer and happiness—Fanny was Frowde's wife. Yet in after years he sometimes smiled to remember how he watched over Captain Frowde, how the fear of having to keep his sworn word had haunted him waking and sleeping like a nightmare, and how he prayed that Jack would outlive him. He would manoeuvre to keep his friend out of the 'forlorn hopes.' Himself he would embrace them. No man, save Kelly the mad Irishman, as he was called, risked his life so eagerly and recklessly, or left the lines so frequently on counter-assaults on the houses from which the sepoys fired upon the garrison, as Captain Frowde's comrade. He and Kelly and a faithful native, Kelly's shadow, used to steal out at dawn with a bag of gunpowder, approach the house whence the firing particularly annoyed the besieged, blow up the door with the powder, rush in, and put the rebels to death by the sword. Incredible to relate—but the true story of the siege of Lucknow is more incredible than any fictitious tale—they did this again and again, and came back alive, red to

the elbows with alien blood. Later, Kelly fell fighting under Havelock.

But 'Ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew,' and the skirl of the bagpipes—ah, memorable day!—'Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers,' lifted the grim shadow of that promise. Fanny lived; the General lived; Frowde lived. It was thirty years later when the parting came, and Colonel Frowde, full of years, died of pneumonia peaceably in his bed.

'It's your birthday, Fanny, you know,' the General said. 'I've come to see you, and I've brought you a few flowers. There aren't many of your birthdays I've missed since '57, eh?'

But Mrs Frowde answered not; her eyes had again turned to the fire; her mind was voyaging in unknown seas. She was past hearing, past caring. How much had she cared for the faithful friend now standing beside her? But that is a secret into which we must not pry.

Nurse Palmer, vainly endeavouring to create a diversion, offered her the flowers; but the invalid crossly pushed them away. The General's face grew gray.

At that moment Lady Burrell came in. 'My dear General, forgive me for not being in when you arrived,' she said; 'I was delayed.' Also, the visitor was early. 'Tea is coming up. I'm afraid this isn't one of mamma's good days. But I'm here, you know;' and she smiled into his face.—'And I was in the siege. I remember his carrying me in his arms,' she explained to the nurse.

She was sixty, a little woman who had never been pretty—at least not since the siege. The General could remember her as a fat, chubby infant of three when it began, and she came out of it, like the few others who survived, a wizened, prematurely aged little scarecrow. But she lived, though Jack and Frank died.

The butler brought in tea, and the General took a cup from Lady Burrell's hand, and tried hard to be cheerful. But it was a mockery of the usual festival; the knowledge that Mrs Frowde was too old and ill to take any interest in the great day—she who only a year ago had enjoyed it as much as he, and talked reminiscently of the first birthday party in the Residency—lay like a cloud over it.

The nurse tactfully begged to hear from the General's lips the story of the first of these gatherings fifty-four years ago, and the old man, with a flash of interest, plunged into the recital.

There were eight of them that day—'not counting you, my dear; you were too small to count'; this to Lady Burrell—Captain Frowde and himself, two civilians, three ladies, besides the giver of the tea-party. A precious ounce of tea had been hoarded for the occasion, and there were slices of ham, and flat cakes baked by one of the native servants. But the crowning joy of

the feast was due to the General. By means he declined to particularise, he had secured and brought them a packet containing a handful of sugar—sugar was almost as precious as pure gold at that time—and in their sweetened tea they toasted their hostess, who in reply invited them to tea on her next birthday and every succeeding one as long as she lived.

The General had missed few of these birthdays since—five when he held the Canadian appointment, one when he was at Gibraltar, and one when Mrs Frowde lay seriously ill with influenza. That was about all; but Penny and Brandon and Mrs Thwaite did not come the next year—death had claimed them; Miss Hope had been dead many years, and Mrs Luttrell at least ten.

Gradually, as they grew older, the birthday-tea, in the eyes of the two survivors, assumed an ever-growing importance. The General would not have missed it for a king's ransom, and Mrs Frowde took extra care of herself for fear she should catch cold and not be at her best and brightest on the great day. Tenderly, among other relics of Lucknow, she treasured the ribbons of the bunch of flowers the General never failed to bring; there was quite a pile of them now. The two old folk and Lady Burrell, whom they still unconsciously regarded as a child, would drink tea together, and the past would rise up: the flies, the vile odour of dead cattle they could not evade, the heat, the overcrowding, the scanty food, the ever-brooding expectation of death, and the loss of friends who one by one, by bullet or pestilence, had left the survivors to fight on. Time had softened the recollection of the horrors. As they looked backward, how incredible that they should have survived! The memory of it was like a bad dream, and yet something to be proud of; they, the old man and the old woman, had each in their own way fought for Britain, and their names were linked together with the imperishable record of the siege.

But soon the General's voice faltered; the story of the brave days of old did not come readily to his tongue. Lady Burrell had to take it up and talk, while his eyes wistfully strayed again and again to Fanny, blind to his presence, deaf to the tale, dumb when the siege was the topic of conversation. Tears gathered to his eyes.

Presently the nurse rose and tried to get the invalid to drink some beef-tea. The old woman repulsed her, striking at her in senile rage. She was childish! With a stab at the heart the General recognised the fact. It was more than he could bear, and he rose to go.

He looked so frail and old standing in the hall that Lady Burrell said she would accompany him home, and was about to bid a taxi be called, but he stopped her.

'I'm going to walk home, and I prefer to be alone,' he said.

Against her will, Lady Burrell let him go. The world called her domineering, and her

husband, who liked a quiet life, gave in to her ; but she never withstood the General. There are some impressions that never die, and that of the big, kindly soldier who carried her in his arms at the siege of Lucknow lingered. His wish was law. But when the door closed behind him she said softly, 'Poor old man! Poor, lonely old man!'

The General marched off with a fine assumption of health and activity. But inwardly he was a stricken man. Away from the house the full measure of the calamity that had befallen him returned with redoubled force. There would be no more visits to Mrs Frowde, no more teas on her birthday to look forward to. His old friend might live a while, but would never be the same again. Henceforth there would be a big, hideous blank in his life. He would be very lonely; he would feel ever more acutely the disabilities of age creeping upon him. Perhaps in two years, if he lived, he would be like Mrs Frowde, helpless as an infant, dependent upon others. He prayed that might not happen, that death would open the door of release. It came to him in a sudden flash of knowledge that they, Mrs Frowde and himself, had lived too long. Their contemporaries were dead, and they had in a sense outlived their faculties. What was left of the self-sacrificing nurse and wife and mother, and the gallant soldier, who were besieged in the Residency fifty-four years ago? An old woman in her dotage, and a frail old man who would soon be too weak to dress himself without assistance!

By this time he had come to Piccadilly. Across the way the 'Ritz' reared its solid bulk into the murk of an October evening; before his eyes ran the gleaming lights of the passing vehicles. He stopped and looked at them with unseeing eyes; his mind was back in Lucknow Residency in siege-time, in the days when he was young and hale, and the leader of counter-assaults. As in a reverie, he suddenly saw Kelly standing beside him, plucking at his sleeve and pointing, and, lo! it was gray dawn, and they were outside the lines and under the shadow of the houses whence the rebels fired upon them. Kelly's eyes gleamed; his extended hand indicated a door, the shut door that guarded the marksmen who harried and decimated them. Surely it was from this house that the shot came that killed Lieutenant Clarke the day before? Bang! A loud report. Ah, Kelly had fired the train, and the shattered door fell slowly! He saw that the way lay open, and, sword in hand, he sprang forward shouting, 'Follow me, lads! Follow me!'

The traffic eastward was stayed, for the motor-bus pulled up in the middle of the road, and a small crowd, including a policeman, had gathered in front of it round the prone figure. The driver, his honest face white under his cap, leaned over the wheel.

'As Gawd's my judge, it weren't my fault. He jumped right into the road hallooin' like a madman.'

'That's truth ye're sayin', mate,' a weedy-looking loafer chimed in. 'I see'd 'im, an' I'll swear to it. 'E fair committed soocicide. I 'eard a motor back-fire, go off like a cannon, an' turned an' saw 'im. 'E chucked 'isself in front o' yer. Silly ole jossler!'

'Here, none o' that,' said the policeman sharply, as he straightened himself and took command of the situation. 'He's an officer, or I'm mistook. Don't you speak like that o' him.' The pride of an ex-army man was in his voice. He looked at the luckless driver. 'Let's have your name and address.'

Some one, muttering 'I'm a doctor,' had knelt beside the fallen soldier. He now stood up, saying briefly, 'Dead from shock. He was a very old man.'

A tall, well-dressed gentleman overlooking the scene from the pavement pushed his way forward, glanced down, and cried out, 'It's the General!'

'You know him, sir?' respectfully asked the policeman.

'Yes, I knew him well; he was my father's old friend and brother-officer, a most distinguished soldier.' Then, addressing the driver, he said, 'You've killed one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny with your cursed Car of Juggernaut; a man who won the V.C. in India over fifty years ago, and went through the siege of Lucknow.'

'It weren't my fault,' sullenly repeated the driver. 'Gawd knows it weren't my fault.'

The ambulance came, and they lifted the inanimate figure upon it. The face was very peaceful; he seemed to be asleep. It was the face of a soldier resting after victory. They laid him in his narrow bed, and Henderson placed his various medals and decorations on his breast. Lady Burrell came later, and, with blurred eyes, put into the folded hands a bunch of red and white roses. Attached to the stems was a long white ribbon, whereon was written in red letters: '*And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew.*'

A SPRINGTIME SONNET.

I SAW spring lately in a foreign land
Far overseas, when autumn here was queen;
She scattered wondrous largess from her hand—
White arum lilies starred the tropic scene,
Hedges of heliotrope were decked between
With roses which the scented breezes fanned,
And golden wattle blazed as if to screen
My radiant garden from the mountains grand.

But now I watch with gladdened, wondering eyes
This timid wakening of wild English flowers;
A hundredfold more dearly do I prize
The tinted buds of the anemone
And primrose pale in this homeland of ours
Than all that alien pomp and pageantry.

C. FARMER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE QUESTION OF ANONYMITY AND PSEUDONYMITY. SHOULD AUTHORS DENY THE AUTHORSHIP OF THEIR OWN WORK?

By COULSON KERNAHAN.

IS it a breach of faith for an author who has published a book anonymously or under a pseudonym, flatly and explicitly to deny that it is his work? If the book be in a literary sense a child born out of wedlock, the parentage of which the author is ashamed to acknowledge, or if he have used the cloak of anonymity or pseudonymity to strike a cowardly blow, or to say under the safety of that cloak what he has not the courage to say over his own name, no excuse can be accepted for pseudonymity or anonymity. Caution may be justified, but cowardice never. With these exceptions, all will agree that an author has every right to publish his book anonymously or pseudonymously; and all will agree, too, that in refusing to answer questions and in bidding the inquirer to mind his own business, an author is equally within his rights. If the matter ended there all would be well for him and his secret; but unfortunately a refusal to speak is sometimes interpreted as tantamount to an admission of authorship, for if the author have no connection with the book he would surely feel free (so it has been argued) openly to say so. Directly challenged with the authorship of a book, more than one writer of eminence, finding themselves cornered, have not hesitated—apparently with no qualm of conscience or scruple in regard to honour—to fall back upon a denial.

That there is precedent, even great precedent, for such denial I am aware; but precedent in itself cannot establish a principle. It means no more than that the thing has been done before; and since there is apparently no law, written or unwritten, upon the subject, and since, moreover, it raises a curious question in literary ethics, some consideration of the pros and cons may not be untimely.

First let us look at the matter from the author's standpoint. 'No one has a right,' he might justly argue, 'to force my hand and to wring from me a secret which I wish to preserve. I am not called upon by any law of God or man, of honour or of ethics, to publish my business to the world; but since only by a falsehood can my just rights be secured, the falsehood lies not upon my conscience, but upon the conscience of the person who compelled it.'

Having thus, as he would contend, made good his case against those who hold that falsehood is

in any circumstances dishonourable, he might conceivably go farther and contend that legally as well as morally a falsehood was justified. 'The law,' he might say, 'does not permit an act of personal violence against another. But if a man attack me for the purpose either of injuring me or of robbing me of my property, and I use violence in return, I am held by the law to be justified in so doing, inasmuch as the violence is used in self-defence. The secret of the authorship of this book is my secret and my property, and my own property I am surely entitled to defend. Assume that a burglar, holding a pistol to my head, demand to know whether I have cash or valuables in the house, and, if so, where they are to be found. In such circumstances, under such compulsion, the most scrupulously honourable of men would hardly hesitate to lie if by a lie he could balk the burglar of his nefarious purpose; and I am abundantly justified in lying to the literary burglar who demands to be acquainted with the secret of my literary safe.'

There are several reasons why one might wish to issue a book anonymously or pseudonymously. If the writer be a beginner, and so have absolutely no literary reputation, the publication of his unknown name advertises that fact alike to the critics, the bookseller, and the public. That the book is published anonymously is, of course, no guarantee of merit; but there is at least the possibility that it may be the work of some one of standing who for social or personal reasons, or perhaps because he is attempting a new departure, is anxious to remain incognito. If the book make anything of a mark, curiosity, speculation, and discussion in regard to the authorship are inevitable; and curiosity, discussion, and speculation spell sales. As the motto of many who write is, 'What shall it profit an author if he gain the whole world and lose his own sales?' or 'What shall an author give in return for his sales?' the advantages of anonymity are evident.

To illustrate this I may perhaps be pardoned for relating my own experiences in the matter of an anonymously published volume, not because what happened or did not happen to any little book of my own can be of the remotest interest to any one except myself, but because—since fish head up-stream—a stickleback may serve to

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indicate the swing of the current no less than a ten-pound trout, and because we are on surer ground when at grips with actual facts and when speaking from a personal experience than when merely generalising. My own first book (I refrain from advertising it by name) was published anonymously. It was, I hope, no worse, and I am sure no better, than the majority of initial efforts; and had it borne my then entirely unknown name it would in all probability have met the common fate of such work. But one reviewer ascribed it to the late Harold Frederic, the last man in the world to have been guilty of such a book. Soon after this I was introduced to Frederic by a friend who was in the secret of the authorship, and I remember that my introducer—it is always one's friends who do such things—maliciously turned the conversation upon my book, and asked Frederic whether he had read it and knew that the book had been attributed to him. Frederic, it seemed, had read the book, and did not hesitate to express in the plainest and most unmistakable Saxon an opinion which was by no means flattering. I remember how he hooted with wild derision at the bare idea that he had written it, and how he swore great oaths as remarkable for size as for the scale of their profanity. Then, jerking a thumb towards me, my introducer said quietly, 'This is the author.' 'The devil it is!' roared Frederic.

I hastened to assure him that there at least he was mistaken, though he was probably quite right in the estimate he had formed of my book; and, seeing that I took all he had said in good part and enjoyed the joke, he swore that I was at least something of a sportsman, if nothing of an author, and we became and remained good friends to his life's end.

The book had also the extraordinary luck to be attributed to no less brilliant and distinguished a writer than Sir A. T. Quiller Couch ('Q.', as he was then known); but in that case the confusion was due to some similarity between the title of my book and one of 'Q.'s' early works.

Another sufferer was the late Robert Buchanan, by whom more than one reviewer declared my book to be. How he took the blow, if he ever heard the association of his name with my anonymous work, I do not know, for though I met him occasionally, I wisely refrained from rousing his titanic wrath by any allusion to the subject; and when he died I made what tardy reparation I could by proposing that a monument be erected by public subscription to his memory and placed over his grave in the cemetery of Southend Parish Church, and by carrying the project through to a successful termination in collaboration with my friend and co-honorary secretary, the Rev. Thomas Varney, then curate of Southend.

The book still sells, and was recently included—hear it, ye gods!—in 'The World's Great Books;' but I say in no spirit of mock modesty that I believe the success it attained was due

less to any merit of its own than to the curiosity which was aroused by its anonymity, and to its extraordinary good-luck in being attributed to Frederic, Buchanan, and 'Q.'

My own reason for anonymity I have stated. But there are other reasons why an author may not wish to put his name to his book. He may, for instance, feel that what he has to say on any given question will be more impartially considered, and will be more likely to effect its purpose, if issued anonymously, and so impersonally, than if under a name the bearer of which, by reason of his position, occupation, or spoken and written words, may be supposed to incline to any particular school of thought, political party, or religious belief.

When I was chief editor to a great publishing firm, a very famous divine once brought me the manuscript of a highly imaginative and religious book of his writing, and asked my advice about it. 'Publish it anonymously,' I said. 'You are known to be a "reverend," and if it is issued under your name there will not be wanting readers who will say, "Oh, he's a parson, and of course he'll preach. It's his business, and he's paid for it." Issued as by a layman, and good literature, as it undoubtedly is, no less than sound religion, it is more likely to attract what I may call "all-round attention" than if published under your own name. You may lose the particular section of the reading public which is on the lookout for books by divines and preachers, and you will lose your immediate followers and readers among your own congregation; but the book is strong enough to stand by itself merely as literature, and I think you would do well to take your chance.' He did so, and I proved to be right, for the book ran into many editions as an anonymous work, and when it was finally issued with the reverend author's name on the title-page, it had a new lease of life among the members of his large congregation and the many admirers of his sermons and religious books.

Another reason for publishing a book anonymously or pseudonymously is that if the author be attempting a new departure in subject or in method, he may hope to obtain a more unbiassed verdict. Grant Allen once told me that he could predict with absolute certainty what certain critics would say when reviewing a book that bore his name. It was not that he objected to what they said, but that they always said the same thing. They knew, or thought they knew, his merits, his methods, and his limitations, and looking for these merits, methods, and limitations, they always found them. It was only, he said, when he wrote under another name that they discovered new possibilities in his work.

Or take the humorist. If a writer be one of the fortunate few whose books sell by virtue of their humour, his wife and children may 'walk in silk attire and siller ha'e to spare,' and himself may be in a position to indulge his sense of

humour by killing time and possibly an occasional fellow-creature by means of a motor-car. I am not sure that were he so to alay a fellow-creature his public would not laugh heartily at the homicide, and regard it as a new and original way of being 'killingly funny.' But let that humorist seek under his own name to make a new reputation as a serious writer, and his public will refuse to take him seriously. 'I verily believe,' complained a well-known humorist to me, 'that if I came into a room and remarked that my nearest relative was dead, or upon a platform and said that I was about to undergo a serious operation, my audience would explode with laughter, and vow to a man that I should be the death of them.'

Lastly, we come to the authors who think that they best serve 'Art' by issuing certain of their books anonymously.

Take, for instance, the case of the late William Sharp. I have heard the sincerity of his devotion to Art called in question. 'It was not for Art's sake, but for William Sharp's sake,' said a certain critic to me once, 'that he started a second firm to do business under another name. He had been writing as William Sharp for a long time, and the novelty and the interest that attach to a new name with new possibilities and a new note were gone. Once the reviewers imagine—no matter how mistakenly—that they have taken the measure of a man, he does not easily win recognition anew. Sharp felt that as William Sharp he had gone as far as he could go, and that under that name there was small hope of advancing his reputation and of turning to account gifts that were greater than either the public or his reviewers were aware. It was for that reason he started a new and branch business under another name. It is easier successfully to start an entirely new journal than to pull up the circulation of, and to put new life into, an existing journal the progress of which is rather slow. The public is interested in novelties, and Fiona Macleod, the mysterious Lady of the Highlands—who, unlike "little children" who are told that they "should be seen and not heard," was "heard and not seen"—offered unprecedented opportunities for advertising anew the excellent but insufficiently advertised and inadequately appreciated wares of the old firm of William Sharp. As a business move it was perfectly legitimate, and as a business move it no doubt succeeded; but when you speak of the sacrifices he made for his Art and of his devotion to it, you speak absolute and unadulterated nonsense.'

My reply to that critic was that, shrewd as was his summing up, the verdict he had brought in was entirely unjust. Never was there a worker who was more wholly an artist than Sharp, or one who was more willing to sacrifice not only health and wealth but life itself to his Art. Money never weighed with him for an instant. On the contrary, he was willing and proud to remain a poor man to his life's end

rather than put the least of his great abilities to an unworthy use. A man by no means without vanity, a man who loved sympathy and appreciation, he was to the last willing and anxious for Art's sake to forgo the lionising, the honour, and the applause to which as 'Fiona Macleod' he was entitled, rather than to shatter the lovely illusion, the exquisite and romantic wraith, which his poet-soul had made so real to himself and to his readers.

Whether, in the merging of his own identity with this fairer and other self by which he was obsessed, he was justified—even in the interest of the Art that he loved—in flatly and explicitly denying that he was Fiona Macleod is quite another matter.

Mrs Sharp tells us that her husband was indignant at what to him was an unwarrantable interference with the privacy of the individual. That, I may be permitted to remark, is all very well so long as a man remains in privacy, or so long as he issues a book for private circulation only. But if he has of his own choice (for no one can compel him to do so) elected to come out of the privacy and to publish and advertise a book, thus inviting, in effect, the public to interest itself in that book by purchasing it, he can hardly, without affectation, complain if those thus interested manifest some curiosity in regard to the personality of the writer, for such curiosity and interest are tributes to the originality and power of the book. That Sharp should, in Fiona Macleod's name, send copies of her work to eminent writers with accompanying complimentary letters about these eminent writers' own work, and then complain because the literary world was agog to know who Fiona Macleod really was, seems to me a little unreasonable.

For instance—I quote from Mrs Sharp's profoundly interesting and fascinating memoir of her husband—as Miss Macleod Sharp wrote to Mr George Meredith as follows: 'Naturally, I was eager it should appeal to you, not only because I have long taken keener delight in your writings than in those of any living writer, but also because you are Prince of Celtland.' M. Anatole Le Braz was hailed by her in a letter as 'the foremost living exponent of Breton genius.' To Mr Ernest Rhys she said: 'There is, I take it, no one living who could interpret Davyth ap Gwilym and other old Welsh singers as you could do.' To Mr W. B. Yeats her words, among others, were: 'I love your work and take an endless delight in your poetry, and look to you as not only one of the rare few on whose lips is the honey of Magh Mell, but as one the dark zone of whose mind is lit with the strange stars and constellations of the spiritual life.' In sending one of her books to Grant Allen she said that he was 'the most brilliant champion of the Celtic genius now living'—a position, by the bye, which she had already in effect accorded to Mr Meredith.

Not unnaturally, these and other writers whose

ardent admirer she professed herself in such terms to be discussed the work thus brought to their notice, and wondered who was this Nymph from Nowhere, or asked themselves whether it was possible that this literary Will o' the Wisp was no woman at all, but merely handsome Will Sharp in a petticoat. One of them, Grant Allen, who had sent the supposed Miss Macleod a generous letter of appreciation, had reason thereafter to think that he had been hoaxed, and wrote to Sharp a letter in which, for all its friendliness, there is a spice of resentment. 'If she turn out to be W. S.,' he said, 'I shall owe you a bad one for it; for I felt my letter had just that nameless tinge of emotion one uses to a woman and a beginner, but which would be sadly out of place with an old hand like yourself.'

That others beside Grant Allen should thus early have guessed the secret is no matter for wonder, for the heat with which Sharp repudiated the assertion that he and Fiona Macleod were one and the same person did more to 'give the game away' and to cause others to draw their own conclusions than if he had smilingly refused to answer, as was the case with the author or authors who were charged with being 'David Lyall.'

Personally I think Sharp would have done well to have followed the example of David Lyall. That there is no similarity between the work of 'Fiona Macleod' and 'David Lyall' is perfectly true; but each writer appeals to a special, if entirely different, public; and 'Who is David Lyall?' was as frequently asked by one set of readers as 'Who is Fiona Macleod?' was asked by another. As in the case of Fiona Macleod, rumour sometimes attributed the 'David Lyall' stories to one particular man of letters, sometimes to a collaboration between a man and a woman, and at other times to a well-known lady novelist. But, unlike Sharp, the author or authors of 'David Lyall' wisely refused, so far as I am aware, to be drawn into making any definite statement, with the result that to this day the outside public at least—I am not speaking of those inner literary circles in which no secret of the sort can long be maintained—is as mystified and as uncertain as ever, for when I go lecturing in Scotland and the provinces the question 'Who really is David Lyall?' is put to me time after time in every town I visit.

More important still, David Lyall did not tacitly and in effect allow it to be supposed that men and women of letters are licensed libertines

in the matter of playing fast and loose with facts, and that their explicit and deliberate 'Yea' or 'Nay' means nothing. To me it is a serious reflection upon the profession of letters that a man should pass his word, and not only not be believed, but that, so long as it is merely a question of the craft by which he gets his livelihood or in which he has made his name, no one should expect him to speak the truth.

That this is the view generally entertained I have reason to know from a personal experience, which, since it is very much to the point, I may be pardoned for relating here.

Some years ago Mr Elkin Mathews asked me to preface a striking, original little book, published by him, and entitled *The Views of Christopher*. In my preface I explicitly stated that I was not the author of the book; yet, because some of the reviewers found, or fancied that they found, a resemblance in thought or in style to my own work, no less than eight of them refused to accept my disclaimer, and asserted there could be no doubt but that I, and no one else, was the author of *The Views of Christopher*. And what staggered and astounded me most was that not one of the eight seemed to think one penny the worse of me for having deliberately said what, according to them, I knew to be untrue.

This seems to be a state of affairs which is neither admirable in itself nor complimentary to literature, and I venture to think that for the credit of our craft it would be well if authors realised that, great as is the license allowed them in their capacity as writers, when in their own name they make a definite and explicit statement they must keep facts apart from fiction, and must remember that the same good faith is expected from them as is expected from the ordinary man of business or man of the world.

If curious folk impertinently concern themselves with an author's business, or put to him a question they have no right to ask, he is fully justified in giving them such answer as in his discretion seems most likely to leave them no wiser than they were before. There is no obligation upon any one voluntarily or under pressure to acquaint others with his private business, but there is an obligation not deliberately and in set terms to say what is untrue. A man's word, *given as his word*, should hold good, no matter what his occupation. Else what is to become of what Mr Watts-Dunton in a memorable line so finely calls, 'Truth's own reward—belief'?

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER V.

LONG before midnight Arcus fell asleep to a din of wind and rain. He awoke amid a great stillness. Switching on the light, he consulted the carriage-clock at his bedside—his

watch had stopped work the previous morning. Nearly four o'clock. He got up, finding his stiffness and soreness almost gone, thanks to Hubert's treatment, and went over to the window.

He drew back the curtain. It was like waking to a dream. The atmosphere was saturated with moonshine; wet rocks made frozen fantasies with the lustrous and shades of gray satin; the sea was heaving quicksilver. He unfastened the weather-proof window, whereupon the hush was broken by the sound of the swell on the shore, and the clean, strong air met him, a breath of ecstasy. His senses became alert; his soul was stirred.

Twenty-four hours ago, at the end of his endurance, he had stumbled through that cleft in the rocky wall, fugitive from hurricane to harbourage. The passage was not so narrow as he had imagined it in the streaming darkness, and it was open to the sky. Through it he saw a vista of sea broken by an islet—doubtless the Other Island, as Miss Helmsdale had called it. Arcus judged it to be a mile away. The *Vesta* must just have missed it towards the end of her wild voyage. What a marvellous escape!

As he closed the window a point of light, vividly green, sprang into sight. Near the summit of the islet it appeared, lingered, and went out. Almost at the same moment one of the black protuberances on the crest of the wall to the right of the passage moved and became the head and shoulders of a human being. Presently the green spark began to come and go in a jerky, erratic fashion.

At the end of a minute Arcus smiled. 'The two wonderful men are talking to each other,' he said to himself, and went back to bed. He recognised the Morse alphabet, but it was none of his business.

Sleep was coming again, when, after a discreet tap, Hubert opened the door.

'Anything wanted, sir? I saw the light in your window.'

'Nothing wanted, thank you. Glorious night, isn't it?'

'Indeed, sir. The doctor hopes to welcome you at breakfast. Good-night, sir.'

Wondering what his host would be like, Arcus fell asleep. He dreamed of a green star that shone on a woman's forehead, and woke to find Hubert at his bedside with tea.

'The doctor is making ready to leave the Other Island,' was Hubert's news.

Miss Helmsdale and the guest met in the hall.

'Hubert tells me you are well this morning. I am glad!' she said. 'Will you come with me and meet my uncle?'

They went out into the warm sunshine. It was about nine o'clock.

'That is our lookout tower,' she informed him, pointing to the rock whereon he had seen Hubert in the moonlight. Steps had been roughly hewn in the steep; a recess capable of holding two persons had been cut at the top. Beyond the passage he beheld the remains of the *Vesta*; they had been dragged above high-water mark.

'You were so fortunate as to arrive at full tide,' she remarked, 'and upon the only beach

on the island. All the rest of the shore is rock. An inhospitable place!'

'So it must have been before you came,' he said warmly, glancing round the shallow little cove.

'The doctor has started, miss,' said Hubert, who had donned fisherman's boots and doffed his jacket.

A dingy came rapidly towards them, mounting and disappearing between the smooth, broad rollers. The rower had evidently abundant muscle. On nearing the shore, however, he slackened speed, and picked his way cautiously. As he shipped oars Hubert ran into the water, seized the bow, and drew the dingy beyond reach of the following roller.

The rower disembarked briskly—a small, wiry man, with quick, hazel eyes, a Napoleonic nose, a wide, mobile mouth, excellent teeth, and a complexion like fine leather. You would have put his age at forty until he raised his broad-brimmed slouch-hat, discovering a wintry poll.

He nodded his thanks to his man, chirped 'Morning!' to his niece, flicking a kiss on her cheek, and advanced to his guest.

'Mr Arcus, I am delighted to meet you. Welcome to Laskeir! Your ill-luck is our good-fortune,' he said in a pleasant, clear voice, and shook hands warmly. 'I only wish you could have come to us without such material disaster.' He glanced at the wreck, sighing, 'Poor thing! And such personal risk! But let me congratulate you on your safety, and believe that I greatly regretted not being free to welcome you sooner. I trust you have found your lodging fairly comfortable?'

The young man's reply was enthusiastic.

'Ah!' said Helmsdale, looking honestly gratified, 'I can always depend on Miss Florence'—he took the girl's arm; 'and, between ourselves, Mr Arcus'—he lowered his voice—'Hubert is a wonderful man. Now, let us help him to haul up the dingy, and then to breakfast. I had a swim an hour ago, and want only a shave to make me fit for the table.'

The blithe heartiness of the man dispelled any lingering doubts that Arcus may have had of his reception; and when they met at breakfast the host was once more impressive in his assurances of the guest being welcome.

'My only fear is lest you find our island confined and dull before the month is up. Still, we shall do our best until the *Phyllis* calls,' he said. 'My niece has told you that the yacht comes but once a month?'

'There is little likelihood of my finding dullness here, Dr Helmsdale,' Arcus politely said, and halted.

Miss Helmsdale read his thoughts. 'Mr Arcus has business that demands his going as soon as possible. He was bound for the whaling station in Harris, you know.'

'Yes,' Helmsdale shook his head. 'It is an empty sea hereabouts, Mr Arcus, especially at this season. But we must keep our eyes open

and our rockets ready. Next year I must lay a cable to Harris, or go in for wireless. My niece sometimes feels rather out of the world here.'

'I don't!' said Miss Helmsdale, but not altogether convincingly to the ears of the young man.

Her uncle eyed her kindly. 'Perhaps your patience may be rewarded sooner than you imagine, Florence. It is just possible that I may attain the two million mark within a year from now.' He turned to Arcus, and with the utmost frankness explained his last remark. 'You are by this time aware of my business on these islands, Mr Arcus—the recovery of gold from sea-water, until now a problem of science. Later on I shall do myself the pleasure of showing you something of my practical process, and of answering—well, *most* of the questions you may feel disposed to ask. I may now anticipate one question which will quite naturally occur to you, whether you put it into words or not: When am I going to stop? My answer is: When I have recovered gold to the value of two millions sterling.'

'Oh!' murmured Arcus, amazed less at the statement itself, perhaps, than at its cool, mild utterance. With a somewhat foolish laugh he added, 'Would not one million do?'

'Had I not already passed that figure it might,' the host returned, presenting his cup for more coffee. 'But'—with a smile—'I have vowed that two millions shall be my limit.' To his niece, 'There now, Florence, you have a witness to my words! Two millions, and you quit this prison!' His bright eyes danced back to his guest. 'No man ever had a more devoted helper,' he said softly, and at once changed the subject by asking for a full account of the *Vesta's* ill-fated voyage.

After breakfast Helmsdale suggested an inspection of what he termed his 'domestic plant'—namely, the oil-reservoir, the dynamos, the apparatus for distilling sea-water.

'There is no spring on the island,' he informed his guest, 'and the rain, though plentiful, falls on too confined an area to make its collection worth while. I believe Hubert uses all he can get for washing his face. You may have noticed his fine complexion?'

'I should not have taken the water I have drunk to be distilled,' said Arcus. 'Your tea, for instance'—

'The water for drinking purposes is slightly aerated and treated with limeshell, otherwise it would be too flat and soft. In small matters my notions are deplorably luxurious.'

Arcus laughed. 'Don't you mean in all matters, Dr Helmsdale?'

'By no means. When necessary I can rough it with any man. I have had my adventures, Mr Arcus, and I have known poverty—even hunger. But I have also learned—well, for instance, that the liqueur Green Chartreuse tastes best from a cup of chemically pure gold at a temperature of 42.5 Fahrenheit.'

Arcus surmised that he was being chaffed. 'Atlantic gold, I presume,' he said, with ill-restrained flippancy.

'Atlantic gold, recovered, purified, and hammered by myself,' said the other, bowing gravely. 'Decorated by my niece,' he added. 'Hubert shall dispense my prescription with our coffee to-night. And now you might care to glance through my laboratory. Pray believe that I do not confine myself to gold-grubbing. Fortunately, my gold extractor—or perhaps I should say attractor—can take care of itself for considerable periods, and I am permitted to devote time to my hobbies—colour-photography, to mention one of them. You are not interested in these things perhaps?'

'I'm an interested ignoramus. It will be kind of you to admit me to your laboratory, Dr Helmsdale,' said Arcus. 'Your secrets will be safe from me, at any rate,' he added lightly.

'I have but one secret that is of any real importance,' returned Helmsdale, a trifle grim, 'and I should be sorry to think it was aught but absolutely safe from discovery. Come, then,' he concluded, and led the way back to the house.

The laboratory was reached from the sitting-room. Arcus had previously noticed the door, with its Yale lock, in the white wall. He was not altogether surprised to find the inside of the door metal-lined. The walls were treated in similar fashion, and enamelled white. The floor was of concrete. There were no windows, as Arcus perceived when his guide switched on a number of lights, yet it was plain to his lunge that ventilation had been provided for. The atmosphere savoured of chemicals, but was in no sense oppressive.

'One must guard against fire,' Helmsdale observed, his eyes following those of Arcus. 'I have not thought it worth while to insure against burglary.' He passed to the end of the laboratory and unlocked a steel door.

The safe was as high as himself, four feet broad, and five feet in depth. As the door swung back the interior became illuminated. The visitor perceived the gleam of steel—pieces of machinery, he guessed; also a glimmer of yellow metal.

'Here,' said the host, 'I keep certain delicate apparatus not yet protected by patent, but more intricate than interesting to a layman. This, however'—he turned, holding out an ingot—'is a sample of'—

'Atlantic gold!'

'Feel it; inspect it.'

Arcus took the slab, in size that of a man's visiting-card, in thickness about a quarter of an inch, and gazed on its dull beauty. He turned it over and saw a mirror-like surface; then he passed it back to Helmsdale without a word.

Helmsdale waved it away. 'A souvenir, Mr Arcus. Do me the honour to accept it.'

'Oh, really'—Arcus began.

'Besides, I want you to have it tested when

you get home.' The doctor laughed gently. 'You still have your doubts, you know.'

Arcus flushed. 'Not now,' he said, his eyes on the ingot. He had handled raw gold often enough.

'Well, well, your friends will have theirs. Tut, tut! Put it in your pocket and prove to your friends that I am neither a madman nor a charlatan.'

'But, Dr Helmsdale,' the young man hesitated, 'you don't want the matter advertised, do you?'

'Why not? Why should not I have visions of an Oceanic Gold Recovery Company, Limited, with a capital of five millions or so? My process remains, though I cease to work it personally.'

Again Arcus fancied he detected a jesting note; but the speaker's visage was perfectly serious.

'The more talk the better,' said Helmsdale, and reached into the safe.

'I should certainly like to show this to my friend Anstruther, and tell him of your vision. Anstruther is a stockbroker,' Arcus remarked. 'Anyhow, I'm tremendously indebted to you. I'll keep it as the souvenir of a wonderful man.'

Helmsdale grinned like a gratified schoolboy. 'Tell your friend, by all means,' he said. 'We might make him the company's broker. But never mind that now. Look here, Mr Arcus.' He unwrapped waxed paper from an ingot larger but thinner than the first, and held it up edgewise between finger and thumb. It fairly flashed in the visitor's eyes.

'Atlantic silver, Mr Arcus. I don't ask you to touch it at present. I'm going to perform a little bit of magic with it; and it has been specially prepared. Would you mind coming over here?' He led the way across the floor to what struck Arcus as a large and odd-looking camera. 'Pray sit down,' he said, indicating a chair. Then an idea seemed to strike him. 'Would you mind going into the next room and taking a chrysanthemum—a pink one, if you like—from the table?'

With some resemblance to a shy member of an audience induced by a conjurer to step upon the stage, Arcus went upon his errand, and presently returned with a pink chrysanthemum.

'Please place it in your button-hole and be seated,' said his host. 'Try to look a little happier than one usually does at the photographer's!' He laid the silver in a slide, which he inserted in the back of the camera. 'Now we must submit to a moment's comparative darkness.'

He moved one switch, and all the lights went out. He moved another, and a crackling of electric sparks, which Arcus could not see, invaded the silence. The crackling, however, soon developed into a steady purr, and the atmosphere became suffused with a faint bluish luminance which could scarcely be described as light. Arcus felt rather than saw it.

'Now, steady!' murmured the doctor; and a second later, 'Thank you, Mr Arcus!'

The purring ceased; the switch snapped; the

bulbs filled with white light. Helmsdale took out the silver plate, washed it carefully first in a porcelain bath of heavy-smelling liquid, then under running water. Finally he dried it very cautiously over a spirit-flame.

He handed it, slightly warm, to Arcus, observing, 'Not so cheerful as you might have looked.'

Arcus saw himself as in a looking-glass. 'I say!' he exclaimed.

From a drawer Helmsdale took a sheet of very white, highly glazed paper, and spread it on the bench under a shaded bulb, which immediately emitted a powerful yellow light. 'Allow me,' he said, and taking the silver with his right hand, held it end up on the paper, while with his left he adjusted the bulb so that its beam fell on the photograph. With a little manipulation, a clear reflection was thrown upon the white paper. But the reflection was a naturally coloured portrait of Arcus's head and shoulders, and of the delicately pink chrysanthemum, tiny but distinct, against the gray tweed.

'Magic indeed!' cried Arcus, staring.

Helmsdale pushed the silver over to his guest. 'Puzzle your friends with it. Kept in a cool, dry place, it should last for years.'

This time there was no doubt about his jesting, but an instant later his tone was serious enough. His forefinger tapped the blank paper. 'It's a small thing I have shown you,' he said. 'It would have been a bigger thing if you were *still* looking at your reflected image *there*, colours and all, *with the original in your pocket*. Would it not, Mr Arcus?'

'I don't know that I should be much more astonished than I am, Dr Helmsdale. But—but you don't mean to tell me you could show me that?'

Helmsdale went on tapping the paper. 'It can be done. With a certain paper and a certain light it can be done. I wish I could show you it being done!' he cried, with sudden impatience. 'One gets tired of performing without an audience. It's not that I'm afraid of giving away a secret. You could see the thing done, yet understand nothing.' He doubled his fist and smote the paper. 'Lord! I wish I could show you—show you the biggest thing done since the invention of the dry plate. But I can't!' He sighed. 'You see, it's dangerous. You might get . . . well, there are fumes . . . damnable. . . . Some day I'll get caught myself.' His voice trailed off into an absent muttering.

Arcus gazed at his piece of silver like a man who avoids the sight of another's emotion.

Then his host laughed. 'Strange thing the human craving for human applause! There are times when we would ruin ourselves for it.' He touched Arcus on the shoulder. 'Come, my friend, and take a look round my benches.'

He was explaining a little machine that drew lines, and made dots, and did other wonderful and delicate things in fabulous numbers to the

square inch, when Hubert tapped and announced luncheon.

'But you were not listening, or at any rate you were not taking in my remarks, Mr Arcus,' Helmsdale said pleasantly, as he replaced the glass cover over the complicated mechanism. 'You were thinking all the time either of my Atlantic gold or of my colour-photography.'

'It was the latter, and I don't apologise,' Arcus replied. 'I was wondering if you could apply

it out of doors. As far as I could judge, you have not yet applied it to scenery, and so on.'

'Ah,' said Helmsdale, 'you notice things! No, my process would not succeed at all out of doors, unless I could get absolute darkness. As for scenery—well, as a matter of fact, I'm not very keen on scenery. . . . Not very keen on scenery!' And he laughed as though his own indifference to scenery amused him.

(Continued in following section of this part.)

THE TASMANIAN PORT ARTHUR.

By F. A. W. GISBORNE.

THE world contains three places of note named Port Arthur, two of historic and mournful interest, and the third the flourishing grain-port at the north-western extremity of Lake Superior, a busy centre of commercial activity.

Much has been said and written within the last few years of the great fortress situated on the Liao-Tung Peninsula, which stands a monument of the triumphs of war rather than those of peace, and a lasting memorial of Japanese valour. But there is another Port Arthur, also situated at the southern end of a peninsula, which possesses features of interest. Like its Asiatic namesake, also, it suggests painful recollections of human suffering—suffering, however, in this case alike more protracted and bitter than that sustained by the contending hosts in and around the Gibraltar of the East, and unalleviated either by the fervour of patriotism or the hope of fame. To the Tasmanian Port Arthur belongs the melancholy distinction of having been for nearly half the last century the site of one of the largest penal settlements in the British dominions.

The coast of southern Tasmania is of extraordinary irregularity. To the extreme south-east of the island is to be found a singular kind of double peninsula, shaped somewhat like an hour-glass, the lower division, however, being much the larger of the two. The northern portion of this double peninsula is called Forestier's Peninsula, the southern Tasman's Peninsula. The southern coast of Tasman's Peninsula is cleft at the centre by a deep, irregular inlet, barely a mile in width at the entrance, but widening northwards into a spacious basin, for a large part completely landlocked.

A voyage of about four hours' duration in ordinary weather takes the traveller from Hobart to Port Arthur. In extraordinary weather a wise tourist would choose the land route, which, though longer, furnishes very interesting scenery. Motor conveyances run regularly during the summer months between the two places, covering the sixty miles of intervening road in about the same time that the steamer takes to cross forty miles of water. If he prefer it, the visitor can combine land and water travel by voyaging by

sea to a small town called Nubeena, situated on the western side of the peninsula, and either walking or driving the remaining six miles required to reach Port Arthur. This is the shortest and most direct route of the three. In the writer's opinion it is also the most interesting.

Nubeena itself is a place well worth seeing. During a late stay in the locality, the writer and a friend, an experienced orchardist, visited what bears the reputation of being the most productive orchard for its size in the whole of Tasmania. From a diminutive plot of ground only three-quarters of an acre in extent the fortunate owner gathers on an average about eight hundred bushels of apples every year, and he has obtained a thousand bushels in a single season. Almost every tree at the time of our visit had its branches supported by props to prevent their breaking under their loads of fruit. Some twelve acres of land adjacent had been planted with young trees, and scattered about the district were young orchards, all of remarkable promise, embracing a considerable area of ground. Apparently rather tardily the residents have discovered the most profitable way of utilising their properties, and are now busily engaged in preparing to send extensive supplies to Covent Garden by-and-by. To the prospective fruit-grower Tasman's Peninsula may be recommended as one of the most promising fields for his industry. Land is plentiful and cheap—from ten shillings to a pound an acre when purchased from the Government—transport facilities are exceptionally good, and the climate and scenery all that can be desired.

So much for the general features of the country adjacent to Port Arthur. Between Nubeena and the old penal settlement the road, rather more than undulating, traverses for the greater part virgin forest, cultivation being still chiefly confined to the seaboard. From the crest of the hill overlooking Port Arthur a magnificent view is obtained. Lofty, naked ridges shut out the ocean from the view; and the sheet of placid water, dotted with wooded islets, and thrusting long, sinuous arms into the dense forests that surround it outside the limited area of cleared ground embraced by the town-

ship, resembles an Alpine lake. Scattered along the shore, directly below the spectator, may be seen the dismantled remnants of what were once extensive prisons, barracks, and other buildings connected with the old penal establishment, interspersed among the dwellings of the few present inhabitants of the place. Carnarvon, as the modern township is styled, does not bear the appearance of prosperity. The second growth of population on the spot, numerically at least, is far behind the first. Only a handful of about one hundred and fifty people are now to be found near Port Arthur, and considering the splendid harbour close by, the abundance of land fit for cultivation within easy reach of it, and the unrivalled scenic and climatic advantages enjoyed, the stagnation of the place appears difficult to explain. King George's animating exhortation, 'Wake up!' might certainly be addressed to the people of this Sleepy Hollow.

A stranger would do well, on visiting Port Arthur, to engage the services of the local guide. The father of this functionary was in former times an important member of the prison staff, and the son is thoroughly conversant with the past history of the settlement. Under his capable guidance the present writer and his companion spent a very pleasant morning looking over the various places of interest, and listening to the eloquent explanatory discourses of our cicerone. We first visited the remains of the old church, a building once of considerable size and real architectural merit, substantially constructed of sandstone, and erected entirely by convict labour under the supervision of a convict architect. The latter, one heard with satisfaction, received a free pardon as a reward for his services. Only the outer walls and the square tower, surmounted by four slender spires, are now standing, the whole draped and festooned with luxuriant masses of ivy. The spaciousness of the building may be estimated by the fact that it used to accommodate a congregation exceeding two thousand persons, the majority of course consisting of convicts, who were duly marched up from their places of confinement, escorted by armed guards, every Sunday morning to listen to the admonitions of the chaplain. Warders with loaded rifles were stationed at various points in the building to prevent any worshipper making a stealthy and unauthorised departure. The edifice, perhaps the finest of its kind in the island, was in regular use by the local inhabitants till about a quarter of a century ago, when, most unfortunately, owing to the carelessness of a stupid fellow engaged in burning off fallen timber on the hillside behind, the dry shingle roof became ignited by a flying spark, and in a short time the whole combustible portion of the building was consumed—a great and irreparable loss. Only a few years after the destruction of the church some rustic Nero kindled a second and

even more devastating conflagration. On this occasion the flames swept through the whole town and consumed all but the brick and stone walls of the principal penal buildings, up to that time standing just as they were when the evacuation of the settlement by the prisoners and garrison took place, leaving all these relics of old times dismantled, roofless, and blackened.

During the period of almost half a century—to be exact, forty-seven years—following the year 1830, when the penal settlement at Port Arthur was first formed, the locality was a scene of busy human activity. Its population consisted then of about three thousand people, one thousand two hundred and sixty being prisoners, and the remainder chiefly warders and officers and men belonging to the garrison. Only a few civilians were specially licensed to live there, and no free agricultural settlement in the back country was allowed. The whole of Tasman's Peninsula, in fact, constituted an extensive prison domain. Two large buildings accommodated those of the unwilling residents who were sound in body and mind; two more, a hospital and an asylum, the incapacitated, usually, it is to be feared, comprising a considerable proportion of the whole population. Of the former pair, the penitentiary was a huge, barrack-like edifice four storeys high, and designed to hold one thousand two hundred prisoners; its companion edifice, known as the 'model' prison, was much smaller, being intended to accommodate only sixty men, the dregs of convictdom. The 'model' prison, we were told, was so called because it was built in exact imitation of the well-known English establishment at Pentonville. To its unfortunate inmates, all convicts of the worst type undergoing life sentences, it must have seemed a veritable mansion of the dead. The corridor-floors were covered with thick matting, along which masked warders, wearing felt slippers, paced noiselessly to and fro. No conversation of any kind was permitted, and Trappist discipline prevailed. At fixed times each prisoner's allowance of food was pushed through a grating into the cell where he passed the weary hours in complete and hopeless solitude. In rotation, for one hour a day, each captive was privileged to take exercise. The recreation-ground consisted of a fan-shaped enclosure about half an acre in extent, and surrounded by massive stone walls some fifteen feet in height. This space was accurately divided into five wedge-shaped divisions, with walls between, and into each, at the narrow end, a massive door opened from the prison. When their turn came five prisoners were let loose into these five charming little parks to disport themselves and survey the landscape for exactly sixty minutes, their leg-irons, however, not being removed lest they should endeavour to obtain a wider view from the summit of the wall. On one occasion, despite this precaution, a prisoner of extraordinary agility and daring did actually

succeed in escaping; but after taking a considerable amount of rather painful exercise in the bush, he was recaptured and severely disciplined. After this episode, to check further displays of enterprise of the kind, the recreation-ground was covered by a sort of gridiron of stout, close-set iron bars. When his hour of bliss was over, each prisoner was reconducted to his cell, there to remain for the next twenty-three hours in sunless seclusion. With a stone floor beneath him, stone walls around him, stone ceiling above him, and only a narrow, barred slit high up to afford admittance to a few rays of light, the condition of the unfortunate convict must soon have become one of mental and moral petrification. The cells resembled but enlarged sarcophagi. Appropriately enough, just behind this voiceless abode of woe was situated the prison asylum, which, our guide told us, was usually crowded with by no means taciturn patients. There 'moody madness, laughing wild,' mocked the resources of discipline. Only for a brief space, however. The asylum served but as the stepping-stone between the model prison and a yet more silent place of incarceration in the quiet bay beyond.

Before leaving this gloomy spot we were shown a couple of sepulchral cavities in which, as the severest form of punishment of all, not excepting the gallows, refractory prisoners were subjected to the dreaded ordeal of confinement in the dark cell. The darkness in each of these was such as would be experienced at the bottom of the deepest coal-mine; ingenious means even had been devised for excluding the passage of light through the orifices required for purposes of ventilation. Thirty hours formed the maximum period of detention in these dungeons. At its expiration the most hardened desperado would emerge, temporarily blinded and utterly unnerved, if not mentally wrecked. The severest flogging was preferred by the convicts to this form of punishment. Its terrors, no doubt, were intensified often by an evil conscience and those haunting superstitions that usually afflict low natures. While the writer and his companion were quite of opinion that thirty hours in so uncomfortable a place of meditation would be trying, especially as no conveniences of any kind for repose were provided, they nevertheless agreed in preferring such an experience to receiving the ministrations of the prison flagellator.

Compared with the model prison the penitentiary must have presented quite a cheerful aspect. The building commanded a lovely view over the adjacent harbour; its inmates enjoyed plenty of society, and were provided with abundance of occupation. They were also well fed and looked after. The prison kitchen, with the huge ovens in which bread for three thousand mouths was baked daily, still remains in fairly good condition. The tasks of the men were various. In detached buildings, of which scarcely a trace now remains, there were carpentering, tailoring,

bootmaking, and other workrooms, as well as a large tannery and sawmill to provide some of the required materials. The skilled men engaged in these establishments were, no doubt, the envied aristocracy of the community. The great majority of the convicts, however, were employed out of doors. Early every morning, no matter what the weather, at a fixed signal the various gangs were mustered outside the chief gateway in charge of their respective warders, and marched off to their day's labour. Some were employed in cutting and hauling timber, some in clearing and cultivating land, some in quarrying stone, and many in making roads and constructing various buildings. Nearly all the latter have since disappeared, partly owing to the great fire, but chiefly by reason of the rather paltry spirit of economy that influenced the colonial Government in office at the time when the imperial authorities finally relinquished control of Port Arthur. Scores of substantial stone and brick edifices were sold at trifling rates to Hobart building contractors, and their materials shipped off to be used elsewhere.

Once the convicts were locked inside the prison buildings escape was practically impossible. But when engaged out of doors, often in the dense forest, daring men not infrequently made a bolt for liberty. Some were shot when making these attempts, others recaptured and flogged, or subjected to solitary confinement; a few, for the time, escaped. Of the latter, many perished miserably in the bush. But a short time ago the skeleton of one of these unfortunates was found by a settler while clearing his land, the rusted irons still clasped round the bleached leg-bones. Several unhappy wretches, after days of starvation and exposure, returned to the settlement and voluntarily surrendered. Hideous stories of cannibalism such as those recorded in Marcus Clarke's famous romance *For the Term of his Natural Life*—a title of bitter irony—still linger among the old settlers in the neighbourhood, and some at least of these are undoubtedly founded on fact. The primeval forest, to a man destitute of a weapon and impeded in his movements by leg-irons, provided no sustenance. Even shellfish can scarcely be procured along that iron-bound coast. No edible roots or berries are to be found. Boats being absolutely unobtainable, the only hope of salvation to the fugitive lay in reaching the comparatively settled districts outside the peninsula, some twenty-five miles to the north. But at the first of the 'necks' of land a strong guard was always stationed; and, moreover, across the hundred yards or so that separated the ocean on the outside from Norfolk Bay on the other a cordon of fierce dogs was stationed at night, the chain of every animal being long enough to enable it to reach its fellow on each side. These savage sentinels kept unceasing watch on land, while boats with armed crews patrolled the adjacent water lest some possible swimmer, who had previously contrived to rid

himself of his irons—an almost impossible feat—might brave the sharks in an attempt to escape the vigilance of the human and canine guards. In the whole history of Port Arthur, it is said, only one runaway convict, afterwards a noted bushranger, succeeded in making good his escape by land. The well-known Irish exile Smith O'Brien, whose comfortable little cottage still stands on an eminence overlooking the harbour, did certainly succeed in getting away by sea; but he was treated with exceptional indulgence, and had special facilities for escaping. The ordinary convict necessarily lacked the means to bribe the owner of a vessel to take him away, apart from the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of carrying on a negotiation. An odd prisoner or two escaped with the connivance of local fishermen; but very few indeed enjoyed this good fortune. The ordinary runaway's choice lay between being shot, starving, and, literally, going to the dogs.

As we look across the harbour from the now desolate penitentiary, a bold and wooded promontory and a small islet just off its extremity arrest the attention. Both objects suggest grim memories. On the promontory, which bears the quaintly classical and appropriate name of Point Puer, was once situated a large jail in which were confined several hundred boys from ten to fourteen years of age. Scarcely a trace of the building remains. But the precipice now known as Suicide Cliff close by recalls to the visitor's memory the pathetic tragedy recorded in one of Marcus Clarke's chapters. Two unhappy child-

convicts, desperate from ill-usage, here leapt into final freedom. The little mound of rock and earth rising from the calm waters beyond possesses even sadder associations. This is the well-known Isle of the Dead. It might well have seemed an isle of the blessed also to many of those whose eyes in former times no doubt frequently turned yearningly towards it. Beneath its three or four acres of surface, now thickly overgrown with bushes, repose the remains of no fewer than one thousand two hundred former convicts and more than three hundred civil and military officers and soldiers. No external sign whatever marks the spot where each prisoner was buried; his worn-out remains seem to have been summarily thrust underground and covered up. But it is painful to observe the neglected condition of such graves as still possess headstones, and still more sad to notice in most cases the youth of the victims. Evidently there was something rotten in the sanitary state of Port Arthur in the early days; otherwise young men mostly under thirty years of age would not have perished by scores. Perhaps the moral malaria that then brooded over the place reacted disastrously on the physical constitutions of its inhabitants, free as well as bond. On both alike the hand of Death seems to have fallen equally heavily. Happily the curse of suffering and mortality that for many years afflicted this beautiful spot has long passed away, and Port Arthur now ranks as one of the most healthful places in an island whose equal for salubrity can hardly be found elsewhere in the British Empire.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE MOLE.

By HARRY ESCOURT.

BENDING his long, wiry body as he reached the doorway of Messer Recco's house, in the Banchi quarter, Martino Cassini, the Genoese gunner, listened intently. Reassured by the silence, he entered cautiously. 'There are no cursed Austrians quartered here,' he muttered, 'or all were not so quiet. My little Cristina has been spared that, the saints be praised!'

Martino had taken but a stride or two down the passage, however, when a stifled shriek fell on his ears. His hand flew to his knife, and in a couple of bounds he had burst open a door, to find his sweetheart struggling feebly in the arms of an Austrian officer. With a fierce oath, Cassini caught up a stool, and, as the intruder turned from the girl, brought it down with a crash on his head. The man fell heavily, and in a moment Cristina had flown to her lover and lay trembling in his arms. Clasp her in a passionate embrace, for a time Cassini vainly endeavoured to calm her. But presently she sank into a chair, striving bravely to check her sobs, and he stooped over the Austrian.

'Have—have you killed him?' gasped Cristina.

'The man is but stunned,' replied Cassini bitterly. 'Would I had struck harder!'

As Cristina buried her face in her hands, a startled exclamation burst from her lover. Rising hastily, he threw a heavy purse and a package on the table. The girl looked up, scared anew.

'These were within his doublet,' said Cassini. '*Diavolo!* we are no robbers. The purse I cannot touch, but I will see what may be in this.' Swiftly he disclosed papers and a soft leather bag. 'Plans!' he exclaimed. 'Orders from their General! These must to the Doge.' As he spoke the man on the floor stirred and groaned. In an instant Cassini caught up the Austrian's pistol.

'No, no!' implored Cristina.

'He deserves no less,' growled her lover, thrusting the weapon beneath his cloak reluctantly, and hastily bundling together the papers and leather bag. 'Take them, Cristina. They will be safer with you for a space. Now, quickly,

little one! 'Tis a halter for both of us to stop here now. Come!' And, grasping her hand, he hurried her along the passage.

'But where? Where can we hide?' gasped the girl.

'Fear not, my Cristina. Keep but a brave heart. The worst is not yet.'

'Ah, were only my—my father here!' she faltered.

'Can I not protect you as well?' whispered Cassini reproachfully, as they hastened along in the rapidly failing light.

The girl's only answer was to grip his arm the tighter and turn her tear-stained face to his. Who shall blame him if he halted a moment to imprint a passionate kiss on her pure brow? But that instant's delay came near to being their undoing; for, as Cristina's arms crept round her lover, an Austrian patrol swung into sight, and Cassini had barely time to draw the girl down a narrow lane to escape their vigilance.

As they crouched together in the shadow of a doorway, Cassini scowled his hatred of the invaders. 'Mark the rascals, how they strut!' he muttered. 'Genoa is theirs, they say! And they will even carry off our guns on the morrow—my very mortars from the Mole! Ah, by the saints! to-morrow is not yet.' And he ground his teeth in sullen rage.

As the steady tramp of the soldiers' feet died away, 'How came it that you were alone, Cristina?' asked her lover.

'My father went to Messer Durazzo the armourer,' she rejoined nervously. 'His son Roberto, your friend, brought a message but a short hour back.'

'Ha! and there we will go also, my heart!' exclaimed Cassini. 'Giulio Durazzo can find you safe hiding. Ay, and find us arms!' he added between his teeth, as he cautiously led the maid, still trembling, down the dark passage.

'But—but my father will be angered,' she faltered. 'He has been strange and hard to me since'—

'Since I claimed your hand, sweet one?'

'Yes,' she sighed. '*Ohimè!* you know that he will not hear of it.'

'Messer Recco is hard to please,' said her lover bitterly. 'Ere this trouble came on us I held command of a score of men, and but for the love of dice in those before me might bear a name of the oldest.'

The girl sighed again, but made no answer as they cautiously threaded their way through a maze of narrow lanes. Presently they reached the church of St Luca, and as they hurried past it a heavily cloaked figure started out from the shadows and brushed against Cassini.

Gripping Cristina's hand, Cassini urged her forward; but, noting that the man was following them, he bade her run on some paces and await him. Then, drawing the Austrian's pistol from his belt, he turned to face his pursuer.

'Cur!' hissed the man, darting towards him with uplifted knife.

Dropping the cloak from his face, Cassini sprang aside and levelled his weapon.

'Martino!' exclaimed his assailant with a startled oath. 'Pardon, my friend; I took you for a cursed Austrian. 'Tis lucky a light burns within the church, for I had determined to strike at you and rescue the maid.'

'Good lad!' said Cassini, gripping the other's hand. 'Cristina Recco is with me, and we are making for Durazzo's house. You are of the Doge's household, Donato, and should know how things stand. Can I get a message past these Austrian guards?'

The usher shook his head doubtfully. 'I know not how I shall return,' he said. 'I was with my mother in the shadow of the passage there, waiting until those devils get enough liquor into them. Then I shall smuggle her into the palace kitchens. They have sacked our house—curse them!'

'We will come with you,' muttered Cassini. 'Cristina shall pass in with your mother if we can safely manage it.'

Donato nodded. 'We shall be better together,' he agreed. 'You have a pistol.'

As they crept silently along, two by two, keeping within sight of each other, her lover told Cristina that she must pass for a kitchen wench, and, once in the palace, do her best to get the package conveyed to the Doge. 'Will you be brave enough, dear one?' he implored. 'I cannot enter with you.'

'I will do it for you, Martino,' she whispered. 'Anything. But it is for you that I will do it.'

'Nay, Cristina, 'tis for Genoa, or you should not run the risk;' and, catching her swiftly to him, he repaid her courage with tender kisses. As they cautiously approached the palace the noise and confusion about it gave them great hopes of success.

'Perchance I can slip back myself,' said Donato. 'Stay you here while I see how things are.' He had taken but a step forward, when a louder uproar of drunken cries and oaths drew their attention to a man running towards them. Cassini pulled the women back hastily.

'*Mio Dio!* 'tis the Senator Lercari!' exclaimed Donato.

As he panted by, the old man caught the words and stopped. 'To your homes! To your homes, an ye would be safe!' he gasped. 'St Lorenzo preserve us this night! These Austrian devils are mad with drink.'

'Ay, we go,' rejoined Cassini, grasping Cristina's hand.

'A moment!' exclaimed the senator, with a scared look over his shoulder. 'Your face is known to me. I would keep by you, for my own palace is guarded, and I shall meet with naught but insult.'

'We go to Messer Durazzo's,' said Cassini

shortly. 'Come with us, *signore*. You will be welcome—and safe for the night.'

'What did you here?' quavered the old senator as he strove to keep up with them.

'We looked to pass the women into the kitchens,' replied Cassini. 'But you say it is not safe?'

'*Cappari*! no. Anywhere but there! 'Twas a mad thought.'

'The old dame has served in the Doge's household, and we thought that she could slip in with the maid,' explained Cassini as they stopped at a corner and peered cautiously into the Strada Lomellina.

'You had a reason?' whispered the senator.

Cassini nodded, and turned to Cristina. A moment after he put the package into the senator's hands. 'It will be safer with you, *signore*,' he said. 'Tis for the Doge. Austrian papers and plans. Later I will tell you how I came by them.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the old man. 'To-morrow his Serenity shall have them. 'Tis a risk, but I can do it. *Cappari*! 'twas brave of the girl.'

'Silence!' cautioned Cassini. 'The street is clear. Follow quickly.'

In a few moments they had taken a turning on the right, and stood at the rear of the armourer's house. As Cassini knocked softly a trap in the door slid back and a face peered through the iron grating.

'It is I, Cassini; and Cristina Recco is with me. Open quickly!' said the gunner in low, insistent tones. They heard a startled exclamation, and in the shortest space the door was flung open and Cristina was clasped in her father's arms.

'What means this, Martino Cassini?' questioned the old man sternly.

'Your daughter was being molested by one of these Austrian curs, and I struck him down,' answered Cassini shortly, as he hustled his companions in and barred the door.

'*Mio Dio*!' groaned Gaspare Recco, 'it wanted but that. The saints preserve us all!' And he led them to a cellar, where the armourer and his son were in anxious deliberation with a handful of sturdy citizens.

In a few words Cassini accounted for their presence, and for some moments there was a tense silence, as the men eyed one another with lowering brows and sombre looks.

'I should not have left the child thus,' quavered her father at last. 'But what could I do? All my assistants have been carried off by these Austrian devils to cut up my cloth—my own cloth. *Ohimè*! my own cloth, every length of it, carried off to clothe these murdering thieves!'

'Since your daughter's honour is saved, you are in lucky case to have lost but your goods, Messer Recco,' growled one of the men with flashing eyes. 'It is more than some of us can boast; and he swore savagely under his breath as he gripped the hilt of his dagger.

Cristina's father crossed himself with a

trembling hand, and, turning to the armourer, 'Friend Durazzo,' he faltered, 'say but the word, and my daughter and I must leave you; for we are all dead men if she be found here now. You have your own wives and children to think of.'

'Then I at least go with you,' burst out Cassini. '*Diamine*!' exclaimed the burly armourer.

'Do you know us so little as to think that of us? They break not in here so easily. And, should they make the essay, they will find that Giulio Durazzo has powder enough to blow many a score to the devil, their master.'

'I—I can never repay your kindness, neighbour,' stammered Recco. 'My cloth is gone, and I am near ruined!'

'*Cospetto*! a pest on payment. Your losses have turned your head, Messer Recco. We are all in like case. This is no time to prate of your cloth-bales, when the very silver of the churches is melted to pay this cursed Austrian levy.'

'My friends,' said the senator uneasily, 'we have blundered, and ruined our city. My word was to close the gates and withstand the enemy, as you well know. *Ohimè*! I was overruled. Yet I would counsel you to attempt nothing of yourselves. If you failed—failed!'

'But what else is left for us, *signore*?' broke in Durazzo hardily. 'We are ruined now. And who can say what fate yet more evil awaits those dear to us!'

'Listen, my father!' exclaimed his son, who had been earnestly conversing apart with Cassini and the other burgessees. 'What say you, sir, to this plan?'

And when, an hour later, they mounted to one of the upper apartments to snatch a few hasty mouthfuls from the board that the armourer's wife had spread, every face shone with renewed hope and determination that the sense of their desperate venture was powerless to damp.

It was close on midnight when they secretly left Durazzo's house by twos and threes, some to make known their plan to trusted comrades, and the armourer and his son, and also Cassini, to meet at the Batteria della Cava; from which fort, as well as from the Mole, the Austrians were to remove the mortars at daybreak.

The guns were, as they well knew, guarded by the invaders; but they counted on finding the sentries too full of liquor to prevent them from stealing up to one of the cannon under cover of the darkness; and so the event proved. For the two Durazzos, eluding the Austrian guard posted on the Ponte di Carignan, by cautiously keeping in the shadow of La Madre di Dio until they judged it safe to descend and pass by the houses under the bridge, managed in this manner to gain the dark shadow of the trees by the church of St Maria. Thence it was no hard task to make their way unmolested across the fields to St Giacomo, where they came on Cassini, who guided them to a gate in the wall, of which he still held the key.

Moving only when the bursts of drunken song from the Austrians were at their loudest, they at last reached the guns. Feverishly they worked at the carriage of one of the mortars, and at last, creeping from the black shadow of the embrasure, and throwing away their files and oil-flask, they silently dispersed. The armourer regained his house in safety, but his son and Cassini were both arrested by an Austrian patrol at dawn, and taken back to La Cava.

It was with compressed lips and flashing eyes that Cassini laboured to remove the cannon that he loved so well; but as he was surrounded by the Austrian soldiers, his hidden knife was useless, and he was forced to obey. Nor was he the only one; for, as the heavy pieces were, with great exertion, dragged through the narrow streets, the Austrians took citizens right and left from the thronging, sullen crowds, and with furious threats constrained them to haul at the guns.

At last, as they reached one of the narrowest ways, a mortar jammed in an ill-paved rut, and a hoarse murmur ran through the dense mob. The moment had come! Cassini flashed a warning glance at Roberto; and, amid the exasperated curses of the Austrians, they, with the help of some half-score Genoese who had quietly detached themselves from the press, worked with apparent goodwill to free the gun-carriage.

In a moment, with the rending of iron and wood, it gave way, and the heavy mortar crashed to the ground. As the soldiers, mad with rage, heaped curses and threats on the citizens for their maladroitness, an officer pushed his way through the struggling mass.

It needed not the Austrian's bandaged head for Cassini to recognise him instantly as the man he had struck down overnight. As the gunner was endeavouring to get at his concealed knife their eyes met. With a foul oath, the man sprang toward him, to find his way blocked by Roberto Durazzo. Speechless with rage, the officer struck savagely with his cane at Roberto, who in a flash buried a dagger in the man's side.

A frenzied yell burst from the crowd, which, at one moment bristling with knives and daggers, had in the next surged on to the Austrians, hacking and stabbing like madmen. Before the invaders could pray or curse again, there was not a soldier in the street but lay choking his life out.

Brandishing his crimson dagger, Durazzo sprang on the broken gun-carriage. 'To arms, men of Genoa!' he cried. 'To the Arsenal! To the Arsenal!'

'Death to the Austrians!' shrieked the mob, as, with a courage born of despair, they rushed down the street, breaking into the armourers' shops, and being reinforced at every turn by their fellow-citizens, who had but waited for the word to rise. Short work was made of the Arsenal gates. The powder-magazines were ransacked, and the whole population, many of the women aiding, began with despairing fury a hand-to-

hand struggle with the invaders, which quickly became a pitiless massacre.

The Austrians, taken by surprise and unable to form, were butchered like sheep; and as a last remnant of their forces endeavoured to draw off from the city in some semblance of order, Cassini, who throughout had fought side by side with Durazzo, pointed to a column of smoke rising from the direction of Maracci.

'See you not, Roberto!' he cried in a hoarse, cracked voice. 'The peasants! They have risen to aid us. We must join them and finish off these devils, or they will rally yet.'

They were seconded by a handful of nobles, and in a few minutes a small body of horse, leaving the torrent of maddened citizens to pursue the flying Austrians on foot, dashed out from the Porta dell' Arco. Making for the bands of peasants, who had dug up their arms and from all sides were hastening to the aid of their countrymen, they mustered them in some force, and, taking the flying Austrians in the rear, cut them down to a man. In all directions the pursuit trailed over the hills and valleys until the state was cleared of the enemy.

Returning to Genoa a day later, weary and faint from their wounds, Cassini and Durazzo were acclaimed by the citizens as conquerors. But, as Durazzo rode by the side of the Doge, Cassini, at the sight of a pair of tear-dimmed eyes, was well content to slip away and clasp Cristina in his arms.

Albeit it was with a heavy heart that he left her on the following morn to bear his part in the triumphant procession, in which the mortar was drawn through the principal streets amid frenzied rejoicings. For, though in the flush of his success he had again pressed his suit, Cristina's father had stubbornly refused to hear of the match.

Half-crazed with his previous losses, Messer Recco found himself faced with the smouldering ruins of his house, which the Austrian officer, on coming to his senses, had ordered to be sacked and burned in the night. In vain Cassini pleaded that he had been promised a command.

'Bah! prate not to me of marriage. We are all ruined, I say!' the old mercer shrieked in frenzied rage.

Thus Cassini left him, relieved to think that his sweetheart was still in the care of the armourer's wife.

Amid the confusion Cassini could muster but eight men of the score he had commanded before the Austrians had entered the city; but at the head of these he made his way to the palace.

As he approached, the captain of the Doge's halberdiers hurried up to him. 'Quickly, man!' he exclaimed. 'His Serenity has twice asked for you.'

In the shortest space Cassini was hustled through the crowded antechamber, and, in some bewilderment, found himself bowing before the

Doge and a brilliant group of senators and officers.

'Ha! Martino Diavicini, known of late years as Martino Cassini, is it not?' interrogated the Doge benevolently. And as Martino, taken aback, bowed again in silence, 'Nay, man, the name has stood high, and shall again,' the Doge went on quickly. 'The State owes you much, and not a little to the brave girl who would have risked all to pass these papers to my hands. Know you what the bag contains?'

'Your Serenity, there was scant time to look. I but glanced at the papers.'

The Doge slowly opened the soft leather bag that Martino had taken from the Austrian officer's doublet, and poured its contents on the table—a shimmering glitter of gems that held Cassini in speechless amazement.

'A good half of the Crown jewels of the Queen of Hungary,' explained the Doge. 'They were pledged with our merchants, and, as perchance you may not know, were one of the causes that led to this strife. The Austrians seized them, but the scoundrel you struck down—yes, I have heard all—must himself have stolen these. The Senate has decreed their return to the merchants, who are ordered to give you a third of their value, which is no more than just. To-day I am pressed, but will send for you again. The command promised you shall have.' And, as Cassini endeavoured to express his gratitude, 'Bear again your true name,

Martino Diavicini,' added the Doge kindly. 'You will now have the means, and are worthy of it.'

'Twill be a hundred thousand ducats at the very least,' whispered the Senator Lercari, as Martino stammered some words of earnest thanks for his good offices with the Doge. 'And the merchants are so overjoyed that they will give such a dowry to Signorina Recco as should make her old father's eyes start from his head.'

As the news reached Genoa that the Austrian army marching on Provence had turned, bent on investing the city and taking a terrible revenge, there was a somewhat hurried wedding in the church of St Pietro; but the building was crowded with the principal nobles and citizens, in honour of Martino Diavicini.

'Fear not, sweet wife!' he said when, having been placed in command of the city's cannon, his duty called him from her side. 'We shall give a good account of these Austrians. We have taught them one lesson, and, by all the saints, they shall learn another!'

Happily for Cristina's fears, the Duc de Richelieu marched to the aid of the Genoese, and saved the republic from the Austrian fury. And when Cristina showed her children the statue that the Senate raised to that brave Frenchman they clustered round her with wondering eyes, and coaxed her to repeat again and again the story of how their father and his friend the honoured Senator Durazzo saved the State.

DESCENT OF THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

MANY are the thrilling tales of mountain climbing, and the heroes who have scaled peaks far above the earth's surface are numerous. Summits of the Himalayas, the Andes, and high mountains far away from human abode have been ascended by such mountaineers as the Workmans, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and other noted explorers, in the interest of science. But one of the most daring feats to attain scientific knowledge was the exploration of a volcanic crater that has been active for centuries.

The man who accomplished this feat at the peril of his life is one of the most noted of the world's geologists, Professor Alessandro Malladra, of the Royal Observatory of Vesuvius, who succeeded in descending into the crater of Vesuvius after many attempts. Professor Malladra was accompanied by an old servant of the observatory, Andrea Varvazzo.

Starting from the brink facing Pompeii, with their first rope, four hundred and fifty feet in length, they mastered walls formed like gigantic, precipitous terraces, alternating with steep inclines. A wide, sloping ledge of lava that plunged precipitously to a depth of more

than three hundred and fifty feet was reached. The explorers turned on this ledge toward the south until they came to an incline with a 90 per cent. downward gradient. With the aid of a rope three hundred and fifty feet long they slid down the incline, and reached a huge mass of lava that had fallen as the result of an upheaval of the volcano.

Professor Malladra remained at the bottom for over two hours, studying almost every square foot, and constantly taking instrumental readings. In the fumaroles—the vents from which hot vapour ascended—the thermometer registered the very high temperature of one hundred and eighty-seven to two hundred degrees (200° C. = 392° F.). The depth of the crater is about three hundred metres, or nine hundred and eighty-four feet. From the south of the crater a small, dark, moving rectangle can be seen. There is an unbearable smell of sulphur. The fumaroles are numerous, some very close together, proving that smothered fire is present. At the bottom of the crater the explorers fixed an Italian flag on the rocks.

The result of this perilous investigation

revealed some very interesting features of the volcano. The bottom of the crater is flat, or at the most a little inclined, very irregular, and filled with fallen masses. Professor Malladra was determined to accomplish the descent so as to furnish the observatory and the scientific world with more recent information than was hitherto available. The explorer also wanted to make this descent to study an eruptive period from the beginning to the last phase.

It was only after several failures that Professor Malladra succeeded in his perilous enterprise. When he and Varvazzo attempted their first descent they lowered themselves at the north-west side and descended nearly two hundred feet, but, meeting a perpendicular wall of one hundred and twenty feet, they were prevented from continuing. They tried again five days later; but after having uncoiled a rope one hundred and fifty feet long, they saw that, owing to the crumbling which had taken place, this path was also impossible. These two vain attempts did not discourage the indomitable explorer. Every day he went to the crater, studying its mouth and its walls, until he found a way that seemed practicable.

He now communicated to Varvazzo his intention of attempting another descent. After having gone about one hundred and fifty feet they were obliged to return again. The point chosen, in this case at the south-east side, was also impracticable. The intrepid scientist then tried another road more toward the east. This was on the same day. The two descended for about two hundred feet. To their great delight, they found that this was a practicable trail. But it was already three o'clock in the afternoon, too late to continue the descent. They were obliged to come to the top again, leaving their ropes in the crater, tied to three wooden posts, so that they could continue the next morning.

In the morning the professor and his companion started, with food to be consumed nine hundred and fifty feet beneath the mouth of the crater, seventy pounds of manila and flax rope (nine hundred and fifty feet in length), a barometer, a thermometer, and a camera. They had also brought with them several fusible wires of different metals to measure temperatures higher than those for which the thermometers were graduated. They were also provided with a magnetic needle (compass), a hatchet, a stick, and plummets.

The first big wall was descended, a wall formed by the various eruptions; and this was followed by a descent over red lava in which several fumaroles opened. The temperature of these fumaroles registered one hundred and eighty-seven degrees. At this point a side-wall descended for about one hundred and sixty feet, and presented the first obstacle. Wherever the two brave men placed their feet a new fumarole opened, from which sulphur vapours poured. When the descent of this wall was accomplished

there was a second gigantic perpendicular one of lava, followed by a *talus* cone covered by a bank of lava. The continual breaking and crumbling of the surface made it difficult to escape. Isolated masses fell with tremendous noise, bounding to the bottom, and filling the air with dust and fine ashes. The professor's hands were frequently cut, and a big stone fell on the brim of his hat. Varvazzo was struck on the head, but was so slightly injured that he was able to continue the descent.

Next the two explorers discovered another perpendicular wall completely bare, with no projections or crevices of any kind. After some uncertainty, Professor Malladra was able to find a passage between two ridges of lava. At this moment he became aware that he had no more rope, as one a hundred and fifty feet in length, which he had not thought would be needed, had been left at the top. There was still another wall, descending three hundred and fifty feet, absolutely bare of projections, and no rope could be of service for descent. The explorers, notwithstanding the stones, pebbles, and landslides, managed to crawl down the slope till they reached the bottom of the crater, bruised and exhausted.

Although nearly suffocated by the exhalations of sulphur, the two men crawled over the bottom of the crater, which measures one thousand five hundred feet in diameter, bravely took photographs, made observations, and collected salts and minerals, meanwhile experiencing a frightfully high temperature.

At the bottom of the crater there are little hills and valleys, all irregular, and not discernible from the top. At about 2 P.M. the daring adventurers commenced the ascent. It was a hard struggle all the way up, owing to the many natural difficulties to be surmounted; but finally, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the mouth of the crater.

Thus another great achievement has been performed successfully in the interest of science by the courage of this heroic scientist. At last the interior of a volcanic crater has been revealed for the study of the geologist.

AT EVENING: A SONNET.

I ROAMED at evening o'er the lonely shore,
And passed long time in gazing through the
night;

I watched the moon from its imperial height
Gleam on the waves that, restless as of yore,
Did rise and sink upon the ocean floor;

While drifting clouds ofttimes obscured the light,
Save where one golden arc of moonlight bright
Did on the weltering deep its radiance pour.

I listened to the murmurs of the tides
Sending their mystic sorrows o'er to me
In tones so deep-drawn and so wondrous clear

That, musing there a while, I seemed to hear
The all-surpassing secret of the sea,
Whose distant moaning still with me abides.

W. S.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

THERE is a picture in my mind which will never be effaced. A splendid figure of a man, with strong features and steel-blue eyes with a curious glint in them, was standing at the top of a stone staircase attached to some offices in Victoria Street, London, and I was descending the steps, and turned round for a last sight of him, for he was just about to depart on a very far journey. He held up his hand and called out cheerily, 'Good-bye! And mind you come to meet me when I return!' He will not return. It was Captain Robert Falcon Scott. I knew him well, and had the privilege of his friendship for many years—before the time when he set out upon the organisation of his first Antarctic expedition in the *Discovery*. He had a rather cold exterior and was somewhat difficult to 'get at'; but those who knew him well found that he had a most lovable disposition and was a very staunch and loyal friend, and he represented the very highest type of the British 'officer and gentleman.' Sir Clements Markham was chiefly responsible for bringing him forward for exploration work in the first place. That was when the scheme of the British National Antarctic Expedition, which resulted in the voyage of the *Discovery*, was first entered upon; and it is some testimony to the discernment of the man who first produced this scheme—an old explorer himself—that he brought off from H.M.S. *Majestic* for the leadership of the enterprise one who was certainly the finest man in the kingdom for the purpose and was full of enthusiasm for it. It was always the earnest desire of Scott, as an officer of the navy, to impart the very best traditions of the navy to his exploration work; and not the traditions only, but the methods. On the occasion of his first expedition his ship flew the blue ensign, sailing under Admiralty auspices, and everything aboard the *Discovery* was conducted just as if she were a little battleship. The second and fatal expedition could not set forth with quite the same dignity, but for all that Captain Scott imparted to it as much of the navy system as was practicable, and that was much. The Admiralty gave him all the assistance that they could. Being thus so strongly imbued with the spirit of the service,

he had a dignity and a reserve which were splendid, but which in these modern times are sometimes regarded by materialistic persons as somewhat expensive. He had the most intense dislike to the publication of personal details about himself, and he told me once that he could not bring himself to be the showman explorer even though he knew it might be of advantage to himself and his work. Money was needed for his first expedition, and it was more needed for the second; and though he simply could not advertise, he was brought to realise on the latter occasion that he must approach the public more intimately than had been done before. But he always confined his speeches to his work and the prospects thereof, and you never found him relating any of the tales of his youth or telling of early dreams that he might some day emulate in some measure the achievements of other polar heroes. On the occasion of my last interview with him, which was just on the eve of his departure from England, he expressed some disappointment at the response of the public to the appeal that had been made for funds. He feared that the quest of the South Pole had not captured their imagination in the same way as that of the North Pole had, and that only what might be called the sporting side of the expedition interested the people to any extent. They were more willing to subscribe to football than to such enterprises as this, which might do so much honour to the British flag.

* * *

I saw him constantly during his last days in England, and frequently discussed with him his plans and hopes. He firmly believed that he would reach the Pole this time, and seemed sometimes in some sort of way to suggest that he would not care to return unless he did. In those last days he displayed to the full his abounding energy and his wonderful powers of organisation. His staff were devoted to him, and with them he organised the *Terra Nova* expedition in a magnificent way. After he had gone away, and just before his ship sailed off from New Zealand for the frozen south, he wrote me a final letter, in which he said he felt that all the circumstances and conditions were perfect for his purpose, and that he felt that, with good fortune attending him, the great object would be

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MARCH 29, 1913.

achieved. It was; but now he and his companions lie dead on those frozen Antarctic wastes. And though they have been printed so often already, it may be permitted to repeat the last words that he wrote when he knew the end was fast coming on: 'We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks; we know we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives in this enterprise, it is for the honour of our country. I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale; but surely a great, rich country like ours will see that those who are dependant on us are properly provided for.'

* * *

He was a Devonshire man, born at Outlands, on the edge of Devonport, in 1868, and he lived there until he was thirteen, when he was sent to Fareham, in Hampshire, to finish his education, entering the Royal Navy immediately afterwards. He specialised in torpedo work, and after being torpedo lieutenant on the *Majestic* and then commander, was recommended to Sir Clements Markham for the command of the *Discovery*, which he assumed in June 1901. Sir Ernest Shackleton, who has since achieved so much distinction for his exploration work in the Antarctic, was one of Commander Scott's chosen officers. It seems but yesterday that I saw him giving his orders on the deck of the *Discovery* as she lay in the London dock ready to sail—he was an iron disciplinarian and had all the manner of a great commander—but it will be twelve years next August since he started out on his first expedition. The ship had a very difficult voyage after she left New Zealand for farther south; but the party landed on the Antarctic continent in January of the following year. In the same way, the sledge journeys, which began as soon as the conditions were sufficiently favourable, were the first that ever accomplished anything practical in those desolate regions. Everything was unknown, and the expedition went out to survey, to prospect, to penetrate as far as it could, and to do what was possible, with its splendid equipment, for the cause of science and knowledge. When November came Commander Scott and two of his staff, one of whom was Shackleton, got out the sledges and forced themselves towards the South Pole. They had an eventful, a terrible journey. They pushed forward continuously for nearly two months, and

were then three hundred and eighty miles from their base. They were encamped upon a vast, icy plain. The way southwards was clear; on their right were huge mountains. There was nothing to impede their farther advance; but their food-supplies were running low and their team of dogs was much depleted, some having been lost, while the others were giving way through the extra labour that was being forced upon them. Advance, therefore, was out of the question, and a hurried retreat had to be made towards the depôts of food and fuel which had been established on the way out. That return journey was a very perilous thing. The little party encountered some of the worst Antarctic blizzards, just of the kind, as it would seem, that finally checked the career of the great leader. Captain Scott's book, *The Voyage of the 'Discovery'*, in which he tells the story of this expedition, is to my mind the most intensely interesting book of travel that has ever been written. Other works may contain accounts of doings equally thrilling or more so, and of achievements of greater importance to the world; but in none do I find such a human simplicity, intimacy, and plain confidence as in this. It is like the private diary of a man's own thoughts set down in full, as indeed it is, and it gains much from being written largely in the present tense. In this book he gave an account of the party's experiences during one of the blizzards. 'The air,' he wrote, 'is thick with driving snow-crystals. They lash at our face like a sand-blast. It is impossible to face them directly, and we rush to and fro with averted head. So thick is the air that we can scarcely see the sledges. . . . It is each party now for itself with a vengeance. One of our three hangs on like grim death to the tent-pole, while the others bear the fluttering, straining canvas to the windward and try to envelop him. . . . It is a long and difficult job, this, to set up a tent in a heavy wind, while the snow curls and bites into our faces, and creeps into our mits, and into every hole and crevice it can find. . . . None of us but is keenly frost-bitten about the face, while one has two of his fingers white to the knuckles.' After many more terrible adventures the party reached the ship in safety, and there were such rejoicings then as the Antarctic had never known before. I remember Captain Scott (he had become captain in 1904) telling me once, when I asked him what experiences stood out strongest in his memory, that that 'home-coming,' at all events, was very likely the most exhilarating.

* * *

When the Antarctic summer came again, he made up a party of twelve, and they went out with the dogs and sledges to explore the country beyond the mountains of Victoria Land, which proved to be a plain and somewhat featureless expanse of snow and ice. Nearly a thousand miles were travelled, and a height

of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea was reached. It became evident that it was impossible for such a large party, with varying degrees of endurance, to make the best possible progress, and so the leader selected two of his toughest, strongest sailors, Evans and Lashly, and with them determined to make a quick final dash. One of the most exciting adventures of the expedition ensued. The sledge was being dragged along, when suddenly, and not knowing it, they reached a crevasse in the glacier, a thin layer of snow just covering up an appalling chasm hundreds of feet deep. The leader and Evans fell through the snow into the crevasse; but they were fortunately roped up to Lashly, who had held back just in time, and now managed to hold his ground, while the sledge held firm also. If Lashly had gone forward another step there would have been no more heard of that gallant little band. Scott was hanging on to the end of the rope, and Evans was hanging on above him, and they were four or five yards from the surface. As it happened, there was a ledge of ice projecting from the side of the glacier, and Scott swung himself to it, and then pulled Evans to it also. But here was a predicament of adventure which is not to be surpassed in any records—these two men in these cold, icy regions, where man had never been before, standing on a little ledge of ice deep down in a crevasse, only the rope between them and their solitary companion on the surface, and their hands and fingers so numb with cold as to make climbing—the only way out of their jeopardy—a more than usually dangerous undertaking. However, it had to be attempted, and Scott, being the lighter man, went first, and succeeded in reaching the surface. Then the two men on the top lowered the rope to Evans, a burly man, and together they pulled him up. Thrilling beyond description as was this incident, the little party seemed to take it very much as being in the day's work. They looked at one another in silence for a minute or two after the rescue had been completed, and then Evans said, 'Well, I'm blown!'

* * *

Never was the modesty of greatness better exemplified than on the commander's return from this eventful expedition. When his ship reached London he did not hurry from her into the city and to his friends, where honour and welcome were awaiting him. He stayed with all his officers and men in the *Discovery* until the following day; and it was in a rough wooden shed alongside, used for storage purposes, that he received his official welcome home. His first words in response were about his happiness in the honour that King Edward had done him in inviting him to Balmoral, and of what he called the ample reward of the Admiralty in promoting him. And then he declared that the success that had been achieved was not by any means

due to himself alone. It was due to the officers and crew as a unit. A Polar expedition such as they had accomplished, he said, was not a one-man show or a ten-men show, but was one which needed the co-operation of every man who sailed with the expedition, and every man had an equal part in its success. Of course, this expedition reached 'farthest south,' and all the honours of the Antarctic belonged to him and the men of the *Discovery*. Whether he would have made any further attempt to reach the Pole itself if his own record had not been beaten I do not know. He had come to a very full realisation of the enormous difficulties of any such enterprise, and knew also that it would be very hard to get the money together for it. I saw him once or twice during the following months; and when I asked him if he had any thoughts of another voyage, he shook his head and said he was not thinking of such a thing just then. But when Sir Ernest Shackleton took the 'farthest south' record to himself he became restive, and all the more as it began to seem that to reach the Pole itself was within the region of practical exploration. It was only a very little while afterwards that his mind was made up; he would make another attempt. In the meantime the *Discovery* had been sold; he had gone into the service of the Admiralty, and he had married. His wife—a lady of the heroic mould—encouraged him to go forward to the new enterprise for his own honour and distinction; and, some money being quickly collected, the *Terra Nova*, an old whaling-ship, was purchased, and, after being pulled to pieces and adapted, was regarded as the best possible substitute for such an ideal exploration-ship as the *Discovery*—which, by the way, did not turn out to be quite so 'ideal' as was expected.

* * *

The efforts that Captain Scott made to render the appurtenances and equipment of his expedition as perfect as possible are known only to a few. One day when I would go to find him I would be told that he was in Norway concerning a matter of dogs and sledges; another time he would be in Germany conferring with some one who had useful knowledge. He came to the conclusion that motor traction might be most advantageously employed on the snow plains that led to the Pole, and therefore motor engineers were interviewed and orders were given for a special type of machine for use in these most exceptional conditions. For a little while he gave serious consideration to the question of taking aeroplanes with him. A firm of manufacturers offered to equip him with them; but after some consideration he refused the offer. He did not think they were practicable. How far they would be so even now in Antarctic conditions is a question for an expert and not a layman to discuss; but it will be remembered that when this expedition set out, the science of

aviation was far less advanced than it is now. However, I spoke to him once upon the subject, and I am sure that even if aeroplanes in the Antarctic had been practicable, he would very much have disliked the idea of using them; and though he felt obliged to take the motors (which, by the way, failed), he was not fascinated with them. In the matter of exploration, tradition and a certain good conservatism were strong in him, and I think he felt that he would like to reach the Pole, if at all, in much the same way as the great sailors had done their big work of discovery in the past, by what might be called more or less natural means. It must have been a terrible disappointment to him when, on

reaching the goal of his ambition, the Pole itself, he found there the records of Captain Amundsen, who had forestalled him. But of this there is nothing in his last message, nor of the sadly greater and more terrible disappointment that faced him as he penned it—no repining or useless regrets. After all, he had accomplished the task he had set himself to do; he was the first Briton to penetrate thus far to the southern heart of things, and his name and fame will live for ever. I have found it difficult to write these few disjointed memorial notes just as the news of the disaster reaches me. His was a noble spirit. He was a great man. In her anguish Britain can still rejoice.

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER VI.

HELMSDALE was inclined to be silent during lunch, eating little and drinking nothing, and immediately after the conclusion of the meal he excused himself on the plea of much work. To his niece he said, 'I have shown Mr Arcus something of our island according to man; perhaps you will show him it according to nature, Florence.'

'Your stoutest boots, Mr Arcus,' he warned the young man. 'It is a scramble, not a stroll, you are going to have.'

The island, as he was to learn presently, was a mile long by a quarter of a mile at its broadest. From behind the house it rose in rude terraces, and terminated in a sheer cliff near five hundred feet in height. Here and there patches of rank grass existed, but most of the going was over rock of the harshest.

Conversation was scant and spasmodic by the way, and when the verge of the precipice was reached there ensued a long silence—perhaps for breathing's, perhaps for beauty's sake. Beneath them in all its glory the Atlantic stretched southward and westward. Midway between these points of the compass, forty miles distant, tiny St Kilda and Boreray rose cloud-capped from the sea, solitary brown dots in a blue desert. The air was utterly still, the swell almost imperceptible; though a murmur of water, incessant, soothing, drifted up from the base of the cliff. Gulls cried in their abrupt, unpleasing tones; a small gray bird hopped about aimlessly among the broken boulders with intermittent, shrill remarks.

Under a great horn of rock, a shelter from the north and east, a garden-seat of the least uncomfortable sort had been placed. Turning toward it, the girl broke the silence.

'I call this the Woman's Cliff. When they were levelling the rock for this seat they found in a cranny a circle of metal. It was black and crusted. Hubert happened to be at hand, and prevented the workmen from throwing it away. When Uncle Victor got it cleaned he discovered

that it was made of silver inlaid with gold. The work was rough, yet it had beauty. It was Norwegian work done hundreds of years ago. You know the Norwegians once held the Hebrides?'

'Yes,' said Arcus. Seating himself beside her, he noticed her face had grown sad. 'So my Norwegian friend at the whaling station told me.'

'Every time I come here,' she went on, 'which is every day that is not too stormy, I think of the Norwegian woman who owned the bangle. It is too small for a man's. I wonder what she was doing on the island, why she came to the cliff, how she lost her bangle, whether she was young or old, and—if she died on the island! I wonder, too—foolishly, I suppose—if there is a resemblance between her and myself! My great-grandfather came from Norway. . . . I think of that woman waiting here for something to happen, climbing yon rock, perhaps, to look for sails in the north or east.'

'You feel that she was unhappy, Miss Helmsdale? Yes, your name has a Norwegian sound.'

'I think my grandfather added the "e." I can't give any good reason for imagining the woman as unhappy; but that is how I see her. Sometimes I fancy her throwing the bangle away in despair or disgust.'

'Do you imagine her all alone here?'

'No; there may have been others—of course there must have been. When our house was being put up, the fragments of a sword, also Norwegian, were found. But nothing else has been discovered. . . . A man's sword and a woman's bangle! She sighed.

'Ah,' said Arcus, 'the sword gives me a more cheerful vision than yours, Miss Helmsdale! I see the owner of it and the owner of the bangle sitting here on a fine September afternoon, admiring the view, perfectly happy and pleased with everything.'

She laughed. 'The owner of the sword smoking a cigarette, no doubt!'

'Kindly supplied by the owner of the bangle, who had been good enough not to resent his unannounced arrival in the front half of a motor-boats!'

Her colour deepened a shade. 'I will try to pardon your flippancy, Mr Arcus, if you can offer a satisfactory theory for the loss of the bangle.'

Arcus lit one of his host's exquisite Egyptians. 'To a certain point,' he began solemnly, 'my theory agrees with yours, Miss Helmsdale. In my opinion the lady did throw it away in disgust. It had been given to her by A., let us call him, a most objectionable person, but in high favour with her parents. One afternoon, when she was sitting with him here, and wishing him at St Kilda, B., a nobler character in every respect, came upon them, and without any fuss ran his sword through A.—in those days, according to the sagas, it was quite etiquette to do it behind a man's back—and sent him over the cliffs to feed the crabs. He then seated himself beside the delighted lady and begged her acceptance of a new and finer bangle; whereupon she declared she had always loathed the sight of A.'s gift, tore it off, and cast it after A.'

'But it was found in a cranny, just here!' said the girl, amused.

'Well, she aimed for the sea. And she and B. lived happily ever after. And it was B.'s sword that was found at the building of your house. Will that do, Miss Helmsdale?'

'Too well, Mr Arcus! You have killed my romance of Laskeir. I can never write it now.'

'Write it! Good heavens! do you write?' cried the young man. 'What rot have I been talking! You were writing that morning I arrived!'

'Trying to put my theory of the bangle into words,' she said a little ruefully. 'You see, I must do something with myself on the island. But I need not have mentioned it. I talk too much. I suppose it is because I've been so long without any one to talk to.'

'It's tremendously interesting!' he protested. 'And the island should make the scene of a real fine romance. Have you written much of it?'

'A good deal,' she answered, with reserve in her tone; 'but only for my own amusement. My uncle knows nothing about it, so please don't mention it to him.'

'But, I say, Miss Helmsdale, I happen to know a publisher in London. If you like, I'll—'

'Oh dear, no! I have not taken myself so seriously as all that. I'm only a beginner. Let us talk of something else.'

'As you will. But'—He halted, looking uncomfortable.

She perceived his thought. 'Don't think I resent your making fun of my melancholy ideas of the Norwegian woman,' she said kindly. 'I don't mind, really. Only, I doubt whether your bright theory of A. and B. would have come to you if you had sat here alone for a goodly portion of three years.'

'I'm a blundering fool!' thought Arcus; and he said, 'Then I shouldn't have had any ideas or theories at all, Miss Helmsdale. My only excuse for talking like an unsympathetic ass is that there is nothing about you to remind me of your secluded existence.'

'Isn't there?' She shook her head. 'I get the newest books and magazines, and, I believe, quite modern clothes. I read of the world's doings. But there I stop. I haven't spoken with a woman for two years. When we came here I brought a maid with me. She stood it bravely for twelve months, poor thing! Before we came here we lived chiefly on the Continent—Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and so on. You can imagine the change. And yet I love Laskeir.'

'Does not Dr Helmsdale think you ought to have a change of scene now and then?' Arcus ventured.

'He used to suggest a trip in the yacht or a visit to friends. I have few friends, because, you see, we were always moving about on the Continent. But I discouraged him, and now he does not speak of a change before his work here is complete.' Her eyes met his. 'Did he not tell you in the laboratory that there were risks in his work?'

Arcus assented. 'He mentioned a risk in his marvellous colour-photography process.'

'Then you will understand that I could not leave the island without him. Since I left school he has done everything for me. And please don't assume that I'm discontented here. On the other hand, don't expect much gaiety from me. The sea is always full of wonder, but it is not a merry companion.' Her eyes turned to the Atlantic, possibly from force of habit.

Arcus watched her profile, and in his heart something seemed to stir. He checked a platitude at his lips. It would be absurd to tell this girl that she was acting nobly, that her reward would surely come, and so forth.

'I wonder,' he said at last, 'how you will feel—what you will want to do first—when the time arrives for you to leave the island.'

She smiled faintly. 'Probably I shall feel broken-hearted and want to stay. Then, once on board the yacht'—She waved her hand and laughed. 'Theatres, concerts, dances,' she went on soberly. 'I wonder if I shall enjoy them as I used to do! Going back to them three years older and thirty times wiser, with all the strange lonesomeness and mystery of Laskeir clinging to me, as I know it will cling, I wonder—oh Mr Arcus, I wonder!'

He answered, the least thing impatiently, 'My dear Miss Helmsdale, you exaggerate the effect of your three years on the island. You will go back to the world as if you had never left it. Why, you are just a girl, and when the time comes you'll dance like a girl, and'—

'I cannot imagine myself waiting again,' she said, glancing at her serviceable boots.

'I can imagine you,' he rejoined, thinking of the pretty slippers under the couch in his room; 'and I'd give a good deal to be there to ask you for a dance.'

'Would you?' she said absently.

'I would come round the world to be there!' He spoke more warmly than he intended, more eagerly than he was aware.

'Are men so gallant nowadays?' she lightly asked, though for the second time in ten minutes her colour deepened. 'Round the world! I haven't heard anything like that for three years, Mr Arcus. It only wants a conservatory and faint music, doesn't it?'

'It only wants a little belief on your part,' he retorted, somewhat nettled, he could not have told why. 'Bid me come round the world!'

She turned to him rather quickly, but with a charming smile. 'You mean a very large belief! Nay, Mr Arcus, this is a place for sheer honesty, if ever there was one. You do not know how soon a ship may come in sight, and you cease to be a prisoner. As soon as you are on board you will begin to change your mind about many things. The romance of this little island will fade even as the island itself fades. You will remember only your unlucky accident. The rest you will forget, as I shall forget.' Her eyes went back to the sea.

'Forget!' he exclaimed. 'As long as I live'—

She held up the watch on her wrist. 'It is exactly thirty-six hours since you arrived here, Mr Arcus. No, please don't say it seems like thirty-six weeks; and it is also tea-time.' She rose.

He followed, a trifle sullenly. 'Can't we be friends, Miss Helmsdale?'

'Friends! Don't be rash, Mr Arcus. It's a very big world, after all.'

They went a while in silence.

At a difficult part of the descent he proffered his hand.

'Thank you! But the way is strange to you and familiar to me. Pray be careful!' she said.

Eventually, puzzled and vexed, he followed her into the house.

Dr Helmsdale did not join them at tea; he was busy in the laboratory. Against his inclination, Arcus was induced to talk about himself and his travels. Later, left to himself, he took up a book, but could not settle to it, and went out of doors.

On the beach he examined the remains of his boat, lit a cigarette, and seated himself on a boulder. The sun still shone, but he was in the shadow of the rocky wall. He was spiritually chilled and gloomy.

Had he offended her? Hardly that. She had not ceased to be kindly and frank. Yet suddenly the sensitive, impulsive girl had become a cool-spoken, self-possessed woman. What had he said or done to bring about the change? He

worried himself over the problem until, in the gathering darkness, Hubert came to announce dinner. It did not occur to Arcus, however, to ask himself just why he worried.

Hubert duly served the green liqueur in the golden cups.

'He has allowed the temperature to rise a degree or two,' the doctor remarked with a critical smack of his lips. 'What do you think of my niece's work on the cups, Mr Arcus?'

'I am as unworthy to criticise as to touch it,' the young man replied.

The other gave his gratified schoolboy grin. 'Very pretty, indeed! Almost as pretty as the cups—eh, Florence?'

Indeed the cups were beautiful, shaped like tulips, with stems that one hesitated to grasp.

'Thanks, both of you,' said Florence, lightly, from the piano. Her uncle had commanded soft music of strictly unclassical form. She began to play sentimental bits from the latest musical comedies.

'Oblige me with your card, will you?' said the host quietly to his guest.

An odd request just then; but Arcus concealed his surprise, and took out his cigarette-case, which had a compartment for cards. He handed one to Helmsdale, who said very pleasantly, 'I will send you a cup at Christmas to drink our lonely healths in, Arcus. My niece shall design a new decoration.' He waved away his guest's protestations, and glanced at the card ere conveying it to his vest-pocket.

The doctor's mouth opened; his eyes stared; his body twitched; and then for a moment he sat as one stricken with palsy. The card slipped from his fingers.

'Are you ill, Dr Helmsdale?'

The other recovered. 'No, no! Sh!' he whispered, with a warning glance in the pianist's direction.

Arcus looked down at the card, which lay face up on the rug. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'I've given you the wrong card. An exchange with a man I met in the hotel at Portree. Stupid of me!'

'Ah!' It was like a breath of relief.

Arcus picked up the card and proffered one of his own, wondering.

Helmsdale smiled as he took it. 'I confess you gave me a shock, Arcus. That other card bears the name of a—an old friend, a dear old friend, who—who died in peculiarly painful circumstances. It is not a common name—Jonathan Barge—and somehow'—He broke off and raised the last of his liqueur to his lips.

'I'm exceedingly sorry!' Arcus murmured, feeling awkward. 'No, Jonathan Barge is not a common name.'

'A chance acquaintance—a passing acquaintance, I suppose?' said Helmsdale in his natural voice, if not altogether in his natural manner.

'I met him at dinner and in the smoke-room afterwards. He was interested in my trip. Oddly enough, he spoke of your island—vaguely, I must say.'

'Vaguely! Quite so. A tourist?'

'He had been fishing in Harris, and was on his way home to London.'

'London! I see.' There was a pause while Helmsdale took a cigarette. 'Living here,' he resumed, 'is apt to make a man believe in ghosts. Was your chance acquaintance anything like this?' He described a man in no respects resembling the Jonathan Barge of the Royal Hotel, Portree. 'Not in the least like him, Arcus, eh? Ah, well, that is my ghost laid!' He laughed softly, apologetically, and fell silent.

When he rose to return to the laboratory he said to Florence, 'We must take Mr Arcus to the Other Island soon—as soon as I get through my present task. Don't expect to see me again to-night.' He kissed her cheek lightly, nodded to Arcus, and passed into his sanctum.

For another half-hour the girl remained at the

piano, playing in desultory fashion; then she rose rather abruptly, complaining of feeling tired, and bade Arcus good-night.

After a couple of cigarettes smoked in idleness, the young man betook himself to his room. Possibly he was suffering from a perfectly natural physical and mental reaction; yet that was scarcely a sound reason for his becoming utterly depressed on noticing that a pair of pretty slippers with 'Louis' heels no longer rested under the couch. He was slow in making the harbour of sleep that night.

Florence, too, was restless. In the darkness, open-eyed, she beheld in a vision a woman of old Norway seated on a cliff, gazing over a vacant sea, turning a bangle on her wrist.

'You fool,' said Florence to her heart, 'if you should let that happen to you!'

And in the laboratory, flooded with yellow light, a mask of glass over his lean, leathery face and bright hazel eyes, Dr Helmsdale wrought eagerly at his task.

(To be continued on page 280.)

WATER AND METAL DIVINING.

By Lieutenant-Colonel HUGH ROSE.

IN view of the fact that a great demonstration of this peculiar gift is to take place in London at the beginning of April, it may interest readers of the *Journal* to learn something beforehand concerning its mysteries from one who happens to possess in perhaps a somewhat unusual degree the power of readily 'sensing' both water and metals.

Up to the present time comparatively few of the public seem to be aware that such a power exists. Professors, scientists, and others who have never witnessed a demonstration appear to regard it, as a rule, as brought about bylegerdemain and trickery; but the bald truth remains that it is nothing of the sort. 'Seeing is believing;' and I have had the pleasure of convincing many sceptics that there is no fraud at all about this divination, or 'dowsing,' as it is sometimes termed. For many years diviners have been doing good work in various parts of the globe in the discovery of metals, water, and oil. One firm, Messrs Mullins & Sons, have been water-finding with the greatest success all over the kingdom for more than forty-five years.

It is possible that the following remarks may give some scientist a clue as to the cause of the phenomena which accompany water and metal divining, which so far has never been satisfactorily explained. Up till the summer of 1903 I had not even heard of its existence, which became known to me in a curious manner. While out in a large camp of exercise at Stobs, in the Border country, I came across a partridge's nest with sixteen eggs in it. Thinking that the

troops might trample on it or remove the eggs, I went to the keeper on the estate, and advised him to take them away and put them under a hen. The keeper, grateful for the information, at once said, 'If you will allow me, sir, I will come up to the camp to-morrow, and show you how to divine water and iron.' On the following afternoon he gave me my first object-lesson in the way of dowsing; but, to his great disappointment, I was totally unable to 'sense' water at all with his twig, and could only feel a scarcely appreciable symptom of a pull when I held the twig over a wire fence. Two or three subsequent trials proved equally unsatisfactory. I am inclined to think that the reason for this was that my vitality must have been impaired at that time by recent campaigning in South Africa. Two or three years later, while staying in Fife, I cut one day a hawthorn-twigs, and tried, along with a friend who possessed the power in slight measure, to find water for a farmer who was short of that commodity. Working independently, we both hit upon a line of water running across the field. It turned out to be a brick-tile drain; and though of no use as a source of supply to the farmer, it proved to me that I had at length acquired in some degree the gift of finding water.

My next essay was in the summer of 1910, in Ireland, during a prolonged drought, when I went down from Limerick, by request, to Lahinch golf-course to try to find water for the putting-greens there. The green-keeper, who hailed from Aberdeen, was most sceptical, but said he would

believe in dowsing if my twig could locate an old underground conduit leading from a well to an old ruined castle, once a stronghold of the O'Briens. I quickly struck the line close to the castle, ran it for some three hundred and fifty yards down to an estuary, and there correctly located the well, though it was quite concealed under twelve feet of sand. Casting round, I happened to hit upon a second hidden well, and showed the man where the two joined the old conduit. This satisfied him, as he had seen both wells exposed before sand had silted up over them.

Subsequently I pointed out to him places where he would get water at a depth of about eight feet near every putting-green but one, which was perched on the top of a high sandy eminence.

I used in those days to hold the twig in front of me, fingers uppermost; but on one occasion, while travelling fast over a field, I was struck a severe blow on the mouth by the tail of the rod on passing suddenly over a hidden spring. Since then I have, when seeking water, held the fingers down, with the tail of the rod resting hard up against the under side of my forearm. If the fork is splayed in this manner and the thumbs are lapped over the forefingers, it is impossible to turn the stick one's self. Only water or fluids can pull its tail down.

During 1911 I kept on improving as a water-finder, and not only located the site of a source which supplied the water for the camp of our brigade at Lisnagar, near Fermoy, but won a bet with regard to the finding of water at a depth of under twenty feet in a most unlikely spot close to our mess tent. The Royal Engineers sank a Norton tube, and came on water at fifteen feet. I make no pretensions, however, to estimating depths at which water will be found, or the probable quantity in gallons per hour. Some diviners can foretell these with marvellous accuracy, as the result of long practice and much experience.

I have seen it stated that the twig only turns to running water, but such is not the case. With me it will revolve to a wine-glassful of water on the floor at a horizontal distance of three feet or more.

In 1912 I found that my rod was especially sensitive to gold, but turned, though less readily, to other metals, with the exception of silver. Why silver has on me no effect whatsoever seems most strange and inexplicable. Last December a gentleman in Worcestershire asked me to try to locate a sovereign concealed by him in a large room in which we were sitting, and I very soon 'sensed' it correctly under a fur rug on a sofa. While I was working it round one side of the room my hazel turned to a small wooden model of a ship with apparently no metal at all about her. Thinking the rod might have jumped through careless handling, I tried again, and with the same result. On my expressing surprise, my host laughed and said,

'That is a collecting money-box, and probably there are several coppers in it'; which proved to be the case. The hazel must have smelt, as it were, the coppers through a small slit in the ship's deck, as even gold inside a shut wooden box has no effect at all; and at that time what may be called the 'affinity' method, by which the action of wood, paper, and water can be negated, was unknown to me. This system consists in 'sensing' an object by holding a similar object in one's hand in contact with the rod, the latter being in a state of tension.

I should first of all explain that water and oil make the splayed stick turn in the same way as the hands of a clock, while metals turn it in the reverse direction—that is to say, that when the tail of the rod is lying under one's forearm, it will move forward and upward when water is approached. When 'sensing' metals I generally let the tail lie back against my chest. The pull of a metal will then draw it forward and downward. When doubtful as to whether metal or water is going to affect it I hold it horizontally, the tail about the level of one's waist on the left side.

There is an erroneous idea prevalent among some that the twig must be of hazel; others believe that willow is the only wood that turns; but the writer has worked with all sorts of mediums—hazel, willow, ash, hawthorn, blackthorn, beech, rhododendron, bamboo-cane, and whalebone. The last-named, when two thick and rounded pieces are lashed together at the bottom, makes a nice, easy rod to handle, far less tiring and less liable to fracture than wood.

The 'affinity' method mentioned above was the result of a casual remark of a friend who had just seen a demonstration for the first time. He propounded the query, 'Can you find coal?' 'No,' said I; but, on reflection, I added that some one had told me that by holding a piece of coal in one's hand, the stick would in some cases turn to another piece of coal. He suggested that I should try the experiment at once; and, sure enough, the twig turned down to a lump of coal on the floor. He then suggested ordinary golf-balls, and I held the rod horizontally. It turned metal-wise to the ball on the floor. Two water-cored balls were then produced, and, to our astonishment, it turned as for water. We never dreamt that water could, through the rubber casing, affect the rod in any way. These experiments were repeated several times with the same results.

A sovereign was then dropped into a large tumbler of water. On my approaching in the ordinary way, the rod indicated water; but when a sovereign or gold chain was held in my hand the water was negated, and the rod turned to the gold. A sovereign was then placed under a newspaper. Paper, being a non-conductor, seems to cut off all connection with gold or water when approached in the ordinary

manner; but when gold is held in the hand the paper is entirely defeated, and the twig turns at from two to three feet distance. I can now 'sense' a sovereign lying on the floor by this method at twelve feet horizontal distance.

The last experiment tried was perhaps the most interesting of all. A very small box of Swedish paraffin matches was placed open on the ground. One end of the rod was inserted among the heads of similar matches in another box, and tension was applied. At the usual distance the rod twisted violently as for water. It seems incredible that a few dry oil-match heads can so affect the twig, but the fact remains that they do so.

Other objects which I have 'sensed' by affinity are cigars, tortoise-shell and ivory objects, and diamonds. To an orange the twig reacts water-wise, doubtless owing to the quantity of fluid it contains.

Operating the rod seems to affect diviners in various ways. Some experience a sensation in their fingers or arms, some become exhausted, and others are affected by nausea. Diviners of the fair sex are apt to become hysterical if they practise too much. Personally I have so far felt no particular sensation or inconvenience. No mental exertion seems necessary. While traversing a field the operator can be thinking of or talking about some totally different subject.

According to Professor Barrett, F.R.S. of Dublin, who has gone most deeply into the subject, the first mention of divining that he can trace dates back to about 1480. The commonly accepted theory regarding the turning of the twig is that of 'unconscious muscular action' on the part of the diviner, the idea being that to find water an operator must start out with that

intention if he is to be successful. I venture to doubt this theory for the following reasons, and am inclined to attribute it to what I call 'human electricity.' On two occasions while searching for water I have suddenly felt the tail of the rod pressing hard against my forearm as the result of my passing over metal—in both cases iron. In the already-mentioned case of the water-cored balls, I fully expected that if the rod turned at all, it would be in the contrary direction to that in which it actually did.

Not long ago I was tracing out the run of an old, disused coal-mine with a piece of coal in my hand, when suddenly the rod flew to water, with which the mine at that spot was no doubt flooded. From the configuration of the ground, when one considered it, the existence of a large quantity of water below at that spot seemed highly probable. The newspaper and closed wooden-box tests also suggest some other agency. One knows perfectly well that gold is there, and yet, when 'sensing' in the ordinary way, nothing happens.

The writer almost hesitates to try the credulity of his readers further by stating that the rod can also be used for tracking human beings, but it is used for this purpose to-day in Abyssinia and elsewhere. How one sets about it he does not at present know, but it is probably merely a matter of practice and experience for a skilled diviner to acquire the art. There are many things in the world which cannot be logically explained—certain phenomena of electricity, wireless telegraphy, and so forth. It is to be hoped that the coming demonstration may tend, in the interests of science, to solve the problem of this strange and interesting question.

CORRIGAN'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE GANGS IN THE UNDERWORLD OF NEW YORK CITY.

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

OFFICER CORRIGAN was one of the biggest men in the New York police force. He was known as a terror with the boxing-gloves, and many a 'white hope' had been put to sleep by him in Brown's Gymnasium. The boys of the West Side never lost their wonder as they watched him on some icy winter morning dive from the pierhead and swim far out into the currents of the North River. On the athletic field of the Irish Americans he was a doughty figure in all-weight events, and, as Trainer Murphy observed, 'Take him wherever you would, he is a tough nut.'

It was for this reason that the inspector had assigned him to a post of peculiar honour as night-patrolman in the Hell's Kitchen precinct. Corrigan had been doing duty on the Broadway traffic squad; but at a time of especial trouble with the gangs he was glad

to find himself in the bloody angle of the battle.

Lefty Lewis, the leader of Hell's Kitchen Gang, was anything but happy as he watched the big policeman swing on to his new beat. That night in O'Toole's saloon he gave the boys a rare selection from his vocabulary of malediction. Lefty was a past-master in the art of swearing, but to-night he stirred the hearts of his low-browed gangsters with deeper thrills than ever. Three months of unbroken success made this formidable opposition all the more provoking. At the last election Lefty and his gang had rendered yeoman service to Tammany by knocking out numerous opposition supporters around the polls, and thus preventing many hostile votes from being cast. In return for this service they enjoyed the protection of certain authorities, and had been doing a rousing business. Never a night passed

without its hold-ups, and many an obstinate victim had gone to Bellevue with a fractured skull dealt by the gangsters' black-jacks.* But their crimes had become too great. The petty politicians could no longer protect them against an aroused public sentiment, and so at last Lefty and his gang had to fight their battles themselves.

'I reckon,' said he, 'this new cop'—that is, policeman—'will be no tenderfoot in Hell's Kitchen; an' if we don't chuck him over the Great Divide, our bunch'll get a long rest in the coolers.'

'Right-O!' said Thirsty Thorne, who had already begun to justify his name at the bar. 'Don't ask me to help ye to tackle the guy, though, for I ain't wantin' to pass my checks in for a while yet. I saw Corrigan lay out Mahoney in the first round at Madison Square Garden last week, an' I'll tell ye, Lefty, he'd take a barnyard full o' fellers like you an' me for his breakfast.'

'Ye always was a quitter,' observed Lefty; 'bin a curse to the gang. Neither a man nor a chicken is any good without sand in his gizzard. I'd like to see ye wheelin' a baby-carriage in Central Park—that's where ye belong.'

'Thanks for the compliment, Lefty. I'd sooner be in the Park than the morgue.'

'Well, let's cut out this guff,' said Lefty. 'That cop's on our beat, an' while he's there there's nothin' doin'. We might lay a couple o' gun-men on his tracks an' pink him, but that would raise too big a row. What are we goin' to do, then?'

Every one turned instinctively toward Matt Mulligan, of Chinatown, the most dreaded police-fighter in the city, who, with years of experience in the underworld from the Bowery to the Bronx, had come to give his counsel. Matt rolled a piece of honey-dew meditatively in his mouth, then shot a flood of tobacco-juice with accuracy and precision across the room at a spittoon. After indulging several times in this spectacular form of target-practice, he opened his oracular lips to speak.

'You fellers can't have any gun-man in this game wi' the cop. If ye do, the whole force'll be on yer neck. He's a game sport, though, an' perhaps ye can put the persuaders on to him. Perhaps a fiver [five dollars] a week will put him in the right place at the right time. If the persuaders don't work, then it's up to ye to put the fear o' God into him. If it comes to rough house, see that ye beat him up good an' plenty. But it's just as well if he don't kick the bucket; dead cops mean dead gangsters. Them's my sentiments.'

Next afternoon a caller at the home of Officer Corrigan was observed to shoot suddenly out of the front-door and land in a heap on the side-walk. Lefty Lewis picked himself up in a speechless

rage; even his strong vocabulary was impotent to express his feelings.

It was nearly twelve that night when Corrigan left the precinct police station and turned down Eleventh Avenue toward West Street. New York never sleeps. Her thoroughfares are throbbing night and day. But as the officer passed toward the district of ill-repute the signs of life became rare, and the few late ones did not tarry on the way. Down the grim cavern of West Street all was quiet. Only greenhorns from the country and drunks who were asking for trouble went into that street after midnight, and when they had once got in, they generally made the return trip in an ambulance. Many a step that turned that corner in the dark never echoed again in the ways of men. But there was no abatement in the swinging stride of the officer, and as his strong, sure footsteps rang against the pavement they seemed to echo 'All's well! All's well!' They flung out a challenge as they passed the green-baize door of O'Toole's saloon, whence a ray of yellow light streamed forth. Suddenly the swinging footsteps ceased to echo. 'Hello! what's this?' he exclaimed, as he was halted by a cord drawn across the road. Upon the cord was a placard which bore the sinister warning, 'Dead Line for Cops.' It only took a moment to read the inscription and to remember the afternoon visit from Lefty Lewis. Then the brave feet were echoing again as they moved swiftly on to the dark alley known as Past Redemption Point.

Corrigan was aware of what chances he was taking. None knew better than he of the deadly treachery of the gangs. His every movement was alert. His nerves were strained to catch the slightest sound. But that was the last thing he knew. A black-jack from the unerring hand of Thirsty Thorne had whizzed through the air and fallen with a dull thud on the back of his skull. In the twinkling of an eye the strapping, stalwart fighter was transformed into a heap of bleeding helplessness, and the weird howls of Lefty Lewis rent the air as he and his gang kicked the senseless body of their erstwhile enemy far out into the street.

When Corrigan came to he opened his eyes to gaze upon the walls of the emergency ward of Bellevue Hospital. He had suffered a slight concussion on the brain, but as the skull was not fractured there was no serious danger. In three weeks, with a paler face, but with as brave a spirit as ever, he was reporting again for duty before the Deputy Police Commissioner.

'I think I'll put you on Riverside Drive, or somewhere up on Easy Street, Corrigan, until you get back on your legs again.'

'Well, sir, I'm back on my legs again, and I am reporting for my old post on West Street.'

'I don't think you are fit for the guerillas yet, old man,' said the deputy.

'I'm fit enough,' answered Corrigan, 'and I'll

* A black-jack is a piece of lead attached to a leather thong. It is a staple weapon among the gangsters.

show the varmints there's no killing this Hibernian when he's on their heels.'

So Corrigan, at his own request, was sent again to his dangerous post. That night the gangsters, who lay in waiting, thought that all was well. The substitute policeman had never shown his nose over the 'dead line;' frequent fivers, together with a wholesome fear of his predecessor's fate, had strengthened his resolve to give the danger zone a wide berth, and Lefty had dreams of another triumph. Skip the Blood was guarding the alley, and the rest of the gang were lolling about in a room at the back of O'Toole's saloon.

'Guess we're into our job again all right, boys,' said Lefty, 'an' we ain't goin' to let the grass grow while Corrigan's off this beat. I heard to-day that he's got a job holdin' up Grant's Tomb at Riverside till his legs are less wobbly.'

'I hope he stays up there!' said Thirsty. 'I ain't had a sound sleep since the night I bagged him in the alley. Ye know, fellers like Corrigan generally pay their debts, an' I'd just as soon not have too big an account wi' the likes o' him.'

'I'm goin' to recommend ye for a job layin' out stiffs in Daddy Meritt's undertakin' show,' returned Lefty. 'Anythin' stronger than a corpse is too much for ye. If ye wasn't such a son o' a gun wid the black-jack I'd pitch yer sissy spine out o' my gang. There's as much difference between my class an' yourn as there is between a brown-stone front an' a peanut-stand.'

'Nothin' like havin' a good opinion o' yerself!' said Thirsty, as he took a long drink and gazed contentedly around the room. 'I know, for meself, I could lick any man in the bunch.' Whisky always raised his spirits that way; and after another generous libation he averred that he could lick any man on the West Side. Still his opinion went unchallenged, and turning his head back, he drained the bottle; and then, in his most invincible mood, announced that he could lick any man on Manhattan. At that moment Lefty landed him a hook on the jaw, and Thirsty fell in a heap on the floor. But a moment later he rose with uncertain motions, and said in a hiccuppy voice, 'I guess the trouble wi' me was I took in too much territory.'

'I guess that's what ye're always doin' in this gin-mill,' said Lefty. 'Take it from me ye're too much o' a booze-artist.'

But, despite his modest talk when sober and his blatant bragging when drunk, Thirsty Thorne was reckoned to be a tough fighter. His methods of attack were always of the sneaking kind, but there was no other method among his compeers. He would sooner have lived without fighting, but the hold-up game afforded him an easy living, and he followed the line of least resistance. Very few of his class were ever forced to join the gang. Most of them followed the game because they loved it. They were the kind that hated law and order, and were always spoiling for a fight. The blood of Attila, the Scourge of God,

flowed in their veins. They included the scum and cesspools of society which were poured into New York from the sewers of continental Europe. Their university of crime has been supplying America with a plethora of bomb-throwers, assassins, and cut-throats for the last fifty years. This wild, predatory group in the back of O'Toole's saloon constitutes one of the gravest problems of democracy. They follow their nefarious business in daylight as well as in darkness. Only yesterday a clerk was found dead at the noon hour in a shop near by, and his name was added to the already swollen list of 'Murder Mysteries of the City.' Already to-night, in a saloon up the street, a bar-tender has been found senseless; and again, as always, an empty cash-till and a rifled safe.

Behind O'Toole's green-baize door in the dirty back-room, Lefty Lewis was planning new raids, happy in his supposed safety. Thirsty Thorne had recovered from his upset, and was dozing; the rest of the gang were playing poker, and their frequent growls and curses made the weird din sound like that of a tiger's lair. Just outside the door a police-officer was crouching and listening intently. Skip the Blood, who was supposed to be doing scout duty, was dead to the world.

At a moment when the sounds within were more venomous than ever, the outside door moved noiselessly, and Corrigan crawled like a panther toward the inner shrine of Hell's Kitchen. O'Toole, behind his bar, heard nothing, and Lefty saw nothing inside until, with a sudden flood of shooting-stars, his memory went out in darkness. There, alone, stood the giant Corrigan, with his swinging night-stick, and at every swing somebody's bones answered with a crack.

'I'll show ye who's boss on this beat!' he roared, as he drove the frantic gangsters before him like sheep. 'Take that fer yer kindness to me,' he said, as he kicked the nearest man through the door and rounded up the rest in the same direction. 'Get out o' here wid ye now;' and none seemed loath to obey his order. There was a wild stampede to escape, and its impetus was immensely accelerated by the incessant crack of the night-stick and the lifting power of a big foot. By the time the side-walk was reached four of the gangsters were lying senseless on the floor of the saloon, and those who gained the street lost no time in making tracks. Corrigan re-entered the back-room, and was bending to handcuff the senseless Lefty, when a black-jack, by the unerring hand of Thirsty Thorne, came crashing down with the same deadly force as before.

This time the unfortunate policeman was five weeks in the hospital, and when he appeared again before the deputy he was, in spite of his protestations, appointed to an easier post up-town. As he paced up and down on the peaceful heights of Riverside Drive, breathing the clear air of the Hudson, he nursed his grudge against Lefty, and

dreamed of the day when he would be again at the place where he could get even with him. But the authorities seemed to have conspired against him; for when his old-time strength revived he was not sent to Hell's Kitchen, but was attached to the Broadway traffic squad once more. He was now well in body, but it made him sick in spirit to see his chances of revenge thus snatched away. He was always anxious to know of the doings in West Street, and it was good news to him to hear that Patrolman MacDonald had indulged in a mix-up with the gang. When he found that MacDonald, who had been making it too warm for them, had been removed to another station, it sounded more interesting than ever. After his day's work Corrigan resolved to pay his fellow-officer a visit.

MacDonald was also a mighty man of the force, and when he and Corrigan stood together that evening they looked like giants of another race.

'I heard ye was mixin' it up wi' Hell's Kitchen, Mac, an' that they give ye such a lickin' ye asked to be relieved from that precinct.'

'Ye're lyin', an' ye know it,' answered MacDonald. 'I'm only prayin' for the day when I meet them again.'

'Well, we're in the same boat, then, Mac. I just came to see if ye were game to join a little secret society that I'm goin' to organise among the boys to square accounts wi' Lefty Lewis and Co. It ain't Corrigan that lets two trips to the hospital go for nothin'.'

'Well, I'm yer man at that funeral,' said Mac; 'an' I know some more in the force like myself.'

Before a week had passed ten doughty fighters had been recruited from the strapping athletes of the traffic squad and organised into the Anti-Hell's Kitchen League, with Michael Corrigan elected as leader. They held their weekly meetings in Brown's Gymnasium. Boxing and wrestling were the main features of the programme. Frequent reports were received from their spies regarding the plans of the gang.

One day a special message came from their ally, the patrolman of West Street; and that night, long after dark, various big policemen in plain clothes were seen to slip quietly into the confines of Hell's Kitchen and disappear into sundry alleys and doorways. They came so stealthily and vanished so quickly that no one

noticed their coming. Once they were hidden, Past Redemption Point looked as lonely as ever. It was a dirty, stormy night, just the kind that Lefty Lewis loved, and he smiled as he heard the wind sweeping down the great cañon between the tall warehouses.

The whole gang were crowded into O'Toole's saloon, and Thirsty Thorne was taking a last 'bracer.' 'Where's yer cop to-night, Lefty?' he inquired.

'Oh, he'll be good an' far away; don't ye fret about that. I gave him a tenner, an' told him that if we made a good haul at Cavanagh's I'd give him five more to match it.'

A few moments later the gang filed out through a back-door and up the street for their night's business.

'Bless my stars, what luck!' exclaimed Lefty. 'Here's a guy comin' right now.'

A figure was approaching with uncertain step; but when he saw the ominous group he suddenly turned and fled up a dark alley, with Lefty Lewis at his heels, followed by the rest of the gang. The alley was long, and the quarry was swift; but, nothing daunted, the gangsters pursued him. Suddenly Lefty shot forward on the ground with a shriek, and in a moment the alley was full of fighting men, sprung up like Sons of the Earth. The gang was terrified, and turned to flee; but their retreat was cut off by the same breed of giants that opposed their advance. There was nothing left for them but to fight, and fight they did. Stones and sticks and black-jacks were whizzing in every direction. For a few moments a fierce battle was waging, but it soon became a field of defeat for the gangsters. The sneaking Thugs who fought so well from behind were no match for these strong athletes face to face.

'Here's where you an' I get square,' roared Corrigan, as he qualified Thirsty Thorne for three months in the hospital.

'Take that from me,' thundered MacDonald, dealing Lefty Lewis a rain of blows that put him for ever out of business as a gang-leader.

That night the emergency ward at Bellevue was crowded with patients who were not victims of the gangs; and next morning Corrigan was contented as he stood again amidst the roar of Broadway traffic.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A 'SHUTTLELESS' SEWING-MACHINE.

SINCE Thomas perfected the lockstitch, the domestic sewing-machine has undergone very little development. There have been modifications and simplification of details, but many of these improvements have failed to justify their incorporation. During recent years

the vibrating, or oscillating, shuttle, carrying the bottom thread, has given way to a simple spool, but this improvement was rather of the character of a resuscitation of an old idea than a new development. But now a far more radical step forward has been made through the remarkable invention of a British inventor, Mr Denis Flanagan, who has devised a means of dispens-

ing with shuttle or bobbin for the lower thread. Instead he merely uses the reel of cotton, just as purchased from the shop, and slides it into position. Thus he offers what is practically a two-reel machine. The second reel is inserted under the bed-plate in the usual manner upon a vertical spindle, and the feed is as regular and as steady as if drawn from a shuttle-bobbin or spool. The reel may carry six hundred yards or more of thread, yet the smoothness and regularity of working are just the same. When the reel has become exhausted, all that is necessary is to withdraw the empty reel and to insert a full one, an operation which occupies barely a minute. What this means can only be appreciated by the housewife, seamstress, or worker in a large factory. Under existing conditions the bobbin or spool has to be recharged time after time during the consumption of a reel of thread, involving a considerable loss of time, the consumption of energy which might be devoted to more useful effect, and aggravation, as the feed invariably gives out at an awkward moment. But many other beneficial effects are derived from the new idea. The number of component working parts of the sewing-machine is reduced, and this means less likelihood of a break-down, as well as a reduction in the cost of manufacturing the machine. The loose balance-wheel and clutch mechanism are dispensed with entirely. The stitch is uniform, and owing to the double 'take-up' for the top thread there is elasticity in the tension, which adapts itself to all classes of stitching, so that there is no need to alter the tension for varying grades of work as at present. The stitch, too, is a positive lock because a knot is formed between each stitch. It may be mentioned that the upper thread proceeds from the reel in the usual manner. The successful exploitation of this invention should prove of far-reaching importance, as it constitutes the most pronounced development that has been effected since the sewing-machine was perfected.

THE 'AEROSCOPE' CAMERA.

A new type of camera has been placed on the market for the benefit of those interested in amateur cinematography. It is the invention of Mr. K. Proszynski, and it possesses many ingenious features. It is of the 'hand' type, so that a stand is unnecessary; while the feed of the film to the lens is done by the aid of the ubiquitous button instead of the handle being revolved as in the ordinary apparatus. The camera is held steady during the interval of exposure by means of an ingenious gyroscopic device which counteracts all movements such as might arise unconsciously from respiration. This counteracting mechanism is mounted within the camera, and is driven by means of compressed air. The result is that although the camera is held in the hand, the pictures are as steady as if taken with a stand-camera. When the button is pressed

the movement of the film continues until the supply of compressed air is exhausted, when the reservoir is recharged with a pump similar to that employed for the inflation of cycle tires. The equilibrator, as it is described, is certainly a marvellous piece of mechanism, and fulfils its designed purpose with a very marked degree of efficiency. The aeroscope camera has been subjected to searching trials, particularly by Mr. Cherry Kearton, the eminent naturalist photographer, who has accomplished some very striking work therewith. The demand for such a camera is wide among both amateur and professional cinematographers, as it offers a ready and reliable means of catching just that movement of elusive Nature which never fails to provoke astonishment.

THE AGE OF SUBSTITUTES.

A German scientific writer has been drawing attention to the extensive dependency of the present era upon substitutes. There is margarine, which is displacing dairy butter, and which is prepared so deftly as to defy detection by all but the analytical expert. Our daily paper is printed upon a substitute, wood-pulp being employed instead of rag; and now, owing to the depletion of the forests, there is strenuous search for a substitute for a substitute, as wood-pulp is becoming expensive. Cotton has entered so intimately into our complex social and industrial life that it has ceased to be regarded as a substitute, although it is such. We no longer depend upon the silkworm for silk, but obtain it by a mechanical-chemical process from cellulose; while the delicate tints imparted to our wearing and decorative fabrics are obtained by recourse to dyes extracted from tar products instead of the vegetables and inorganic substances used by the ancients. We have synthetic camphor and perfumes, while my lady no longer bedecks herself with rubies and sapphires extracted from the ground or with pearls from the oyster, but with those from the factories. The farmer no longer depends upon the refuse-heap of the farmyard to nourish his crops, but buys loads of fertilisers made from nitrogen withdrawn from the air. Real coffee is becoming less and less common on the table, inasmuch as the substitutes are cheaper than, and in this particular instance, it is said, superior to, the genuine article, because the deleterious contents present in the natural product are eliminated. In Germany alone over two hundred thousand tons of artificial coffee are consumed every year. Champagne is no longer derived entirely from the grapes and district of that name in France; while even Cognac comes from other countries and grapes than those generally associated with its production. So far as foodstuffs themselves are concerned, the category of substitutes is far more comprehensive and varied than the list of the genuine articles. Jams are mysterious compounds made from vegetables and

treated with synthetic products to give them the proper flavours and colours. Milk is being made from the soya bean. The juicy steak or the tender chop is no longer necessarily a prime cut from the animal; vinegar is a concoction of coloured acetic acid; edible oils emanate from the greases contained in the heterogeneous refuse filling the dust-bin; and even bread has been made from sawdust. The ancients employed stone for building purposes, but the modern man employs brick, cement, sand, lime, and concrete, with objects moulded in concrete to take the place of costly stone carvings. Buttons are not made necessarily from bone, but from milk; mother of pearl is no longer derived exclusively from the oyster, but from the factory. Indeed, there is no limit to the ingenuity of the producers of substitutes. At the same time, there is a wide difference between substitutes and imitations, but unfortunately in practice the difference has been narrowed down so much that both come under a cloud. This is a mistake. In many instances the substitute is indispensable owing to the scarcity of the genuine article; the imitation, on the other hand, is a fraud, and should be exposed, especially as in most cases it is an indifferent representation not of the genuine but of the substituted article.

A 'SMUDGELESS' INK.

From time to time so-called indelible and smudgeless inks have been placed upon the market, but their applications have been severely limited. Everyday commerce has not extended a sympathetic support. Yet some improvement upon the inks commonly used is imperative, especially when the fickle characteristics of the British climate are borne in mind. The address in ink on most envelopes becomes an indecipherable smudge when exposed to the rain, and missives consequently suffer when transmitted through the post, while labels on parcels become so indistinguishable as to prove beyond the capabilities of the most expert readers. For this reason, a new imperishable ink which has been introduced should receive a warm welcome. It is both damp-proof and rainproof. It can be soaked in water and yet it will not run, being as clear, perfect, and distinct as before immersion. It is fluid, and dries a grayish black, so that it may be used with all classes of pens, and is indeed so permanent as to outlast the material on which it is used. It should prove invaluable to nurserymen, merchants, and all traders for use on tags, labels, and direction and consignment cards where permanent legibility is desired.

THE PULMOTOR.

Among the emergency devices for succour of humanity which have been tested during recent times, the pulmotor has aroused considerable attention. This is an oxygen device designed primarily to induce respiration by artificial means

in persons overcome by noxious gases or electric shock, in the apparently drowned, or in other cases where breathing has been impaired seriously or stopped, but where a faint heart action still persists. Instead of manual effort being relied upon to inflate and deflate the lungs, as in the Sylvester and Schäfer systems, such rhythmic action is performed by the aid of this machine, and the pulsations of the device are so adjusted as to coincide with the normal number of respirations per minute of the patient. The motive-power to this end is an oxygen cylinder containing oxygen compressed to one hundred and fifty atmospheres; it supplies a 60 per cent. atmosphere of oxygen and air for about forty minutes, when the empty cylinder may be replaced. The complete apparatus weighs about fifty pounds, so that it can be carried about by automobile or ambulance-wagon with ease. There are two separate pieces of mechanism, one being an ordinary oxygen inhalation receptacle, which is brought into use after the patient has been brought round sufficiently to be able to breathe without assistance, and the artificial respiratory device. The most striking part of the apparatus is a small leather accordion-bellows, which effects the automatic reversal of the apparatus from filling to emptying the lungs, and *vice versa*. The mixture is adjusted by the aid of valves, and the atmosphere is forced into the lungs at a pressure of about three-tenths of a pound, when it is exhausted. The effect produced by this mechanical agency is practically the same as obtains when a conscious man is breathing heavily. The fact that the action of the mechanism adapts itself automatically to the capacity of the lungs constitutes one of the most salient features. The face itself is enclosed in a mask strapped to the head, so that the full effect of the respiration is produced upon the patient. As the apparatus is automatic in its operation, the attendant's efforts are confined solely to keeping the windpipe open and closing the gullet. The device has been subjected to very searching tests, one organisation having installed twenty-three machines, and during ten months twenty-four lives have been saved thereby. It has emphasised its utility in cases of noxious gas asphyxiation, morphine poisoning, surgical operations, and electric shock. Two large companies in New York city which have taken up these appliances for their own establishments allow them to be used at any time of the day or night for saving life either in the street, in buildings, or elsewhere.

A SOAP-HOLDER.

The public are loud in their cries for the provision of facilities upon railway trains, but unfortunately a large number of travellers entertain quaint ideas concerning honesty, and consider the cake of soap in the lavatory quite lawful prey. The consumption of this commodity upon our railways is enormous, and in order to reduce

the outlay two South African inventors have devised a novel soap-container to frustrate the pilferer. It is of a simple character, while its use is by no means confined to railway cars, but is equally applicable to hotels and other places where washing convenience is provided. It comprises a small nickel-plated rod carrying a screw and nut, and can be readily attached to existing fittings. From this rod projects a small bulb containing a spring and a length of chain. A shackle is fastened to the lower end of this chain, to which the cake of soap is attached, and which cannot be released except by means of a key. The soap itself is penetrated by a kind of staple. When the soap is not in use the length of chain under the action of the spring is drawn up clear of the basin to hang high and dry. All that is necessary in use is to draw out the cake of soap on the chain, there being sufficient length of the latter for this purpose. When released the chain flies back. At first sight the device may seem to offer no protection to the cake of soap, but it is one of the curious features of human nature that while an article lying free is not immune from acquisition, one tethered is not likely to be purloined. Still, should the device save 50 per cent. of the cakes of soap from entering the user's valise, the invention will have fulfilled its end.

AN ACCOUNT REGISTER.

A useful Canadian invention for certain classes of retailers is an account register which, with one writing, takes a complete and accurate account of all goods sold on credit. The system is extremely simple, and was invented a few years ago by a merchant for his own use. Over one hundred thousand registers are in use in Canada and the United States, and a number are finding their way into this country. It is particularly well suited for grocers or butchers who do a regular everyday credit business. The order is taken on a triplicate order-pad with one writing. One of the slips goes with the goods to the customer, who is provided with a slip-holder; the other two going into the register. Each customer has a numbered compartment to himself, so that his account is found without delay. Every time a person orders goods the amount standing in the register is brought forward and added to the present order, giving the total indebtedness at the date of each purchase. This operation does not require more than a second, the metal leaves of the register being fitted on a 'gravity' or pull-down arrangement. At the end of the week or month the customer gets one set of slips with the last uppermost, which gives the total of the account. After the account is settled, the remaining slips are taken from the register and filed in a loose card index drawer beneath for reference. This system tends to accuracy on the part of the shopkeeper, as the customer can check his order and see at a glance how much he owes each time, and can if necessary regulate his

purchases accordingly. But its greatest importance is to the shopkeeper, by whom the drudgery of bookkeeping is avoided. It dispenses with day-books, ledgers, journals, and passbooks. His accounts are always up to date, and as a time-saver those who have tested it say its value is greatly in excess of its cost.

A PALÆOLITHIC HUMAN SKULL.

The discovery of a palæolithic human skull and mandible by Mr Charles Dawson near Piltown Common, in the parish of Fletching, Sussex, is regarded by *Nature* as the most important discovery of its kind hitherto made in England. It was found in gravel deposited by the river Ouse at a time when that river flowed at a level of eighty feet above its present course. The gravel consists largely of iron-stained flints, amongst which were also discovered fragments of the molar tooth of a Pliocene elephant and a water-worn cusp of the molar of a mastodon. Teeth of the hippopotamus, beaver, and horse, and part of the antler of a red deer, were also found, with several unabraded early Palæolithic implements. Dr Arthur S. Woodward, of the Geological Department of the British Museum, who described the skull before the Geological Society of London from a restored model, said it proved to be very different from the skull of any class of man hitherto met with. It had the steep forehead of a modern man, with scarcely any brow-ridges, and the only external appearance of antiquity was found in the occiput, which showed that in this early form the neck was shaped not like that of a modern man, but more like that of an ape. The brain capacity was only about two-thirds of that of an ordinary modern man. The mandible differed remarkably from that of a man, and agreed exactly with the mandible of a young chimpanzee. It still bore two of the molar teeth, which were human in shape; if these were removed it would be impossible to decide that the jaw was human at all. The skull differed so much from those of the cave-men already found in Germany, Belgium, and France that it was difficult at first to interpret it. All the cave-men hitherto found were characterised by very low foreheads and very prominent brow-ridges, resembling those of a full-grown ape. The new specimen was proved by geological considerations to be very much older than the remains of these cave-men. The skull was very similar to that of a young chimpanzee, while the skull of the later cave-men had the brows of the full-grown chimpanzee. Dr Woodward said that the changes which took place in the shape of a skull in successive races of early men were exactly similar to the changes which took place in the skull of an ape as it grew from youth to maturity. He inclined, therefore, to the theory that the cave-man was a degenerate offshoot of early man, and probably became extinct, while surviving modern man might have arisen directly from the primitive

source of which the Piltown skull proved the first discovered evidence.

INFANT CONSULTATIONS AND THE MILK QUESTION.

In the course of a review in the *Athenæum* of a book on *The Milk Question*, by M. J. Rosenau, the writer says that during the last five or six years an attempt has been made in the chief European countries to provide the necessary intelligence and care in the form of schools for mothers and infant consultations. Consultations go to show that it is far more important to regulate the amount of cow's milk which the individual child requires than to trouble about the bacterial content of the food. The following method is very generally adopted at the consultations in this country. The mother is told to boil the milk when it arrives, and then pour it into a clean jug, cover the jug over with a piece of clean paper, tie the edges down with string, and place the jug in a basin of cold water. We do not think even Pasteurised milk has any advantages over this simple method of boiling, because Pasteurised milk will not remain germ-free unless the bottle is kept on ice or in cold water. The researches of Finkelstein show that there is no appreciable difference in the nutritive value of boiled and of raw milk. The prejudice against giving the former in infant feeding is fast disappearing. The real problem is, after all, to adjust both the quantity and the quality of the food to the digestive capabilities of the infant, and this can only be adequately done under medical supervision. It is high time that the services of the clinical physician should be recognised as forming part of the public health service in preventing diseases in infancy. In some parts of the country municipalities are fully alive to the importance of the subject, and have already appointed medical practitioners to supervise this department of public health.

WHY SMOKE IS INJURIOUS.

Smoke-abatement societies have been advocating the use of gas-fires and cooking-stoves in order to lessen the smoke nuisance in large towns. Dr Raymond C. Benner of New York has tried to ascertain why smoke is injurious to organic life, animal and vegetable, and his conclusions are that the harmful ingredients in smoke are both solid and gaseous, and consist in general of sooty particles with tar and accompanying acids. The amount of free acid in soot may be quite large, while arsenic is sometimes present in a very small percentage. Its nature and composition make it the worst possible kind of dirt; the tar in it gives power of adhesion, while the sulphur acids corrode certain substances. To plants it is prejudicial, as it prevents transpiration, while the tar and acids are corrosive. Conifers seem to be most easily affected. A section of a Scotch fir decreased in width of rings after the date of the erection of a smoke-producing factory near the

tree; while vegetables planted in smoky towns are stunted where there is a fall of soot. Limestone and sandstone are corroded by the acid in soot; the sulphuric acid acts on the calcium carbonate, freeing carbon sulphate and disintegrating the stone. Rails corrode six times as fast in a town as on a sandy coast. Soot has also a marked effect on weather in cutting off the light and increasing the duration of fog. It has been said that at least 20 per cent. of London fogs between 1st September 1902 and 31st March 1903 were artificially induced and preventable. In some measurements of sootfall in 1902, during one snowfall there were eight hundred and twenty tons of soot per square mile in Glasgow; five hundred and thirty-nine tons per square mile in the industrial centre of Leeds, and only twenty-six tons in its suburban residence area; and in the centre of London four hundred and twenty-six tons.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

MARCH 1912.

'The land of far distances.'—ISAIAH.

IN hard-won rest they sleep in that strange land,
Their monument the unsmirched frozen snow
That points to where the unfamiliar stars
Illumine with their glow.

Around them silence—brooding, solemn, vast—
Creating in those spaces peace profound,
Where God alone, since daybreak of the world,
Eternal calm has found.

Not unaccompanied was the tragic road
To where Death stood to free with firm, strong hand,
From Life who feebly strove to bar the way,
Faltering at his command.

Valour and hope, imperishable faith,
Marched step by step with those stout, dauntless
hearts.
The things unseen eternally remain,
The seen with time departs.

And all the while the pallid English spring
Was kindling gorse, and quickening 'neath the sod
The daffodil and gleaming crocus buds—
The little flames of God.

For she whose curved hand guards the fire of life,
Whose feet had never stepped on Arctic snows,
Had risen again from the dim underworld,
And passed where west wind blows.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HOUSE BY THE MOOR.

By E. B. SHULDHAM.

PART I.

THE House by the Moor. Where did it stand, and what special interest did it awaken by its conditions or surroundings that it should have touched me so deeply in my far-away student life, and lived in my memory for fifty years? Moorlands—so let us name it—was an unpicturesque, commonplace-looking house of the eighteenth century, with walls of gray stone, and roofed with slate. It stood in the centre of some uninteresting grounds, where a moorland landscape revealed itself coldly beyond the house rather than gently enclosed it, together with the adjoining paddock, lawn, and garden. The best that could be said of the place was that the soil was dry and the climate bracing; but as for beauty, it had little or none.

The light, the life, the interest lay within doors; landscape and architecture were as naught; nevertheless the house and its surroundings have lived in my memory for many years, for the associations are with death.

How did this come about? I will tell. But to do this I must go back some fifty years. This will take me to my life as a medical student, and will bring to me, as in a picture, tall, cold, gray houses set against a blue sky, and the broad shoulder of a hill, shaped somewhat like an elephant's back, with a lion's head attached, that seemed to support the straggling outskirts of a city which now numbers some three hundred thousand inhabitants.

This will bring to mind some gently rounded hills, a three-mile walk south-east from the city, with a drapery of snow about them with the chaste outlines of a woman's breast. There is a great rock set in the city's midst, and on the rock is set a castle. Ever and anon the roll of a drum or the call of a trumpet rises above the city's murmur, and signifies to the dwellers below that military life is stirring on this defiant rock.

I turn away from the castled rock, and my eye lights on another eminence, less defiant and also less proudly picturesque. Gray stone temples, with a slight trace of ruin about them, and gray stone pillars decorate the heights—an abruptly ending dream of the Greek age.

I am in Modern Athens.

A student of medicine, I am a pupil of John

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Goodsir, the splendid old transcendental anatomist, with his halting step and his inspired thinking. I am dresser to Syme, the curt, epigrammatic surgeon of whom it was said that 'he never shed a drop of blood or of ink too much.'

I am apprenticed—that may sound very old style to some who read these lines, but nevertheless it is a fact—I am apprenticed to a cousin by marriage, a brilliant young surgeon, a man of many words and many thoughts, the opposite of Syme in this respect, but as a skilful and bold operator his equal—nay, many of us young students thought him the superior of Syme.

There is much to be learned, to be seen, to be felt. 'Ay, there's the rub,' to be felt. Do medical students ever feel? Sometimes. One did, at any rate, some fifty years ago. Let me, then, give an occasional experience of my student life. Though I was a pupil of the great Syme, having taken a dressership in his wards for six months, there was but little personal contact between master and pupil. To me he was curt, dry, abrupt, unapproachable. But my relations with my cousin were of a different character. I had been intimate with his family for years. I was in daily contact with him; both in literature and in art we had common grounds for sympathy. His wife was the daughter of a distinguished Scottish publisher, and was an accomplished artist; so the surgical alliance between my cousin and myself was lightened somewhat by contact with the literary and artistic world to which his wife belonged.

Well, as my cousin's apprentice I became his surgical assistant, helped him in nearly all his operations, and so gained knowledge of disease and steadiness of nerve.

And all this brings me without further prelude to the house by the moor, for the incidents connected with it furnished a well-marked chapter in my life—a chapter which even now sets me thinking and wondering and almost sorrowing, as I turn over the pages of that dreary past.

One bitterly cold morning in March my cousin, Alexander Mackenzie, asked me to go with him to a case some sixteen miles down the line south,

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as he had an operation to perform on a private patient.

'Why, certainly I will come with you. What train are you going by?'

'Twelve-fifteen from the Waverley Station. I'll meet you on the platform. Bring your pocket case, for I shall want you to act as my assistant. Farquharson will give chloroform. You will have a fee.'

This was quite news to me. It was the first country journey I was to take with Mackenzie, and it was my first fee. Though I was only in the third year of my student life, my cousin had often left his cases entirely under my care after operation, and the poor folk of Edinburgh who came in my way as dispensary patients dubbed me 'doctor,' much to my delight.

'Can I do anything for you here?' I asked as a dutiful apprentice.

'No; that's all for to-day. But don't get messing with your paint-pots and lose the train.' This was a parting shaft at my fondness for art.

So away I went to my lodgings to think over my day's work and to smoke a consolatory pipe; for, in spite of the prestige attached to helping my cousin in a private surgical case, in my heart of hearts I should have much preferred staying at home and working at a bit of 'still life.'

It was a free day as far as my university work was concerned, and my chief hobby in my leisure time was painting. But my brushes must be idle that cold March day, for I should only manage to get about an hour's painting in all, as I needed a quarter of an hour to put palette and brushes in order and arrange my model. The word 'model' sounds academical and impressive; but, after all, my model for the day was only a ginger-jar. A delightful old ginger-jar, all the same, soft and gray in tone, with little wisps of reed-work round the body of it, and a yellow handle of reed which rose above the lid as a crescent and seemed to carry a line into the background. There was a touch of red on the lid where a splash of dull, oriental sealing-wax had been laid in order to secure the merchandise and also to identify it.

I had a good look at my model, tried it in various positions against a dark background such as the French Chardin loved, and placed an orange by the side of it, which broke the line of the jar, and made the dark corner of my room glow with colour. I then hunted up a scrap of canvas with the beginnings of a landscape on it. The start of landscape was wretched work, and so I was all the more willing to blot it out from sight. There, now for a bit of charcoal. I'll just rub in a little suggestion. Hang the charcoal! It always breaks when I am excited. However, that's a better start than the feeble landscape.

Can I just touch it with colour? Why, what's that striking? Twelve o'clock, by all that's official! I must be off.

Just in time to meet my cousin on the platform, and then down the line we rumbled to our destination in about an hour's time.

Mackenzie was deep in a book during the journey—a novel, one of George Eliot's. I looked out of the window to try to find some beauty in a Scottish winter landscape; and when the vision of my ginger-jar, with the orange glowing by its side, came up before me, the winter landscape looked bare, desolate, and void of interest.

This association of a novel with my cousin's way of life reminds me of a neat rebuff he once gave a hard-headed Aberdonian friend of his. Mackenzie was reading a novel one day after his day's round of work; he was comfortably stretched on a sofa, and the novel and the posture of the man who was reading it seemed to vex the righteous soul of the Aberdonian—who, by the way, was a minister—so he said, 'I wonder, Mackenzie, you care to read such stuff as that. Now, when I read a book I like to have something in my hand that I can put down now and again, and ask myself, "Do I really understand this?"' Mackenzie replied from his sofa, without even looking up or putting his book down, in an indolent kind of drawl he affected at times, 'Oh my dear fellow, how awfully tired you must be of saying "No"!'. The Aberdonian had no reply ready, and so Mackenzie was allowed to finish the chapter of his novel in peace, and many chapters after.

One reason I had for looking out of the window was to see if there were any little sedgy pools by the side of the line; they are very often met with in a flat country line of travel, and I have a weakness for them. After passing gravelly banks, and lines of fencing and trees that shut out the distance, it is quite refreshing to come across some little pool whose darkness may be lightened by the reflection of one white cloud. The cloud has been wandering about abstractedly, as it were, in the sky above, and by chance peeps into one of Nature's looking-glasses set below, and is not a little proud of the reflection. Possibly it sets the cloud a-thinking.

On my side of the line the little pools were few and far between, and their surface was a dull mirror of thin ice. The rushes by the edge of the pools were dry, brown, yellowish canes tendered with the silver of a night's frost, and the dabchicks had found shelter in some warmer quarter. But still there was enough beauty to interest me and to make me long for my home in the south, where I had seen the tall flag rear its luxuriance to a summer sky.

'By the way,' I said to my cousin as we came up the drive to the house, 'what is the patient's name?' This was not said out of mere curiosity, but I always like to know whom I am talking to, for courtesy's sake.

'Oh, name? Never mind the name. It is to be kept secret from you, and it was on this understanding that I brought you here. You see

that elderly man walking in the shrubbery? That is our patient's father; he is keeping out of doors for an hour. The servants have been sent out of the house, as it is a fast-day, and they do not know that an operation is going to be performed. The mother and her two daughters will be the only people left in the house besides ourselves until the operation is over.'

Then my cousin turned abruptly round to me and pulled his cane-coloured beard with an impatient air. 'Bah! what does it matter to you, Edward, name or no name? You must have your wits about you, and be a handy assistant to-day; that's your affair. Here we are.'

Just as we got out of our hired trap the front-door was gently opened, and I heard a woman's voice say softly, 'Oh Mr Mackenzie, I am so glad you have come! Jessie has been wearying to see you; she wants to get it all over.' It was the patient's mother who spoke. 'Dr Farquharson is upstairs with her, having a little chat.'

Then Mackenzie brought me forward. 'Let me introduce my cousin to you. He is going to help me to-day.'

No names were mentioned on either side. I bowed and tried to look discreet beyond my years. The patient's mother gave me a pleasant smile.

'But come in here and warm yourselves by the fire a moment. You must be nearly frozen this bitter day;' and she led us into a cosy dining-room, with a wood fire burning on the hearth. Then going to the sideboard, a beautiful example of eighteenth-century work, she brought out from the cellaret a little decanter of whisky, with some liqueur-glasses.

'It is very old Glenlivet, and my husband says it is very soft, and a little sup of it would not hurt even a cat if she fancied it.'

I was under the impression that even Scottish cats were testoterals.

My cousin declined, and as his dutiful assistant I followed his example. Mackenzie, like a good surgeon, took his Glenlivet after work, not before it.

'Then you won't be tempted?'

'Not just now, thank you.'

'Then let us go upstairs.'

The patient's mother was a tall, dignified woman about sixty years of age, with keen gray eyes; but when she smiled the keen look was softened, and I thought there was at times a sadness about the mouth which did not quite harmonise with the keen gray eye. But the first impression this fine Scottish lady of the old school gave me was that of a tall, active, shapely, well-featured woman born to command. Then upstairs we went to the patient's bedroom, which looked as if it had been cut off from the room adjoining, or as if it had been at one time a passage, and for architectural convenience had been turned into a room. It had a top light, and would have made a capital little studio for my 'still life.'

Mackenzie had chosen it on account of this light, but for a very different purpose.

Just as we came into this narrow but well-lighted room the daughters came forward, two bright, happy-looking young women, and they chatted and laughed with my cousin and Dr Farquharson as merrily as though they were going to keep a birthday festival; and the gaiety seemed natural, so unlike, thought I, the mood and manner of all others whom I had seen on an operation-day. The patient herself was a tall, graceful woman of about five-and-twenty years of age, with a quickly moving eye, full of life and light, and with dark hair mellowing in parts into rich brown, and here and there a few threads of gold glittering on the dark mass. I could but look with wonder and admiration at this bonny creature coming to meet her fate with a smile on her lips and courage in her heart. Some good old Scottish blood flowed in her veins, without doubt. Student though I was, I had seen enough of surgery to know that there were dangers of many kinds which followed the simplest operation. Here, thought I, are the brightness and beauty of youth, and in less than twenty minutes the first faint shadow of death may fall on this bright life.

The patient went quietly under the influence of the chloroform given by Dr Farquharson, and sank contentedly into a deep sleep. My cousin got to work, and the stillness of the room was only broken by the deep breathing of the patient in her chloroform sleep. An hour's work, then all was ready for a visit from the mother and sister of the patient, who were called into the room by Mackenzie, and told that all had gone well. They came and stood by the bedside; and while the mother kissed her daughter's forehead tenderly, the sister took one of the patient's hands, stroked it lightly, almost reverently, and laid it again by her side.

'Do you feel all right now, Jessie?'

'Yes, mother,' said the patient in a faint voice, more like a whisper than a pure tone, and she closed her eyes and looked so worn and helpless that I pitied her with my whole heart. What had I to do with pity—I, a medical student, Syme's dresser and Mackenzie's apprentice? Was this pale, shattered invalid the bright, healthy-looking woman of twenty minutes ago? Was the shadow already touching her? I knew not, but I feared so.

Just about a week after my first visit to Blakieston, Mackenzie sent a note to my lodgings:

'DEAR EDWARD,—The patient at Blakieston is doing badly. The family want you to stay a night at the house. Will you go? Farquharson is laid up with bronchitis. A train leaves Waverley Station at 6.5 P.M.—Yours truly,

'A. MACKENZIE.

'P.S.—Yes, you must go. Take it as a great compliment. I can't get away to-night.—A. M.'

There was nothing left for me to do but to take the 6.5 P.M. train and sit up with my mysterious patient. Besides, this time I had no temptation in the way of a gray ginger-jar to paint at my lodgings. Grays and yellows would be lost by lamplight.

I am once more in the train for Blakieston. I pass the sedgy pools, but the light is dim, and I can scarcely trace their outlines. There has been a fall of snow since my last visit; it gleams on the fields as we hurry along, and the light seems to come more from the fields of snow than from the sky above. A great bank of dappled clouds, silver-gray, rises up with Scottish solemnity from the snowy landscape. The moon is away up behind the clouds, and she gives us but scant light on our road to Blakieston.

The light in the train is also dismal, too dull for me to read by; the outlook from the carriage window is a vague mystery, barely Whistlerian, so I close my eyes and try to sleep. My thoughts again fly southwards. I dream of a spring landscape; no barren hills oppress me; no cold winds whistle their insults in my ears; springtime is here. I am no longer a student of medicine; I am a careless lad wandering with a sweet-faced girl from Tewkesbury in a Gloucestershire orchard. The sky is blue; the very fields smile a welcome to me; the wild flowers are at my feet. What a scent there is from those apple-blossoms close by! How sweet is the thrush's song! The snow on those branches is gently flushed with crimson, but it is not winter. My sweetheart's hand is clasped in mine. Ah, but I am happy in my dream! Why does it fade away so soon in this cold country of the North?

The hour of my journey is nearly gone by; the train is slackening in its speed; the dull rumble of the train, which had lulled me to sleep, gives place to jerky movements and creakings of wheels, which now turn slowly; there is a faint whistle; then lights flash on a platform bare of passengers, and I am at Blakieston.

I am the only traveller that alights here. I stare about the platform to find somebody who may be looking for me, and presently a young man-servant steps up to me in an abrupt manner. 'You're no' the doctor for Moorlands?' he says tentatively.

'Yes; I've come for Mr Mackenzie. I am going to sleep at the house to-night.'

'Ah, weel, that's a' richt;' and he leads me off with the air of a man who has caught somebody very much wanted. In his eyes I am a something wanted, and, to his triumph, I am the something found. My small store of medical usefulness is naught in his eyes. 'Tcha!' he thinks to himself, 'jist ane o' they young students at Embro'; there's plenty o' them nae doot.'

But nevertheless he has orders to convey me safely, as a kind of parcel, to his master the laird, who is in need of me.

I give up my ticket, I cross the little waiting-room, and there, to my delight, is a snug brougham in readiness to take me to the patient's house. They are kindly people after all to think of the comfort of a poor student this bitter evening. The sudden rousing from my doze has chilled me somewhat.

The moon has come out of her tall watch-tower above me, the bank of dappled clouds is breaking; light streams along the snowy road, the snowy fields. There is a glitter in the roadside; the moon has touched a bit of ice and turned it into a silver dish. A row of tall poplars skirts the road on each side for a couple of hundred yards. It puts me in mind of a little drawing by Turner which I have seen, where just such a row of poplars was set before me, with snowy fields on each side, and with a troop of soldiers trudging through the snow, and a dappled sky above. Ah, there we swing round that corner, by the finger-post, where Farquharson's trap was once upset. This, then, is Moorlands! What is to be my next experience? I wonder, but I am not anxious to learn.

'Doctor, is that you? You have been a long time in coming,' said the patient as she turned her head on the pillow to look at me. 'Jeannie, Jeannie, what are you thinking of? Why don't you give the doctor a chair? You see how tired he looks. Not that one, Jeannie; you've left my skirt on it; that was careless of you.'

Then speaking slowly, with a strong accent on each word, she said, 'No, it is not my skirt; it is a great, white, long-eared cat that sits there waiting, waiting for its chance to spring at you.' And suddenly she seized my arm, raising her voice almost to a shriek, 'Be canny wi' it, or it will tear out your heart, doctor;' and then her voice sank to a faint sound, a mere murmur of speech, and she said, 'as they have torn out mine. I've no heart left now; Mackenzie took it away wi' him yon day of the operation.' Then she took my hand and laid it on her breast. 'It's not there now; it has been taken away; but you must find it for me and bring it back to me by the morrow's morning. Try, doctor; try. I know you can do it;' and she looked into my face with such a strange, sad air that I could not help being touched by it.

Her sister was visibly affected; but it was my duty to listen quietly to this wandering talk, and to accept it as perfectly rational; so, in accordance with this belief, I said, 'I'll do my best for you, rest assured of that;' and I touched the back of her hand lightly with the palm of my own. The touch seemed to soothe her, and at the same time she took comfort from my words. 'But you must not mind my staying here a little while, just to see how you go on,' I said as a kind of apology for not going at once on her quest. 'Mr Mackenzie was anxious for me to'—

'Anxious! Why anxious?' asked the patient, interrupting me quickly. 'Hasn't he taken my

heart away! How can a man be anxious who could do anything so dreadful! I ask you, doctor, was it fair, was it right of him?' Then, with a rapid change in her mood, she said plaintively, 'But you see he could not help it; it was his business to do it. I suppose it stood in the way of the growth; and I was being slowly consumed wi' yon growth. Yes, mind that now,

slowly consumed; and they told me he was such a splendid surgeon, and'—— Then she shut her eyes as if she were tired and would fain sleep; but she added in a few moments, 'And now look at me;' and she sighed, and put both hands across her eyes, as if trying to shut out something that troubled her brain.

(Continued on page 297.)

OLD-TIME SOLDIERING IN INDIA.

By Captain OWEN WHEELER, Author of *The Story of Our Army, &c.*

SOME idea of the life led by a young officer in southern India toward the close of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth century may be gleaned from the correspondence and biographical records of three distinguished men, all of Scottish descent, and two of them connected by marriage, who both as soldiers and administrators served the old East India Company long and well. The career of General Sir John Malcolm, who finally vanquished the Mahrattas at Mehidpur, and was afterwards Governor of Bombay, is impressively related in Kaye's notable biography. The life of Sir Thomas Munro, the son of a Glasgow merchant, who eventually became Governor of Madras, has been written by Gleig, and in a shorter form by Sir Alexander Arbuthnot. There is also a useful memoir available of the last member of the trio, General John Briggs, sometime Resident at Nagpur and a prominent Orientalist, whose grandfather came south from Scotland after Culloden, and whose first cousin, Admiral Sir Thomas Briggs, was first cousin also to Sir John Malcolm. In none of these three cases does the biographical record or correspondence give an altogether satisfying account of what a young 'Company's officer' did, and how he fared rather more than a hundred years ago. But a composite sketch, with a few additions, may serve to give a fairly coherent idea of a phase of soldiering curiously interesting in the queer mixture which is indicated of monotony and strenuous action, of ease and hardship, of small beginnings and very big endings indeed.

To obtain a cadetship in the East India Company's military service was not a difficult matter if the lad had the right sort of connections, and was sufficiently presentable to pass muster before a committee of directors at the India House. There were no fixed rules as to the age of entry, and it is on record that Sir John Malcolm obtained his cadetship when he was little more than twelve years old. But his was an exceptional case; and, good as his backing was, he would almost certainly have been rejected if one of the directors had not chanced to say to him, 'Why, my little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?' 'Do, sir?' replied the boy. 'I would out with my sword

and cut off his head!' The youngster's spirit so charmed the director that he was 'passed' forthwith; but as a matter of fact it was not until eighteen months later that John Malcolm landed in Madras to commence one of the noblest careers ever run in the 'Shining Orient,' now less poetically described in Service language as the 'Shiny East.'

Some details of the voyage out are supplied by Briggs, who left Portsmouth on 1st April 1800 in one of a fleet of twenty or thirty East Indiamen, which were convoyed as far as the Canary Islands by two line-of-battle ships and a frigate. The total number of cadets for the year was one hundred and seventy, and on Briggs's ship there were about thirty youngsters intended for either the Army or the Civil Service. The voyage, which seems to have been very pleasant, although Briggs mentions that there was 'a great deal of drinking,' lasted over three months, the date of the cadets' commissions being regulated by their arrival in India.

On landing, the cadet joined as soon as practicable the cadet company at Chingleput, a fort about thirty-six miles from Madras. Here he was provided with military clothing and accoutrements, and as soon as he had learnt a little drill was employed in ordinary garrison duties. The batch of about two hundred cadets was in charge of a captain-commandant, assisted by two or three junior officers and a number of steady sergeants. There was a regular mess, the cost of messing being deducted from the cadets' pay of eight pagodas, or about three pounds a month. For instructional purposes the cadet company was told off in squads, with a sergeant-instructor attached to each.

In addition to drills, guards, and other duties, each cadet had to receive for a specified time daily a *munshi*, or instructor in native languages. It happened sometimes that the cadet was inclined neither for work nor for the *munshi's* company, and various expedients were resorted to in order to get rid of the poor man, who, being in the Company's service, was under an obligation to give some sort of lesson. It is related that on one occasion, when a conscientious *munshi* refused to budge before his time, his pupil—afterwards an officer of some distinction

—alyly emptied a powder-flask under his chair, carried a train thence to the door, and fired the train. The result can be imagined. The unfortunate man was not only dreadfully frightened but badly burned, and the cadet received condign punishment, in which a solatium to his victim was very properly included.

The commandant of the cadet company in Briggs's time was a very competent disciplinarian, with a shrewd notion of instilling sound military principles into his sometimes rather troublesome charges. Briggs himself happened to be on sentry-go one night in front of the commandant's house when a tropical thunderstorm came on; and, not knowing that in such circumstances he would be justified in taking shelter in the veranda, the devoted youth continued to pace up and down in the drenching rain. The commandant caught sight of the sentry, but did not call him in. Next morning he read Briggs a kindly homily, saying that the lad had exceeded his duty. He added that he had left Briggs out in the rain in order that he might realise the unpleasantness of being soaked through on duty, and take that as a lesson not to keep his men out in bad weather unnecessarily. There is the ring of true soldierliness about this homely little incident, and it is not surprising that youngsters so well schooled should have taken as kindly as they did to the business of actual warfare.

In many cases the transition from duty as a cadet to duty as an officer in the field was very sudden. Munro and Briggs were sent on active service almost immediately after leaving the cadet company, and the latter mentions casually that, as a lieutenant aged sixteen and a half in command of a company, he was once left as governor in charge of an important little fort. Munro was nearly nineteen when he landed in Madras in January 1780. In July he left the cadet company and was posted to a regiment; and in August he marched with the force commanded by his namesake—but no relation—Sir Hector Munro, to meet the invading army of Mysore. For four subsequent years he was almost continuously in the field under Sir Hector and Sir Eyre Coote.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to describe any actual fighting, as there are a fair number of adequate records of the warfare in southern India at this period, which are accessible even to general readers. Yet it may be mentioned in passing that not only was the fighting often of the toughest description, but even the mere marching was sometimes attended by a good deal of hardship. When a detachment of British troops was ordered in 1790 to co-operate with the Nizam of the Deccan against Tippoo Sultan, Malcolm's corps, which formed part of this auxiliary force, marched from Ellore in May, and by the middle of July, after covering some five hundred miles, reached Raichur, in the Nizam's

Dominions. Malcolm writes that the road was terrible, all rocks and deserts, and the temperature one hundred and fifteen degrees for nearly a month. He himself walked almost the whole way, as his horse was sick, and the marches frequently occupied from midnight till 2 P.M. the next day. Provisions were scarce, often there were none for forty or fifty hours, and there was a dreadful scarcity of water, the men in the ranks sometimes going mad and dying in a few hours.

Incidentally, as regards the actual fighting, it must be remembered that to the risks of being killed or wounded there was to be added that of being taken prisoner and shamefully dealt with. In the remarkable *Narrative of the Sufferings of James Bristow, belonging to the Bengal Artillery, during Ten Years' Captivity with Hyder Ally and Tippoo Sahib*, there is a gruesome account of the ghastly indignities inflicted on some young officers who had the misfortune to fall into Hyder Ali's hands. Bristow also mentions the case of a poor ensign who was literally beaten to death by one of Tippoo's officers placed in authority over him.

But we may be sure that active service, with all its hardships and risks, was generally, if not always, welcomed as a relief from the dreary monotony of life in quarters. Even at its best the latter was marked by several grave drawbacks as far as the 'Company's officer' was concerned. In Malcolm's early days the Company's service compared very unfavourably indeed with service in a King's regiment in India. In the Company's army there was then no higher rank than colonel, and battalions were commanded by captains who were junior in precedence to captains in royal regiments commanding only companies. Moreover, officers of the Company's service suffered grievously through the absence of proper furlough regulations. If on account of ill-health or even of wounds an officer took sick leave out of the country, his pay ceased until his return. Accordingly he very seldom did take leave to Europe, but remained in India year after year until in many cases the word 'home' must have had a dubious significance indeed. Even in the case of men who did well the expatriation was often a protracted one. Briggs did not come home for twenty-six years; and Munro, who left England a lad of eighteen, was a middle-aged man of forty-six when he returned for the first time. In one of his letters, the latter remarked that correspondence between persons in India and persons in Scotland who had not seen each other for nearly thirty years, and who might never meet again, was 'like letters from the dead to the living.'

Finally, there were prior to 1800 no regular retiring pensions for Company's officers. Thanks largely to Malcolm's representations, the whole question of the disabilities attached to the Company's service was gone into; the officering of

battalions was brought up to the same standard as the King's regimental system, it was made possible for Company's officers to become generals, and eventually furlough and retiring regulations on a very liberal scale were introduced. But for many years the grievances alluded to above were very real ones, and could not but have produced a strong sense of depression in a service the ordinary surroundings of which were not at all exhilarating.

The life in quarters of a subaltern in a Company's regiment may have been easy, but it was certainly not luxurious. Malcolm and Munro both felt the pinch of poverty, but it would seem that in the case of the former the impecuniosity was accentuated by youthful extravagance. At times 'Boy Malcolm,' as he used to be called, was so hard-up that his biographer, Kaye, tells us he was often 'sore beset for a meal.' Apparently a regimental mess was not always kept up, for there is a story that the lad was one day sent for by his colonel, who said, 'I don't see any smoke coming out of the chimney of your cook-room, Malcolm. Come and breakfast with me.' Malcolm was so angry at what he considered an unwarrantable interference in his private affairs that he either actually called out the colonel, or was with difficulty restrained from doing so. Kaye also mentions having heard of an old native woman who gave Malcolm long credit for provisions, and whom he afterwards recompensed by pensioning her for life.

Munro, after nine years' service in India, wrote that poverty had been his constant companion, and that during the first three years after he landed he had frequently experienced hunger, thirst, and fatigue. In that initial period he had never had any other pillow than a book or a cartridge-pouch, and most of his marching had to be done on foot, as his old horse could never carry him for more than a very few miles. Munro gives the following account of his life in quarters. At seven he breakfasted, and then walked out, usually alone, until ten, when as a rule he returned home and read Persian till one. He then dressed and went over to the mess for what he calls 'dinner,' returning before three. Sometimes he slept half-an-hour, sometimes not, then wrote and talked Persian and Hindustani till sunset, when he went on parade. The parade over, 'I set out with a party to visit the ladies or to play cards at the commanding officer's. This engaged me till nine, when I went to supper, or more frequently returned home without it, and read politics and nonsense until bedtime, which, according to the entertainment I met with, happened some time between eleven and two.'

Malcolm as a youngster was a good shot and a fine horseman; but neither Briggs nor Munro seems to have taken up any kind of sport. The

last-named, however, was very fond of fives, and kept himself in good condition with that and from four to twelve miles walking daily.

What must have contributed not a little to the straitened circumstances of some of these poor lads was the habit of card-playing, which seems to have been prevalent even when a regiment was more or less on active service. Briggs mentions having on one occasion, when on the warpath, lost a good deal more than he could comfortably afford to pay, and being considerably embarrassed in consequence; but in his case the lesson was both salutary and permanent. Doubtless the gambling habit was responsible for some at least of the duels which chequered military life in India, as at home, until a much later period.

Outside the ordinary regimental duties, which were usually of a very slight description, the Company's officer in quarters had, it will be seen, little on which to concentrate his intellectual faculties except the study of native languages, and in this direction genuine proficiency was not infrequently attained. The result was usually satisfactory to the individual officer, but not always so from the standpoint of the Company's service as a whole, since too often merely studious men of linguistic capacity came to be employed in posts for which they were otherwise quite unfitted. In the case, however, of the three officers whose names have here been mentioned, a knowledge of Oriental languages, especially Persian, was happily instrumental in gaining them early opportunities of bringing themselves into useful prominence.

It is a rather pathetic circumstance that, in a military service which should have offered, and to some extent did offer, a grand scope for purely military distinction, the ambition of so many young officers should have been to obtain civilian employment. But it was, of course, quite natural that men like Malcolm, Munro, and Briggs should seek a wider sphere for the exercise of their talents, more especially when the emoluments and opportunities of the two branches of the Company's service are contrasted. Also, it is more than satisfactory to reflect on the splendid examples of the soldier-administrator which were thus forthcoming, and the countless and lasting benefits which that notable class has conferred upon India and its peoples. Of course, both before and since Malcolm, Munro, and Briggs there have been many fine soldier-administrators, and some at least of these were the direct product of other systems or periods. But one may be permitted to doubt whether, taken all round, there has ever been a better training-school for these immensely valuable public servants than the military service—hard, unlovely, and dreary as it often was—of good old 'John Company Bahawder.'

ATLANTIC GOLD.

By J. J. BELL, Author of *A Kingdom of Dreams*, *Wee Macgregor*, &c.

CHAPTER VII.

DAWNED and died four days—days of the calm, fair weather that September gives more or less lavishly to these western shores and waters—days of dull sunrises, hazy noons, brilliant sunsets, sparkling nights. To Arcus they had been perfect days but for his anxiety regarding his friend in London. Yet not with unalloyed desire did he search the horizon for smoke and sail. The despatch of a telegram, had that been practicable, would have sufficiently allayed his uneasiness on Anstruther's account; secretly he hoped that the sighting of a ship would be followed by his host's suggestion, made more than once already, that he should simply send his messages by her and remain on the island until the return of the *Phyllis*. 'You are very welcome to all we can offer you, Arcus; and we do not want you to leave us yet,' the doctor had repeatedly assured him; adding, 'We have indulged a solitary existence too long.' And to Arcus, sensitive as he had become, there seemed more than mere conventional politeness lurking in the words.

As for Florence—he thought of her now by her girl's name—she still maintained the reserve so abruptly adopted on the Woman's Cliff that afternoon; but though she did not offer, she did not refuse him her companionship. As a matter of fact, the two were much left together, Dr Helmsdale, apparently immersed in research in the laboratory, meeting them only at meals and for an hour or so after dinner, when he was as genial and entertaining as ever. He made brief daily visits to the Other Island, returning with a stout leather bag heavily laden, to judge from Hubert's attitude while bearing it from the dingy to the laboratory. He did not invite his guest to accompany him on these trips, and Arcus, though his interest was less keen than might have been expected, began to doubt whether the gold recovery process was open to an outsider's inspection after all.

On the fifth day, however, at lunch, Helmsdale said to his niece, 'I think you might show Mr Arcus the Other Island this afternoon. I should like to do so myself; but there are things here which I really cannot neglect at present. Besides,' he laughed pleasantly, 'you won't give away so much as I might.' He turned to his guest. 'You have gathered by now, Arcus, that I am a dreadfully indiscreet person, have you not? I give away everything.'

Said Arcus, 'I think it will take you a very long time, indeed, doctor, to give away all you know.'

Florence, looking amused, said, 'You seem to have grown a little taller since Mr Arcus came,

Uncle Victor. His frequent compliments must be having an effect.'

'Mr Arcus has a flattering tongue,' responded Helmsdale. 'Yet, as I have often said, I cannot believe in a man performing big work, year in, year out, without an occasional audience. My weakness, no doubt; but there it is!'

'Well,' she said, after the young man had expressed his desire to see the Other Island, 'I can safely promise to bring Mr Arcus back no wiser than he started, because I don't understand a thing about the gold recovery.'

'Blessed ignorance!' murmured Helmsdale. 'We shall have to make her a director, Arcus, when that five million company is floated.'

An hour later, following the girl's directions, Arcus pulled into a narrow creek, and, having secured the dingy's line to a ring fixed in the reef, assisted her, quite needlessly, ashore on the Other Island. It was considerably smaller than its neighbour, and exhibited many signs of having suffered violent natural convulsions at some remote period of its existence.

'I had better lead the way,' said Florence; and he followed her through a maze of clefts and hollows in the ragged rock. The way—it could hardly be called a path, though something had been done by man's agency to reduce its native difficulties and to remove its more dangerous pitfalls—rose from the sea-level in erratic fashion, and brought them at last to a rough, pentagonal plateau, whence was obtained a view of the surrounding ocean. From the southerly side of the plateau, to which they directed their steps, the land dropped to the sea in three hacked and shattered terraces like the remnants of a giant's stairway. To Arcus, descent of these appeared impossible until the girl conducted him to a slim iron ladder fitted with a hand-rail.

'Had the tide suited we should have landed there,' she said, pointing downward; 'but it is too risky for a boat at low-water. Be careful!'

On the lowest terrace stood three substantial log-buildings, one of them, with its curtained window and chimney, suggesting a dwelling. Thither she led the way and unlocked the door, saying, 'This is where my uncle spent the night you were wrecked. He has spent solitary nights here more than once. Hubert sees that the hut is always provisioned for at least a week.'

Arcus found himself in a room furnished like a ship's cabin, with the addition of an oil-stove and a few simple cooking utensils and dishes. A shelf carried several volumes of a scientific nature, also a batch of novels; beneath it, on spikes driven into the wood, reposed six large rockets of the bomb sort.

'One could be comfortable enough here on a dirty night,' he remarked, glancing about him, yet fingering one of the rockets.

Florence shrugged her shoulders shudderingly. 'The limit of loneliness! Oh, the rockets are for signalling to the *Phyllis* to come here instead of to Laskair. We have also used them in foggy weather to guide her. Now I will light the stove and put the kettle on; and when you have seen the gold recovery arrangements—it won't take long under my guidance!—we shall have tea here.'

'Let me help you,' said Arcus.

In passing, it is a little pathetic to note how heartily and humbly a single young man will assist a single young woman in domestic work. Arcus grinned sweetly when he scorched his fingers at the unfamiliar flame, and apologised profusely for dropping the matches owing to Florence inadvertently coming against his arm.

'That is the third island I told you about,' she said, as they stood at the edge of the terrace. 'Only a rock, but useful to my uncle. You see a tiny hut? It covers part of his machinery.'

Arcus looked across the narrow channel, then at the channel itself. It was about seventy yards wide, but appeared to be deep even at low-water. A strong current manifested itself. For a while his gaze remained intent on something beneath the surface—two lines of dimly flickering objects that moved steadily at considerable speed in contrary directions between the islands. 'What are those?' he asked at last.

'I can show you that much.'

She took him to the largest of the buildings, situated on the verge. From its interior came the slow, laboured panting of an engine.

Unlocking the door, she invited him to enter. At the far end of the dusky place a wheel six feet in diameter, its axis inclined about thirty degrees from the horizontal, sedately revolved. On its deeply grooved rim it carried an endless steel cable, light and flexible. From the cable, at intervals of a few inches, thin metallic discs a foot in diameter depended by wires. The cable entered the house by way of a sloping tunnel in the rocky floor. With its appendages it first passed through a closed iron tank, then round the wheel, thence through a cylinder of heavy opaque glass, and escaped to sea by means of a second tunnel. Arcus observed that in the iron tank it parted with its clinging fragments of seaweed; he noticed also that the discs arrived from the sea covered with a dull grayish slime, and from the glass cylinder returned to it bright and glistening.

Florence touched the cylinder with her foot. 'I don't know how to open it, Mr Arcus; but the gold—or whatever he gets the gold from—is there.'

'Does the thing go on working day and night?' he inquired after a pause.

'I suppose so. Monotonous, isn't it?'

'Fascinating, I should say, for the person interested. It's aggravatingly simple, and altogether mysterious. Imagine those little bits of metal collecting gold day and night, year in, year out! Why?—'

'They collect more than gold at present, which my uncle considers a nuisance. But he is hopeful of being able to collect nothing but gold some day. Has he told you his theory about what he calls the tuning of things? No! Oh, it is interesting even to me! He believes it is possible to tune one thing—electrically, magnetically, I don't know which—perhaps I'm talking nonsense; but he believes one thing may be made so attractive to another thing that the other thing cannot resist. Oh dear, I'm getting mixed! Come, let us go. We can come back after tea if you like. I don't like the smell of this place.'

There was certainly a taint in the atmosphere—nitrous acid, Arcus would have said had he ever dabbled in chemistry. 'It rather reminds me of some beastly fumes a chap made in testing for gold or copper or something in Queensland,' he vaguely remarked, and followed her out of doors.

'Nothing there but a dynamo,' she said, nodding in the direction of the third building.

'Then don't trouble to show it to me,' he returned. 'The kettle must be boiling now; and, so far as I have been able to guess your feelings, Miss Helmsdale, that is more important than the recovery of gold.'

'Oh, I'm quite sick of gold,' she said with sudden petulance. 'Forgive me,' she went on quickly, 'for being such an impatient guide. I'm really very proud of my uncle's work here; only I am certain it is bad for his health, and I wish he would stop it.'

'You have shown me all I wanted to see, and given me quite enough to think of for the present,' he said, as they turned toward the hut. 'But surely you are mistaken about the doctor. One does not often see a healthier-looking man. And life here—so much in the open!—'

She shook her head. 'He never used to be nervous. He has grown nervous of late. He is more nervous now than he was a week ago.'

'I hope my coming'—

'Nonsense!' she interrupted a little sharply. 'I was glad for his sake when you came. He needs some one to talk to. He has talked more to you in these few days than he has talked to me in three months. Why, you don't know what'— She broke off. 'After all, I may be imagining things,' she said at the door. 'Perhaps it is I who am growing nervous. Forget what I have said, Mr Arcus. Yes, the kettle is boiling.'

While she prepared the tea he stood at the window watching the two processions of dimly flickering objects traversing ceaselessly the underwaters of the channel. He had never wanted to

'make' money, yet he was curiously attracted by this strange method of getting it. And all at once it occurred to him that he was quite poor in comparison with what this girl was likely to be.

But they talked no more of gold that afternoon. Till the sun was low they talked of life as it concerned themselves, of what she would make of life were she to return to the world, of what he would make of it were he a prisoner on Laskeir.

Possibly their converse held more imagination than wisdom; but it had the result, at least, of increasing their acquaintance with each other's sympathies, which, when one comes to think of it, is the chief end of all converse between man and woman. As they rowed home, almost silent, there was no gold in the world for them but the glory of the sunset on the majesty of the sea. At the landing he was loath to let go her hand.

(Continued on page 292.)

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF CAPITAL

By HERBERT H. BASSETT, F.S.S., Editor of the *Financial Review of Reviews*, &c.

A GREAT deal of misunderstanding exists regarding the real object of the distribution of capital geographically. There is a general assumption that to urge the adoption of 'geographical distribution' is only another way of saying, 'Do not put all your eggs in one basket,' which has become an accepted axiom among all who are concerned in the investment of capital. But geographical distribution of capital goes a step farther. It not only says, 'Do not put all your eggs in one basket,' but it adds, 'and do not send the baskets to market in one cart.' It is good to put your capital into more than one security, but it is still better to see that the securities are not all in one country.

The safety of capital distributed on this principle is secured by dividing the sum to be invested evenly among a number of sound stocks of identical quality, but every stock held must be subject to an entirely different market and trade influence. Now, the trend of the trade and the political development of each country vary. The trade of countries which are widely separated geographically, peopled by different races, or whose chief commercial products are entirely different varies considerably; so that while in one country realisable values are rising, simultaneously they are falling in another country. Therefore, by placing portions of his capital in different areas of the world, the investor ensures that all the stocks he holds are likely to differ in the variations of their realisable values, and that, therefore, the total realisable value of his investments is likely to remain stationary.

It is always difficult for any writer on finance to satisfy the reader that he is not personally interested in recommending or decrying some particular investment. Whilst it would be easy, therefore, to give to the reader some practical examples of geographical distribution of capital drawn from the price-movements of securities during the past decade, it will perhaps be best to explain the theoretical side of the principle only.

That the world's population is constantly increasing is admitted; and as the demand of an

increasing population must be met, it follows that the trade or production of the world should also constantly increase. Statistics bear out this fact; but if the trade of various countries is examined, it will be found that whilst the general tendency over a period of years may be for it to increase, the extent of the increase varies in different countries. Thus an examination of Europe's exports in comparison with the exports of the rest of the world over a period of fifteen to twenty years shows that in some years Europe's exports rose and the exports of the rest of the world fell, while in other cases the exports of the rest of the world rose and those of Europe fell. An examination of the figures of production of iron ore in various countries will reveal fluctuations in each country, although the total production was constantly increasing.

Having satisfied himself that the trade of one country may be good whilst that of another is bad, the investor may proceed to investigate the bearing which this condition of trade has upon the value of securities. The value of securities is influenced by the bank rate, or the rates ruling for money in each country. In a time of dear money, such as a 6 and 7 per cent. bank rate, securities will fall; and when the bank rate is down to 2½ per cent. the price of securities will rise. The explanation is simple. Let us suppose that a first-class 3 per cent. 'gilt-edged security' stands at eighty-one pounds per one hundred pounds stock at a time when the bank rate is 5 per cent. If trade in the United Kingdom should become inactive, bankers will not be called upon to lend money to manufacturers, and the rate of interest they ask will fall, until, when trade is very slack, the bank rate may be as low as 2½ per cent. The rate offered to depositors will be reduced by the bankers because the latter cannot lend it at a profit, and depositors, dissatisfied with the low rates offered by the banks, will commence to buy securities which yield a higher rate. Thus the first-class 3 per cent. 'gilt-edged security' which stood at 81 when the bank rate was 5 per cent. will gradually rise to 99½, when the net return yielded to the buyer

will have become little better than the return offered by the banker, and the security will cease to be attractive. The capitalist, the trader, and the investor will let their money lie there until trade becomes again active, when they will sell the securities which yield only 3 per cent., and use their capital in trade, thus causing the price of securities once more to decline.

As the condition of the money market is governed by the condition of trade in each country—I do not propose to plunge into any argument about the alleged machinations of the evil people who are supposed to put bank rates up and down so as to consummate their own villainy—it follows that as trade conditions vary in each country, so also must the ruling rates for money vary in each country. The country's course of trade, therefore, becomes the dominant factor causing the variation in the value of the securities of that country.

The millionaire who possesses sufficient capital to invest money in every trading centre of the world cannot fail to benefit, and does benefit, from the automatic increase in the value of his investments, owing to the world's perpetual trade expansion. The investor who widely distributes his capital over the earth's surface establishes an equilibrium of capital, because the effect of trade depression in one quarter of the world will be counterbalanced by trade activity in another quarter. And here it is perhaps as well to explain that I am writing of the investment of capital—that is, in Government bonds, &c.—yielding from 3 to 5 per cent., and not of gambling with capital in speculative counters, such as mining and oil companies' shares.

Only the teaching of experience will ultimately protect the individual against loss in these directions.

Many persons who have worked at schemes for putting the principle of geographical distribution into practice have spread their capital among British-owned and British-controlled undertakings operating in various parts of the world. The securities of these undertakings are owned in the United Kingdom, and the market for them is in London, and for all the practical advantage the holders derive from the geographical location of the companies' business, they might as well have left the capital in a purely British undertaking working at home.

The investment areas of the world may, roughly speaking, be described as Great Britain, British colonies, north and south Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America, and international, the last-named covering international undertakings such as steamship and cable companies, &c. The securities of each of the sections should be governed by the principal Stock Exchange of each country and not by London. An Argentine security should be controlled by Buenos Ayres, a Canadian security by Montreal or Toronto, an Australian security by Sydney or Melbourne, a Japanese security by Tokyo or Yokohama, and so on. Otherwise the full advantage of the compensating trade movements cannot be obtained, because the influences controlling the prices of the securities would not be distributed over various parts of the world, but would be centred in London and be dominated by the trade movement of the United Kingdom.

'A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.'

By C. CAMPBELL BROWN.

ONE summer afternoon a young girl paused in the street, where a shabby scholar sat reading to a group of idlers outside the prefect's yamen of Chuanchow city. She had sold her last 'larded devil,' a kind of dough-nut eaten in that part of China, and the day's earnings lay in her empty basket. The reader's face was livid, his voice was hoarse, and his black-rimmed spectacles made him look like a lean old dragon-fly; but his fingers quivered with the varying emotions of the story, darting, caressing, hovering, insisting, until she quite forgot their brown opium-stains and the cadaverous appearance of their owner.

Some one noticed the girl's absorption as she stood tiptoe peeping between moving heads and shoulders at the histrionic gestures of the scholar; a deft hand moved lightly, and the money disappeared from her basket. When the story came to an end the girl awoke from her dream to find that the precious pile of *cash* was gone. She

spoke of her loss to the people who stood near, but no one helped her; and presently, with the callousness which a Chinese crowd so often shows to misfortune, the bystanders began to laugh. At that moment a spare man of about thirty came out of the yamen and turned into the street. His face, which had a restrained and almost mournful look, had little to distinguish it from ordinary faces except, perhaps, a pair of keen eyes and a long, thin nose.

Mr Li, the prefect of the city—for it was he—noticed the child, who was now 'crying as though her mother were dead,' and told his interpreter to find out what was the matter.

'Tis but a little thing, your Excellency. The child has lost some *cash*, and dare not go home,' said the man.

'How much money has she lost?'

'One hundred and eight *cash*, your Excellency.'

'Ask her how it happened.'

The prefect waited patiently until, between

sobs and terrified pauses, the girl had told her tale. Meantime a crowd collected, as yamen runners, hangers-on of the court, and idlers from the street came sauntering up to see what was happening. Presently his Excellency gave orders that the girl should be taken to the justice-hall, so that her case might be tried. Scarcely crediting their ears, the bystanders began to wonder what had befallen Mr Li. Even supposing the troubles of a crying child were worthy the notice of one concerned with public business, the absence of all proof or evidence in the affair rendered it neither profitable nor wise to intermeddle with such a matter. When, therefore, the people saw him re-enter the court, followed by runners leading the girl, they trooped after them into the great yamen, and even the idlers left their story and the shadow of the wall by the street-edge to see the fun.

The examination, as any one could have foretold, came to an end without throwing fresh light upon the circumstances of the theft. The secretaries pulled each other's sleeve and raised their eyebrows. The bystanders whispered, and some of them began to laugh.

Mr Li spoke a word to the attendants; next moment the yamen doors swung to with a clatter.

'The people laugh,' said Mr Li, his keen eyes glittering as he raised his head and looked at the throng. 'The people laugh at us, "the father and mother of the people," for trying to help a child of one of the citizens of this city! They laugh at a representative of the "Dragon Throne" in the discharge of duty! They must be taught.'

The crowd was quiet now, for the sound of bolts rattling between them and the street had sobered the whisperers.

'Such a breach of etiquette must be punished,' continued his Excellency, speaking slowly and with emphasis. 'Each person shall pay a fine of eight *cash* before he leaves this court.'

The gamins, who had been most forward to see the 'great man's' folly, were now as mum as mice, the students and ragged plea-writers who had thronged into the presence-chamber were ruefully feeling their empty pockets, and there was much covert borrowing among the crowd. Half-amused by their own discomfiture, half-afraid of the man who held them in the hollow of his hand, the people came forward one by one to pay their fines.

As the first man laid his *cash* upon the table, the prefect's eyes—half-sad, half-tolerant and kindly—scanned his face. Then, to the surprise of everybody, the great man carefully counted the coins with his own fingers. The brown heaps of copper money grew upon the table as the crowd filed past, but the doors remained close fastened, and nobody was allowed to leave the court.

Presently a mean-looking fellow came up and paid his fine.

His Excellency counted the coins. 'This

money is covered with grease,' said he. 'What right have you to bring dirty *cash* to me? Pay eight more for your bad manners.'

The man put the money upon the table without a word.

'Hey!' cried Mr Li, 'these coins also are covered with grease! It is against the law to pay dirty money into court. Search your pockets and see whether you have not got some cleaner *cash*.'

The fellow began to search, but the *cash* which he produced were greasy.

'Turn out all the money you have. There are sure to be some clean coins among the number.'

The yamen runners helped the unwilling rascal to empty his pockets, but all the money in his possession proved to be in the same oleaginous condition.

'Count these coins,' said the prefect.

There were ninety-two in all.

'Hey!' cried Mr Li, 'ninety-two *cash*, along with the sixteen already paid in fines, make one hundred and eight—exactly the amount lost by the little girl. How do you account for that?'

'It is just the sum I had in my pocket. I know nothing about the child's money,' protested the trembling rascal.

'Where did you get these *cash*? ' demanded Mr Li.

'I got them from a man in the street in exchange for a ten-cent piece, your Excellency. He must have given me greasy money.'

'Go at once and fetch that man,' said Mr Li. 'I will send a couple of runners with you to bring him into court.'

'The man was a stranger. His Excellency's slave could not possibly find him anywhere,' stammered the rascal, now shivering with terror.

'Go and seek him at once. You may find him more easily than you suppose.'

The man lay in the position which he had been compelled to take before the representative of the Emperor, with his forehead flat upon the pavement, and said nothing.

'You took this money from the child,' said Mr Li. 'It is covered with grease, because she counted it after handling her oily dough-nuts. She lost one hundred and eight *cash*, exactly the sum which was in your pocket when you entered this place. You are the thief!'

A hum of approval spread through the crowded court. Was ever judge so wise as his Excellency, who knew both how to attract into his yamen the kind of people among whom the culprit was likely to be found, and how to single out the thief from amidst the throng when once he had it safe within his power?

After the money which lay upon the table had been counted, Mr Li gave it to the trembling child, who left the court a very happy little girl, followed by a stalwart yamen runner carrying several strings of *cash*.

The slight figure rose from the judgment-seat and slowly withdrew. The bolts shot backward, and the crowd poured out through the open doors.

'The thieves had better emigrate,' said one of the court attendants to his neighbour. 'If they stay much longer with his Excellency in Chuanchow city they will starve.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT MILTON-LOCKHART.

By Rev. THOMAS CASSELS.

A FEW miles north of the junction of Carstairs, on the Caledonian Railway, the Scotch express passes through Carlisle station, and to the left we have a glimpse of a wide and beautiful landscape. The eye travels across the Clyde valley, with its orchards and woods and towns, to where the stormy mountains of Douglasdale sentinel the graves of a great race. Far away in the west a cloud, distinct in its outline, looks as if some giant were rearing his head above the horizon to peer over the Vale of Clyde. It is Loudon Hill; and the sight of it recalls memories of Bruce and Wallace, who each fought under the shadow of that strange peak, and of the Covenanters, who triumphed there at Drumclog. Sir Walter Scott has told in sounding words the story of that later battle, and of the duel between Bothwell and Balfour of Burley in the morass: "Then a bed of heather or a thousand merks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with all his force. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Burley as he parried and returned the blow.

Whilst we are remembering these things the train flashes across a bridge, and beneath we have a glimpse of a narrow road winding down into the valley. To me it is a pathway of desire. Often have I followed it in the witchery of the morning and accompanied by memories of the great Sir Walter. For not far down that road, set on a peninsula round which Clyde rolls its dark, foam-flecked waters, is the house of Milton-Lockhart.

It was in 1828 that William Lockhart acquired the estate of Milton, which, to distinguish it from other Miltons, he called Milton-Lockhart. The mansion-house being old and damp, he proposed to erect a new one; and it was his pleasant fancy to invite Sir Walter Scott to come and choose the site where it might be built. So in January 1829 Scott came, accompanied by the brother of the laird of Milton-Lockhart, John Gibson Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer. They spent a long while sauntering about the estate, though Scott was far from well, and had need of John Lockhart's arm. He selected a fine site, however, — a plot of rising ground, with a lovely view of river and valley to the south-east; while behind it the land rises toward Carlisle in a green background of beech and birch and thorn. Two years and a half later—in July 1831—Scott returned to Milton-Lockhart and spent there a night. He was then engaged writing his

last published novel, and he drove with John Lockhart down Douglasdale, saw again the fragment of the old castle, which is the Castle Dangerous of his story, and stood musing in the chapel of St Bride beside the monuments of the dead chiefs. Then they drove over by Lesmahagow to the banks of the Clyde, talking as they went of unhappy things. Of the pages in his *Life of Scott* where Lockhart describes that drive and the events preceding it, Andrew Lang wrote that they 'surpass all other achievements of biography.' This was Scott's last journey into Lanarkshire. He returned no more that way, for he died next year (1832).

It was in or about the year 1890 that I first observed these dates. I had read by then every one of the novels, beginning when I was a boy of ten with *Ivanhoe*; and in that year I read Lockhart's *Life* for the first time. I noted that Scott was at Milton-Lockhart in 1829 and 1831, and I learned further that John Gibson Lockhart had spent some summers there down to 1854. It seemed to me that, since only thirty-six years separated me then from Lockhart, there might be some folk living in Clydesdale who might remember that yellow Spanish face and the glint of those gray eyes. Nor was I disappointed. In Carlisle and the region round about were people who had seen or talked with Lockhart when he was resident in his brother's house beside the river.

A gap of thirty-six years is comparatively not too long for one memory to span. Thousands of middle-aged people have quite clear recollections of a fascinating somebody encountered thirty-six years ago; but the spaces of sixty-one and fifty-nine years which separated me in 1890 from Scott's two visits to Clydesdale appeared to me unbridgable. Besides, these visits were only of a few hours each; so that I had no thought of meeting any one who had met the great Sir Walter at Milton-Lockhart. But the unthought-for arrives. To my intense joy, I happened upon a man who remembered. His name was James Purdie, and he lived in a cottage a little out of Carlisle. When I was taken to see him we found him sitting in the yard surrounded by dogs of a terrier breed, which he looked after for his grandson. He was one of those fine old men whose natural force remains unabated, and who possess every faculty to the last, as if disease and decay had forgotten them. He said he was 'over ninety'; but I suspected he might be a year or so short of that. Still, he was a wonderful old man.

One of the dogs got into mischief at the other end of the yard. He picked up a pebble from a little handy heap beside him and flung it. The dog yelped. I could not help remarking that it was a rare thing for an old man to fling a stone, and with an aim so true. 'Man,' he said, 'I ne'er had toothache in my life, nor rheumatics; an' I can see to read sma' print better then my ain great-grandweans.'

With very little coaxing he told me about his meeting with Sir Walter Scott. He had been a travelling clockmaker in his youth, and his story was that he had been employed that January day of 1831 repairing and setting up one or two clocks which had been recently brought to Milton-Lockhart. I surmise that this was part of the preparation made for Sir Walter's visit, and that Purdie, according to the immemorial custom of tradesmen, had been behindhand with his work; so that when the carriage drove up with the distinguished visitors he was still busy with his little wheels and pinions.

'Were you wanting to see him?' I asked.

'Was I no? We a' wanted a keek at the Tillietudlem-man.'

This is quite likely. Tillietudlem—Craignethan Castle, which is on the other side of the Clyde almost opposite Milton-Lockhart—was attracting streams of visitors in 1831, as it is to this day. The incident of Jennie Dennison flinging the hot kail-brose on her sweetheart, Cuddie Headrigg, as told in Chapter xxv. of *Old Mortality*, was one likely to appeal to the humour of the Jennies and Cuddies in the servants' hall at Milton-Lockhart, so I had no difficulty in believing that they all wanted to see the teller of such glorious tales—the Tillietudlem-man.

'And you saw him?' I said to Purdie.

'I did that. No' when he arrived, but a wee while after. I was cleanin' the escapement o' ane o' the clocks at a wee table when he cam.' He had been ootbye, an' looked gey tired. He jist drappit doon in the first chair he cam' to.'

'What was he like?'

'Man, he had a face like a haggis!'

This shocked me. My sense of what was due to my hero was outraged.

But Purdie was adamant. He would not alter for me the oft-told story of sixty-years since. 'A face like a haggis,' he repeated, 'wi' jist as muckle expression in't—like it or no' as it suits ye.'

Perhaps, after all, it was true. Those were Scott's 'apoplectic days.' He was tired; he was ill. 'The minstrel was infirm and old.' So I hastily jotted down in my note-book the information I had got, and began to fish for more.

'Did you hear him speak?' I asked.

'Did I no! Man, we had a crack thegither, him an' me. Ye see, the chair he sat doon on was jist beside me, an' I'm thinkin' he couldna be near anybody without talkin' to them.'

'Do you mind anything he said?'

'Mind! Af coorse I mind. I mind it a'. Ye

see, I was in Lanark next day, an' Mr Mingies, the minister, garred me gang through it a' to him; an' then Provost Hutchison had me into his shoppie, an' him an' twa-three mair speered me a' about Sir Walter, for they were rale ta'en up about him. Sae that fixed it in ma mind like.'

'Well, then, tell me.'

'Oh, he began about clocks. "Maister Peevot," he says, "why does a clock warn?" "Peevot" was the name clockmakers gae'd by in thae days, jist as we ca'd a cobbler a "Souter."'

'So he asked you why the clock warns three minutes or so before it strikes?'

'Ay; an' af coorse I let him see hoo it was, frae the ane I was workin' at. He listened, but he didna listen unco weel.'

It is possible, I think, without undue speculation, to follow Scott's thought. A few months before, he had suffered two apoplectic seizures. He did not hide from himself what these portended. He was aware of something pending. On New Year's Day of that very year (1831) he had written in his *Journal*: 'I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer. This general failure,

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinquate an end.'

The lines are from *Hudibras*, and it was characteristic of that brave heart to round off these two sentences of dolour with a quotation from the great comic poem. But thus we see that he knew the meaning of these portents. Perhaps on the night before that visit to Milton-Lockhart, which he had spent at the inn of Douglas Mill, he had heard in the dark of the midnight one of those tall old clocks 'warn' as the machinery put itself in position to strike the hour, and had thought how he had himself been warned, and that he was waiting for the hour to strike.

'Well,' I asked Purdie, 'what else?'

'Weel,' he replied, 'when I had tell't him about the wye a clock warns, says I to him, "Here's something in your line, Sir Walter." An' wi' that I whuppit aff the dial sae that he could see the foreplate. Noo the clock waana a new ane. It had been in a clockmaker's haun' afore, an' the chap had scratched something on the brass foreplate—as young Peevots wud whiles dae. I thocht it wud interest him, sae I let him see it. He couldna read it; nor did he try. He was ower blin', but I tell't him whit it was, for I was aye a guid reader.'

'What was it?'

'Jist twa lines o' a sang—naething mair. It wud ha'e been rale nate if they had been his ain, but they werena. They belonged to as guid a man, though, an' that's Rabbie Burns:

I will loe thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.'

'What did he say?'

'Oh, he gied a bit laugh. "That's no' bad,"

says he. "It mixes Love an' Time thegither. It's a fine text for a clock. I wunner wha the sentimental Peevot was?" says he; but I could gie him nae licht on that, for I didna ken masel. I was gaun to pit on the dial again, when he says to me, "That's ae curiosity, an' here's anither." An' wi' that he gied me ower the stick he had in his haun'. "Whaur wud that grow, think ye?" says he.

'I tuk a luk at it. "Gin ye tell't me whaur ye got it, Sir Walter," says I, "I micht guess." "I got it frae a Hielander," says he. But wi' that in comes a gentleman to say that they were waitin' for him, see up he got. I gied him back his stick, an' he hirpled awa'. I saw him nae mair that day, an' I never heard anither word about the stick.'

I regretted that I could not give Purdie any information about this. Scott's stick, which he evidently regarded as a curiosity, is not mentioned in his *Journal*, nor in Lockhart's *Life*, nor in Skene's *Memories*. Probably, however, it is one of those preserved at Abbotsford, or that in Darnick Tower near at hand.

In Lockhart's *Life* we read how Scott spent the rest of that day. Soon after he left Purdie, as I take it, dinner was served. Among the guests was Mr Elliott Lockhart of Cleghorn and Borthwickbrae. He, like Scott, had recently been stricken with severe illness, but had recovered. They were old friends, glad of the chance to meet, afraid perhaps that it was for the last time. 'Each exerted himself to the utmost,' says Lockhart—'indeed, far too much.' The laird of Cleghorn drove off to his own house in the evening, a distance of about eight miles. On reaching it he fell down in a fit, from which he never recovered. When next morning this sad news was brought to Scott at Milton-Lockhart he announced his decision to depart instantly, though it had been his original intention to remain two days. 'No,' he said, 'this is a sad warning. I must home to work while it is called day; for the night cometh when no man can work. I put that text many a year ago on my dial-stone; but it often preached in vain.'

In that great and heroic saying may we not trace lines of thought suggested by the talk with Purdie overnight? He had seen then an inscription on a clock, which may have made his mind turn the more readily to that on his own dial. And there is here again the suggestion of a warning. The clock was all but striking the hour of release; the night was coming. But first there was work to do, and he left Milton-Lockhart in haste to do it.

I asked the old man Purdie if he remembered anything else.

'Oh aye,' he replied. 'I bided aboot the hoose that night. I sleepit in the stable-laft, an' I gied a haun' at yokin' the horses in the mornin'. When Sir Walter was comin' oot I gaed doon amang the servants that were staunin'

aboot to see the last o' him, an' he saw me amang them an' cried me ower to him. "We didna feenish oor crack yestreen," he says; "we'll no' feenish it noo." An' then he speered me ma mame. "Purdie!" he says. "I ha'e reason to ken that name." An' he put a shillin' in ma haun'.'

'If you had that shilling now I'd give you ten for it.'

'I daursay. Mony a man I've tell't the story to wud ha'e dune that. But it gaed awa' frae me faster than the Clyde rins below its brigs. I spent maist o't in Crossford, an' the rest in Kirkfieldbank, that very mornin'. For Sir Walter drave through Lanark, an' I walkit on there after him. They saw him pass through, an' when I cam' up, an' they heard I had had a crack wi' him, they were a' at me to tell them aboot it. I could ha'e sell't the shillin' then if I had had it.'

'And is that all now that you mind about him? Tell me, did he look frail as he got into his carriage?'

'Ay, he did that; but a' the same he was in a steve hurry, an' alippit as they haunted him in. There was a mason chiel there, an' I heard him cry, "Canny, Sir Walter! canny!" an' that's the last I heard.'

So Scott drove off that July morning across the new bridge, which he had praised because it had 'ribs like Bothwell,' and away among the apple-orchards of the Clyde, past Stonebyres Falls with its thunder, and up the hill through Lanark; while later in the day his humble, brief acquaintance, James Purdie, trudged along the same way, visiting the inns as he passed, and claiming the attention of the *literati* of the countryside because he had talked for five minutes with the Wizard. 'Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotamen! Take our proud and sad farewell.'

There need be little doubt, I think, as to the identity of the 'mason chiel' in Purdie's story. He could not be any one but John Greenshields. This man was living then with his parents on the Milton-Lockhart estate. He was a working-mason, but was a genius with his chisel, and his sculptures have an abiding place among the masterpieces of Scottish art. Scott was greatly interested in him. In his *Journal*, under 18th January 1829, he wrote: 'We went, the two Lockharts and I, to William's new purchase of Milton. We found on his ground a cottage where a man called Greenshields, a sensible, powerful-minded person, had at twenty-eight (rather too late a week) taken up the art of sculpture.'

This cottage was on the other side of the river; and as the bridge was not then built, they were rowed over in the ferry-boat by Betty, the sculptor's mother, a remarkable woman, tall, comely, hale-hearted, decked in the whitest squinty mutch ever seen, who would not permit her son, nor anybody else, to row Sir Walter

across the Clyde. Greenshields himself was waiting for them on the other bank, and conducted them to the thatch-covered wooden shed which was his studio. Scott was greatly charmed with the man, with his broad Scots tongue, his humour, his frankness, and his way of drawing his lips into a grim, involuntary whistle. He remarked, 'There is much about that man which reminds me of Burns.'

Greenshields had gone two or three days before to the Earl of Elgin's place at Broomhall, in Fifeshire, and on his arrival there had been told that Scott was on the way to Milton-Lockhart. He at once set out on the return journey, having been barely an hour at Broomhall, and arrived home in time. When they met on the river-bank, Scott expressed regret that the visit to Fifeshire had been so short, and lamented the young sculptor's loss in not being able to examine the works of art which the earl possessed. 'Nae loss at a', cried Greenshields in his rapid way. 'I saw everything, and see everything yet.' 'Indeed?' remarked Scott. 'Yes,' said the other in a droll way; 'ye maun mind I've a deevilish greedy e'e.'

On the occasion of the second visit, in 1831, Greenshields met Scott again. In the interval the former had grown famous, for his statue-group of the Jolly Beggars had been exhibited and applauded in Edinburgh. The figures were original; they were true. They were the work of a man who, like Burns himself, was of the soil, and owed no debt to any school or master. It was then universally admitted that here was the man who could transfer in living stone to future ages the features and form of the greatest of Scotsmen, whom all men knew to be fast approaching the limit of his mortal span. So, when the two men met once more at Milton-Lockhart that July day of 1831, there was in the sculptor's mind the thought of the task tacitly assigned to him. 'Greenshields was at hand,' writes Lockhart, and he [Scott] talked to him cheerfully, while the sculptor devoured his features as under a solemn sense that they were under his eyes for the last time. Next morning at the hour of departure, as I would gather from what Purdie told me, Greenshields, 'the mason chiel,' was either helping Scott into his carriage or anxiously watching, and his 'Canny, Sir Walter! canny!' was the farewell of those two leal and great-hearted Scotsmen.

How great the pity is no 'sensible, powerful-minded person' like Greenshields, to whose warning he would listen, was beside him to cry, 'Canny, Sir Walter! canny!' when he was entering upon those fatal speculations which eclipsed the brightness of his day and burdened his later life with a titanic task! Yet the words might well have been addressed to Greenshields himself. He, like Scott, overworked himself. He was not 'canny.' He produced, indeed, many fine statues; one notably of Sir Walter, the *Sic Sedebat* statue, which pleased

Lockhart, and is now in the lower Parliament Hall (Advocates' Library), in Edinburgh. Another is that which is familiar to all who know the Western Highlands, and which, we may be sure, the 'Author of *Waverley*' would fain have seen—the statue of Prince Charlie by Loch Shiel, where, carved in stone, the Young Chevalier stands gazing up Glenfinnan, as if hearkening to the pibroch of Lochiel.

But these and many other labours brought too soon the end. In the year 1835, at the age of forty, in the little cottage at Milton-Lockhart, John Greenshields died. The last effort of his genius had been to execute a model in clay for the Scott Monument in Glasgow. It is a fine piece of work. The figure stands erect, one foot slightly advanced, the left hand grasping a book, the right arm and shoulder wrapped in a shepherd's plaid; but it is declared that the position of the plaid is quite wrong, that it ought to be thrown over the left shoulder. When the objection was first stated, Greenshields, who was then on his deathbed, positively stated that he had seen Scott wear it thus—over the right shoulder—on the morning he departed for the last time from Milton-Lockhart, and Greenshields had a 'devilish greedy e'e.' It is said that he died in the very act of vindicating himself on this point to a visitor, and the rumour went about that this matter of the plaid killed him. Probably the energy with which he was debating the matter blew out the fainting flame of his life.

Another hand—Ritchie's—cut in stone the statue itself which stands now, colossal, impressive, on the eighty-feet high column in George Square, Glasgow. The original clay model which Greenshields fashioned is still in existence. One of his grandsons, when a child, could not refrain from giving the nose a light tap with a hammer, which slightly flattened the tip; otherwise it is undamaged. It rests now in a house beside high Cairn table, not very far from the road along which Sir Walter Scott and John Gibson Lockhart drove when they came into Lanarkshire, visited the tombs of the Douglasses in St Bride's, and saw for the last time together Clyde's waters sweeping round the green knoe at Milton-Lockhart.

SONNET.

BEFORE me lies the opalescent sea,
Full-tide and almost motionless, and on its breast
Blue islands float in evening's quiet rest;
And evening's calm enwraps all things and me.
Here, for a space, from noise and hurry free,
I linger, and let Fancy weave that chain
Of golden links which she will draw again
Into her shadowy realm of mystery.
Oh golden chain!—not strong enough to bind
The dream-life to this present, false to true,
In fair reality—how soon your gleam
Fades and is lost in shadows of the mind,
As sea and sky and wooded islets blue
Melt into night, and lost in darkness seem!

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

PRISON TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

By the Hon. Lord GUTHRIE.

THE treatment of crime cannot be airily dismissed by the obvious truism that it is of infinitely less importance than the problem how to stop the supply of criminals. On that problem I shall only state the conviction that—when followed back to its sources, beyond the plausible but superficial causes of drink and gambling (effects as often as causes)—it will be found to lead ultimately to insufficient wages, unemployment, and destitution. 'My Lord, I never had a chance,' was the plea once addressed to me by an old convict. I felt it was probably true, and that, although unavailing here, it would one day not pass unheeded at a Higher Tribunal.

But in view of the convictions for crimes and offences in Great Britain and Ireland in 1911, amounting in all to the huge total of eight hundred and fourteen thousand and fifty, it is not unnatural that there should be no subject, outside party politics, more often discussed. The question amounts to this: how are we to deal with the men and women who appear once, or it may be a hundred times, in our prisons, with the result that not only is their labour withdrawn from the market, and they themselves in many cases made permanently unable and unwilling, or at least less able and less willing, to work, but their support, and that of their families, meanwhile falls on the country?

The theme lends itself to picturesque writing and to lurid and exaggerated statements. For instance, Oscar Wilde's famous epigram, 'Every sentence is a sentence of death,' is disproved by the fact that the great majority of those convicted for the first time are never convicted again. Then, again, capital is often improperly made, off the stage and on it, of stale horrors now happily unknown in modern jail treatment; and the fact is ignored that the present criminal administrators—Prison Commissioners, prison officials, and criminal Judges—are as conscious of the defects of the existing system as any of its severest critics; and that they are year by year, so far as totally unsuitable buildings and inadequate funds will allow, introducing improvements in the line of modern views on the treatment of crime.

On no subject is there at once more complete agreement and greater divergence of opinion.

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Convicts who have recorded their experiences from so many different points of view—Oscar Wilde, Michael Davitt, Lord William Nevill, Jabez Balfour—equally with experts in criminology, exempt the administrators of the law from personal blame. And convicts and experts agree with Judges, the police, and prison officials in condemning the present system, in so far as it makes many of the men and women with whom it deals less fit to be at large when they leave jail than when they entered it. Mr Tighe Hopkins, in his sympathetic and suggestive book, *Wards of the State*, published this year, does not exaggerate when he states as the general opinion: 'Imprisonment of the conventional and old-fashioned sort is an unmitigated failure, and real remedies or substitutes may be very difficult to arrive at, but the absolute defectiveness of imprisonment as imprisonment is an outstanding fact. Its failure is the same in all countries.'

There is also substantial agreement as to the lines on which the present system can be improved. All approve what has been already done in many prisons and penal settlements in the way of increased classification; substitution, as a means of discipline, of rewards for punishments; reduction, or still better abolition, of the preliminary period of solitary confinement; increase in the amount of combined labour; improved dietary; physical drill; introduction of less monotonous employments; more teaching of trades; better libraries; more frequent letters and visits from friends and relatives; Brabazon classes and Bible classes held by lady visitors for women; larger cell windows; improved artificial light for reading in the evenings in the cells; occasional lectures and concerts. By these changes and many others it has been sought in recent years, step by step, to deprive the system of some of the features which make it destructive of that self-respect and that respect for others without which decent living and independent support on liberation cannot reasonably be expected. There are prisons where the prisoners are encouraged to have photographs of their children or mothers or wives or husbands in their cells, with marked good effect. In a Scottish prison I was told that some of the most troublesome women in it were

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APRIL 12, 1913.

softened to tears when coloured prints of happy domestic fireside scenes were put up in their cells. Thirty years ago a man of education and refinement, whom I knew, was sent to penal servitude for fraud. He petitioned for only one favour—that he might be allowed to retain his children's pictures. The governor of the prison, a most humane man, told me that he had been compelled by the rules to refuse the request. I replied that the refusal seemed to me as brutal as any 'Turkish atrocity.' In some prisons personal decency has been stimulated by a mirror in each cell—a small round of silvered glass, rather wavy, let into the wall. I saw a woman in one of these prisons who, in a fit of temper, had smashed every pane in her cell window; *but the mirror remained intact!* In the kitchen of an Irish prison the governor pointed out an active, intelligent-looking woman busily employed. She had been the terror of the place, and had gone through the whole round of possible punishments. At last it occurred to the despairing matron to try her in the kitchen, the goal of ambition for most prisoners, male and female. The change acted like a spell. It turned out that she had a genius for cookery! She was interested in her work, and she ceased from troubling.

It may be said that all this is only putting new wine into old bottles. But in this case there will be no cause for regret when the bottles burst and prisons give place to industrial colonies, and the present unsuitable buildings and inadequate grounds, often in the centre of towns, are abandoned for buildings in the country, constructed on rational principles and surrounded by considerable areas of ground.

On the question of what is to replace the present system, the difference of opinion is endless. But, whatever the new system may be, it is clear that large initial expenditure will have to be incurred. It is doubtful if the country is as yet prepared to find the money. Hence the great importance of having the whole question thoroughly discussed, so that public opinion, which controls the nation's purse-strings, may become convinced of the necessity for this expenditure.

The present prison buildings and grounds are arranged with a view, not to the reformation of the reformatable and the permanent detention of the unreformatable, but to the carrying out of our forefathers' pseudo-theological idea of retributive punishment, which has now been universally abandoned. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' The places are admirably adapted for punishment, but they lend themselves neither to reformation nor to deterrence. Under the new system, whatever be its details, there must be establishments for the temporary detention of those who are reformatable (and that for sufficiently long periods to give reformative methods a fair chance); and there must be other establishments

for the permanent, or indeterminate, detention of those who, by a long and continuous course of crime, have shown that crime is their settled employment. In the establishments for the reformatable there must be ample space for the separation of offenders who, although not professional criminals, are comparatively hardened from those not yet inured to crime. And there must be space for outdoor work, and buildings in which trades can be effectively taught. In the establishments for the permanent, or at least the indefinite, detention of the irreclaimable, the conditions will be as humane as is consistent with the safe detention of the inmates, remembering the motto, 'All unnecessary pain is cruelty.' Whatever the precise conditions are, they will be radically different from the present conditions in convict prisons. The saying is epigrammatic, and therefore not scientifically accurate; but there is a basis of truth in the statement about the inmates of our existing jails, that one-half should never have been let in, and the other half should never be let out.

It is objected by some that the new methods already adopted, and still more the proposals I have indicated, will eliminate the idea of deterrence from the treatment of the criminal. I have even heard it said that prisoners are happier in jail than elsewhere; and I am astonished to read in the English Prison Commissioners' Report for 1910-11 this sentence in the chaplain's report on Maidstone Prison: 'The remarks of a recent visitor bear out my observations on conduct and disposition: "The thing that strikes me most of all is the appearance of happiness of practically every single man."' Happiness of practically every man in jail! I wonder if people have the least idea of what detention in prison means to the ordinary prisoner! Let them try in imagination to realise something of the sudden monotony, the silence, the loneliness; never to laugh or hear another laugh; never to speak except in monosyllabic answers, or by way of complaint or about the necessary details of work; a life without volition or initiation, even in the smallest details; supervision watching every movement and dogging every footstep—in a word, degradation from manhood and womanhood to childhood and slavery, from personality to a number; and all this going on, with cumulative effect, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year! If people knew anything of what this involved, under the kindest administration, they would talk less about prisoners being coddled or prisons being made too comfortable. They would not blame the American State Governor who wished to know what life in prison amounted to. He signed an order for his own incarceration, as an ordinary prisoner, for a week. At the end of twenty-four hours of solitary confinement he begged for paper, pen, and ink; and having got them, he wrote and signed an order for his own

immediate release! They would understand also the emotion of a convict of the order glibly described as 'hardened ruffians.' A prison visitor said a friendly word, and shook hands with him. The man burst into tears. The visitor looked surprised; and the 'hardened ruffian' explained, 'Nobody has shaken hands with me, sir, for nine years.'

If it be only meant that the prisoners are better housed, better fed, better clothed, better supplied with literature and religious services than many of them would be outside, this is true. But the criminal's idea of enjoyment is not associated with any of these things, but with 'wine and women,' superfluity and variety of food, tobacco, sport and sporting-papers (*not Chambers's Journal*), gambling, society, all of which, within prison walls, are conspicuous by their absence. Increase the comforts of the jail; give the prisoners down beds and French cookery; fill the prison library with all the spiciest literature; provide daily magic-lantern lectures and cinema shows. Then open the prison doors. In less than five minutes, save for the officials, the building will be empty! Test the alleged mistaken leniency of the so-called 'humanitarian' proposals of the present day, involving as they do lengthened sentences and hard work for the reclaimable, and for the irreclaimable permanent or indefinite detention. Explain these proposals to the present-day short-sentence prisoner or to the convict in a penal settlement, and enlarge on the many alleviations and ameliorations which are proposed. The prisoner and the convict will tell you they prefer the present system. A penal settlement warden told me he had explained these new 'humanitarian' proposals to an old convict. The reply was that he wanted neither to be reformed nor deterred. He wanted to get out. The safety of the community did not appeal to him. But he added, 'If what you say comes true, I tell you what will happen—it will mean murder for you, and then suicide for me.' When I visited Borstal, near Rochester, well known for the great experiment being carried on there on so-called 'humanitarian' lines for the reformation of young male prisoners and convicts, I was struck by the evidences of discipline and hard work. No doubt the lads get ordinary food; they occupy rooms, not cells; they play games, and at certain periods of the day they are allowed to talk. Yet, just before my visit, one of them had deliberately destroyed his mattress *that he might be sent back to the comparative idleness of an ordinary prison!*

Obviously, as an integral part of the system that is coming, there must be adequate preparation for safe liberation by the teaching of trades and by moral instruction; suitable employment must be found for those returning to the world; and there must be efficient supervision after discharge. The present system looks to the physical well-being of the prisoner while he is in confinement, and does it well. Our prisons would rejoice the hearts of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. In the industrial colonies which are going to supersede them, the first consideration will be to limit, so far as possible, the number admitted to detention. Time will be given for payment of fines, and other means will be used to obviate the seclusion of those for whose offences a fine was deemed the appropriate and adequate treatment. The second will be to put aside those offenders who must be dealt with as irreclaimable (subject to periodical revision of the classification), taking care, as already mentioned, that their lives under detention are rendered as endurable as is consistent with their safe permanent seclusion. The third will be to use every endeavour to render the remainder, at the earliest possible moment, physically, morally, and mentally fit to live honest lives in the world outside; and the final consideration will be to see to it that on liberation suitable employment and safe friends are found for them.

And what of the feeble-minded, the woefully large class, outside the classification of reclaimable and irreclaimable, to be found in larger or smaller numbers in every prison and convict settlement? Owing to their deficiencies, such poor creatures have never been eligible for industrial schools, or for reformatories, or for institutions on the 'Borstal' system. Yet in the criminal courts we are compelled to deal with all offenders who are not actually insane on the footing that they are of ordinary intelligence, and have made a deliberate choice of evil; although a large number of them are both mentally and physically deficient, and their wrongdoing may be almost the necessary result of their circumstances. That is a part of a very large question which must be faced soon, and the sooner the better. It may be that when segregation of the feeble-minded comes, as come it must, the country may be willing, as a first step, to deal with those in whose case (without their being professional criminals) unfitness for the duties of citizenship and marriage is not matter of opinion, but has been proved by frequent lapses into crime.



ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

HELMSDALE'S weariness was patent at dinner that night; his liveliness in talk was plainly an effort. More than once, over his coffee and cigarette, he nodded. For the first time since Arcus's advent he did not request his niece to play to them. He asked her, however, for an account of the afternoon on the Other Island. She made the most of it, as though afraid of hurting his feelings. He listened with half-closed eyes.

'You were interested, Arcus?' he said lazily.

'Deeply interested, doctor. I was fascinated. And your tuning theory'—

'Ah, my tuning theory! I suppose Miss Florence has explained that very fully to you?' His irony was kindly, and he smiled at his niece. 'Well, when I have time I shall give you a dissertation upon my tuning theory. It involves a new combination of forces.' He yawned. 'There is something in it, Arcus. If I don't live to bring it to practice, somebody else will.' He sat up and finished his coffee. 'Florence, tell Hubert to bring me a pint of this at ten o'clock.' He rose, giving himself an impatient shake.

'Uncle Victor,' the girl cried, 'you are not going to spend another night in the laboratory?'

From the door he smiled at her again, this time a trifle grimly.

'The devil drives, my dear. The work is heavy and urgent. Don't worry. I may not be very late. I promise you to turn in at the earliest possible moment.'

With a courteous inclination to his guest, he opened the door and disappeared.

'There is something wrong!' said Florence half to herself.

'He is tired,' said Arcus, 'and you are worried. I suppose there is nothing I can do to help either of you?'

She shook her head. 'He is overwrought. If only he could be persuaded to leave Laskeir for a time—a month even'—

'You would not like to ask him to do that, Miss Helmsdale?' said Arcus. 'Well, there is no reason why he should listen to me; indeed, he might naturally enough regard such a suggestion from me as an impertinence. Still, I have been his guest, and that entitles me to ask him to be mine. To-morrow I will try to persuade him to bring you to London at the first opportunity. I can put forward as a reason for my being urgent the possibility of floating that gold recovery company of which you have heard him speak. Then I could offer to introduce my friend Anstruther, who understands

such matters, and so on. Do you think my idea worth trying?'

'Yes, I do,' she replied. 'And yet,' she sighed, 'he is not really so interested in the gold at present as in the colour-photography. Still, you will do what you can, won't you, Mr Arcus?'

He gave his assurance, and, lest she might not desire to talk, begged for some music. After a moment's hesitation she went to the piano. She played two of Chopin's nocturnes, began a third, broke off with a short laugh, and passed to the window. Drawing back the curtain, she stood silent, her face to the night.

On an impulse, Arcus said, 'Might we not go out for a little while?'

And, somewhat to his surprise and much to his gratification, she answered simply, 'Yes, if you wish.' Her voice was calmer than her spirit, for the latter was crying passionately, 'Why not—why not?' Out there the moon, waning, yet still wonderful, the multitude of stars, the illumined sea, all seemed to echo, 'Why not—why not?' She had watched them so often alone, alone with her girl's hunger of desire and ache of longing, those silent friends of her solitude. And now they spoke. They knew she was no longer alone, even as she knew it. For a moment the white moonlight seemed to scorch her face, the starshine to dazzle her eyes, the still sea to deafen her ears. She was no longer alone. She would never be alone any more. In time to come she would have at least a memory for a companion. Moon and stars and sea, and the soul of a girl with its love warm and sweet and ripe for plucking—there they were on that September night, asking the old question which is never answered: 'Why not—why not?'

'A beautiful place to live in!' he murmured as they stepped out of doors.

'Yes,' she assented quietly. A little while ago she would have added, 'But you have seen it at its best.'

'I shouldn't worry about Dr Helmsdale, if I were you,' he continued gently. 'It's a poor sort of man that doesn't get tired now and then.'

'I'll try not to worry. Indeed, I don't know why I should worry. He is quite a young man still, Mr Arcus.'

'That is better,' said Arcus. 'Now, where shall we go? You would not care to risk the way to the cliff to-night?'

'It would take us too long,' she said, a little more primly than she intended. 'There is only the beach and the lookout.' They were almost at the rough steps.

'The lookout! Shall we go up and watch for a ship?'

'A ship! Of course, Mr Arcus.'

Once more he was chilled.

Soon they were standing together in the recess. There was little enough room for two people at all at variance.

Arcus drew a long breath. 'What an exquisite night! And we might be alone in the world! Miss Helmsdale,' he inquired, 'are you looking for a ship?'

'I always look for ships when I come up here. Are you not looking for one?'

'No. Do you want very much to see one, Miss Helmsdale?'

'If the yacht is not due'—

'I mean any other ship—the ship that will take me away from Laskeir. Do you want it to come now?'

She gave a small, sweet laugh. 'There is common politeness even in Laskeir, have you not noticed, Mr Arcus? But you—you are anxious about your friend in London?'

'That is so. Yet I don't want to leave Laskeir.'

'That is nice of you. Still, your friend comes first. You would soon tire of living on a tiny island like this,' she added irrelevantly.

'This tiny island holds all I want,' he said, not quite steadily. 'I should like to return to it. I—I should like your permission to return to it—soon.' He looked at her, waiting her reply.

Her eyes were set seaward. 'I'm sure we should be very glad to see you at any time, Mr Arcus.' The words were conventionally spoken, but the last one left a quiver at her lips. He saw it, and the desire for her overwhelmed him.

'My ship may come at any hour,' he said. 'I can't go without telling you the truth. It can't matter to you now; but, if you will give me a chance, I will try to make it matter some day. The truth is that I—love you.'

There was a silence. The girl's hands tightened on the rocky parapet.

'Florence, will you give me the chance to teach you the truth of it? I've told you some things about myself; but of course you don't really know me—your uncle doesn't know me. Still, I ask for a chance'—

'You don't know anything about me,' she said in a low voice.

'I know that I love you, Florence!'

Still she looked seaward. But now the moon made pallor on her face, and the stars were drowned in her eyes, and the only sound in her ears was the music of her own name—'Florence!—so sweet to say, so sweet to hear. And suddenly she hid her face in her hands.

For the space of a long breath the man stood motionless, regarding the bowed, dusky head,

the moonlit hands and neck. 'God! is it possible?' he said under his breath. 'Florence—dearest!'

'Oh,' she cried faintly, 'is it the truth?'

'It is the truth,' he said huskily, 'whether it matters to you or not.'

But he knew that it did matter. Was not her pretty, bowed head her confession? With a sigh that may have been a prayer, she yielded herself to his arms.

CHAPTER IX.

IS a man ever too happy to remember his tobacco? At two o'clock in the morning, Arcus, seated at his bedroom window, fully dressed, fingered his empty cigarette-case while he dreamed of Florence and hugged the joy of possessing her. Out there in the amorous moonlight he visioned her again, feeling her close to him in the cramped, blessed space of the lookout, hearing her whispers shy and warm and sweet as the airs of that calm night. No thought of the morrow, save that the morrow would bring her once more to his ears, his eyes, his lips. No thought of what he should say to Helmsdale; for Florence had begged for secrecy until her uncle should be persuaded to take a holiday, and he had agreed readily enough, foreseeing difficulties that a little time in London might overcome. No desires save the one for Florence herself, and the other—subconscious, no doubt—for a cigarette.

The mere action of rising did not disturb his dream; it continued with him as he passed softly across the hall and into the sitting-room, where a single lamp still glowed above the pink chrysanthemums on the polished table; it remained while he filled his case from his host's hospitable, capacious, cedar-lined box.

But it was shattered—shattered like the fallen glass that noisily rang from the laboratory.

Startled, dazed, Arcus stood listening. Ere his heart had beat thrice there came to his ears a choking cry. It was followed quickly by the sound of a stumble, and thereafter a heavy thud.

Roused, he sprang to the door of the laboratory.

'Are you hurt, doctor?'

No answer. The door would not open. Arcus darted to the electric bell which he was aware would summon Hubert, and back to the door. Shoulderwise he threw himself against it. At the third assault it gave way. He plunged into a flood of yellow light. A pungent, acrid odour assailed nostrils and eyes. Above the bench whereon Helmsdale had once worked his 'magic' hung a little tawny cloud. For an instant the smarting eyes of Arcus, as he steadied himself, rested on the bench. He gasped, not altogether with the fumes; his face blanched.

Next moment he was bending over the man

who sprawled on the concrete, his feet among the fragments of a glass mask.

'Helmsdale !'

The inert body neither moved nor made sound. Seizing it under the arms, Arcus dragged it into the adjoining room just as Hubert, in shirt and trousers, ran in from the hall.

'Ah !' Hubert exclaimed, and that was all. With admirable promptitude he got brandy from the cupboard, a cushion for his master's head, and was down on his knees administering the spirit.

Arcus switched on the lights, and stood looking down helplessly at the grayish face. His own face was little healthier. There was a sort of horror—or was it fear?—in his eyes. He swayed.

At the movement Hubert glanced up. 'Take brandy, sir,' he said shortly, nodding toward the decanter on the table.

With a strong effort Arcus pulled himself together. 'I'm all right,' he muttered. 'Is he coming round?'

Hubert did not appear to hear. He dropped a little more brandy between the heedless lips, and felt for heart and pulse. Presently he nodded; two minutes later he smiled. 'So ! He comes back !' he said softly ; 'he comes back !'

Helmsdale spluttered, rolled his head, fought off some invisible thing with spread fingers, and tried to sit up. For a little while Hubert soothed him by word and touch, then signed to Arcus. Between them they set him in his easy-chair, where for several minutes he remained quite still ; only his eyes wandered about the room or wavered between the two men.

Of a sudden, 'Hubert, shut that door !' The voice was weak but wrathful.

'Yes, sir,' said Hubert respectfully, and closed as nearly as possible the damaged door. Returning to the table, he said, 'I'll give you a small drop more brandy, sir.'

Helmsdale made a slight gesture of refusal, saying he felt better. Certainly the ghastliness was passing from his countenance. He wiped his eyes, and spoke to Arcus. 'I am sorry to have disturbed you,' he said courteously. 'I thank you for your prompt assistance.' His expression became very kindly as he turned to his man.—'Hubert, I was hasty a moment ago. It is possible that you saved my life. To-morrow we shall talk'—

'Pardon, sir ; but Mr Arcus brought you out'—Hubert stopped short, and hurried to his master's side with the glass of brandy.

Helmsdale did not now refuse. Holding the glass unsteadily, he took several tiny sips, with long pauses between. At last, 'I thank you, Mr Arcus,' he said in a voice not his own. 'How did you'—He fell silent, his eyes on the floor.

Arcus found himself without words ; his eyes were downcast also. Hubert stood motionless, watchful, attentive, as one who simply awaits orders.

The hush was broken by the slight sound of the glass falling on the rug. Hubert promptly picked it up.

Helmsdale did not seem to notice that he had dropped it. He wiped his eyes again, and looked up, first at Hubert, then, a little furtively, at Arcus. 'Don't tell my niece,' he said.

'Very good, sir,' Hubert replied.

'Don't tell my niece.' The words were repeated, not as a command, but as a petition.

Arcus moistened his dry lips.

At that moment Florence entered the room. She had slipped a dressing-gown of apple-green silk over her night-dress. Her dark hair hung down in two heavy plaits. Her feet were bare. Bright fears looked out from her pale face.

'I heard something. What has happened ? Oh Uncle Victor !' In panic she flew to him.

He forced a smile. 'All right, Florence. I was going ahead too fast—mask got unfastened—whiff of the devil's own gas. But I'm all right now. Only a headache and smarting eyes. Don't worry, but—he paused—'thank Mr Arcus for coming to me at the right moment.' He followed this with a queer, short laugh, bitter, ironic. 'No,' he went on ; 'thank him in the morning. Run off to bed now. Or you might wait in my room, my dear, and bathe my poor eyes. I'll be with you in five minutes.'

The girl had turned to Arcus, and all at once her colour came back in a gust. He was staring at her in the strangest manner. Abashed, she went hurriedly from the room.

'In five minutes,' Helmsdale called after her reassuringly. He got up, steadied himself by the chair, and moved slowly towards the laboratory.—'You may go, Hubert.'

The man hesitated.

'You may go.'

Hubert bowed and departed.

Helmsdale turned at the door. 'Well ?' he said gravely.

Arcus was dumb.

'Good-night,' said Helmsdale at last. 'Whatever happens, I owe you my life.'

Moon and stars still shone and beamed on the placid sea, albeit their brilliance was failing. Dawn was at hand. Arcus, haggard and feverish, awaited its birth at his bedroom window. Stupefaction had given place to dull misery. His mind, not notably quick at its best, laboured, overloaded with its new ugly knowledge and hateful questions.

Three visions recurred persistently : the anxious countenance of his friend Anstruther. The scene in the laboratory ; the little tawny cloud hovering over the bench, and the objects on the bench. What were they ? A glittering machine he could not have described ; a silver slab on end ; intense yellow light ; sheets of pulpy-looking paper, one of them fuming slightly—all of them of familiar

appearance—scrip of the *New Atlantic Railway* / And on the floor the sprawling body of the Forger! The vision of Florence, with naked feet and eyes bright with terror—pure terror

born of intense natural affection! Truly he had much knowledge to bear, and many questions to answer.

(Continued on page 311.)

INSPIRATION IN THE TEACHING OF LOCAL HISTORY.

By G. M. FRASER, Public Librarian, Aberdeen, Author of *Historical Aberdeen*, *The Lonely Shieling*, &c.

PEOPLE may wonder sometimes if there is any sphere of human interest untouched by present educational methods. I hope to show that there is at least one—the teaching of local history in our schools—which has received not so much attention as it deserves, but which as a grounding in historical and geographical study is full of promise for the community. In what I say in this short paper I have Scotland specially in view; but it applies with even greater force to many parts of England and Ireland, where the ancient historical interests are in some ways still more definite and abundant.

It has been suggested that the teaching of local history to our children might tend to make them more parochial or provincial in their outlook. One can hardly think so seriously. Education in any subject cannot have a narrowing effect. And notice this, that local history is to be taught not as the sole history instruction given, but merely as a grounding; and also that you cannot teach local history in any adequate way without going far beyond your own locality and coming into touch with the larger things of the outer world.

Take one illustration of this. The children of every town know their own Town House, or their Market Cross, or some similar existing structure. In any one of these we have an admirable centre of interest for a class; and not merely in the history of our own Tolbooth or Cross, as the case may be, but as taking us to the civic history of other towns, even the older historical towns of the Continent. In the charter-room of Aberdeen there exists, in perfect preservation, a charter from Robert the Third, of date 1393, empowering the townsfolk to build a new Tolbooth, or Town House, anywhere *except in the middle of the market-place*. That seems a very odd prohibition; but even children see at once that that is not so when you tell them that in the old days it was very usual to build the Tolbooth in the middle of the market-place; that to this day the Tolbooth of Dumfries, where the original Jeanie Deans was confined, stands in the middle of the High Street, just where it widens out to be the market-place; and that the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh stood in the open space in the High Street, near St. Giles's Church. You find the same thing across the Border—in Keswick, for example; and it is one of the minor historical links that

bind us into one. A tolbooth was originally a booth for taking toll or collecting dues. In Wycliffe's Bible, Jesus saw a man 'sittyng in a tolbothe, Matheu by name,' where the Authorised Version has 'at receipt of custom,' and the Revised Version 'at the place of toll.' Hence the word came to mean guildhall or town house. The ancient local charters, priceless documents, ought to be seen by our children. They, and the structures or lands they refer to, or the ancient church or well or ruin at our doors, enable one easily to touch the young imagination of the child, and so to move from these concrete, familiar things into the very heart of our national history.

Take another point. The teaching of local history, properly gone about, will carry the children into interesting spheres of study that at present are undiscovered lands to them. The town of Dundee has on its coat of arms the pot of white lilies of the Virgin, signifying purity, and this and its old Church of St. Mary, now represented by its tower, remind the citizens of the ancient domination of the Virgin there, and of the old conditions throughout Scotland. Dundee was not unique in its pot of lilies, for one other old burgh (now merged in a larger town) had this as part of its coat of arms from a still earlier date, and for the same reason. It would be interesting to know if the children of Dundee have ever been taught to read the story of the town's coat of arms, or been taken by that fascinating road into the historical and religious interests of the country.

These old religious interests, one may say, are particularly rich in their associations, and may be made most engaging and useful to children. Not long ago I had the opportunity of setting an examination-paper in local history in Aberdeen to twenty-one lads of an average age of fifteen years, about a third of whom were secondary school pupils. One of the questions set was this: 'Who is the patron saint of this city? Why was he selected as the patron saint? Did the patron saint ever appear on the town's coat of arms?' The correct answer would have been: 'St. Nicholas. He was selected because he was the patron of seafaring people and seaboard towns like Aberdeen. He appeared on the seal of the town which was in use up till 1423.'

I regret to say this question floored every boy in the examination. Not one of them,

natives of the city, and in the ordinary way well educated, had ever heard of the town having a patron saint, although St Nicholas Church is the oldest, the mother-church, of the town, and the associations otherwise are not far to seek. When the fact was made known to them they became intensely interested, as children always are when their minds are brought into living touch with the things of the past.

Then in the sphere of place-names—in sad chaos in Scotland at present from lack of true scientific method—children may so easily have their interest usefully awakened. There is scarcely an old town in Scotland, from Inverness to the Borders, that has not Vennel as a street-name. At present to the thousands of our school children such a name has no significance. But some of them are alert immediately when you tell them this is *la venelle* of the French, meaning a narrow, mean street; and they should be taught that *vennel* or *vennal* is not peculiar to Scotland—there have been Vennels in Newcastle and Richmond in Yorkshire, in Lancashire and in Cumberland also.

Children, and even grown-ups, have such mistaken ideas of the commonest names of their own streets and places! Street-names with the word 'gate' as part of the name are often wrongly supposed to denote a gateway or entrance—the Cowgate and Canongate of Edinburgh, the old Sandgate of Ayr, the Shoregate of Berwick, the Trongate of Glasgow, the Overgate and Nethergate of Dundee, the Castlegate of every town that had a fort or castle, and the Gallowgate of every town that possessed a Gallows Hill. But even children are delighted to know that in every case in Scotland this is simply the old Scots 'gait,' meaning a road or way—as Burns used it in the opening lines of 'Tam o' Shanter;' and once this is clear our street-names acquire a new significance, and they take us then into the early historical conditions of our towns. The Tron-gate becomes the 'gait' or road to the public Tron or weigh-house, the Sandgate is the 'gait' or road to the sands or beach, and the Cowgate is simply the road along which our forefathers drove their cattle to the common pasture beyond the burgh. *Gate* in this sense is quite common also in the north of England; Kirkgate in Leeds, Bradford, and Huddersfield means the same as in Irvine; and Leeds has a Briggate too.

One sees now how by such teaching ordinary class-work even may be much enlightened. We should all like to see the geography class taken out occasionally to 'perambulate the marches'—that is, to go accurately over the boundaries of their own town or parish. Usually these boundaries are quite unknown to the residents within them. About eight miles from Aberdeen, and reached by frequent, cheap suburban trains, we have what is probably the most northerly Roman camp in Great Britain, described by

General Roy over a century ago, and still in excellent preservation. It occupies a site precisely similar to that of Borcovicus on the Roman Wall. What an excellent thing it would be if every class of children in the neighbourhood engaged in the study of Roman or early British history were to see this existing evidence of the presence here of that marvellous people! It would give a touch of reality to the lesson that nothing else could do, and would develop in the pupils a real interest in the story of Rome's futile attempt to bring the northern part of our island-home under her sway.

The main purpose of introducing the teaching of local history, however, is not merely to give information and to brighten educational work; it is to give children a larger and fuller interest in life. The ordinary things about us in town and country, seemingly so commonplace, will become transformed for those who have the seeing eye and the understanding heart. We remember how G. F. Watts inspired his village in the undertaking of building a mortuary chapel. Through this systematic and adequate training of our children in the story of their own locality such inspiration may be found in every parish in Scotland. At present, in respect of an intelligent historical interest of this kind, the condition of things in both rural and town communities is far from what it should be. A short time ago I visited the chain of old castles in the valley of the Don, every one of them enshrined in the most interesting literary and historical associations, and certain of them associated with the greatest events in our national history. But, with one or two exceptions, these old historic structures are in the most ignoble and neglected state, used by farmers as cart-sheds, or poultry-runs, or stores for old bottles and kitchen utensils, and going rapidly to decay. You find the same thing in other parts of the country, even on the property of royalty itself. Yet these structures have a high educational value, and one feels that if the young people of a parish—the Mutual Instruction Society, say—would make it their business to find out and make known the story of the historic monuments of their parish, and take steps to put these into proper order and to preserve them, they would find inspiring occupation for their own spare time, and be doing really important work for the country.

Then this other point may be noted, and it is important. The Education Department is thoroughly sympathetic. This is indicated in both the special memorandum on the teaching of history in Scottish schools, issued in 1907, and in the present code, under which outdoor instruction, such as nature-study or a class visit to an historical building (and presumably any historical remains or site), will be recognised as an attendance at school. It lies with our Scottish School Boards to make this a matter of effective living force in the education of our

children, and so give to the coming generation of citizens a more cultured mind and imagination, and a more wholesome and intelligent and helpful interest in the surroundings of their daily life.

One thing more ought to be said. In order that this work may be accomplished a small hand-book or manual of the history of each locality will be necessary; but that will soon be forthcoming if only some indications could be seen that our educational authorities are willing to encourage this teaching in our schools. The cities will be easily provided for. With regard to the country districts, we have in every parish in Scotland at least one minister and a teacher, either of whom should find a pleasure in preparing an historical manual of the parish. They would have the *Statistical Account of Scotland* (*Old and New*) to work upon as a basis in every case, and many suggestive works that would be helpful (ecclesiastical, historical, personal, and those dealing with place-names) have been published since the *Statistical Account* appeared. And then we have had already three volumes for Scotland by the Historical Monuments Commission (Berwickshire, Caithness, and Sutherlandshire), and these publications will ultimately place on definite record the chief historical remains in every county in Scotland. The essential

thing is that these local historical manuals must be prepared by persons in the district with full local knowledge and interest, able to give the requisite intimate local stimulus and colour. I know of one case, in a remote Aberdeenshire parish, in which a daughter of the manse, having completed her educational course at Edinburgh, is now engaged on a history of the parish, and it is work which an educated lady, with the dainty feminine touch and imagination, and the capacity for taking pains, may perform better perhaps than the ordinary man. At all events, it is most useful work waiting to be done, likely to be fruitful in lasting results for our people individually and for the country. England is even better provided for than Scotland in regard to material. The Cambridge University Press, having covered a large part of England by the issue of their various county geographies, have also entered Scotland for this purpose. There are and have been efforts made by other publishers to supply county geographies; in one case a whole series has gone out of print presumably because there did not seem to be sufficient demand for the firm's little county geographies. But if the new spirit can be infused from the educational side to begin with, the historical and literary material will soon be found.

THE HOUSE BY THE MOOR.

PART II.

AFTER a while she let me feel her pulse, which was galloping at a great rate, and she let me see her tongue, which was parched and dry. Her hand was burning with fever; her whole body was in a glow. After some difficulty I was allowed to look at the wound. It was here that the fire burned most fiercely. A great crimson flush of inflammation encircled the wound. It was the blush of erysipelas. As I saw it my heart sank with anxiety for the patient, for there could not possibly be a worse outlook for the turn of events.

This accounted for the high fever and for the delirium! Was the shadow of death near at hand? I was left to my own resources by Mackenzie as usual. What could be done to relieve my patient? Dr Farquharson was ill in bed with bronchitis; his assistant was a son with no more experience than myself. So from all sides I was cut off from help. The last train from Edinburgh was the one that brought me to Blakieston. I made up my mind, therefore, to act for myself.

Mackenzie hardly ever gave me any directions for the medical management of his cases, and to my inquiries for advice he usually replied, 'Oh, for goodness' sake, Edward, do think of something that will fit, and don't be stupid!' The result was that I was eternally racking my brains

for something that would fit, and so learned my *materia medica* nearly by heart. Besides, the word 'stupid' was an excellent stimulus to the pursuit of knowledge.

In my present emergency I wanted something that would subdue my patient's fever and check the spread of the erysipelas. Alas! those were not the days of antiseptic surgery; plain water dressings were the order of the day. Lord Lister was then a young and promising surgeon, but the germ theory of disease was so obscure that antiseptic surgery was as yet not even a dream. After some thought I used remedies I deemed advisable under the circumstances, and retired to my room for the night.

There was a pleasant wood fire burning in my bedroom upstairs, and I was glad enough to feel its kindly warmth. Besides, it would give a light in the room in case of my being called up during the night. I was tired with the day's work; and the pillow-case, that had lain in lavender, gave my bed a fresh, country fragrance that suggested sleep, and perhaps dreams of my home in the south.

I lay down to rest, but sleep did not come quickly to my bidding. I tossed about and thought of the day's events, half in wonder and half in anxiety as to what the morrow might bring forth.

I knew that matters had taken a serious turn in the sickroom. I had been accustomed to the 'wild and whirling words' that patients utter in their delirium; but I could not help thinking that there was some hidden meaning in the words, 'They have taken my heart away.' Was there a loved one in the background? Was the mystery of the operation due to his influence or to his probable appearance? A tumour had been removed from my patient's body; it was thought to be malignant in character. Was this sufficient reason for withholding the patient's name from one who had acted as the surgeon's assistant, or for keeping the servants in the dark as to the performance of any operation whatever?

I lay and thought, and presently the sleep so long wished for came and 'slid into my soul.' With the sleep came a dream. I dreamed that I was wandering on the sands at Cramond, a favourite sketching-ground of mine. It was low-tide, and there was a great space of shore in front of me, with the tender colour of burnt clay; violet shadows moved slowly here and there, and there were great streaks of dark green and purple where the seaweed lay in clusters on the low-lying rocks. Sunset was near, and there was a glow of fading daffodils in the sky above, and a wash of cool gray in the clouds that touched the tiny thin line of sea below.

The sea-fowl had gone to rest. The sky was empty of life. I could see no figure on the sands. I was alone on this desolate shore.

No. What is that dark speck moving by the little wood that overhangs the cliff near Queensferry? It becomes suddenly larger; it is the figure of a man. He is coming my way: a young man of about six-and-twenty, with firmly knit limbs, light hair and beard, a downcast face, and eyes that are in shadow. He passes near me, and I hear him mutter, 'They have taken her heart away;' and then, with a sigh, he adds 'Poor Jessie!' I would have touched the young man's arm, I would have spoken to him, but he passed swiftly by. I thought I heard him moan as he went along the shore.

Then the scene changed quickly. I was in the dull, dark street of the Canongate; it was winter; the snow was melting. I picked my way carefully between the slushy pools that lay before me in the ill-paved way. Somebody touched me on the arm. I looked round, but there was no one near. I walked on a few steps; the lamps gave an uncertain light there, and my arm was touched again. Yes, this time a poor, wan-looking, dark-eyed girl was standing by my side; she laid a thin white hand on her breast. 'I am dying,' she murmured. 'They've ta'en my heart awa'. I awoke.

Why, who is that standing by my bedside?

'Oh doctor, we are very sorry to disturb you,

but Jessie is so ill! Would you mind coming down to see her?'

It was the patient's mother who spoke. She was standing near me, looking anxious and worn, and when she was telling me that Jessie was so ill there was a little break in her voice that showed how sorely her heart was tried.

I was so confused and, for the moment, startled that all I could do was to rub my eyes; and I am ashamed to record the fact, but I yawned. However, in another moment I had recovered myself. 'By all means; I will be down in a minute.' And then a sudden fear seized me. Was the dream a warning of impending death? And the burden of my responsibility seemed greater than I could bear. However, I tried to steady my nerves; the very act of dressing diverted my thoughts for a while.

The sister was waiting for me on the landing below with a light in her hand. I heard the patient's voice from within, and when the bedroom door was opened there was a loud and sudden cry, 'Jeannie, Jeannie, I canna bear it any longer. Send for Roderick—at once, I say—at once, Jeannie. I must see him before I die.' And then in a lower tone she added, 'For I am dying now.'

Then, as she saw me coming towards her, she became calmer, and put out her hand for me to take, and murmured, 'You've brought it back to me, doctor! I know by your face you've brought it!'

A sudden thought flashed across my mind. Why should I not fall in with her humour? 'Yes, I found it on the sands at Cramond,' I replied, and the figure of my dream seemed to whisper to me, 'Give it her back, doctor.'

'Jeannie, he has been to Cramond for me, seeking my heart! Is no' that bonny o' the young doctor?' and the poor girl gave me such a grateful look. But, oh, how fevered was her touch, and her pupils, how widely dilated! There was mischief in the brain.

'You see now, if you only put your hand on your side you'll feel it beating there all right;' and I took her hand in mine and laid it on her left side for a moment.

Her face brightened as soon as she felt the rapid pulsations of her heart. 'Oh, but that's bonny o' ye, doctor—that's bonny. Ye said ye'd try.' And she held my hand for nearly a minute to make assurance doubly sure; and then quietly releasing it, she looked at me steadily. 'You found it in your dreams, doctor, on Cramond sands, and Roderick M'Alister passed you by.'

I was so amazed at this allusion to my dream that I simply bowed my head in acquiescence. Was this a case of second sight? Had Roderick M'Alister really crossed the sands and spoken those few words of sorrow, or was I dreaming still?

While I was watching my patient I heard the deep clang of a bell downstairs, but it seemed to have been rung miles away, and the sound had been carried to me in this chamber of sickness by the wind. The poor girl had heard it. Her senses were abnormally acute. She turned round to me quickly, with 'Hark, that is Roderick!' and held up her right hand as if to command silence. But for a moment the silence was only broken by the crackling and hissing of the last log that had been put on the fire. Then she said again with a tremendous earnestness, 'That is Roderick! His foot is on the stair; he is coming to see me once before I die.'

The effort of speech seemed to exhaust her, for she lay for a while breathing very slowly, with her eyes shut and her hands outside the bedclothes, in the position of one who has fallen asleep in a trance, or like a marble effigy of sleep. Then her face changed; the mouth twitched uneasily as though a spasm of pain passed through her body; the fever flush died out of her cheek.

'Roderick, thank God!' was whispered by her lips, but the sound was so faint that only her sister and myself could catch the words and guess their meaning.

Suddenly the bedroom door opened, and Roderick M'Alister of my dream strode quickly across the room to the bedside of the dying girl, for now Death had indeed set his seal on her; she was sinking fast, and no power on earth could save her.

'Jessie darling!' and the young man bent over the form of his loved one; but in a moment he pushed the bed-curtains aside with a quick, impetuous movement. 'More light, Jeannie—more light. Oh God, she is dying! Doctor,

can you do nothing for her? Save her, doctor, I beseech you, if you can. Can nothing be done? Look at her, doctor; she has changed.—Speak to me, Jessie, one word; but one word, my heart's darling!' and the poor, thin lips of the sufferer moved a little, the eyelids trembled, then there was a deep sigh; but no word came from the lips; the sigh was voiceless; then the light died slowly out of her eyes. 'Jessie' had passed away.

What could I do now in the chamber of death? Grief is a sacred thing. I had no longer a place by the bedside. I touched M'Alister on the shoulder. 'It is all over,' I said; and, dazed, stunned, with a great grief at my own heart, I left the mourners with their calm, impassive, silent dead. But before I had reached the bedroom door I heard M'Alister sobbing and moaning and grieving like a broken-hearted girl.

And then a thought came swiftly to me. It seemed almost an act of injustice, the taking this sweet life away. 'Oh God, why didst not Thou save her?' But there was no reply to my unspoken thought.

The wind was rising, the casement shook, and as I went upstairs to my bedroom I looked out from the landing window. Great masses of fleecy clouds were hurrying by; and, as in a vision, I saw 'Jessie's' figure lying peacefully in the hollow of a great, billowy cloud. She was asleep, and her right hand lay upon her breast.

The fleecy vapour moved rapidly along, driven by the wind; then a great shadow fell upon cloudland, blotting out all light and colour. I could see no more.

THE END.

ALBANIA AND THE ALBANIANS.

By WILLIAM WILSON.

STRANGE it is that even to-day there are portions of Albania as little known to Europe as similar regions in Afghanistan. The mountainous nature of the country has not been the real hindrance, but the fighting, not to say murderous customs, of its people have defied the explorer; and these customs have at least the sanction of high antiquity, for the most ancient records of Greece and Macedonia bear only the interpretation that Albania of that day was as Albania is now, a land of fierce and fighting tribes.

The Albanians are allowed to be the most ancient race in south-east Europe, descendants of the earliest Aryan immigrants. While all the rest of Europe has changed ethnologically and socially, Albania has stood still. While almost every other part of Europe has been overrun time and again with stranger tribes

and alien peoples, Albania has kept her race almost pure. The various intrusive races that have surged round her borders, Celt, Slav, Goth, and Turk, have been repelled or assimilated.

The Austrian Von Hahn, one of the few scholars who have studied the Albanians near at hand, asserted long ago that they were undoubtedly a branch of pure Pelasgian stock. For some time, however, the whole Pelasgian race was considered as doubtful, and some authorities even went the length of denying its existence, at least as a race. To-day 'the whirligig of time has brought its revenges,' and recent scholarship has gone far to show the wonderful part played by this ancient, silent, and obscure people. Yet it is to be noted that, however pure the Albanian descent may be from these Pelasgians, their mode of life, their manners and customs, and their occupations.

have been widely different. The one is, and has always been, a race of warrior clans; the other was a race of urban cultivators, people who lived in towns—walled towns—and cultivated the land. How, then, can the one be derived from the other? To this curious problem the researches of M. Edmond Demolins and M. Gabriel d'Azambuja have furnished an unexpected solution, valuable in more than the historical sense, in that it supplies a clue to the strength and weakness of the Albanian peoples, and more than a hint as to their future possibilities.

From Cyprus to Marseilles every shore and island of the north Mediterranean bears at least some evidence of the Cyclopean masonry associated with the Pelasgian peoples. Northward through the *Ægean* and along the southern shore of the Black Sea their remains are found in varying profusion; and M. Demolins has noted that almost always these primitive remains are found near the centre of the valleys, generally on some hill or mound rising above the level of the marshes, withdrawn equally from the sea and from the mountains. Obviously their builders were a people whose industries and interests were confined to the low valleys. The picture our imagination unfolds is that of an agricultural people, who tilled the ground and planted fruit-trees, who dwelt in towns for mutual protection, whose organisation enabled them to undertake huge works of drainage and amelioration of the soil, and even more extraordinary works for the defence of their towns; on the other hand, a people with a social organisation unequal to the art of war, unable and disinclined to extend their sway over seas or mountains, to form a kingdom, or sustain an empire. From the extent of their remains in the islands and the valleys adjoining the *Ægean*, it is inferred they were the first civilised incomers to that region. Before the Phœnicians from the sea built their ports, before the first hint of invasion from the mountains, the Pelasgians had sought out, and were at home in, every valley of this ancient world, spreading from valley to valley from some centre that can be dimly guessed at. A Saturnian land, of peace, of happy industry, untroubled by the world; a land of the earliest, one might almost say of the home-made, gods. The picture is not without its charm to-day.

Yet not even the most peaceful of cities can remain for ever peaceful, and our Pelasgians cannot escape the common fate. From the punishment due to the sin against iron custom or the crime against the law the offender would endeavour to escape, for which purpose there were two possible ways—the sea and the mountains; and while ships were rare and uncertain, the mountains were always ready, friendly yet severe. No Pelasgian who had the resources of the valley and the support of his city would voluntarily make the change; only dire necessity could force

him; and both the cause and the effort would put their stamp on that man. In the valley every man's hand would be against him; in the mountains food would be scarce and hard to get; there he would have to struggle against Nature, against those who had arrived before him, and against those who followed, and sustain the struggle alone. The outlaws and fugitives from the quiet, plodding routine of the Pelasgian city had to strengthen and harden themselves into warriors and brigands; warriors because their scanty culture and their herds and flocks needed constant and armed protection, and brigands because brigandage was the lawful and honourable means of supplementing a scanty livelihood. Such has been the origin of most of the mountain tribes of the ancient world.

In such a way and in course of time the mountains became peopled. Coming singly or in very small groups as they did, thrown on their own resources, the new environment had its full influence on them. The communal thoughtlessness and routine, at once the support and the bane of all Eastern peoples, had to be cast off like a garment, and individualism came into being. At a little later period just such a set of factors, under somewhat different conditions, gave birth to ancient Rome, and through Rome gave the first great example of what individualism is capable of.

But though the same process went on in other regions, only in the huge extent of the Balkans did these new social conditions reach a high development. Elsewhere the people of the valleys and lowlands were, as a rule, numerous, and strong enough to hold their own with the mountaineers; in Albania the case was reversed, and time and again the mountaineers in mass, and at all times individually, won their way back to the plains and the towns, and, their stronger social fibre and sharpened individuality aiding, became the police, the leaders, and frequently the governors and rulers of their one time fellow town-dwellers. The descents of the Heraclidæ, of the Hellenes, and of the Dorians are but the traditions of some among many such return movements in mass from the mountains to the plains.

It is characteristic that at no time have these mountaineers founded an empire in the mountains; their successes have all been elsewhere. At home almost every household is divided against itself, each householder against every other householder, each village and clan against the other villages and clans, each tribe against every other; and the two great divisions of tribes, *Gheg* and *Tosk*, are at bitter enmity even to-day. The elements that go to form a stable political unit are not all to be found here. At times, under outside pressure, clan will unite with clan and tribe with tribe, and choose or submit to a leader against a common foe; but these alliances

are contrary to the ingrained habits of the people, they are sustained with difficulty, and dissolve readily. Then once again the old quarrels about flocks and grazing-grounds break out, old blood-feuds are revived, and the country is soon back to its former state. It has been estimated that in parts of Albania 75 per cent. of the population die a violent death; and yet the women go unharmed. Can the hill tribes of Afghanistan match such a record?

Rooted in their mountains, the Albanians have held their own for three thousand years, possibly for longer. At the time of their greatest expansion they must have reached well-nigh to the Danube; and that they crossed the Gulf of Corinth is well known. The Macedonian Phalanx was formed and recruited by Albanians; and though some writers have fancied that Alexander's armies were recruited from Celtic tribes on the upper reaches of the Danube, that is only probable in a secondary degree, as the Albanians by race, by tongue, and by civilisation were closely related to Macedonia and Thessaly, while the Celts had not one of those ties. The Albanians were, in short, really 'Hellenes,' the Celts 'barbarians,' and, most important of all, at no time in their history have their military qualifications been in doubt. Under a leader such as Alexander they had the world at their feet. With Greek and Byzantine they have thriven; against Slav and Turk they have suffered. Yet, though the margin of their land has changed hands often, the core of it has ever been unconquered. Only that masterful race the Romans seem to have held part of it for a time; they kept a road open from Durazzo to Salonica; though what effect their presence had on the people is not known. At a later time invasion came from the north; Slav peoples, driven south across the Danube, pressed the Albanians, and with success, as the boundaries of Old Serbia and the prevalence of Slav place-names in regions now once again Albanian testify. Under the Turk, however, and against a disunited Serbia, the equally disunited Albanians made progress, and that by methods too common, unhappily, to all the peoples of the Balkans: by murder, outrage, and extermination.

The decay of Turkey has been marked by the rise of the Balkan states, who have asserted themselves as independent nationalities. Freed from the Turkish incubus, they have made rapid strides in political no less than in military organisation. The Albanians have made no such progress. The triumph of the allies brings Albania to a new phase in her career, and one for which she is wholly unprepared. The influence of Austria-Hungary and Italy will no doubt result in Albania being set up as an independent state. Her boundaries will be sharply defined, and her neighbours, as soon as they have organised their new territory, will put a force on the border-line, ready and sufficient to deal with

any marauding expedition of the Albanians; and so their supplementary occupation of loot and blackmail will be gone, throwing them back on the resources of their own mountains, and these have never been sufficient.

It is indeed a question whether it would not be wisest to divide Albania up among the neighbouring countries, leaving each to assimilate its portion as best it could. Such a plan would at least give the Albanians a wide field for their energies, which a limited independent state does not. But such a method will not commend itself to the powers that be. Albania will become an independent kingdom, and whoever becomes the ruler of such a wasp's nest will have his work cut out for him. To draw the jarring elements of such a society together and turn their activities from private war to industry, or anything approaching industry, will be a difficult, many would say a superhuman, task. Yet the race has great natural qualities which the country develops, while denying a field for their display. At home their spirit of independence, their gloomy pride, and their hard life form a strong character. All over the Near East they are noted for qualities somewhat rare there: simplicity, honesty, faithfulness. If proof of their constancy and fortitude were needed, the story of the Suliot clan would suffice. De Quincey tells us how, when the Suliotes were, in a final effort by the twice beaten army of Ali Pasha (another Albanian, be it noted), surrounded, starved, and finally tricked into surrender, and found that that monster had no intention of keeping his word, but was bent on their complete extermination, 'when all hope and all retreat were clearly cut off, then the women led the great scene of self-immolation, by throwing their children headlong from the summit of precipices, which done, they and their husbands, their fathers and their sons, hand-in-hand, ran up to the brink of the declivity, and followed those whom they had sent before. In other situations, where there was a possibility of fighting with effect, they made a long and bloody resistance, until the Turkish cavalry, finding an opening for their operations, made all further union impossible, upon which they all plunged into the nearest river, without distinction of age or sex, and were swallowed up by the merciful waters.' Such a record shows these people to have a temper of their own.

When the Albanian leaves his mountains he enters a very different world, but thrives, sometimes in an astonishing way, of which the career of Mohammed Ali is a striking example. Entering on his career as a soldier of the Sultan, he was sent to Egypt, where he became ruler, conquered half of Arabia and Syria, even seems to have had designs on the sultanate itself, and founded the present dynasty. Compare this career with that of Ali Pasha, and it will be seen that the Albanian does not lack ambition.

Under the best of conditions, however, they, like all clan peoples, are assimilated and lost when settling singly in a strange country; but that there is a better prospect for them when they leave home in groups of both men and women—when they carry their homes with them, so to speak—is shown conclusively by the story of the Hydriotes, told as follows by M. Demolins: 'In 1730 some Albanian colonists, sick of the exactions of the Turkish Pasha in the Morea, where they had settled, took refuge in the isle of Hydra, and were there left in peace on payment of a small tax. Soon their commerce, diversified with a little piracy at times, increased rapidly. Hydra occupies, it is true, a very happy position, commanding the entrances of the two gulfs of *Ægina* and *Nauplia*; but it has no port, not even a shelter worthy of the name. It is, then, in spite of nature that the Hydriotes made of their rock a rendezvous of commerce, their ships having to press into some crevices of the coast, where they were secured, one against the other, by heavy cables. Profiting by the war between England and France, the Hydriotes entered on the commerce of the Levant and the Black Sea, and soon extended their traffic to England and the Baltic. At the moment of the Greek insurrection of 1821 Hydra was the richest isle of the Archipelago, and its population was estimated at forty thousand inhabitants. The shipowners of Hydra possessed nearly four hundred vessels, of from one hundred to two hundred tons, and during the struggle with the Turks fitted out against them more than one

hundred ships armed with two thousand guns. Hydra furnished to the insurrectional fleet its most intrepid chiefs, Jacob Tombazis, Tsamados, and Andrew Miaoulis, who with the Ipsariot Canaris attacked with their fireships the fleet of Ibrahim in the anchorage of Modon and even in the port of Alexandria. One can estimate the capabilities of these mountaineers, who could thus, and in so short a time, transform a bare rock in the middle of the sea.'

The conclusion seems to be that the Albanians will need firm government at home, and a field for their surplus population abroad. Enlisted by Turkey they will only serve as an instrument for the oppression of its remaining subject races—a wretched fate for both, and one of which the world grows weary. Is there nothing better? The Albanians are the Swiss of the Near East; once their history is understood it must make the strongest appeal to the freedom-loving British people. The British Empire at present is only the outline, the sketch of an empire. From New Zealand, from Australia, from Canada, comes the cry for more people, ever more people. These great countries—we never realise how big they are—could take in and hide away *ten* Albanians complete. The Albanians are not really an alien people; they are in many ways like our own; they are people we could amalgamate with, and in the British Empire they would have a future assured. Dealt with with the care and consideration that our Dominions now give to likely colonists, a judicious scheme of emigration might well become a striking success.

POETRY AND PERFUME.

By the Right Honourable ROBERT FARQUHARSON, P.C., M.D.

I ALWAYS pity those truncated mortals whom grudging Nature has deprived of the sense of smell. Wordsworth was one of these, and in the course of his laborious and not invariably successful efforts to prove himself a poet, he was constitutionally prevented from recording the delicious satisfaction of a good country sniff of cunningly blended air. Dean Stanley also was unhappily unable to add this faculty to the complex charm of his attractive nature, as the following anecdote will show. On one occasion he was entertaining the famous Master of Balliol to a 'five o'clock,' when, after the sixth or seventh cup, he looked into the pot and suddenly exclaimed, 'Good heavens, Jowett! I've forgotten to put in the tea.' It must, I should think, have taken more than the philosophy of Plato to carry off such a ludicrously tragic incident. It might have been kind of the eminent Grecian, on the principle that it is always friendly and politic to announce the fact that a bottle of champagne is corked, to point out to his host that as a

tune is 'a great outset to a song,' a teaspoonful or two of bohea is a real addition to the hot water by which it is infused to supply the non-inebriating cup.

Sometimes, when strolling along roads or heaths or through fields or forests in the 'leafy month of June,' or later, I have tried to note down the variegated perfumes that assail the olfactory nerve. First and foremost I must put the deliciously aromatic scent of a pinewood, which successfully evades description, but which is run hard by the birch and the lime, and the heather, with its suggestion of grouse and honey floated from or imprisoned within the hexagonal cells which contained the delicately tinted product of the bees' industry. New-mown hay is grateful to all but the victims of that mysterious and annoying form of asthma which it causes; freshly turned-over earth used to be inhaled hopefully by consumptives; and sometimes there is a subtly compounded blend which we cannot analyse, but only enjoy, and which is redolent of the full essence of the open air and

fresh fields and pastures new, and whiffs of associations with past times and half-forgotten memories.

But we are now nearing the garden, and if we have wisely arranged its contents according to Sir Francis—I was lately admonished by a well-informed correspondent for calling him Lord—Bacon, we shall be almost staggered by the full blast of aromatic odours that tend to soothe our savage breasts. Your space does not allow me to quote in full from the Lord Chancellor, and I must refer my readers to his essay 'On Gardens' for the full text. But let me take out a tit-bit or two:

'And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what are the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness—yea, though it be in a morning dew. Musks likewise yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April and about Martinmas-tide.' He also enumerates the musk-rose and 'the strawberry-leaves dying with a most excellent cordial smell'; also vines, wallflower, sweet-briar, pinks, and gillyflowers, and honeysuckle-leaves. Truly a pretty comprehensive catalogue! And following his safe advice, it were well to 'set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.' But let me not forget the heliotrope, which perfumes the air with the odour of cherry-pie, and the tobacco plant, white and mauve, whose 'delicate air' translates somewhat strangely into 'the Stygian fumes of the pit that is bottomless.'

I think we shall all agree with Oliver Wendell Holmes that 'memory, imagination, old sentiments, and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel.' He specially mentions phosphorus as bringing recollections of early chemical experiments. 'The marigold and everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odour to me of all those that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions that come to me as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry, rustling leaves.' And so on, through more charming and suggestive paragraphs that are to be met with in that delightful symposium of wit and wisdom, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

But our own experience can add to the list of calls of memory opened up in our brain by some perchance forgotten smell. One drop at most of Bailey's ess bouquet will not 'make a

cat aghast,' but will recall to me the old Edinburgh Assembly Rooms, with the best floor in the world, peopled by the best waltzers in the United Kingdom, dancing the charming *trois temps* of alas! bygone days, to the stirring strains of Wallace's band. Southernwood, sometimes called 'apple-ringie' and at others 'old man,' more especially when taking its place in a posy with heliotrope and the almost-forgotten moserose, vividly recalls our old family pew in Birse Church, when the air was laden with snuff and peppermint, and the 'passon' droned like a cockchafer over our heads, until the clatter of pennies in the collecting-boxes told us that relief was at hand. Does not peat-reek or burning wood take us into the interior of the humble cottage where the porridge or red herring further perfumes the air, and the 'big ha' Bible' announces the final act of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*?

But I could run on thus for ever, and must now come to Oliver Wendell Holmes's anatomical explanation: 'There may be a physical reason for the strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve—so my friend the professor tells me—is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain, the parts in which, as we have every reason to believe, the intellectual processes are performed. To speak more truly, the olfactory "nerve" is not a nerve at all, he says, but a part of the brain in intimate connection with its anterior lobes.'

We can quite understand the suggestion, 'No flowers, by request,' at funerals, for stephanotis and other heavily scented components of the regulation wreaths would infallibly recall the sad occasion when the bread-earner and the heart-winner has been consigned to the 'cold, cold ground.' And to any one beginning life I would strongly recommend planting little dépôts of odoriferous association along the sands of time. 'Of what is the old man thinking as he sits in his old arm-chair?' There is, perhaps, a flower or two before him, or he takes up a handkerchief impregnated with some perfume, and his memory goes back gratefully, if mournfully, to some unforgotten comrade who has fallen by the way, or to some tried friend who still remains to turn on him a loving eye, or to give him a cordial handshake, and the happiness of his life will thereby be much increased. Idiosyncrasy plays its usual mysterious part here.

'What is one man's food is another man's poison,' and scents which are delightful to some are loathed by others. Tuberose makes a special type of human being sick and faint, horses are thrown into almost uncontrollable agitation by the smell of blood or of deer in a forest, cats love valerian, lavender-water will reduce the carnivorous appetite of the fiercest inhabitant of the Zoo, all the ruminants love tobacco, and

where the carcass is, there are the eagles gathered together. The most delicately nurtured lapdog will not only relish the most disgusting carrion, but for more intimate appreciation will roll over and over in it.

Sir William Gull made great use of his nose in medical practice, and we all know how such vapours as chloroform and ether do their work far more quickly and effectually than when these things are administered by the mouth.

During the last year or two I have been employing myself more intermittently than industriously in picking out references to smell in poetical literature. Lack of time and want of opportunity have prevented me from making a long list, but I highly commend it to some of your leisured readers as an exercise both of interest and utility. It will bring them into lively contact with our greatest minds; and even if the search is not altogether successful, let us remember that 'the advantage lies in the endeavour, not the prize.' Here is what I have been able to dig out. Let me begin with the national poet so dear to the heart of every true Scot:

Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dew and breathing balm . . .
Ye woodbines hanging bonnie

In scented bowers . . .
At even, when leaves their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale;
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

'In passing through a park with my father,
the poet suddenly fell on his knees and said,
'Violets, man; violets. Smell them, and you'll
sleep better.'—FIELD.

His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the West,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.—BYRON.

All the year round we there should stray
Through fragrance of the new-mown hay,
And sit and ponder old-world rhymes,
Under the leaves of scented limes.

TENNYSON, *The Garden that I Love*.

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gül, in her bloom.
BYRON, *Bride of Abydos*.

'The evening primroses were lighting up the
garden with their yellow cressets, and smelling,
thus bedewed, just like new-made butter.'

Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs. . . . On either side
All round about the fragrant marge
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,

Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thick rosaries of scented thorn.
TENNYSON, *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*.

When merry milkmaids clink the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay.
TENNYSON, *The Owl*.

Shakespeare is a mine of wealth on this as on
all other subjects, and I leave it to others to
follow up this rich vein.

Taste is, of course, intimately allied with
smell, and it would be interesting to work them
together. But that is another story, as Rudyard
Kipling would say, and perhaps I may be allowed
to tell it some other time.

THE RUINED TOWERS OF THE BORDERLAND.

THEY stand amid God's plenitude of life,
These hoary walls bereft of human love.
O'er them no more the din of Border strife
Breaks from the ruined battlements above.
Where once the storms of passion rent the air
The river sings in tender blessing there.

Thou rugged guardians of the Borderland!
When ruin grips thy dark, dismantled towers,
What charm can stay the swift, relentless hand
That slowly counts in tears thy passing hours?
Hast thou no voice to sound a last proud call
From out the shadows that around thee fall?

The Scottish spears beside Tweed's silv'ry stream
In bright array shall gather nevermore;
In vain we seek the far-off warning gleam
That called the clansmen to thy inland shore.
The wild whaups weep in sorrow on the hill,
By lonely graves where Border hearts are still.

Close to thy walls the ploughmen turn the lea
On which their sires in other days have trod;
Nor dream, when winds sweep westward from the
sea,
Of kindred resting 'neath the clover sod.
They hear no voice within the driving rain,
These roofless halls unreverenced remain.

Thy precious stones, of Border life a part,
Fall one by one upon the blood-bought ground;
And as these bulwarks sever from thy heart—
A throb of sorrow mingles with the sound.
And, list! from this sweet river passing nigh,
A solemn requiem seeks the evening sky.

GILBERT RAE.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

AT CHERRY-TREE FARM.

By C. EDWARDES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ARNOLD walked all that night and the following day without anything like a rest. He saw things without heeding them. The fading of the stars, the creep of the dawn, and then the sun starting up to the left of him were matters of course. So were the market-carts plodding on to Covent Garden, leaving trails of tobacco-smoke behind them. He got past these quite easily. Only the motor-cars gave him a glimmering consciousness of himself—their brutal bright eyes and offensive sudden bark when almost on the top of him; he rapped out a curse at one of them as it flashed past at about 'thirty,' just scraping his toes. This was in a lane little wider than the car itself. The lane smelt of honeysuckle, and he was aware of that. A ripple of laughter drifted back to him from the car, and then he was more lost than before—indignant still, but totally lost.

And yet he brooded all the while. He mixed up Gertie with Mr John and Mr Ralph—these three were the enemies who had sped him forth like thistledown before a gale. There was a fourth—Hilton Caswell, a fellow with very black eyes, moustache, and beard, and a complexion like a smoked cider-apple's. But after the birds began to chirrup he didn't make much show in Arnold's wilderness of a mind. That was odd, considering how intimately he had to do with Gertie and the present flight from Surbiton. Arnold stopped once by a milestone, and with his hand on it tried to hold on to Caswell's personality. He had always hated Caswell's red-faced smile, especially when Gertie was near it; but why—why—why—and who *was* the brute? It beat him, and, shaking his head at the milestone, he wandered on.

Mr John and Mr Ralph lasted much longer in him. They bullied him about contangoes and Heaven knows what. He could hear their voices. 'Now then, look spy with those accounts. What! Tired, d'you say? Rubbish! You don't know your luck, making an extra dollar every night this week! Not many firms treat their clerks like that in boom-times. Don't grouse about nothing, and hurry up!' That was Mr Ralph. A good-hearted sort, Mr Ralph.

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Mr John's method was a bit keener. 'Good God, not done with your lot yet! When *will* you be? Look here, you'll have to march to the scrap-heap if you don't hustle.' This was in the office, of course, with all the lights on. What a relief to slip away for the last train of the livelong day! Then Gertie got complete control of him. There he sat, collapsed in an empty 'third,' facing the blankness of a future without her. All this sweating and tearing after-hours' work just for himself? Not much. Impossible. Why, she had been the sustaining keystone of his efforts for years. He had said just that to one of the men in the office—what was his name?—'If I wasn't engaged I'd chuck it and buy a revolver. A fellow's head can't keep it up without the best kind of hope. That's what she is to me—the very best. We're to be married when I've saved two-fifty, and I'm in the two-twenties already.' 'Poor old Johnnie! you'll soon be in your chains as well, then,' the man had retorted rather nastily. Every one had raw edges in boom-times. He himself felt like taking the man by the ears (he had conveniently large ears) and putting his nose in the ink-pot. What *was* his name? He could see him as plainly as Gertie herself; but as for his name, that couldn't be caught. Well, it didn't matter. The main thing was to plod on. That was the imperative necessity—to keep moving.

With the warming up of the new day Arnold couldn't think of anything or any one except Gertie. She dodged in and out of him. One time she was a lovely memory, so that he stood and cherished it. But there were other memories which made him shiver and increase the length of his strides. The worst had to do with a letter. It began: 'Dear old boy, you will be distressed to receive this, but I must write it, dear.' It was an awful letter. He couldn't recall any more of it, but it meant that he had lost her. It came to him again and again, always with an accompanying shiver or shudder. Once he was going through a village when it came upon him. Some one put a hand on his shoulder and asked if anything was wrong with him. How he flung the hand off him! 'Mind your

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own business!' he cried, and away he went. All he remembered of that village was its inn, with two old-fashioned supporting posts under the window of its porch. But he couldn't have given the inn its name to save his life, although its sign stuck out from that peculiar window. Very patchy this memory of his, even so early in the fateful day!

He didn't want to eat or drink, but merely to move. He didn't exactly want to move either, but there was always that gadfly of unrest urging him forward. As for the roads, he took them anyhow. His gadfly was supremely indifferent. It turned him out of broad white mainways into the narrowest of lanes, and an hour later would land him back into the thoroughfare, with motor-cars and dust all about.

So it went on until the evening, when something—not the gadfly this time—made him get over a rather mouldy gate and zigzag through a clover-scented field towards a stream. The stream took him by surprise. He stood on its bank, stared at some irises in the shallows, and then sat down. It was mowing grass, but it would have been just the same to him had it been ripe wheat. Down he sat, gazed at the, gliding water for a few minutes, and then lay full-length and seemed to sleep.

That was what he required—sleep. The doctor they fetched to him at the white farmhouse above the meadow said so. If he had slept at the proper time, and sufficiently, that is to say.

He was roused by a little image with fat, bare legs, two large, round blue eyes, and the words, 'What *you* doin' here?'

He couldn't answer the question, sat up and looked the child over, and then looked at the stream.

'This b'longs to gran'father, all this part,' said the little boy, with a chubby hand towards the sun. The sun was setting amid crimson splashes behind some distant trees.

'Oh, does it?'

Arnold got up, but had to sit down again. 'I'm done,' he said. A mist came to his eyes. 'What's that?' he asked, pointing at the river.

'It's water,' said the child, with baby conceit. 'Tommy Cat-cart got drowned over there. He fell in.'

'Tommy Catgut!' Arnold exclaimed, and broke into rusty laughter. 'What a name—Tommy Catgut!'

Suddenly the child ran away, and after a time returned with a blue-eyed young woman who was unmistakably his parent. He proclaimed the fact nevertheless. 'Here's mother!' he said.

She was very pretty, and gentle with Arnold; these were the impressions she made upon him. But the questions she asked! And the absur-

dity of his not being able to answer them to her satisfaction!

'No,' he replied rather crossly at length; 'I don't know where I am, nor my name, nor anything. And I don't want to. Let me go to sleep, will you?'

Instead of doing this, she sent Willie to the farm for grandfather. It struck Arnold as droll that the boy should have a name and he none, so far as he knew. He said so with a chuckle that made the pretty young woman gasp and then gaze after her boy.

'I'm afraid you are very poorly,' she said very softly.

He didn't argue the point, only nodded.

'You've been walking all day and all night?'

'Ever so many days and ever so many nights,' he told her.

'Then you *must* be ill,' she said.

And that is what the doctor said he ought to be, if he wasn't.

Willie's grandfather (an amiable giant in brown gaiters) armed him up to the house as irresistibly as a traction-engine, and there he sat shrugging and yawning and able to say nothing convincing until the doctor arrived.

'I'll send him a draught,' said the doctor, after more questions and some mauling. 'And I should think there'll be no risk in accommodating him for the night, Mr Harcourt. He seems a gentlemanly young fellow.'

Outside, on the gravel, the doctor suggested to the farmer the searching of the gentlemanly young fellow's pockets when the potion was doing its work.

But the farmer was a gentlemanly old fellow, and shook his head. 'Time enough for that when there's a need for it, doctor,' said he. 'No doubt he'll be all right in the morning.'

CHAPTER II.

THE farm was called Cherry-Tree Farm, and Arnold stayed there till the harvest. They couldn't coax him to remember the essential things about himself. The doctor confessed that he didn't understand the case. It was the first one of the kind that had come his way. In all other respects save this, the young man seemed sound enough in mind and body. He could, for example, talk about politics very rationally, with opinions about the State in agreeable conformity with those of both the doctor and the farmer. But they couldn't induce him to remember his own line of life, family, place of abode, or—name.

His pockets told nothing. They contained an insurance company's memorandum-book, with no name in it, pipe, tobacco, knife, handkerchief, matches, about nine pounds in money, and a letter. He was persuaded by Willie's

mother to turn the articles out upon the red cloth of the parlour table. The farmer said Peggy might try her hand on him if she liked. She didn't like at all, but regarded it as a duty.

Nothing came of it except some smiles and chuckles from Arnold. 'Anything else I can do for you, Mrs Brandon?' he asked, when she said how sorry she was there was no envelope with an address on it, no visiting-card—in short, nothing helpful.

'We want to assist you to find your home,' she explained.

'Ah!' said he vacantly; and then, looking about him, and lastly at her, 'I seem very well off where I am—that is, if I'm not in the way.'

Willie was in the room at the time, and made up to his left leg. 'I want Mr Man to come out and play, mother,' he said.

Arnold brisked up immediately. He had already played a little with Willie. And in about a minute Mrs Brandon was watching them together at the swing under the farm's oldest cherry-tree.

When he returned to the parlour Mrs Brandon suggested that the letter (still lying on the table) might help them, although it had no cover. But, strange to say, nothing came of this either.

'Won't you read it and tell us if there is anything in it?' she urged, when he seemed unwilling to touch it.

He read it then, tossed it away, said, 'Ah, yes—Gertie! It's from Gertie. That's all over!' and sat with his hands to his head until Mrs Brandon ventured a reminder.

'May I read it?' she asked.

'Certainly,' said he, 'if you think it will interest you.'

It interested her very much; a bloom came to her cheeks while she read it; she glanced at him in the middle of it, only to discover that he was filling his pipe by the window and whistling unconcernedly.

'Don't you remember her other name—besides Gertie?' she whispered afterwards.

He tried, but gave it up. 'I'll be hanged if I do,' he said gaily. 'What a curious thing, isn't it? But—she's about your age, Mrs Brandon. Er—has your husband been dead long?'

'Three years. It was an accident in the tithe-barn. I thought'—

'You thought?'

'That I should have died too. But we won't talk about it, please. What a pity she didn't put her full address at the top of the letter! Just "Clapham" is no more use than just "London," is it?'

Arnold supposed so; then took Willie in his arms. 'You're a nice little chap!' he said enthusiastically.

'And so're you, Mr Man,' said the boy.

—'Isn't he, mother?—You was found in the grass.'

They both smiled at the proclamation of this truth.

'But,' then said the boy's mother, with a charming wrinkle on her otherwise smooth brow, 'shall you think me rude if I ask you about something in the letter?'

'Of course not,' said Arnold. 'Try me with anything.'

'She mentions an H. C.—another gentleman. I—I gather that she didn't know her own mind. I'm so sorry for you. Were you engaged a long time?'

'Engaged! Who? Oh, *that*. Yes, I believe we were.' A tormented look came upon him. 'It's all over, whatever it is. That beast—Do you know, I think Dr Capper's right. I ought to be lying down somewhere. I feel—*here*.' Even with the boy in his arms he managed to touch the tiresome part of his head.

Mrs Brandon took the boy from him, and was as insistent as the doctor about his lying down. She left him on the sofa, with the blinds drawn.

This was the first attempt, and later ones were just as futile.

The initials A. W. on his handkerchief and other things were positively the only clue they had to build upon. Still, the doctor was very sanguine, and the farmer liked 'the Mr Man who was found in the grass,' and was willing to wait for a while. If it was all due to a love-trouble (as his daughter believed), it would surely come right in time. Mr Harcourt hadn't yet met the man, he said, that couldn't recover his balance after a simple shock of *that* kind if he kept off spirits and other nonsense. 'Mr Man' was welcome to board and lodging at the farm for one pound a week as long as his money lasted, and perhaps a week or two longer. The weekly pound was Arnold's own offer, prompted by Dr Capper.

And so it went on and on and on.

The hay was cut and carried, Arnold helping, and enjoying himself; the gooseberries and currants had had their little day; and a cloudless fortnight in July gave the wheat its mantling of bronze and gold, and quite settled the oats.

The farmer still liked Arnold, but was feeling uneasy about things now. He and every one except Mrs Brandon called Arnold Mr Mann, and he answered to the name. With two 'n's' to it the name was not so bad. The proposition came from Mr Harcourt laughingly, and Arnold said, 'By all means, as if there were nothing odd about it. 'Yes, of course I ought to be called something,' he admitted when the farmer made that excuse for the christening.

Peggy was the cause of her father's uneasiness; and the doctor, the Cherry-Tree servants, and most of the farm hands didn't wonder.

From the first she had taken special charge of Arnold, with a woman's tender interest in suffering.

They went to church together on Sundays, with Willie between them as a link to their hands. In the hayfield Peggy kept her blue eyes on him as well as upon her boy. The doctor avowed ignorance about the development of so unusual a case, and left all the responsibility to her. She thought it possible that Arnold might at any time have a seizure of some kind impelling him to throw himself into the river or strike some one. Although he was so sane in every particular save those missing essentials, she couldn't feel comfortable about him—and showed it.

This was what the farmer didn't like. It led so inevitably to other things. He remonstrated with his daughter, and was slightly soothed by her quick retort of 'How ridiculous, father!' But he had to remonstrate again and tell her that 'Mr Mann' must clear out soon, whether he remembered his name or whether he didn't; and this time Peggy was angry—as angry as she could be, which wasn't very angry. 'Of course he doesn't,' she exclaimed, when the farmer asked point-blank if Arnold talked to her about love and such dangerous matters. Mr Harcourt was still dissatisfied, but accepted the situation a little longer. 'First time he does, you tell me, my dear,' he said, 'and off he trots. I've no fault to find with him myself—knocks me hollow at manners. But that's just it. And he's a good-looking chap—you'll not deny that?' Peggy turned her head away and whispered that she didn't wish to deny it. It had nothing to do with her. They must all be patient, and she felt sure that something would soon happen. 'We can't send him to the workhouse, father. It would be *shameful*.'

Peggy never called him anything, and this would have been even more significant to her father than the other trifles had he been deeply learned in human nature.

She could not address him as 'Mr Mann' like the others. But she was delicious in her little artifices about names in general when they were alone together. She mentioned numbers of names, chosen from a dictionary, Christian and patronymics, always ready to fly at a symptom indicative that she had chanced upon one of the right ones. But she never hit either upon 'Arnold' or his other name, 'Wise.'

And now the harvest was ready.

'They're going to cut the Long Field to-morrow,' she told him one evening when they were sitting under the roses on the house, watching the sunset.

'Are they?' said he.

He had been very silent this day. Peggy thought it was the heat. He seemed in splendid health, except that his eyes had shadows under them, and he didn't talk.

'Yes. There was a gentleman here last year, an artist named Reginald Paterson. Why do you smile like that?'

It wasn't the first time he had smiled at her elaborate mention of other people's names, but hitherto she hadn't asked him why.

'Oh,' said he, with the smile gone, 'was I smiling? I don't feel like it, I assure you, Mrs Brandon.'

'Why don't you? I like to see you smile,' said Peggy. It was true, but scarcely a prudent confession. She wouldn't have said it if her father had been near, and a quick realisation of this coloured her cheeks.

Arnold's head drooped.

'You're not well. I'm sure you're not,' said Peggy earnestly. 'Do tell me what is the matter. Willie says he couldn't get a word out of you this afternoon—at least not enough words. Perhaps he bothers you. He's a greedy little boy—for attentions.'

'He's the jolliest little mortal in all the world,' said Arnold. 'And I shall be awfully sorry to'—— He sat up, and, as if without thinking what he did, put his hand on one of Peggy's in her lap. 'Mrs Brandon!' he exclaimed, looking into her troubled blue eyes—they were distinctly troubled now, though very beautiful.

Peggy nodded to encourage him. Her lips quivered. She was only twenty-four, and seemed less.

'I'm at my last sovereign, and can't stop here after to-morrow. To-morrow's Tuesday. I came on a Tuesday, didn't I? "The chap that was found in the water-medder"—that's what Dodson the carter calls me—I heard him calling me that to one of the maids in the cowhouse yesterday. Well, it's a good description, I suppose. But, I say, you've been most uncommonly good to me, Mrs Brandon; and so has every one; but it's all rubbish about my working off my board and lodging after to-morrow. I asked your father this morning. He said it would suit him better if I went.'

'No!' whispered Peggy, looking down.

'But I must!' His hand tightened on hers. It was an argument in itself, and she let it argue.

'How can you, when you don't know where to go?' Peggy asked, almost entreatingly.

'I can, of course,' he replied, with the shrug of a man conscious of his strength. 'I'm as fit as a horse. And, equally of course, I must. It'll be no end of a wrench, but'——

And then the farmer's voice, very harsh, sounded in Peggy's ears from the porch to the right.

'I want you *here*, my girl!' cried Mr Harcourt,

and Peggy rose with a start. Her hand came free without any restraint.

'Yes, father!' she said, facing him with troubled eyes, but much colour in her cheeks. 'What is it?'

'Come right into the house, and leave our young friend to himself,' said the farmer. '—It's no use telling you to pack up, my lad; but you know what we settled this morning.'

Arnold's eyes also were quite untroubled as he confronted his host of the past two months.

'That's what I've been telling her,' he said. 'It's all right, Mr Harcourt. I *quite* understand. I've had a splendid time.'

'Father!' said Peggy, with a hand on the farmer's arm.

But the farmer shook her hand off. 'Go indoors,' he said.—'And don't you, Mr Mann, or whatever your confounded real name is, lift your eyebrows at me in that superior way. You've had your last say to my daughter. I'll be glad if you'll get off to your bed, straight, when you feel like it.'

Peggy threw him a sad look with the wrinkle in it which he knew so well now, and went indoors.

Arnold sat down again. 'All right, Mr Harcourt,' he said, without any show of resentment; 'I'll smoke one pipe and then to bed.'

(Continued on page 327.)

THE ANTI-AIRSHIP GUN.

By BREECH-SCREW.

THE French, during their war in Morocco, used a captive balloon for purposes of reconnaissance. The sight of this mysterious object in the air filled the minds of the Arabs with a great fear, and they fled forthwith. 'What is the use,' said they, 'of fighting against these infidels when Allah allows them to pitch their tents in the skies?' After an absence of several weeks they returned, having in the meantime discovered all about this strange craft. Later on they perceived that wherever the balloon was, there also was the French position. So the French pulled down their balloon, packed it up, and sent it back to Paris.

Now there rests to-day in the Arsenal at Berlin, the handiwork of the gunmaker, a gun which during the siege of Paris drove the captive balloon from the sky by day, and forced it to appear only at night. The gunmaker has therefore little to fear from this kind of craft. For many years he has been engaged in what would appear to be an interminable contest with the steelmaker. At times the velocity of his weapon was able to overcome the toughness of the steelmaker's plate; at times his piece was outclassed. In the midst of this contest he has been called upon to design a gun to meet, not armour, but a small, frail craft whose unrivalled speed fills him with amazement and despair.

He has constructed such a piece—the anti-airship gun he calls it; and though he hopes it will deal successfully with the dirigible, he feels doubtful, and even despondent, as to its chances of ever hitting the aeroplane. He deplores the fact that those splendid weapons of his, the field-gun, the heavy field-gun, the howitzer, and the armaments of fortresses, are not equal to the emergency brought about by the advent of aircraft.

After all, the gunmaker must know that his

newly forged piece is but a baby in design and in effect, for it has been in existence for not more than five or six years. The aeroplane, too, is only in its childhood, unless indeed we date its birth back to the day when the sun melted the waxen wings of Icarus on his flight from Crete. The dirigible is, at least, a centenarian; so long ago as 1812 a German named Leppich fitted to his balloon wings worked by hand-power, but he never succeeded in flying against the wind.

Before describing the anti-airship gun it is as well to consider two things—first, the capabilities of the craft it has to engage; and, second, why such a special weapon is needed to attack those craft.

The German dirigible Zeppelin L.1 has a speed of fifty-two miles an hour, it can rise in the air at the rate of some twelve hundred feet a minute, and it is able to vary its speed, twist and turn in the sky, and hang inaudible over its prey. It has, however, a safety-limit of rise, owing to the effect of lessened air-pressure on its envelope. It can drop six hundred pounds of explosives at a time without affecting its stability. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that it affords the gunner a target about three hundred times larger than does the aeroplane.

The normal speed of the heavier-than-air vessel is from fifty to seventy miles an hour, but one hundred and twenty miles have been covered in that time. Its rate of rising—namely, from two hundred to four hundred and fifty feet a minute—is slower than that of the dirigible; but the height to which it can rise is limited only by its pilot. It has little or no 'flexibility,' and so cannot alter its speed while flying; though there are some machines which possess such a speed variation. The Flanders monoplane, British built, has a speed varying

from forty-one to sixty-seven miles an hour; the B.E.2 machine showed a slightly greater 'flexibility.'

The size of the aeroplane is limited; it is extremely doubtful if this machine will ever exceed some few tons in weight unless a great advance be made in engine construction. The heaviest machine in the French military trials of 1911 was the Antoinette monoplane; its weight, fully loaded, was about twenty-seven hundredweight. The vulnerable area of the aeroplane is probably not more than 2 per cent. of its total. It seems likely that two types of machines will be used in war—namely, light and very swiftly moving craft for attacking dirigibles and other air-vessels, and slower and heavier ships for reconnaissance duties. The first type is not common at present; but in the near future it will be so, and some gun or other will have to engage it.

On reconnaissance work the aeroplane must carry at least two men, for the pilot cannot attend to his craft and at the same time observe the terrain. If the pilot fly his machine too high, then the observer who accompanies him will see little or nothing; so that when he is spying out the land the height of flight must not be more than some four or five thousand feet; taking it for granted, of course, that the observer is experienced and the weather conditions favourable.

During the German manoeuvres of 1912, their flying squadrons were ordered to keep at a height of three thousand four hundred feet or thereabouts when moving over troops. The French believe that they will be immune from gun-fire and able to see well at an elevation of two thousand feet.

In view of these somewhat conflicting opinions, it is interesting to know the experiences of aviators in war. In the Tripolitan war the Italians considered an elevation of two thousand feet sufficient. Their pilots, who did not carry observers, found that at this distance from the earth they were able to reconnoitre well and were not troubled by gun-fire, and that their machines were not affected by the disturbance of air caused by the explosions of the Italian heavy naval shell below.

In those excellent papers *Flight* and *The Aeroplane* there lately appeared most entertaining accounts of the work done by the 'avions' of the Greek army in the Balkan war. Lieutenant Camberos flew fifty-two miles at a height of five thousand feet, and brought back information of the highest value; another officer gave complete details of the fort of Bisani, which he observed from an altitude of seven thousand feet. The speed of the machines used by both of these countries varied from fifty to seventy miles per hour. The Bulgarian airmen found that they were beyond the range of any Turkish weapon, and could perform intelligence duties satisfactorily at a height of between four thousand

five hundred and five thousand feet. Not a single aviator was killed and not a single machine incapacitated by gun-fire during these campaigns, the only casualties which occurred being due to the rifle-bullet. One of the Greek biplanes was hit by shrapnel-bullets, and the tail boom smashed; but it continued to fly, and landed safely. It is but fair to the anti-airship gun, however, to state that it was not employed by any of the combatants mentioned.

From what has been said regarding the powers of aircraft, we can now lay down certain qualifications which a gun must possess to be capable of engaging them. Those qualifications are: the gun must be able to shoot at vessels flying directly above it, must have an all-round field of fire and great rapidity and accuracy of fire, and possess considerable mobility. It requires, too, in addition to many other things, special ammunition—a shell to leave a smoke-trail after it in its trajectory, and a fuse sensitive enough to act on the envelope of a dirigible or the wing of an aeroplane. Now, no piece at present used in the field or elsewhere possesses all these qualifications; and although modifications are being carried out by some countries—notably France and Italy—on their field-guns, it is universally recognised that none of these weapons, even when so modified, is suitable for use against aircraft. It is not to be supposed, however, that no attempt will be made by these guns to attack air-vessels; the unforeseen sometimes does happen, and a lucky shot is always possible, but the enormous expenditure of ammunition will certainly not be justified by the meagre results obtained.

The anti-airship gun, therefore, had to come, and it has come, and every year, no doubt, will see extraordinary improvements made in its construction. Eventually it will be brought to such a state of perfection that it may, perhaps, banish aircraft from the skies. At night it will engage air-vessels with the aid of a powerful searchlight, trusting to the eyes and not the ears of its gunners; for by then all airships will fly silently—no hum of engines will be heard—and at a speed which would astonish the most optimistic of present-day pilots. But that time is not yet.

One of the best weapons made to-day comes, like many other good things, from Germany. It is a three-inch gun, has an all-round field of fire, and can elevate to seventy-five degrees. Its vertical range is twenty thousand feet, and it carries over land for about six miles. Its shell, which weighs twelve pounds, has a special fuse, and leaves a smoke-trail after it. This piece has a high velocity, and fires thirty rounds a minute. It is mounted on a travelling platform which can be carried about in an armoured motor-car. The gun, platform, sixty shells, and six men weigh four and a half tons.

The French have a somewhat similar gun, except that the weight of the shell is eleven pounds. This cannon is mounted in and fires from a specially constructed motor-car. Two jacks, fitted permanently to the rear of the car, are screwed down until the hind-wheels are raised off the ground, so that there will be no strain on the car when the gun fires.

The super-Dreadnoughts of the 'Wasp' class, now building, are to be armed with a weapon to deal with aircraft. From the short description given of the two pieces, it seems evident that the gunmaker has turned out a weapon which to all intents and purposes is the perfect anti-airship gun. Why, then, is he despondent about hitting the aeroplane? As this gun has not yet appeared in war, we are compelled to gauge its capabilities by its performances in peace. Its trials have been most disappointing. From experiments conducted abroad—in America, France, and Germany—it was considered that the hitting of an aeroplane by an anti-airship gun would be a matter of chance, but that it would be possible to bring down dirigibles with this gun. The great difficulty in peace is to find a target suitable for

testing the powers of this weapon. In the majority of cases the mark was a balloon or large kite, towed by a fast destroyer—very feeble substitutes for a machine whose chief attributes are its great speed and 'invulnerability.'

It may be possible to arrive at some definite conclusion regarding this gun when the aeroplane can manœuvre in the air without a pilot; up to the present it has performed this feat only in America. Last July at Redwood City, on San Francisco Bay, an aeroplane, shortly after being started, bumped its airman out of his seat, flew out to sea, and was lost. While deeply sympathising with the pilot, one cannot help thinking that the American gunner missed a splendid opportunity on that occasion.

Perhaps the gun is efficient, and its detachment, being not yet supermen, utterly incapable of dealing with so small and so speedy a target. If such be the case, the gunmaker must make up for the defect in personnel by vastly improving his matériel. He must gradually replace the human element by mechanism so ingenious, so wondrous, that the marvel of some future age will not be aircraft, nor any other thing, but his gun—his anti-aero gun.

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER I.

AT seven o'clock Arcus broke from the inertia. He bathed, donned fresh linen, and prepared to go out of doors. From the hall, however, he saw Hubert in the sitting-room.

Hesitating—'How is Dr Helmsdale now?' he inquired from the doorway.

Hubert smiled cheerfully. 'He is better, sir. Only his eyes a little sore. I have just taken him tea. I will fetch you some at once if you will be seated.'

Arcus entered the room—unwillingly perhaps. But he wanted tea—anything. Few of us are prepared to starve because our host happens to be a criminal.

'I shall not be one minute,' said Hubert, departing.

Arcus glanced at the laboratory door. A new lock had already been fitted. The sitting-room was in its usual morning state of orderliness. The event of a few hours ago might have been a nightmare. He sighed wearily. Then his gaze fastened on a photograph of Florence, taken at nineteen, a slip of womanhood, yet with much of the charm that bound him now. His heart rose. Whatever happened, she was his to hold and protect here and hereafter. Nothing mattered—nothing mattered so much—as that!

He watched Hubert when the man returned with the tray. There was nothing furtive about the smooth, rosy countenance and clear blue eyes. Was it possible that he, too, was innocent?

'Miss Helmsdale sleeps, I think,' Hubert observed, offering sweet biscuits of his own make. 'We all got a great fright last night. But it is past. Now it is a fine morning—small breeze, but not cold. You will go out, sir?'

'Yes, Hubert,' said Arcus. He liked the man; he hoped Hubert was innocent. 'If Miss Helmsdale comes from her room soon, let me know, Hubert. I shall not be far away,' he said, taking a biscuit.

'Very good, sir;' and, with his little bow, Hubert withdrew.

Arcus went back to the portrait of Florence. Before going out he borrowed a file and pair of pliers from Hubert.

Florence did not appear until breakfast had been served. She came into the room with a shy step and a proud head. The heaviness of her eyes belied the flush on her face. All night, with all her solicitude for her uncle, she had been sensible of the strange, shocked stare of Stephen. Without greeting, she began to explain that she had persuaded her uncle, though almost himself again, to remain in bed for a couple of hours; that Hubert had already taken up his breakfast; that—

'Florence!' cried Arcus, 'have you forgotten?' He took her in his arms. 'I thought you would never come. Beloved, I thought you would never come!'

She did not resist; she could not. And at

his eager kiss the indefinable doubt fled. No wonder he had stood speech-bound and staring at their last meeting! Was it not he who had suffered the greatest shock? Her arms stole round his neck. She kissed him, wholly trustful.

'Stephen,' she whispered, 'you are doubly dear now!'

It is to be feared that Hubert's dainties were neglected this morning. There were long silences, too, chiefly on the man's part.

'Last night has upset you, Stephen,' she said presently. 'You must not think about it. What would you like to do this morning? I'm afraid we are going to have wind, or I would suggest a row round the island. I wish we had the large boat.'

'Let us go to the Woman's Cliff. I want to be alone with you, to talk with you. How soon will you be ready?'

'As soon as I have seen uncle,' she said. 'I will go to him now.'

At the door of the house he awaited her return impatiently, yet with a certain nervousness. That he should be the one to tell her the truth about her guardian was unthinkable; at the same time he feared lest in some way he should betray his secret. Sooner or later she must learn the truth—he could perceive no escape from that; nevertheless, he would endeavour so to prepare her heart that it should not suffer the full force of the blow.

'He hopes to see you at lunch,' said Florence as she joined him. 'I could not get him to promise not to go into the laboratory. He is very stubborn.' She laughed a little. 'I suppose I ought to be miserable and worried about him; but somehow—somehow everything is different now. You give me such a strong feeling of safety'—She halted, looking at him with shy, honest eyes.

'I!' He winced slightly. 'Of course!' he went on with an attempt at lightness; 'but you'll get used to that feeling! You are bound for a life of safety now, dear. Come, let us go to the cliff. I have something to give to you—something to say.'

The rough walk invigorated them both. It was a happy girl, and a not altogether unhappy man, who sat down together under the horn of rock overlooking the sea, whence the mists were being swept by a mild westerly breeze.

Arcus drew a shining object from his pocket—his watch-chain, which he had converted into a bangle during his early outing—and laid it in her lap.

'As there are no jewellers' shops on Laskeir, and as I have nothing else to offer you, will you take this, dear Florence, until I can give you a ring?' he said.

For a moment or two she regarded it uncertainly. Then, with a whisper of thanks,

she took it up and slipped it over her left hand.

He kissed her tenderly. 'Is it too slack?' he asked.

'I shall not lose it, Stephen.'

'Were you not quite sure about putting it on? You seemed to hesitate.'

She caught his hand. 'Don't think me too foolish; but—but the Norwegian woman came into my mind. She's gone now! Dear, you won't mind if I take it off sometimes! You understand? I feel mean, but I can't tell Uncle Victor just yet.'

'Of course I understand, Florence. But why do you brood on that Norwegian woman, who probably never existed?'

'I expect this is the end of her,' she said, smiling into his eyes. 'You see, I've had her for years, and you for only a week. Oh Stephen, is it really all true?'

'Oh Florence!' he cried, 'do you love me more than a little?'

'You know it,' she sighed.

'More than all in the world?'

She answered, drooping, 'I'm afraid I do, Stephen.'

He held her close and said unevenly, 'Florence, do you love me enough to marry me at once?' he said.

'At once?' She was startled.

'At the earliest moment possible. When a ship comes I must go with her, but I will come back in a few days, and—ask you to go away with me. Will you be ready, Florence—and willing?'

'But, Stephen!' she exclaimed, amazed.

'We have been together here only a week, yet we have seen as much of each other as many lovers see in a year. Don't let that'—

'I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of Uncle Victor.'

'I think I can satisfy him that I am fairly respectable and able to'—

'Oh my dear, it's not that either! I—I cannot leave him till his work here is finished.'

This he had expected her to say; he loved her the more for saying it. He hated himself for his reply. 'Suppose he were perfectly willing that you should marry me at once, Florence, what then?' He saw himself threatening Helmsdale, and the idea was nauseating; but he must not falter.

'Stephen!' She was hurt by his words, yet proud of his eagerness.

'Dearest,' he said, 'you must think me a selfish brute. I suppose I am. I want you far more than I ever wanted anything in life. If I have not you I have nothing. Dr Helmsdale has—well, he has his—work. Of course he would miss you, as you would miss him; but would it be any harder for him now than a year hence? And if he should say "Yes" to my request when I return here—or before I go, if

you will let me speak then—will you not say "Yes" too? Oh Florence'—

'Hush!' she commanded gently. 'You give me too much to think of all at once, Stephen.'

'Don't you trust me?'

'That is rather a foolish question now, isn't it?' She touched the chain on her wrist. In a confiding way that moved his being she slipped her hand into his, saying, 'Please don't speak for five minutes.'

The charm of her presence as she gazed seaward soothed his anxiety and quieted his impatience. For a little while—the hateful thing forgotten—he experienced the pure rapture of possession.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, starting and pointing. 'A steamer!'

Out of the tattered haze came a whaler, a little, narrow, black craft, with harpoon-gun, loaded and ready, pointing over her bow. She was making to pass the island at fairly close quarters, on a northerly course.

In dull fashion Arcus stared at the apparition.

'Dear!'

The word brought his gaze to her face. Her eyes were brimming. 'Florence, I'—

She cast her arms round him. 'Dear, don't go—don't go!'

In her embrace he wavered, struggling against desire. Life here might be very sweet in spite of an ugly secret. Why not compromise with Helmsdale? No, no! he could not sink to that. He must go now—now, in order that he might come again empowered to demand this woman for his wife, to make her his wife, by a wedding at sea if necessary.

'When I come back will you be ready?' he asked in her ear, his soul in the whisper.

When he had asked thrice she gave in. She could not say him nay. She had yielded up herself so utterly, she trusted him so implicitly.

'I will tell Uncle Victor after you are gone,' she said, as they rose perforce to depart. 'That will be easier for us all. I—I am not afraid of him. He owes you his life. But I—I am sorry for him, Stephen. He needs a woman by him.' She paused. 'But we shall see him very often after—after— We shall come to stay with him, shall we not, oh Stephen, my dear?'

In silence, hating himself for a hypocrite, Arcus pressed her hand.

(Continued on page 324.)

FIGS.

TANTALUS, suffering the tortures of the nether world, tried in vain to reach the sweet figs and dark olives that lay just beyond his grasp. This, in Homer's *Odyssey*, is one of the first references in profane literature to the fig. In Hebrew Scriptures the fig is frequently mentioned as an edible fruit, and there is a strong probability that, as it was peculiarly suitable for preserving, its cultivation had been going on even before the *Odyssey* was written. It is believed that its culture was understood among the Babylonian cities in the valley of the Tigris, to which in the very distant past it had found its way from its original home in south Arabia. In very early times, at least seven hundred years before the Christian era, the edible fig grew in the Greek isle of Paros, into which it had probably been introduced from the mainland of Greece; and doubtless it came to Greece from Asia Minor (more likely than through Egypt and Crete).

In later times Attica was known far and wide for the delicious flavour of its figs, and laws were passed forbidding their export; officers being specially appointed to see that the enactments were duly observed. These officials, who came to bear the name of 'sycophants' or 'fig-revealers,' soon fell into ill repute from their levy of blackmail upon suspected persons, and their name is now synonymous with common informer and parasite. Xerxes, King of Persia, cast a covetous

eye upon the province which could produce such fair fruit, and at length, in the determination to make it his own, he ceased to buy his customary supply of the delicacy, so as to hasten the anticipated enterprise by increasing his desire. But the battle of Salamis brought his ambitions to nought—hence the somewhat obscure aphorism that one should rather buy than grow one's Attic figs.

Figs have found their way into almost every district immediately north and south of the Mediterranean. The Phœnician merchants as early as the fourteenth century B.C. had colonised many islands of the inland sea, carrying with them the culture of the fig; thence they passed the Pillars of Hercules, taking the fruit into Portugal, and as far north as the Channel. It is, however, to the Arab invasion of one thousand seven hundred years later that these same countries owe their finest kinds of figs, for when the Arabs had made good their footing on both sides of the Mediterranean they took the latest varieties with them; and the excellent figs of Portugal, particularly of Algarvé, which for hundreds of years enjoyed a monopoly of the British market, are sorts first introduced by the Moors.

The finest figs are now the produce of the districts served by the port of Smyrna, and any edible figs which reach this country from other sources are a negligible quantity. The elemes and locoums, packed respectively in layers and in

cubes, are—especially the latter—by far the best the world produces; and it is the Smyrna fig which has been introduced into California, and grown there with success.

A fig is a congeries of fruits rather than a simple one. It consists of a hollow bag, within which are a large number of tiny fruits, each with a single seed. And, similarly, before fruiting, the bag contains an even larger number of flowers, male flowers and female, gall-flowers and mule, each having its own peculiar function, but none ever seeing the light of day. The structure of the fig may perhaps be best understood by imagining the receptacle of a daisy, with all the yellow and white florets upon it growing on the outside edge upward and inward like a closing hand, till the florets are encased in a dark cavity, opening to the air by a single small hole.

Everybody knows that the female flower, of whatever species of plant, has as a general rule to be pollinated before seed can be set, and that both pollen and receptive stigma must be at a particular stage of maturity before fertilisation can be effected. Yet it is the case that within any one fig the male and female flowers are never ripe for their functions at one and the same time; and herein is Nature's plan for the prevention of self-fertilisation. But how, one may ask, can the desired cross-fertilisation be accomplished for flowers shut up in a dark receptacle, whose only entrance is very small, and defended by a rampart of scales? The flowers of the field, by exquisite colour or sweet odours, draw to their aid the bees and butterflies, which profitably but unconsciously perform the task of pollen-bearing for them. The fig goes farther. It is not a trifling bribe of nectar that it offers to its insect ally, but food and lodging from beginning to end of its existence. The insect is the fig-wasp, *Blastophaga grossorum*, a tinier specimen than its name suggests. Colonies of them live in the wild caprifigs, in which Nature has provided very special modifications to enable them to lay and hatch their eggs; for in two out of the three annual crops of figs each receptacle contains a number of the so-called gall-flowers, whose styles are shortened and ovules aborted to suit the necessities of the guest. In them the wasps deposit the eggs, and those tissues whose normal function is to protect a seed grow round the developing embryo, forming for it a protective covering. To such a degree has the gall-flower become identified with this function that if no egg is laid in it, it shrivels up altogether. In due time the young wasps come to maturity. They are, let us suppose, those in the first crop of figs, or *profichi*, as the Italians call them. The males may remain in the fig; but their partners, anxious to seek young figs in which to deposit their eggs, struggle to gain an exit. In doing so they unconsciously set in motion cunning Nature's device to secure to the plant its share in the scheme of mutual benefits; for round the orifice the pollen-bearing flowers are

set, and the wasps, in their scramble to get out, cover themselves all over with pollen-dust. The sequel is obvious. Immured once more in a young flowering fig of the second, or *fichi*, crop, the wasps run round searching for gall-flowers—which at this stage they never find—and incidentally convey to the female flowers the pollen that fertilises them. Seeds are in consequence produced, and the life-cycle of *Ficus carica* is complete. It would appear that the *fichi*, or midsummer crop, are exclusively subservient to the requirements of the fig, for the wasps derive no advantage from them except shelter. No gall-flowers are provided; and if eggs are laid in the long-styled female flowers, they are never hatched. But the completeness of the reciprocal benefits in this wonderful symbiosis of insect and plant becomes apparent when the *mamme* or September crop of figs appears. Not only does it provide an abundance of gall-flowers in which eggs are laid and hatched, but the small, dry fruits become the winter quarters of the young wasp colony. There they are safely housed till spring reawakens activity, and, with a general migration to the *profichi*, the first crop of the year, the round of events commences again.

It will be noticed that this account is confined to the wild species or caprifig. The edible fig, producing no gall-flowers, cannot subserve the purposes of the wasp, and therefore cannot receive full benefit in return. And so from time immemorial it has been the custom in fig-growing districts to hang caprifigs upon the branches of cultivated fig-trees in spring, so that the wasps emerging from them may enter and fertilise the flowers of trees which harbour no insects of their own. Ignorant peasants, not comprehending the significance of the custom, have been found to hang oak-galls and such-like growths upon their trees, apparently in the belief that some supernatural agency was at work. Some eminent botanists, including Kerner, have discountenanced the whole process of caprifigation, believing that an edible fruit will mature, though of course without seed, whether the flowers are pollinated or not. It may at once be said that there are very many species, including those grown in our own country, which do produce what is clumsily called a pomological fruit—to distinguish it from a true fruit with fertile seeds—without the mediation of wasps; but it is the experience of the highly trained experts of the United States Agricultural Department that, for the Smyrna kinds, which almost alone are of commercial value in Britain and America, caprifigation is a necessity. Smyrna fig-trees were grown in California for years before a single eatable fruit was produced; but no sooner had caprifigation been resorted to than figs of excellent quality were obtained. And it is scarcely likely that the experienced growers of Smyrna would incur the expense of importing shiploads of caprifigs from the Greek Isles, when their own supplies have been destroyed by

frost, unless they felt convinced that the process was a real necessity. We may, then, regard this fruit as in part an artificial product, since it is only by the intervention of man, regularly performing a function which Nature as regularly omits, that it can be grown in its most perfect form.

To the Greeks the fig, with its hidden flowers and luscious fruit, was a symbol of fertility, conspicuous in the celebrations of the worship of

Dionysus, to whom a basket of the fresh fruit was offered, with every mark of the esteem in which it was held. It has now fallen upon a more commercial and less poetic age; but with an increase in at least a knowledge of facts, we too may look upon the fig as more than a mere pleasure to the palate. For, while it reminds us of the civilisations of the past, when it was held in superstitious regard, it also typifies in its individual history Nature's inscrutable ways.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ORDER.

By W. G. LEFT.

SOMEWHERE in one of the enormous number of military handbooks the opinion is expressed that it is highly desirable for officers to pay attention rather to the spirit than to the letter of an order. No one, I suppose, is prepared to cavil at that excellent maxim, and prefer the poet's aphorism, 'Theirs not to reason why;' certainly not the distinguished general officer whose orders in the following episode were obviously disobeyed.

Now, though the Westrian invasion of England has long been a thing of the past, there are yet many occurrences connected therewith that remain mysteries. Most of these will probably never be elucidated; but I am able to give here for the first time the true facts of perhaps the most extraordinary of these, and one which certainly at the time created an enormous amount of comment. I refer, of course, to the sudden and hitherto inexplicable disaffection of Estrenia, the most powerful of the Westrian states. Every one knows how almost at the inception of the war the Estrenian troops suddenly withdrew from the fray and ceased to fight against us, without, so far as we know, ever receiving the punishment which such apparently traitorous conduct merited at the hands of the Westrian nation.

Great results frequently have small beginnings, and this story commences in Captain Peterson's tent on the afternoon of the 23rd of January, some three weeks after the commencement of the war.

Dick Peterson, D.S.O., had just returned from one of those innumerable scouting expeditions which gave him the reputation of being one of the greatest scouts in the service. He pulled off his boots and mud-stained garments, and sought the luxury of which he had been deprived for forty-eight hours—a cold bath. But although two days and nights of scrambling and crawling well deserve some reward, and certainly a rest, he was not destined to enjoy either that afternoon; and his ablutions were suddenly interrupted by the sharp smack of a stick on the outside of the tent-canvas.

'Are you there, Peterson, old man?' a voice cried.

'No; I'm out, if you're looking for me, Tyans. Come in and see for yourself,' the scout chuckled. 'Now then, you bird of ill-omen,' he continued as that officer entered, 'what do you want, eh? Help yourself to a cigarette; you'll find some in that old tobacco-box on the camp-stool.'

'Right. Thanks very much. Got back safe and sound, I see,' said Captain Tyans of the General Staff, removing the tobacco-tin and setting himself in its place.

'Yes,' Peterson told him. 'Just arrived home after a pretty rough time. I shall be glad of a rest for a bit now.'

'You won't get it, I'm afraid.'

'No! Why?'

'Promise you won't kick me out when you've heard what I've got to say; and you've got a pair of boots on those dainty feet of yours.'

'Honest, I won't. I'm going to put on a pair of slippers for a bit.'

'Sorry I shall have to put a veto on that luxury too. Look here, Peterson, Artie's got another job for you.'

'What is it?'

'All he said to me was, "Tell Peterson I want him at once."'

Peterson heaved a sigh. 'Somewhere or another I seem to have heard of an Early Closing Bill. Didn't the two houses of Parliament decree that everybody was to have a half-holiday once a week?'

'Quite right, my boy. You're thinking of civil law; but this is the military variety.'

Peterson nodded. 'Now you know something more about this business. You staff chaps with the pretty little red patches on your collars know everything.'

'All I know is that a captured Westrian despatch came to hand just now, and that the moment the General saw it he was mightily excited, and sent me off for you.'

Five minutes later the two officers left the tent, and made their way through a camp whose inhabitants, knowing, as all trained soldiers do, that any moment may call for the utmost degree of exertion, were taking what rest was possible

amidst the multitudinous duties which fall to the lot of all on active service.

But though of all men the scout most needed repose, his step was as springy and his carriage as erect as ever, and his utter weariness only showed in the haggard face, with its deeply graven lines. They crossed the horse lines of the White Huzzars, through the bivouacs of the Norfolk Fusiliers, jumped the little stream in the hollow, and stepped up the sloping bank, on the top of which the Union-Jack floated over a small group of tents.

General Sir Arthur Rollics, K.C.B., irreverently known as 'Artie,' was sitting at a table in his tent scrutinising something before him with the aid of a magnifying-glass.

He looked up as the scout entered. 'Ah! Good-day, Peterson. Your report to-day contained very useful information. I suppose you want a night's rest before you do any more work, eh?'

'I can get that after the work, sir. Do you want me again?'

'To tell you the truth, I do. I've no one else to use on the job. I'd have let you off and sent Thomson, but he's gone now.'

'Indeed! Dead, sir?'

'Oh, I don't know. We never know with you scouts. Snaffled, perhaps. You've got the pluck of the devil, but you're all too venture-some, I'm afraid.'

'A good epitaph for a scout, sir.'

'Ah, yes, quite so. Look here; you can read Westrian, can't you?' The General pointed to the scrap of paper before him.

It was frayed and ragged, showing but a broken sentence in Westrian, '... who will take command on arrival. You will ...'

'A chap was trying to slip through with this from the north,' the General said, 'but the Tommy who caught him noticed he was eating, and was curious enough to prise his teeth open with a bayonet. Well, what do you make of it?'

'A message from the Westrian commander-in-chief to Marshal Hemmetz at Rushton, I expect, sir.'

'So I should think. What bothers me is why on earth they should want to remove Hemmetz, the best man they have.'

Suddenly the General brought his clenched fist with a crash on to the table: 'You must find out why, Peterson. I've got to know if Hemmetz is really to be sacked.'

'Very good.'

The General was muttering to himself, 'I've got to know. I know thoroughly the sort of tactics Hemmetz invariably employs—know what he'll do almost as certainly as if he'd told me. If he remains in command I can— But no; supposing somebody else commands, that manœuvre would be a ghastly failure maybe.' He rose to his feet: 'At all cost, Peterson, you

must let me hear at the very earliest moment who commands at Rushton.'

'Very good, sir.'

'I need not tell you how important it is. As you know, the whole art of strategy is thoroughly to understand the man you're pitted against. Get off as soon as it's dark. Good luck!'

'Thank you, sir. Good-day.'

As Peterson walked slowly back to his tent a few drops of rain falling from the lowering clouds warned him that his work that night was not destined to be performed in comfort. Yet he hailed the promised storm with delight, for the scout loves the darkness and the gloomy downpour that save him so much trouble and danger.

'I'll not bother about feeding with the other officers to-night,' he told his servant. 'Just fetch me some food over here at four o'clock, and wake me then. I'll have the black horse to-night.'

'Very good, sir. I'll give him an extra feed of corn now.'

But Peterson had thrown himself upon his open valise, and was asleep before his servant finished speaking.

He was awakened by the man shaking him.

'Four o'clock, sir. I've got some soup and cold chicken here, sir.'

'That's right. Spread the six-inch ordnance map in front of me while I eat.'

Thus with each mouthful of food that he took in Peterson absorbed the knowledge of the locality over which he was to wander in the darkness; and when, an hour or so later, he climbed on to his horse he was quite independent of the map and almost knew every hedge by sight.

The rain was swilling down in torrents as he jogged past the few feeble fires that served but to call attention to the misery of the men who sat about them on the sodden turf.

He pulled up presently at the examining-guard on the main Rushton road, to find that a patrol had just returned.

'Nothing moving for five miles ahead,' he was informed.

Surely there are few more nervous jobs in the world than that of the soldier who, taking his life in his hands, goes forth alone into the unknown, beyond all possibility of help save what his own brain and strength can give. Small wonder, then, if Peterson's eyes and ears were on the alert as he rode forward.

But though the report had not impressed him greatly and he placed little reliance upon it, it proved trustworthy enough, and he had travelled at least six miles before a distant sound caught his ears, and he realised that four horses, followed at an interval by other horses, were coming rapidly towards him from his right rear. Peterson's knowledge of the map told him that

just beyond where he now sat listening the road from the little fishing-village of Bereton crossed his road, and bent back through Haffam to enter Rushton from the west.

Something most unusual must be in progress. No patrol, Westrian or British, would travel at this pace and with this noise through the country lying between the two opposing armies. For a patrol's duty is to see and hear without being seen or heard. Peterson's grim lips tightened. Why were these four men, followed by the others, thrusting through the darkness in defiance of all military rules? Surely something unusual must account for such unusual action!

There could be but two explanations. One he discarded at once, for his trained ear recognised that this was no pursuit when the second party followed the first at the same pace. The other must be the true reason; the four rode as an advance-guard to those others.

Just ahead of him, at the corner of the cross-roads, a thick holly-bush offered concealment for man and horse, and in a moment its shade had engulfed the British scout. He leapt to the ground, and covered the head of the horse with a fold of cloak lest a neigh should betray him. The four horsemen came suddenly into view, hesitated for an instant, and then, in obedience to a sharp Westrian command, passed onward along the road to Haffam.

If Peterson was to discover the meaning of the mystery, he could only do so from the second body of soldiers now rapidly approaching. *To do so he must join them.*

Those who study human nature—and what scout worth the name does not?—know that the vast majority of people hate to exercise their brains unnecessarily, and in consequence almost invariably accept the easiest explanation of anything that occurs, especially when their thoughts are centred on some special business.

In that dim light, and cloaked as he was, the British uniform was almost indistinguishable from the Westrian, and Peterson determined to give the enemy an opportunity of thinking him one of their advance-guard.

Quickly he led his horse out into the road again, and picking up the off forefoot, bent down over it as if extracting a stone. Thus the second body of Westrians found him. They paused, and Peterson's heart thumped madly in spite of the iron control in which he held himself. Did they note something strange about him?

He dared not speak in his halting Westrian, but with an effort he straightened himself and waved his hand in the direction taken by the advance-guard. Another pause. The sweat started in great beads upon his forehead. Then they spurred on once more, and Peterson, leaping into his saddle, rode onward through the night with the Westrian soldiers. Even if he never learned the matter on which they were engaged, he knew that with them he could pass

in safety through the enemy's outposts, and thus be saved considerable trouble and not a little danger.

The men immediately about him seemed dumb, for they never uttered a word; but presently fragments of conversation reached him, though the men speaking rode in the middle of the party, and were too far off for him to grasp what they said. Slowly and imperceptibly the scout managed to work his horse through the ranks until at length he rode just behind the speakers.

'Your Majesty wishes that to be done!'

Peterson started, and barely repressed an exclamation. *The taller of the two figures must be the Emperor of Westria.* True, no one had ever dreamt that the Emperor himself would take the field. Yet why not? Was he not just the man to do so?

Now Peterson seemed to understand who was to take the place of Marshal Hemmetz, and why this strange party came from the direction of the fishing-village. The Emperor must have landed there.

Here was the man above all others responsible for the invasion—the man whose existence threatened Great Britain. Can we blame Peterson, then, if the thought of how his country might be saved by one shot from his revolver surged through his brain for a moment?

'All is fair in love and war,' they say, and I do not know whether or no the scout would have been justified in firing that shot. We may be sure that his failure to do so cannot be put down to the deadly danger in which such an action must have involved him.

He himself says, 'I'd have liked to do it. They'd have killed me like a shot if they'd known who I was. So why shouldn't I have killed him? I thought of the many men I should save from death and the mutilation of wounds, of the countless women whose tears need never be shed. I got my finger on the trigger then. But all at once I knew it was not playing the game. I reasoned with myself. It was no good. I could not do it. Funny, wasn't it? So I rode on like a fool, letting that chap get safely to his own side, and wondering how on earth I could stop him.'

But luckily for Peterson, and for Britain too, there were other fools abroad that night. Of a sudden the sharp rattle of shots ahead rent the air, followed by a hoarse scream that ended in a groan. A figure swaying strangely in the saddle rode rapidly back towards them.

It may have been a Westrian patrol that fired. It is to be hoped that it was not a British one which so far forgot its purpose as to force a fight.

Peterson never knew, though at the moment he cheerfully gave the blame to Britain, and rising in his stirrups, yelled, 'The British! Save yourself, your Majesty!'

One can well imagine that at once confusion reigned supreme. The man whose every move-

ment the scout watched swung his horse at the right-hand hedge, and cleared it. Peterson drove his horse at the obstacle. Something caught the animal and broke. A slip as the horse pecked on landing, then he, too, was in the field, and flying after the dim figure ahead. Oaths, curses, and the sound of further shots echoed behind.

All Westrians have the reputation of being magnificent horsemen. Perhaps that is correct only in the daylight. At any rate Peterson's hurried glance backwards only perceived three followers. But the reputation of the nation was certainly safe in the hands of the man ahead, for he pushed his horse straight at the five-barred gate in the next fence.

Peterson set his teeth and followed. Considerably to his surprise, he landed safely in the ploughed land on the other side. Another backward look showed him that though the three horsemen still followed, the distance which separated them was much greater. Gradually but surely the horse which Peterson rode gained on the one ahead, until at length it drew alongside.

As they raced onward through the heavy ploughed land the misty shape of Thornley Coppice loomed before them. It was just the place to suit the project forming in Peterson's mind.

Though his imperfect Westrian had passed unnoticed in the confusion, the scout, hesitating to use it, once more indicated the direction with his outstretched arm, and, to his delight, saw the man swerve as he wished.

Together the two leaped the fence surrounding the wood.

It is probably as unusual for a monarch as it doubtless is unpleasant to feel the cold ring of a revolver-muzzle pressed against his forehead. Nor did the words which accompanied the action bring any relief; for though the scout spoke very quietly, there was something in his voice which was as icy as the steel itself.

'Your Majesty is my prisoner,' he said in English.

'Eh? I not understand,' the captive gasped.

'I quite believe you,' Peterson said; 'but you must do your best to grasp the fact that you will be shot if you attempt to escape.'

'You insolent are, who you may be. I am the'—

'I am afraid that is a minor point, but I know quite well who you are. Do you give your parole, or shall I search you?'

'You will not such a thing dare.'

'Most decidedly I will,' said Peterson, and suited the action to the words.

'Now dismount, your Majesty.'

The man grumbled and obeyed, but let forth a savage oath when he saw the scout turn both horses adrift amongst the trees.

'Much too dangerous to keep them with us,' Peterson said. 'It's quite unnecessary to swear.

I'm the one to swear. You'll get your horse back sometime, for your chaps will find it presently, but my poor old black is lost for ever.'

'Now what?' the captive asked.

'Well, now your Majesty will have a good long tramp to the British'— He ceased suddenly.

Some one was shouting in Westrian somewhere amidst the trees.

At their feet a little stream flowed in its sunken channel through the wood. Though it was the first occasion in Peterson's life on which he had sat down with royalty, it is, I think, highly probable that he was quite unconscious of the honour.

A horseman leapt the water in which they cowered, and passed from view. In the distance there was a noise of two other horses smashing through the undergrowth. Then all grew silent again.

'Now, sir,' Peterson said, 'we'll be off. There'll be a fine hue and cry presently when your friends know you're missing.'

It was slow work, and work which must have been impossible for any one lacking that first essential attribute of the scout, the sense of direction. But Peterson, never hesitating a moment, led his captive diagonally away to the left through the murky darkness of the trees, until at last they came out into the open once more.

The fields over which they had galloped were now well away to their flank, and in consequence the two companions missed any straggling Westrians.

It may have been half-an-hour later when a rocket soared high into the sky behind them, and burst into a cloud of stars. Peterson turned to his companion: 'They know now in the Westrian camp of your Majesty's loss. We are travelling much too slowly; we must get on faster.'

'It is in these boots impossible.'

'I quite understand that those high thigh-boots are much more awkward than puttees for a pedestrian. But you must try.'

'It is not possible.'

'Even now you seem to fail to understand me. If your idea is to walk slowly and so get us overtaken by your men, I must warn you that that's a manoeuvre which won't pay. Your only chance of escaping from my unwelcome company is in the British camp. If your friends do catch up with us, they'll have to attend a royal funeral in the immediate future.'

The unfortunate captive said nothing, but Peterson smiled grimly as he noticed the pace quicken. It is perhaps kinder to draw a veil over the rest of the long tramp, which neither of the two men will ever forget, and not to follow that perspiring royalty stumbling and struggling to keep pace with the active scout.

But it is questionable which of them was the more thankful when at last a British challenge rang out through the night: 'Halt! Who comes there?'

'Friend,' Peterson answered.

'Advance one and give the countersign.'

Now, if there is one offence known to soldiers as being more heinous than another, it is that of giving the countersign to the enemy. It was, of course, fairly obvious that his exhausted captive could not make good his escape whilst Peterson obeyed the sentry's order, but it is rather characteristic of the scout that without a moment's hesitation he said, 'Go forward, sir, and say "Glasgow." Don't attempt any tricks. The sentry will be covering you from the front, and I shall be doing the same from the back.'

Peterson waited to hear the sentry's 'Pass friend. All's well.' Then he too advanced and passed within the British lines.

It was with considerable delight that Peterson seized the opportunity some ten minutes later to pound on Captain Tyans's tent at headquarters. The language raised by his violent onslaught sounded sleepy and anything but polite.

'Who the devil's that who?—'

'It's Peterson. I've just got back. Come out; I want you.'

'Blessed if I want you. Why don't you go to sleep?'

'I want you to wake the General.'

'Eh, wake the General? Why, what's the matter, eh? Better wait till the morning, hadn't you?'

'No, I can't. Come on, Tyans; wake up.'

'All right; I'm getting out of bed. Found out all he wanted to know, I do hope. Artie is so peevish when he's woke up suddenly.'

'Yes, I rather think I have. Tell him I've brought the Emperor of Westria with me.'

'What! My dear old chap, you've been scouting round a public-house, I should think. Well, let's have a look at him;' and Captain Tyans's head, covered in a Balaclava helmet, peered out of the tent. He was wide awake in

an instant, and ran with his bare feet through the mud to the General's tent.

There was much more of astonishment than of peevishness in Sir Arthur Rollic's voice when it bade Peterson and his captive enter the tent.

The General listened in silence to the scout's tale, staring hard at the prisoner, who had collapsed into a deck-chair. Then he said, 'Who's this you've brought with you, Peterson? I believe I heard you call him the Emperor of Westria.'

'Quite right, sir.'

'Quite wrong.'

'I beg your pardon, sir?'

'I say you're quite wrong. This is not the Emperor of Westria at all.'

'Not the Emperor!' Peterson stammered. 'But some one in the darkness certainly called him "your Majesty."'

'Yes, I dare say. But you know, Peterson, there are a good many majesties in Westria. This happens to be His Majesty the King of Estrenia.'

'Only the King of Estrenia? What a fool I must have been to make a mistake like that!' Peterson muttered savagely.

'Tut, man! don't look so glum. Surely he's a good enough catch. You've done magnificently, even if you haven't done what I told you to do.'

'You told me to find out who was in command at Rushton.'

'Yes, I know. That's just it; but you haven't done it. What you've done is to bring me the man who was going to command.'

Peterson said nothing.

The General was smiling as he continued, 'But I suppose I ought to approve of your action in obeying the spirit rather than the letter of my order, especially considering that Great Britain will now be able to insist on Estrenia dropping out of the fight. But, of course, the matter doesn't rest with me, because I shall have to mention the whole affair in despatches. And, Peterson, the Victoria Cross has been awarded for less than you have done this night.'

A REMARKABLE PEOPLE AT PANAMÁ.

By W. B. LORD.

THE San Blas Indians are a remarkable people. Living so close as they do to the works of the Panamá Canal, not one is to be found among the motley thousands labouring on the 'big ditch.' This is all the more noticeable when it is borne in mind that native labour is paid at a much higher rate than has ever been known in the annals of labour in any part of the West Indies or Central America. These people occupy a

narrow strip of territory along the shores of the Caribbean Sea, extending from Mandinga Bay to the Gulf of Uraba, and from the coast to the headwaters of the streams that flow into the Atlantic. Nominally they are subject to the Republic of Panamá; but, like the Indians in the tribal condition in the United States of America, they pay no taxes, and have their own form of government. They know that the white man

would come into their country only to exploit them, and they therefore keep him out.

It is not probable that they could or would offer much resistance to an armed force of a thousand men, but they are able to scare away prospectors and the like; and thus, by preventing white men from making claims on their land, they avoid any excuse for trouble. From early days they have been able to keep their women free from contamination by contact with white men, and to-day they will not permit a white man to sleep in their country if they can readily get him out of it by sunset. Yet these are not hostile Indians. They trade with the whites (practically all the cocoa-nuts of Panamá are from their groves), and sail their canoes down to Colón, where they sell and buy.

Loading down their frail, tiny, picturesque craft almost to the water's edge with native produce, they hoist their single huge sail to the flowing breeze, and glide gracefully out into the open sea. They sail for a distance of a hundred miles or more along the coast of Panamá, every now and again, on these hazardous voyages, breaking away from land into the broad expanse of the Caribbean Sea. With a fair wind they travel at a remarkably rapid speed, and seldom ship much water. The crew generally consists of two men and a boy, or three men. The canvas used in making the sail is spotlessly white, strongly reminding one of the white wings so familiar to British eyes at yachting resorts. To prevent the tiny vessel from capsizing, when the wind is unusually strong one of the occupants of the boat stands up on the weather side, holding on to the mere sapling which does duty for a mast. His weight is quite sufficient to keep the canoe in a fairly upright position. She is steered by means of an exceptionally long-bladed paddle with a short handle.

Upon reaching her destination in the harbour of Colón she is quickly surrounded by coloured folk of many nationalities, of all ages and sizes. These are always eager to possess themselves of the commodities offered for sale by the San Blas Indians. No coloured man or woman is happy in Colón unless he or she is engaged all day long chewing sugar-cane, and no child of colour is content unless he or she is pounding a cocoa-nut on the paving-stones preparatory to spending a good time.

The San Blas Indians are keen men of business. They give no change. Whatever coin is handed to them remains in their possession, providing it suffices to cover the price of the article wanted in exchange. Folk who do business with them regularly are aware of this peculiar trait, and take care never to give them a coin exceeding in value the article for which it is tendered. However, the Indians do not accept every coin that is offered to them, thus showing that they have some idea of relative values in the circular discs of metal, principally silver,

offered by people wishing to trade with them. Only unsuspecting foreigners, mostly British and American tourists, fall into the trap thus laid for the unwary, often paying a dollar for goods ordinarily sold for twenty cents or even less.

The Indians in the territory referred to number seven thousand two hundred and fifty-five, according to the census recently taken. In their tribal state they live in towns of well-built bamboo and thatched houses, raise vegetables and fruits, make articles of wicker-ware, and weave a cloth of coarse grass. These were the first Indians that the Europeans met in Panamá. Balboa got along very well with these people when the country was first discovered; but his brutal followers completely alienated their support, and this state of affairs has continued down to the present time. They object to negroes quite as strongly as they do to white folk.

The San Blas Indians are short in stature, well built, and keenly alert to anything that affects their interests. Needless to say, their womenfolk never accompany them on trading voyages to Colón or elsewhere. Those who have beheld the well-guarded ladies in their retirement declare that they scarcely appear to warrant the care that is taken of them, for they are far from possessing charms of the captivating order. About a year ago the President of the Republic of Panamá, Dr Pablo Arosemena, sought to pay these curious people a visit in his official capacity; but they refused to allow him or any of those with him to land. So his Excellency and suite had to 'beat it,' as the Americans say. The Indians allow their boys to leave home and live among the white men in their towns and villages until they are sixteen years of age, when they are compelled to rejoin the tribe. At various periods missionaries have attempted to evangelise in the San Blas territory, but few Indians would listen to them. Apparently they object to save their souls at the cost of their lands.

BY THE EDGE OF THE ROAD.

THERE'S a little gate by the edge of the road,
Which I used to open and hurry through;
For it led to a spot where a brooklet flowed,
And clusters of dark, sweet violets grew.
And there, at the mystical sunset hour,
On the mossy trunk of a fallen tree,
A maiden, fair as a pure, pale flower,
Would sit in the twilight and talk with me.

Oh, our love was sure, and our hearts beat high!
And the old, old story was scarcely told
When an angel smiled from life's radiant sky,
And called her home through the pearl and gold.
It may be the wind in the rustling grass,
Or a drift of leaves where the brooklet flowed;
But I often think that her light feet pass
To the little gate by the edge of the road.

E. MATHESON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

THE case of France at the present time, her national and social state, her prospects, her task, and her preparation, are interesting and stimulating to all who admire a great people rising with a fine courage and an elastic spirit to the full value of its human resource and high civilisation at a time of threats and intimidation following upon a period of depression. Almost daily now we see mention made of some new feature of what is called 'the new France.' To those who merely read, this expression can convey little or nothing. That France is girding her loins has been evident for some time past. She answers menaces now with dignity and force in counter-preparations. She looks to the future with abounding hope and belief. She has recovered her nerve; she has got back her confidence; she has regained her buoyancy, and, with the restraint of a new dignity, has improved it. On the day on which I write I have talked to a German gentleman of some political consequence, possessing a close knowledge of affairs, and of an even and dispassionate judgment, and he said that of nothing in the world was he so much convinced as that there would be no European war in which the great Powers were involved which had commercial and territorial aggrandisement as its object; that, specifically, Germany would have no part in such a war, and could not afford it. A war like that, if brought about, would be at the decision of only one or two men, and those one or two in Germany dare not take the responsibility when, things being as they are, the risks of such a war would be so grave, the possibilities, even as concerning the victorious side, so appalling. No, said he, there would be war only when a question of national honour was concerned; then there might be a war. Yet a question of national honour, perhaps one that is fanciful, is nearly always made the pretext of a war which as its real cause may have the ambition of individuals or the greed of a people. Following upon this conversation, I walked along a street and saw in the window of a cosmopolitan bookseller two new volumes which were apposite to the occasion. One was in French, and its title was *The Inevitable War*, France and Germany being understood;

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and the other was in German, and was called *The German Task*, appearing to deal with the same idea from the German standpoint. There is to be no war with Germany associated unless some question of national honour, sudden and unexpected, should inflame the passions of the nation. Not merely a German citizen in a casual conversation, but the head of a nation, Ministers, ambassadors, some (not many) writers, say the same. Yet we hold our breath as we read that Germany is about to spend more on her army than has ever been spent on soldiery before, that she is about to expend over a hundred millions of pounds on military equipment of an improved character—forty-two millions to be spent on the present army, fifty millions to make the beginning of a great increase in the strength of the army, and ten millions as the first instalment of the annual fixed charges arising out of the increase. 'For,' says the Kaiser, 'as 1813 was a year of sacrifice, let 1913 be the same for every man, the times to-day being hardly less grave than they were a hundred years ago.' It is said that this increase is not to be as a bluff to foreign nations, but is intended as a well-considered and far-reaching expansion of German armaments by the employment of all the elements of the population liable to military service. And therefore the creators of this monster force of arms would make a 'fortune-tax' to pay for it, laying a great demand upon the rich, taxing fortunes, it is said, which amount to seven hundred and fifty millions, and compelling even the princes of Germany to make their contributions, immune though they have been from calls like this until now. Two hundred and thirty-four thousand men, it is estimated, are to be added to the army, and its numerical strength will then become eight hundred and sixty thousand. A million pounds are to be devoted to aircraft. This, we hear, is not bluff; it is not a menace; it does not mean an attempt to be master, a threat of attack. No; one hundred millions of pounds of German money will be spent in a spirit of pious resignation to the evil circumstances of the times, to defend the dear Fatherland when angry and vengeful foes should cause alarm and should impede it in the prosecution of its fair and peaceful commercial aims. So it is said.

APRIL 26, 1913.

Thus there should be no cause for any other people to take fearful notice, or to change its present way. But France must take notice, and does. She receives such news, which would have paralysed her senses once, with quiet and calm. The gaiety of Paris is not diminished; the governmental machinery on the Quai d'Orsay drives smoothly as before; the people of the cities and towns continue to be industrious, inventive, and to enjoy the graces of life; and the people of the country sing as they go to labour, sing all day, and sing on their nightly return, as peasants sing in France as nowhere else. She will make an adequate answer. Her people, united, strong, courageous, hopeful, will make sacrifices. Every man will serve three years in the army instead of two, and he accepts the new order with a happy smile. She is handicapped. She has only thirty-nine millions of people against the sixty-seven millions of Germany, and when nations are draining their resources to the uttermost a difference such as this is a serious thing. But the new France is not afraid. In the most recent times there have been two epochs in the realisation, the establishment, of this new France, two outstanding signs of the new spirit of confidence and unboasted strength. A little while since, as many times before, she was threatened, the screw was put upon her, an old oppression came forward once again. Morocco was the subject. This time she folded her arms, held herself erect, and looked the other party in the face. Such a thing had not happened for a very long time. The other party moved away; and later there were some revelations made of the strength of the army of France, not so much of its numbers, but of its skill, its efficiency, its effectiveness, and its splendid spirit. It was suddenly perceived—or remembered again after a long forgetfulness—that after all France is a military nation, that her people have the instinct of arms, that the rolling of the drum makes their hearts beat quick and fires their minds to warlike ardour, as is not the case to the same extent with some other nations of the Continent who are much interested in France. That was the first notable open demonstration of the spirit of the new France.

* * *

The second occurred but the other day. A new President of the Republic had to be elected, and France unerringly and without hesitation (not, of course, without keen and desirable opposition), peacefully and with great general satisfaction, chose the best man in France for the office, such a great, strong man, a big-hearted, keen, far-seeing Frenchman, such a real noble of the republic, as it has not frequently produced. Nothing was more significant than the universal acclamation of M. Raymond Poincaré as the best possible President, a strong man who would do well for France in a period of deep

anxiety and perhaps danger, not merely in France, but everywhere abroad. France, it was seen, had set her house in order. I happened to be in Paris when M. Poincaré was elected to the highest office, and I was in another part of the country on the day when he assumed the presidency; and one could not fail to note the quiet, complacent satisfaction of the people at what had occurred. There were no hysterics, no tumults, no extravagant enthusiasm, but a calm, deep contentment. The new France was being solidified and strengthened. M. Poincaré is a great personality. He is young enough, for he is only fifty-two. He is a man of Lorraine, with all the best qualities of his countrymen; he is of vigorous physique, frank and open in his manner, has a taste for humour, is a man of great energy and perseverance, and in his methods is very lucid and very precise, rejecting ambiguity and evasion, and bringing always into full relief the essential point. He is a statesman, and, if you will, a politician; but he is not at all a politician of the professional kind. He is a man of sober judgment and high ideals, not one to be carried away by any false enthusiasms. But he remembers always that as a boy he saw Bismarck and the Prussians come into the little town of Bar-le-Duc, where he was born. He is a deep and excellent thinker, and his national and patriotic philosophy is good for contemplation. 'You will love humanity,' he says to the people; 'but that will not make you forget that side of humanity, the choicest, most intimate, the dearest—the Fatherland. You will be men; but before all things you must be Frenchmen!' Then he says, 'A Government worthy of the name ought to endeavour to assimilate whatever is best in the national aspirations, and to co-ordinate the energy that is distributed over the country;' and he says also, 'The first duty of the French Government is to re-establish in the Chambers and in the country the idea of government itself.' When he was elected the word went round, 'There is something changed in France.' Indeed there is something changed. There is an active chief at the head of the Government. It must not be supposed that the President of the republic is a mere figurehead. In recent years presidents have acted as little more than that; but the time has come when France wants her leader to exert his power manfully, individually. She wishes to be led. In some ways the President is more powerful than a king. In France he may, if he will, prorogue the Chambers and suspend their sittings. He can by messages address both Chambers; he can make treaties; he can choose his Ministers; he can dissolve the Lower House; he is in supreme command of the army and navy; he can grant pardons. Of his own free-will and according to his own good judgment he can do many things that can be done by no other man in France, and the country desires

him to do them as he thinks fit. The republic is stronger now than it has been for a very long time past, and it is something of a coincidence that in two widely separated parts of the world, within a few weeks of each other, new Presidents of great republics should have been elected, and that in each case a striking advance in the betterment of the government should have been signified. Dr Woodrow Wilson at the White House at Washington and M. Raymond Poincaré at the Elysée in Paris make the republican system of government in general look a better thing than it has done in other periods of modern time.

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People who go from Britain to Paris for a week-end can see nothing of 'the new France,' and they do not comprehend this quick and thorough change that is said to have taken place, such a transformation in the spirit of a whole nation as has rarely been effected in so short a space of time. The buoyancy of this wonderful people has never been so well exemplified before. The visitor to Paris sees it much the same as it was. Here, as everywhere else in France, he may find, or think he finds, the people a little more friendly to him and all Britons than they were from a dozen to twenty years ago, when there was no *entente cordiale* and diplomatic relations between the two countries were sometimes strained. They notice also that more Britons and more Americans visit Paris than ever before, and that is because Paris is still the best and lightest pleasure city in the world—when it is properly understood—the one where life is taken in the most careless way. The strain of modern times is felt in Paris as elsewhere; but the temperament and circumstances of the people enable them to resist it more easily than some others do. And then in these days, when people think less of crossing continents for holiday-making than their grandfathers did of crossing Channels, it is such a very little journey to Paris from London after all. It is not often realised that you are sooner in the French capital from London than you are in Edinburgh. However, while Paris inspires, generates, forces, governs, she does not in her outward appearance and ways suggest the new France any more than you can tell by a walk down Piccadilly what is the state of things in the British Empire. One needs to talk to the people of authority and the people of no authority, to penetrate to private places, to wander through the country, and above all, I would say, to read the newspapers thoroughly for a long period. The Briton abroad is too neglectful of the native journals. He will have his local paper sent on to him from home, and will read it with eagerness and satisfaction, though all the news in it is three days late. The native papers he rejects. He feels that he does not like their manner and style, and their point of view is not

his own, while their great subjects are nothing to him. But even though he may have some little difficulty with the language, the traveller in these days, if he would appreciate his own travelling properly and derive some profit from it, should make always a diligent study of the newspapers of the country, buy them every morning, read them carefully, and consider their features and their points. Very soon he may become almost as much attached to the native papers as to his own at home, and he will pick out from them one or two as his favourites, rejecting the others except for an occasional relief and change. By this reading he will come to understand more intimately, more thoroughly, the state of the life of the people, their present mood, their aspirations, their active forces, their impulses—their heart and soul and brain and body—in four days than he could in four months of talk and simple wandering. Whenever I go to a strange country the first thing that I do is to attach myself to its newspapers; and in France such great journals as *Le Matin* and *Le Temps*, *Le Journal* and *Le Gaulois*, old friends, are soon as much to me as those left behind in London. The insular Briton is too much disposed to the belief that, as with others of his native products, the British newspapers are the best in the world. For the most part they are very good; they are thorough; and for journalistic art and craftsmanship there are, to my mind, one or two—not more—which are superior to any others in any language. The utter and prejudiced believer in all things British looks upon the Paris Press as skimpy, thin, light, and careless, greatly lacking in dignity, with no journalistic skill displayed in its production. This is altogether wrong. The French methods and the French spirit in this matter are greatly different from our own; usually the leading journals are printed on paper of somewhat inferior quality to that most frequently used in Britain, and the average reader may never have come to understand how very much he is influenced, prejudiced, by the quality of the paper, the fabric that he holds in his hands. Wise journalists have said that it is better to print a poor article on good paper than a good article on bad paper—better, that is, from the financial standpoint—and certainly they are right. The French newspapers do not aim at giving full news about everything so much as do ours at home; they select more. Nor do they try to present it so impartially; they colour it more from the palettes of their editorial minds. They are a little more flamboyant, hotter in enthusiasm, more impulsive. But there is a spirit in French journalism and a character about it that are not common in our own country. Above all things there is character, strong individuality, in every newspaper; and I do not know more than two or three daily newspapers in London that have such strong individuality, which surely is an

attractive quality. No doubt the regular signing of all articles that are more than mere paragraphs of news has had everything to do with the production of this state of things. Give me *Le Matin* and *Le Temps* on a sunny morning when I am in the south of France, and there is little more that I shall need for my daily information of the world. And, again, the weekly and monthly periodicals of the review order are hardly inferior in France to what they are in London. *L'Opinion*, at fifty centimes, is as sound and excellent a weekly journal as I have read on Saturday mornings, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will compare with any of our collections of sober and well-considered reflections that are issued once a month. And what I would say upon this matter of the Press and the new France that has arisen is that the Press in its tone and in its contents exhibits the new spirit of the nation most faithfully and well. It is calmer than it was; it is more restrained; it is more generous and considerate; it is more dignified. It seems to indicate the strength of its people more than ever before.

* * *

But, as I have suggested, you must move widely through France, far from Paris and the Parisians, and must linger long in many places to see before you plainly and clearly this new France. In recent times I have done such wanderings, to large places and little ones in many parts, and not merely the pleasure-resorts where foreigners gather for winter lounging in the sunshine. When you do this and become accustomed to the ways of life, you come then to understand how everything is not better in one's own country than it is abroad. The occasional British traveller is apt to be very superficial in his judgments. Because the platforms of French railway stations are of low level, and he has to climb high to his carriage, and because the French locomotives are not polished like our own, he feels that travelling in France is much inferior to that in Britain; but yet he finds that his long journeys on the Nord, P.L.M., the Orleans, and the Midi railways are done most marvellously well and expeditiously; while for a station of comparatively small size there is nothing in Britain that is so neat and nice as that of Biarritz-Ville, which is constructed to some extent on the best American plan, with a little of French elegance added to it. Indeed,

in no form of locomotion have we been so quick to seize upon occasion and possibility as the French, who dart like a hawk upon a new idea that seems to have come on to us as a promise from the future. They were far advanced with their motor-cars while we were still insisting that a servant with a red flag should walk in front of any such terrible vehicle to warn the populace of its dangerous approach. To-day, while we still ponder about aeroplanes and airships, and become uneasy as we hear of those from foreign countries hovering about our shores, they are already nearly as much a matter of course in France as other ways and means of moving. You will see them darting over Paris; go out to Versailles, and with but a little exaggeration you might relate to your friends on returning that the air was full of them; and I have lately lingered at a little town in the south where they were so plentiful that one soon ceased to look upwards as the humming was heard in the sky, just as one does not turn the head at the twittering of a passing sparrow. There was an aerodrome of some size a few miles from where I rested, and we saw the aeroplanes that belong to it flying away above us and far out into the lost distance in the morning; and we would see them come back again at night, just like some giant birds returning to their nests. Until you witness such things as these you cannot realise what aviation already is. An odd aeroplane hovering beneath the British clouds seems like a brilliant experiment; a fleet of them shooting along the sky of France is like the gigantic force of a newly discovered world. Germany pins her faith to dirigible airships heavier than air, and we see to what efficiency she has brought them. France is for the aeroplane, and indeed she has mastered it. Nobody can yet say which is the more serviceable for the purposes of war, and it is those purposes which have stirred invention and improvement in this matter. One is like the great battleship, the Dreadnought; the other is as the fast and slippery little cruiser. Both together would be better than either alone; but for the present those who see these aeroplanes of France skimming like swallows through the air on high, rising upwards, darting down, feel that here there is something that is unmatchable. There are other aspects of this new France which may be considered at another time.

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER XI.

HELMSDALE was standing in the doorway smoking a cigarette. Apart from a redness about the eyes he appeared to have completely recovered. He greeted his guest with his usual urbanity.

'You certainly brought us the fine weather, Arcus,' he said, proffering his case.

Arcus was about to decline, when it struck him that he had already smoked several of his host's cigarettes that morning.

'Finest weather we have had this year,' Helmsdale continued. 'I trust you got some rest after my unfortunate display last night. I cannot thank you in words, Arcus,' he added gravely. 'But there is gratitude here.' He touched his breast. 'And here also, I am sure.' He laid his hand on Florence's shoulder.

Arcus bowed stiffly. 'It was a mere matter of—of luck, my being at hand, Dr Helmsdale.'

'Luck!' repeated Helmsdale, with a queer smile, turning to his niece. 'You think it was luck, my dear!'

'It was Providence!' she replied warmly.

'H'm!' he murmured absently; 'Providence would seem to have a sense of humour.'

'Uncle Victor!' she began.

'Pardon me,' said Arcus, forcing himself to the point; 'but Miss Helmsdale and I have just seen a whale-boat approaching the island.'

'I was about to mention it,' Helmsdale returned. 'Hubert sighted her half-an-hour ago. No whales in tow. She is called the *Scot*. Her skipper has been ashore here.—You remember him, Florence?'

'You arranged some signals with him, didn't you?' Apparently she was watching Hubert in the lookout.

'So I did—so I did.'

Arcus did his best to speak naturally. 'Then I had better see to my modest packing. I have trespassed too long'—

Helmsdale appeared to rouse himself from a reverie. 'Surely you are not talking of leaving us!' he said. 'Although we did discuss your going by the first available means, I have been hoping that the urgency of your business might have evaporated, so to speak, and that you would favour us by waiting until the yacht came. Can't we persuade you?'

'It is very good of you, Dr Helmsdale,' the young man replied, beginning to wonder if he were a prisoner. 'But it is inevitable that I go. As for your kindness to me, I only wish I could repay you in some measure.' His voice softened. 'It is I who owe you my life.'

'If so, we are quits,' Helmsdale said easily. 'Once more, can't we persuade you?'

Florence slipped past her uncle into the house. Arcus hesitated.

'Well!' A smile flickered over the older man's lips.

'You know why'—

'Ah, yes, your friend in London! Very well, then, there's nothing for it but to signal the *Scot*.' Helmsdale called a question to Hubert, and received a reply. 'In five minutes or so it will be time to send up a rocket. Let us go down to the beach. We shan't see the *Scot* from here. Plenty of time for your packing. Besides, you must have lunch. I'll get the skipper to wait.'

They proceeded to the beach, Helmsdale relating a whaling yarn he had heard from the

skipper of the *Scot*, Arcus attempting an occasional remark, and feeling not a little foolish. Had not the scene in the laboratory included that too familiar American scrip he would have doubted the reality of his discovery, and would have explained Helmsdale's strange manner immediately afterwards as one of the natural effects of the accident.

From the beach they sighted the *Scot*. She was going at cruising speed—about eight knots. Within a few minutes she would be at her nearest to the point where they stood.

'Now, Hubert!' shouted Helmsdale.

Hubert applied the torch he had made ready, and with a harsh hiss and a thin trail of pale smoke the rocket soared upwards and into the haze.

Immediately after the detonation Arcus swung his gaze to the whaler. The crew, like pygmies, were waving their arms or caps.

'That's the skipper in the steering-box,' Helmsdale remarked. 'Nice place in a gale, Arcus.'

'Where will she stop?' the young man inquired.

'We shall see presently. Be patient.'

They waited. Helmsdale lit a fresh cigarette.

'It looks as if'—Arcus halted.

'It does,' Helmsdale sighed. 'I'm sorry, but we've done all we could. After all, we must not blame them. They want whales more than passengers. You must try to put up with us a little longer. Come, let us go and tell my niece the good news—from my point of view.'

Somewhat dazed by the double turn of events, Arcus turned from the retreating whaler and accompanied his host. He wished he could hate the man. For a defrauded public he cared nothing. Who does? But his heart was sick for Florence, his conscience sore on Anstruther's account. Meantime there was nothing for it but to accept the situation quietly and play up to his host to the best of his ability.

'Of course Hubert will continue to keep a bright lookout,' Helmsdale was saying; 'and on my part I promise that you shall have no more nightmares.'

'Thank you very much, doctor,' said Arcus. 'Nightmare is an excellent word for it,' he added with a laugh.

'It will serve for the present, eh?'

'Perfectly.'

Florence was coming to meet them, and Helmsdale slipped his hand through the other's arm.

'For her sake,' he said softly, 'let it serve.'

After lunch, which to all appearance was a cheerful enough meal, Florence found an opportunity to speak privately to her uncle. He was disappearing into the laboratory when she detained him.

'Uncle Victor, why did Hubert use only the one rocket?'

'One was the number I told him to use,' he replied, regarding her with faint amusement.

'Yes, dear. But your arrangement with the whale-boat's captain was two rockets if you wanted him to call.'

Helmsdale put his hand to his brow. 'How stupid of me, Florence! For Heaven's sake, don't tell Mr Arcus! It can do no good now. I remember—too late—that a single rocket was merely our message for "Good-luck" or "Good-hunting." You won't tell Mr Arcus, will you?'

'Is that quite fair? Well, I sha'n't tell him, dear, if you desire it so.'

'You would rather he had gone?'

This was too straight a question for Florence just then. She murmured something about 'Mr Arcus's friend in London,' and retired.

'Woman, woman!' said Helmsdale under his

breath as he shut himself in. 'But I think I have saved a scene as well as a rocket.'

The wind having died away, Arcus proposed a visit to the Other Island.

'I'm sorry, Stephen,' said Florence; 'but Hubert is using the boat. He is getting rid of some of the doctor's rubbish by dropping it overboard.'

Arcus tried not to speculate on the precise nature of the rubbish, and presently they set out for the Woman's Cliff, Florence slipping on her lover's gift as soon as they left the house.

'Am I very deceitful?' she asked him.

'It is I who am deceitful,' was his reply. And he added, 'I have a good mind, dearest, to tell him to-morrow.'

(To be continued on page 348.)

HORNED LIZARDS.

By Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

AMONG terrestrial animals, the lizards stand easily first in the exhibition of quaint and bizarre forms. It seems as if Nature had, so to speak, let herself go among lizards in quips and cranks. The fairy called Evolution must surely have smiled when she waved her slowly moving wand that summoned forth a chameleon. Like a joke he and many another quaint lizard seems till we see them in their appropriate environment and at their daily work. We are thinking of forms like the little dragon, *Draco volans*, with its skin webbed between enormously extended ribs; or the Australian moloch, with its curiously hygroscopic skin, pimpled all over with sharp tubercles; or the frilled lizard which Saville Kent describes, that runs tottering about on its hind-legs like a baby just before it falls; or the basilisk, with erectile crests on its back; or our own British slow-worm, which has put on the guise of a snake, and is famous for the ease with which it can surrender its tail to save its life.

In the show of quaint lizards the chameleon must always be awarded the first prize; but many will agree with us in thinking that the horned lizards of Mexico, California, and Nevada come a good second. They have been known for a long time, but they have been made the subject of a recent monograph by Mr Harold C. Bryant, of the University of California. To this fine piece of work—one envies the author his subject—we are indebted for some new and interesting material. The creatures in question are often spoken of as 'horned toads,' the false classification being probably suggested by their squat shape, their sluggish ways, and their habit of catching insects on a sticky tongue. True lizards they undoubtedly are, and among the Iguanids; but they differ from all other members of the

order in their flat bodies covered with keeled, spiny scales, and in the circlet of horns upon the head. There are eighteen different species belonging to the genus *Phrynosoma*, and there is one other known, a unique creature from the deserts of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, which requires a genus (*Anota*) all to itself, and has the honour, indeed, of differing from every other living lacertilian in the closing up of a small opening on the top of the skull known as the supratemporal foramen. One needs, however, to know a good deal about skulls before one can appreciate the importance of this unique feature.

Let us turn to the significance of the horned lizard's peculiarities. First and foremost, what is the meaning of that circlet of sharp horns on the head, which recall (as if in miniature) the projecting horns of some of the extinct Dinosaurs of the Old Red Sandstone? The curious shape of head that results reminds one also of the quaint fruits of the water-chestnut which the peasants round Florence string into most decorative rosaries. But what are the horns for? They serve to ward off blows and bites, for the creature lowers its head and raises the scales of its back when it is on the defensive, and we can well believe that if an enemy bit the head of a *Phrynosoma* once, it would never do it again. The Indians say that if a snake swallows one whole, the indomitable lizard proceeds to work its way by a short cut from the stomach outwards—which for the aggressor must be an extremely disagreeable process, bringing repentance to the snake. Mr Bryant says that there is some foundation for this story, and it has its analogues at any rate in records of box-fishes biting their way out of sharks.

A second distinctive feature in the horned

lizards is their power of adaptive colour-change. They have the secret of the Gyges ring, and putting on the garment of invisibility is for them as easy as winking. 'Wherever its home,' says the monographer, 'the horned lizard resembles the colour of the substratum so closely that it is practically invisible except when in motion. Specimens from the white sand of the desert are very light in colour, those from the black lava belt are almost black, whereas those from the varicoloured mountain districts show red and even bluish markings. How quickly a change of environment would bring about a change in colour is not definitely known, although Coues states that the change takes place in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.'

Given horns and scales and the mantle of invisibility, the horned lizards are safe, and we are not surprised to learn that most of the species are represented by large numbers of individuals. We can understand now why they have such a wide geographical range from Canada to southern Mexico, and from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast; why they rarely bite; why they can afford to take things easily, basking in the sun and moving with leisurely deliberation. When an enemy comes they 'play possum;' when they are thoroughly scared they seek refuge in a bush or burrow in the sand.

Even in their burrowing they are unlike most other creatures, for they work their way beneath the ground head-foremost. As Mr Bryant says, 'The chisel-shaped head is the principal tool, the legs being used almost solely for forcing the head forward. A wriggling motion of the head and body serves to drive the head beneath the sand and soon covers the body completely with earth. A little shake of the tail flings the dirt over that appendage, and the lizard becomes entirely hidden. The nostrils are kept either at the surface of the ground or near enough to the surface so that breathing is possible.' Sometimes the spines are left protruding above the ground like dry thorns.

Stranger even than the circlet of horns and the wonderfully perfect power of colour-change is the habit of 'shedding tears of blood.' It was for this that the Mexicans called the *Phrynosoma* the 'sacred toad;' it is to this that the boys of San Diego refer when they say they saw the creature 'spit blood.' As there are the best of physiological reasons why it can neither 'weep

blood' nor 'spit blood,' what is it that happens? The eyes are tightly shut, the eyelids swell to twice or thrice their normal size, and a fine jet of blood shoots out for several inches from beneath the upper eyelid. The whole phenomenon is startling and quite worthy of the strange creature. Some say that the hæmorrhage is associated with the excitement of the breeding season, but this lacks proof. So far as experiments go, they seem to indicate that the rush of blood is associated with shock and fright. The eyelids are rich in blood-vessels, and what happens is first a congestion and then probably the rupture of a blood-vessel. It may be compared to bleeding at the nose, but the point is that it has been regularised. One physiologist has suggested that the flooding of the head sinuses, the elevation of the blood pressure, and the jet of blood, while associated with fright and excitement, may also have a frightening effect deterrent to enemies.

The horned lizards are for the most part insectivorous, catching living ants, beetles, and flies on the end of the viscid tongue. 'Why the animal is never bothered by being stung internally by the ants it swallows alive seems hard to explain.' It is sensitive enough externally; can it be that it is immune internally? When insects become scarce, and the cold weather sets in, the horned lizards burrow into the ground and pass into the coma of hibernation. Dr Gadov makes the interesting note that if captive specimens are not allowed to hibernate, 'they will keep on feeding through the winter, but in that case are sure to die in the following spring.'

We may leave the horned lizards in their winter sleep, though without nearly exhausting their peculiarities. One more may be mentioned, which, like the hæmorrhage, well deserves further study. Mr Bryant has found that they are very amenable to what looks like hypnesia. When a specimen is rubbed on the top of the head and between the eyes, it turns its head down, closes its eyes, and passes into a stupor, in which it may remain for five or ten minutes. But the observer was not quite sure whether what happened was a faint, or a feint, or neither. It presents one of those unsolved problems with which every study in Natural History should begin and also end.

AT CHERRY-TREE FARM.

CHAPTER III.

It was perfect harvest weather in the morning, and Arnold woke rather late to the whir of the machine in the Long Field. Usually he was down at six or so. To-day he was not only late in waking, but slow in dressing. It was a

shock to him when he got out of bed to remember that it was his last day in this pleasant house. More and more of a shock indeed. He walked about the room, looking at the texts on the walls (the capitals all in gold), the photographs

(several of Peggy as child and little girl with long hair), the knicknacks—everything. The sun blazed in upon the bed and its white curtains. The window had diamond panes about a quarter obscured by red roses. It was open, of course, and the scent of the roses filled the room. He heard a clock strike on the landing outside—eight! The breakfast-hour was half-past seven, except on Sunday; and Willie's knuckles and shouting were wont to stir him long before then. It was 'Mr Man, mother says it's time you got up;' or 'Mr Man, are you moving?'—always something like that. But to-day, nothing; nothing except a sense of blankness and weight in the head.

He sat down on the bed and stared at the blue sky beyond the red roses of his window.

It was just about then that Peggy's little boy drew her attention to a young lady on the field-path to the house. They were by the stream, Peggy and Willie, on the spot where Mr Man was found in the grass. Peggy's eyes had red rims. She had promised her father not to see Arnold again, and was endeavouring to keep her promise. His wheatfield notwithstanding, Mr Harcourt was waiting indoors to see his guest of these nine weeks eat his last breakfast and—go. He didn't like his job, but meant to carry it through.

'Who's she, mother?' Willie desired to know. 'My! ain't she in a hurry!'

'She's a stranger, Willie,' said Peggy. 'I think you might run and speak to her. I don't think she can mean to be coming to see me. She may be coming to the wrong house. How scared she seems! Yes, run and ask her whom she wants. You see she's stopping.'

The meadow had been made into hay since Arnold's meander through it, and its aftermath was almost ready. The little boy galloped through the long grasses. These tickled his knees, and he paused twice to scratch them. 'Hi!' he shouted. But he needn't have shouted. Gertie had stopped for him, breathing fast and very flushed. She had dark, eager eyes, and black hair, and a boat-shaped straw hat braced by a dark-blue motor-veil. Peggy heard some words exchanged, and then, faster even than Willie, Gertie came towards her. She had a newspaper in her hand, but it told Peggy nothing—at first.

'Oh, good-morning!' she panted, within speaking distance. 'I understand this is Cherry-Tree Farm. Could you direct me to P. B.?' *This!*

She opened the paper and pointed to an advertisement on its first page.

Peggy's hand shook, but she accepted the paper and read the lines: 'The Gertie of Clapham who knows A. W. is invited to communicate with P. B., Cherry-Tree Farm, Silverstead, Surrey.'

She read the words as if they were new to her, and yet they were her own composing, and she had paid for twenty insertions of them out of her own pocket. Her father didn't know. She hoped—but this was her secret—that no one would ever know except herself and the newspaper people, and that there would be no response.

'It has been in several times,' Gertie continued heatedly, 'but I didn't know until last night. A friend showed it to me. It *must* be Mr Wise. Can you tell me anything? Mr Arnold Wise! He's not very tall, but—you do know, then?'

Peggy's smile gave her away. She continued to smile, and held out her hand. 'Are you Gertie, then?' she asked wistfully.

Gertie's eyes drew in a little. 'My name is Gertrude Lamont,' she replied. 'Yes. He's been missing since the 6th of June. But you are not P. B., are you?'

'Yes,' said Peggy, 'I am. He has lost his memory. Shall I tell you about it?'

'Is he *here*?' cried Gertie, all excitement and eagerness again. 'I feared he was dead. That was what terrified me all the time. He isn't dead?'

'Of course not. But he doesn't remember things. Perhaps—What did you say your name was? Mine is Mrs Brandon!'

'Oh!' said Gertie, 'thank you. I—didn't know. This is your little boy, then?'

'Mother!' put in the little boy himself, 'can't I go in now and see Mr Man?'

'Yes, dear, do,' said Peggy. 'Tell him—*Shall* we prepare him, Miss Lamont? Oh yes, Miss Lamont!' But Willie didn't wait for further injunctions. He ran as fast as he could.

Then Peggy and Gertie looked at each other, and Peggy noticed the dewiness in Gertie's dark eyes, and her beauty. This had struck Peggy almost immediately, but it made an increasing mark upon her.

'I don't know the circumstances, Miss Lamont,' she said very softly, 'but I ought to tell you that I have read your letter to him. It was all we could find to help us to restore him to his friends. It wasn't much good, because it bore no serviceable address. That was why I advertised. He has been here ever since the 7th of June.'

'With you?' asked Gertie suspiciously.

Peggy looked away, closed her eyes for a moment, and tried to smile. 'I live with my father, who farms Cherry-Tree,' she explained. 'We have taken every care of him.'

'Oh!' said Gertie. And then out shot her hand. 'How good of you!' she exclaimed. 'I think I must tell you everything, Mrs Brandon. Perhaps he will hate to see me again. I can't help it, if so. It has been all a horrible mistake. I thought my—my feelings had changed towards him, but they haven't. I found it out

when it was too late. And now—perhaps it would be better if I didn't see him. What can I do!

Peggy seemed to shiver. 'He has other friends and relations, no doubt,' she whispered. 'Have they not been anxious?'

'I don't know,' said Gertie. 'I—called twice at the office, and on Mrs Whiston at Surbiton, where he lodges. Yes, of course they are anxious. But'—she began to cry, and Peggy let her cry—'you don't understand,' she murmured piteously through her tears. 'You can't understand how I love him, and how ashamed I am of myself. I *must* see him. He may not forgive me, but I must ask him to.'

'I—see!' said Peggy.

'You don't. You can't possibly know how false and untrue to myself I have been. And it is all because of me! Is he in bed?'

'By no means,' said Peggy. And then she did a very pretty thing. She took Gertie's hand and patted it. And, still holding it, she led her towards the farm. She talked fast on the way, and rather at random; but the general drift of her words was so cheering that when they reached the garden gate in front of the house Gertie's eyes had a fine light in them again. No tears or dewiness now; a look of intense expectation instead.

The gate swung, and 'Mr Man' came forth as if to the signal.

Willie heralded his approach, with a '*Here they are!*' and a rush at his mother. Behind him was his grandfather, stiff in the jaw, but with curiosity peeping from his honest eyes.

Arnold took two steps, then stopped and stared—stared until Gertie was within a yard of him, and then burst out, 'Gertie!'

Over their close-pressed shoulders Peggy saw her father's eyebrows go up and down twice, and heard him clear his throat very harshly. After which he re-entered the house.

It was then Peggy's turn to remember her manners, and Willie's manners also.

'Come away, dear,' she whispered.

Willie wanted to pounce upon those other two and take his share in the huggings. He made a start for it, but was drawn back.

The gate clicked behind them.

'They're kissing each other again, mother,' said the little lad.

Peggy made no comment on that information, but, tightening her grip on the small fingers, marched him to the Long Field without a pause.

About an hour later the farmer found Peggy by the hedge, whence she was watching the bronzed wheat-ears fall in their hundreds.

'They're gone, my dear, the pair of them!' he said briskly, with a laugh as broad as his face. 'Got all his senses back at last. Never knew such a thing. Capper'll rub his hands when he hears. I'm to thank you, and so on. A stockbroker's clerk—that's what he is. Miss Lamont says they'll be glad to have him back at his office. She seems pretty sure of it. He's lucky if so. A nice girl, that sweetheart of his; and to think'—he covered Peggy's left shoulder with his tough palm—'to think that I thought he was making up to *you*, Peggy! He laughed when I reminded him about that.'

Peggy smiled bravely.

'Miss Lamont said she didn't wonder,' the farmer added. 'A jealous little puss, I could see, for all she pretended to be so smooth about it. Well, it's been a funny business, and we haven't seen the last of our "Mr Man," I hope. He bears me no malice for wanting to turn him loose. I like him better than I did last night, I can tell you.'

The farmer strode after the reaping-machine, and Peggy watched many thousands of wheat-ears fall ere she rose and returned to the farm.

THE END.

TREASURE IN WAITING.

THE word 'treasure'—meaning something very valuable, and preferably a few million pounds worth of gold bullion fastened up in strong chests; and, again, meaning specially such treasure as has been lost for centuries past and can only with difficulty be regained; and, once more, referring to such bullion at the bottom of the sea, perhaps in the holds of Spanish galleons—that word 'treasure' is one which strikes quickly into our imagination, and makes the most placid and phlegmatic young man of the City wonder if there is not something of the adventurer in him after all, despite his constant occupation by day in the routine of an office. Then let us consider treasure for a while. Where is the lost treasure?

How did it get there? And how can we get it out? These are important questions.

Many of us had our fancy tickled immensely a year or two back by the terms of one of the most fascinating financial prospectuses that has ever been issued. A company was being got together with a capital of two hundred thousand pounds, with the avowed object of making such a thorough and scientific effort to come by some of this lost treasure as had never been made before. The story is that seventeen Spanish galleons, men-of-war of two or three decks, laden with gold and silver and valuable merchandise brought from the West Indies, took refuge in Vigo Bay, where they were surprised and

attacked by the fleets commanded by Admiral Rooke. In order to prevent the victorious British and Dutch allies from gaining possession of the treasure, the galleons were sunk. Dr Iberti came to the conclusion that the total amount upon arrival at Vigo, as valued in 1702, was upwards of twenty-seven million pounds, out of which the treasure saved by the Spaniards, the booty taken by the victors, and the treasure recovered by the different concessionaires since then is altogether only worth three million pounds, so that something very good remains.

All this treasure was the accumulated value of three years' workings of the gold and silver mines of Spanish America, and the annual yield from these sources is computed to have been more than nine million pounds. Besides all this, there was a great quantity of costly merchandise, including pearls, emeralds, amethysts, amber, and precious woods from South American forests; and it was reckoned also that the wood of the sunken galleons, hardened by centuries of submersion, would yield a handsome profit on the labour of recovering it. Some critics have essayed to show that the sunken treasure, exceedingly valuable as all must admit it to be, is not quite worth all this. But at the lowest estimate its value must be many millions, perhaps at least twenty; and there was the word of Sir Roger Fenton that 'this Spanish flota was universally regarded to be the richest that ever came from the West Indies into Europe.' The unloading of the vessels had commenced some ten days before the engagement with the fleet of the allies; but, owing to the difficulty of transport over bridle-paths on pack-mules, only three thousand six hundred and fifty-three chests of plate or silver, worth about two millions, were landed when the enemy sailed in to the attack. I believe that the concession in the present case extends until 1915, and that there are strong hopes of some considerable success attending the treasure-seeking in Vigo Bay.

It is believed that there is one of those Spanish galleons at the bottom of the sea near Dollar Cove, at Mount's Bay in Cornwall; and there is a local tradition that many years ago the farmhands in the neighbourhood were in the way of going down to the shore at low-tide and picking up the dollars in buckets! A year or two back a serious effort was made to effect salvage, if there was any salvage to be done, and diving and sand-pumping were carried on at the spot where the galleon loaded with specie was supposed to have foundered. So far as is known no tangible good came of these efforts.

No community of persons is so constantly reminded of great treasure that lies on the bed of the ocean as are the members of Lloyd's in London reminded of the lost *Lutine* and the treasure that went down with her. The *Lutine* and Lloyd's are linked together in divers ways. A large and sombre-looking bell hangs from an iron

bracket at Lloyd's, and a good length of a ship's cable chain is attached to it. This is the bell of the lost *Lutine*, and it is rung—and causes a grave and anxious stillness whenever it is rung—when there is important news to hand concerning some ship that has been reported overdue, and whose fate, of course, is a matter of great concern to the underwriters of this famous exchange.

The *Lutine* was a sloop-of-war carrying thirty-two guns, and she came by her sudden and unhappy end in October of 1797. Just after midnight on the 9th, when running under a press of sail, she struck on the outer bank of the island of Vlieland. She sank at once, and all on board her perished except two men who managed to cling to floating spars and were ultimately picked up by a Dutch cutter. One of these, however, died immediately, and the other survived but a very short while. In the following year some fifty-five thousand pounds worth of treasure was fished up from the wreck, and since then a large number of attempts at salvage have been made, for the treasure that has been recovered is small in comparison with that which has not. In 1886 some three thousand coins, two cannon, three watches, and various other articles were obtained from the wreck.

Comparatively recently another and more determined attempt at salvage was decided upon. It was ascertained that the wreck is now so deeply buried in sand and mud that special means would have to be adopted if any good results were to attend the work; and accordingly an oval steel tube was made, nearly a hundred feet long and wide enough to allow a man to walk erect down the centre. There was a metal chamber provided with windows and doors at one end, and at the other there was a medley of giant hooks and tackle of various kinds. One end of the tube was to be clamped to the side of a steamship or barge, and the other, by means of water-ballast tanks, was to be sunk until it touched the bottom. Then, by using compressed air, all the water would be forced from the tube and also from the chamber at the bottom of it, which would be flush on the bed of the sea. Divers would walk down the stairway in the centre of the tube until they reached the submerged chamber, where they would assume their diving-costumes, and then, opening a series of watertight doors, would step straight out into the water. Engineers would be stationed in the chamber; and, following the instructions of the divers, who would communicate with them by means of portable telephones, they would operate the mechanism of two powerful suction-pumps or dredgers fitted to the sides of the tube. The idea was entertained that these dredgers would suck away the sand around the sides of the heavy chamber until it would gradually sink by its own weight right down on to the deck of the wrecked ship. The divers would

then make their way from the chamber to the deck of the ship, and from there to the hold; after which success nothing would be simpler than to convey the treasure of the *Lutine* to the ship above by easy and comfortable stages with something of the regularity and method of unloading a big cargo-boat in the East India Docks. Such is one of the most ingenious and best-organised schemes for the recovery of treasure ever planned, and in good season it will be carried to execution.

And then there is Tobermory. All have heard of the treasure that lies at the bottom of the sea at the north-west corner of Mull, one of the fairest parts of the western coast of Scotland. There is some substantial fact and much fiction in the stories that have been told about the treasure-ship of the Spanish Armada that was sunk in this place, and both are attractive. It is only comparatively recently that we learned from the Spanish Admiralty the proper name and particulars of the ship that was blown up and sunk at Tobermory. She was the *Duque di Florenzia* (Duke of Florence), and was one of the largest and best-equipped vessels in the whole Armada, being the senior ship of the Tuscan squadron. She was of nine hundred and forty-one tons burden, built of African oak, was armed with fifty-two guns of various calibre, manned by three hundred and eighty-six sailors and one hundred marines, and was commanded by Captain Pereira. She was a treasure-ship, and carried bullion to very high value; but it begins to appear unlikely that she had on board the thirty million pieces, equal to three million pounds sterling in British money, with which she has generally been credited. Some have lately been arguing that she was not a treasure-ship at all, that there has been some confusion in names, and that that of the Tobermory ship is really *San Juan Bautista*.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century many attempts at salvage were made, and a few guns and coins were brought up; while it is said that in 1688 a Swedish engineer, bringing a diving-bell to his assistance, did actually recover a great deal of treasure. Some fifty or more years afterwards the diving-bell was employed again, and a very magnificent gun, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, was recovered, with other things more or less valuable. This and others are now at Inveraray. In the last few years some very thoroughly organised efforts have been made to recover the treasure, all the most up-to-date mechanical and electrical salvage appliances—submarine tubes, diving-bells, dredging apparatus, and all the rest—having been brought to the assistance of the searchers. The first of these thorough efforts was carried out by Captain Burns, of Glasgow; but though many things were brought up from the wreck—which is really still there—the treasure in bulk was not gained. Sceptics began to say that the hunters

of the seventeenth century must have got most of it, but others are more sanguine. During the summer of 1910 eight acres of the mud at the bottom of the sea were probed in the search for the chests of gold; and, though they were not found, it is said that the sensitive electrical apparatus which was employed indicated that masses of gold and silver were still hidden beneath the waters. Later endeavours have not disclosed the treasure.

All this was treasure that went to its hiding-place in the time of Elizabeth; and, if that seems far enough back, what of the treasure that was lost (and, as some say, may still be recovered) in the last days of King John at the beginning of the thirteenth century? At the extremity of his career and his long-drawn-out conflict with the barons, John, with his army and wagons—these latter laden with the plunder of half a kingdom and the costly treasure of a king—was making his way northward through Lincolnshire; and, coming to Cross Keys, which was then on the border of the Wash, he attempted to cross the sands to the other side, but was caught by the tide, and horses, wagons, and baggage were swallowed up by the quicksands. The king, in the rear, saw it happen from the Lincolnshire coast, and it is said that he himself had a narrow escape that day.

Now it is quite certain that there went down at this time not only vast treasure in coin, but the most glorious riches in the way of the spoils that John had gathered from the churches and abbeys he had looted everywhere. There were the riches of Croyland Abbey among them; and, valuable as these things were at that time—as John knew so well—how much more so, magnificent relics of the thirteenth century, would they be to-day! What a scene of strife and excitement would there be at Christie's auction-rooms could but one of them be put up for sale there in these times! And it is considered probable, also, that some pieces of the ancient regalia of England were lost with all the rest.

Now, salvage of all this, if it were still in the quicksands of the Wash, would seem but a poor thought; but the truth is that what was the Wash in those days is now good, solid Lincolnshire, all that part having long since been reclaimed by diking and draining. The line of the old passage from Cross Keys to Long Sutton is now as firm as a street in London or Edinburgh, and the treasure is in the ground below. It is said that the king's wagon-train stretched at least two miles; and it has been suggested that if a trench some ten yards deep were cut transversely across this line it must surely be struck.

There, then, is a great treasure waiting for recovery; and in this case there is no diving under water to be done, but simply digging in the light of day. Railway trains constantly

run across from Cross Keys to Long Sutton on the exact route that John's baggage-train took; but how many of the passengers know or think of that awful tragedy of history that took place there, the evidence of which is surely in the ground below them?

There is plenty more treasure besides all this. There is much of it in South Africa. Lobengula's millions! That is how they speak of the treasure which was hidden and buried by the famous king of the Matabele. There were only five men who knew where the treasure was deposited, and of those five there is only one still living, this being John Jacobs, a native minister who was at one time private secretary to the king. This man says that the treasure consists of two million eight hundred thousand pounds in gold coin, thirty-six bars of raw gold, ten wagon-loads of ivory, and four hundred diamonds. Some two or three years ago Jacobs was taken with an expedition that set out in search of the place, and trekked along the Zambesi to Sesheke, and then to Lealui, the capital of the King of Barotseland, meeting with much hardship and adventure all the way. From there they tried to get to the head of the Kori River, which was understood to be the wanted place; but they were misdirected by natives, and, getting a long way out of their course and suffering from lack of food and desertions, had to give up and turn back.

Then there are also 'Kruger's millions,' which are understood to be lying at the bottom of the sea in the wreck of a ship called the *Dorothea* off Cape Vidal. People whose authority in the matter has to be respected, however, declare that though the gold is there it was never Kruger's, and that indeed he knew nothing of its being on this ship. The alternative and probably true story is that certain officials connected with the Government of the Transvaal, seeing the way in which things were going shortly before the outbreak of the war, issued authority to several individuals permitting them to engage in illicit gold-buying. Having authority to buy gold from mine-managers at their own price with a view to getting it out of the country, they looked to make a good profit on it between the purchase-price and what they would get for it in Europe. It is confidently believed that as the result of this arrangement four hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth of gold in bars was placed on the sailing-ship *Ernestine* at Delagoa Bay, the name of the ship being then changed to *Dorothea*. This vessel had been condemned as unseaworthy on account of some acid having been spilt in her lower hold; but she was put to rights, and the

twelve big boxes of gold bars were placed in the hold abaft the foremast, cemented over, and two hundred tons of sand-ballast were tumbled into the ship on top of them.

Then the *Dorothea* set sail, and it was given out that she was bound for Monte Video—which, of course, she was not; and a few days afterwards she was wrecked. It is believed that, despite the failure of some very thorough expeditions, this treasure will yet be secured; and it is said that, on one of the earliest expeditions that set out in quest of it, a diver named Kramer brought up from the wreck three pieces of cement which plainly showed the impression of the cases, and also about one and a quarter ounces of gold from a bar which was protruding.

Captain Gardiner, who has been commanding the exploring-ship *Alfred Nobel*, and making a great speciality of hunting for sunken treasure—being certain, as he says, that 'there is money in this class of adventure'—has expressed himself with much confidence about getting the gold out of the wrecked *Dorothea*; and he reminds us also of more treasure of the deep—that which is in the wreck of H.M.S. *Grosvener*, a transport which was lost coming home from India at the time of the Mutiny. She had on board a cargo, including precious stones, gold and silver bars, and tin, valued at more than one million seven hundred thousand pounds. The wreck took place off the Pondoland coast in from five and a half to six fathoms of water, and is completely covered with sand. Recently it was announced that a salvage company was making preparations to recover treasure to the value of more than four million pounds sterling in sunken ships which are not only known to exist but have been located, and with this scheme Captain Gardiner is associated. 'After exhaustive search in the archives of Cape Colony,' he said, 'I selected one hundred and thirty-seven of the more valuable and accessible wrecks, and during the last seven years, at an expenditure of more than four thousand pounds, have succeeded in discovering no fewer than thirty-two of them.'

And beyond all this there is much more buried and sunken treasure—far more. There is, for instance, the famous treasure of Cuzco, the story of which was given last year in an article in these pages entitled 'The Lost Treasure of the Incas.' Then there is Lake Guatavita, into which during unknown ages offerings were cast by the Indians, among whom gold abounded. And so on, if one chose, and had the space for the telling of many other examples of mineral riches taken from the earth, and held, and then let slip again by intention or not, and so lost; but some of them may yet be found at last.



THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN INGENUOUS FREEZING-MACHINE.

ONE of the most noticeable features of contemporary inventive ingenuity is the search for a small, compact, and efficient machine for the production of ice-cream in the home. This delectable dainty would be consumed more extensively if its preparation were not so expensive and arduous, requiring several pounds of ice and thirty minutes or more of hard drudgery. Recently a machine has been placed on the market which eliminates these drawbacks, and enables ice-cream to be made on the spot with marvellous facility and expedition. The freezer comprises a metal drum revolving in a neatly constructed wooden box. The interior of the box is provided with a porcelain container to hold the mixture to be frozen. The drum is the receptacle for the ice and salt, or a chemical freezing-mixture which can be used effectively when ice is unobtainable. By means of a stopper access is obtained to the interior of the drum, into which the freezing-mixture is emptied through a small metal funnel. The aperture is then closed by means of the stopper, and the freezer is ready for action. About a quart of cream mixture is poured into the receptacle, and the lid of the box closed for thirty seconds. After this interval a film of frozen cream is formed on the face of the drum. The handle is turned slowly, and as the drum revolves on its pivot the frozen cream is cut off by a conveniently placed scraper in such a manner that a continuous flow of ice-cream is projected from the machine. After the first thirty seconds the flow becomes continuous, and it is only necessary to pour fresh mixture into the box according to the quantity of the product required, or until the freezing-charge is exhausted, when of course the drum can be recharged in a minute or two. Four pounds of ice will last nearly an hour, and during that time a steady stream of ice-cream issues from the machine. There is little or no friction, as the drum is delicately pivoted and revolves in a liquid body formed by the milk and cream mixture to be converted into ice-cream; consequently the effort of turning the handle is so very slight that it can be effected by one finger. Under these conditions ice-cream making, instead of being a laborious and disagreeable task, becomes a congenial one, capable of performance by a lady or a child. When it is required to charge the machine some time before using the ice-cream, as in the case of a picnic or a boating-party, the drum may be filled with ice before starting, and the salt added at the last moment, the ice being thus preserved for some hours before being actually called upon for service. Only four pounds of ice are required for a full charge, while half that quantity suffices to make from one to two quarts

of ice-cream. Of the many domestic ice-cream machines which have been devised during the past few years, most of which are of American origin, this British apparatus certainly represents the greatest advance, enabling every home to enjoy a favourite luxury at an infinitesimal cost.

THE SAFE WINDOW-CATCH.

Recently the problem of locking the window and door safely has been frequently under discussion. The ordinary type of window-catch is an obsolete device offering no security whatever, seeing that it can be opened from the outside by means of a knife, while in very stormy weather it does not prevent disconcerting rattling. It is somewhat surprising that the rack-bolt has not been more widely adopted, as it cannot possibly be moved from the outside, for the knob cannot be displaced without smashing the glass—a method too risky for the predatory inclined. The device is very simple both in design and operation, and there is nothing to get out of order. A small plate carrying a knob makes a half-turn, and the lower side of this knob, which enters into the wood, is provided with teeth. The bolt itself is mortised into the sash, and at the inner end is toothed to mesh with the teeth on the knob, so that it moves to and fro with a half-turn of the knob. Thus the window is held very tightly, and no manipulation with a knife-blade can move it; it also prevents the window from rattling, and holds it up when improperly balanced by the sash-weight or when opened for ventilation. It is a very neat attachment, occupying no more space than the ordinary sash-fastener, and is applicable to all types of windows with equal facility. Moreover it is more secure as a door-fastener than the ordinary bolt, for, the latter being screwed to the face of the wood, the door can be forced open by starting the screws under leverage; but the rack-bolt, being mortised into the door-stile, cannot be burst in this way. This type of bolt has been adopted extensively by white occupants in foreign countries, and has proved its efficiency. Very conclusively, so that it is somewhat surprising that old-fashioned methods still prevail at home.

AN ELECTRIC WAITER.

A device which should receive widespread attention, and save time, trouble, and dissatisfaction, has been perfected by a New Zealand inventor. This is an electric waiter for hotels and restaurants, the object being to eliminate delay and to bring the customer into direct communication with the kitchen, instead of his having to transmit his order through the waiter in the usual manner. On the table is the menu mounted in a wooden frame, and opposite each item of the bill of fare is an electric button. The customer

selects his requirements, and then depresses the buttons indicating the dishes he chooses. In the kitchen is the indicator, or recorder, where the number of the table and the articles ordered are recorded. When the order is completed a bell is rung automatically to draw the attention of the *chef* and his assistants. The kitchen machine also issues a duplicate of the order, as well as the customer's table number, together with the amount which the waiter has to collect. Thus it is impossible for an error to arise, as the printed check offers irrefutable testimony that the customer has received what he ordered. Further, the bill cannot be tampered with, as the kitchen machine retains a counterfoil of the check upon an endless tape, and this record is compared with the waiter's checks at the end of the day. Thus complete control is maintained both upon the money received and the goods sent to the dining-room; better service is also secured, as the system is proof against mistakes. And the waiter cannot be blamed, as is now the case, for misunderstanding the order. Moreover, there is a considerable saving of time, delays during the busiest hours of a restaurant being considerable even with almost perfect human service. The writer is informed that the invention has been adopted in New Zealand restaurants, and has apparently given complete satisfaction.

A SEALING-WAX HEATER.

In commercial houses where sealing-wax has to be employed extensively for packing purposes, the arrangements for the handling of the wax are generally very primitive, and the risk of fire from the upsetting of the contents, or ignition of the wax or of articles coming into contact with the flame, is by no means to be despised. A British firm has introduced a heater wherein the wax is melted by electricity. The cone-shaped receptacle is mounted upon a vertical support attached to a base-plate. The vessel may be adjusted to any desired height, while by means of a trigger the supply of wax can be controlled to a nicety. The apparatus is compact and strongly made, the heater being of polished copper, with brass fittings. An ordinary plug and length of flex connected to a lamp-holder or wall-plug of the lighting circuit is all that is required to bring the device into action. Being light and portable, the heater may be moved from point to point as desired.

THE RADIO-ACTIVITY OF THE BATH WATERS.

Taking the waters at Bath has assumed a new and far-reaching significance since the radio-active qualities of the waters were discovered. Recently there was a meeting of doctors in the city, and the properties of the waters were discussed at length. According to Sir William Ramsay, the gases escaping from the waters are now bottled up under pressure in steel cylinders, as with oxygen, and are used for spraying treat-

ment. According to this distinguished scientist, the waters may be taken by one of three methods. If taken inwardly the doses should be small and frequent. So far as the baths are concerned, in order to secure the full effects the patient should be made negative, as by this means the particles given off by the radium may be absorbed through the skin. If spraying or breathing treatment is adopted the patient likewise should be rendered negative, so that the radium particles may be decomposed. By either of these methods the full curative benefits accruing from the treatment may be obtained.

ELECTRIC FARMING.

Scarcely has the petrol-motor established itself upon the farm for the completion of any and every operation wherein power is possible than it is threatened by a formidable rival—electricity. In Victoria, Australia, a complete installation has been laid down for carrying out every possible undertaking of mechanical operation by electricity over an area of twenty-five hundred acres. Electrically driven pumps keep the irrigation ditches charged with water; while ploughing, harrowing, drilling, sowing, and reaping are all carried out by the one agency. Accumulator-driven locomotives have been acquired for the haulage of the crops from the fields to the main yard, whence they are despatched to market or stacked. In the United States electric farming is making great strides, as it is conceded to be more economical than, and superior to, the use of the petrol-motor. A vigorous educational campaign also has been waged in Ontario with the object of convincing the farmers of the advantages and possibilities of this method of conducting agricultural operations. Two portable threshing-outfits were taken on tour, and on the various farms corn-cutting, threshing, and other work were completed by electricity side by side with the methods in vogue, so that reliable comparative data concerning cost, time, and simplicity of control were afforded. Similar methods have been brought into operation both in these islands and in Germany; although so far as this country is concerned the applications are neither large nor comprehensive, inasmuch as electricity has not yet achieved such a vogue as in other countries. The dearth of manual labour for agricultural pursuits will cause vast developments in electrical operation, as it offers the farmer a means of easing and cheapening, as well as expediting, his work.

A TELEPHONE TIME-SAVER.

Inventions in connection with the telephone appear to be endless. While many so-called improvements fail to justify their claims, here and there is a device which certainly constitutes a time-saver. The amount of time lost during the day in an office where the telephone is in extensive use by 'holding-on a minute' is con-

siderable. The latest device has been contrived to eliminate this exasperating incident in telephonic communication. There is a sound-magnifying trumpet of flat shape, behind which is a small attachment intended to support the telephone receiver. When it becomes necessary to hold the line, either when calling up or replying, instead of the person standing with the receiver glued to his ear, he places the receiver upon the time-saver, bringing the earpiece into position with the sound-magnifier. He is then at liberty to resume his duties until such time as the person required at the opposite end attends his instrument. This is notified by the speech transmitted being magnified by the time-saving device, so as to be perfectly audible at a distance. The receiver may then either be withdrawn and held to the ear in the usual way, or left in connection with the magnifier, hearing being quite as simple and easy as under normal conditions. Another advantage of the invention is that the user's two hands are left free to carry out any other requisite task, such as the turning up of documents, making references, writing down messages or instructions from dictation, and so on.

WATER-TURBINE PLANT.

All over the world the question of turning water-power to commercial advantage is occupying the attention of engineers. In such countries as Sweden, Italy, and Switzerland, where fuels are a negligible quantity, the profitable exploitation of what the French term *l'huile blanche* is exercising a far-reaching effect upon economics and commerce. The importance of the subject may be realised more convincingly, perhaps, from the fact that nearly every nation is appointing hydro-electro commissions to investigate and conserve its water-power resources. This development has imparted a striking impetus to the water-turbine manufacturing industry. Already many huge plants have been laid down, the most important and best known probably being those at Niagara and in Sweden. The subject is of fascinating interest to engineers; but unfortunately, the industry being in its infancy, text-books bearing on the matter are few in number, expensive, and for the most part unsuited to work on the spot. For this reason *Water-Turbine Plant*, by Jens Orten-Böving, M.I.M.E. (Raithby, Lawrence, & Co., Ltd., Strand, W.C.), the eminent engineer in this particular branch, is peculiarly useful. The man in the field will find it an indispensable adjunct to his kit, inasmuch as it is highly practical, giving just that information of a mechanical character which is required to assist in the determination of the best type of plant, and how it can be laid down in the most efficient and economical manner. It is not an elaborate theoretical and mathematical treatise upon the turbine, but it discusses sufficiently the salient

features of the machine, both reaction and impulse, and the innumerable accessories requisite for a complete plant. It contains just that essential material, formulae, and theory necessary to facilitate the decision as to the best type of plant. The reference tables will be found invaluable, since they bear on every aspect of the problem; while pipe-lines and their lay-out are adequately discussed. The volume is elaborately illustrated, embracing every detail connected with the mechanical element of the subject, and containing also illustrations of many of the largest plants which have been laid down, and in which the Orten-Böving products have played very conspicuous and successful parts.

A NEW VARIABLE SPEED-GEAR.

An invention of which great hopes are entertained has been perfected by two young mechanical engineers of Gisborne, New Zealand. This is a variable speed-gear designed for application to all classes of machinery, so as to secure greater flexibility. It is as applicable to reverse as to forward running. The inventors some time ago devised a similar variable gear for cycles, the success of which, upon its commercial exploitation, prompted a continuance of their studies and experiments with a view to the solution of the bigger problem. The simplicity of the idea is its outstanding feature, together with its wide range of application. It is entirely free from complication, and this fact renders possible substantial construction of the component parts, so that liability to failure is reduced very materially. At the moment its application is being restricted to automobiles, to supersede the present unsatisfactory gear-changing system and box. It is positive in its action, and instantaneous reversal is possible. Subsequently the invention will be applied to lathes, looms, stationary machinery, and the Diesel oil-engine, which at the moment is in urgent need of a reliable, efficient, smooth-working, and simple gear. The full particulars concerning the invention have not yet been disclosed, although arrangements have been completed for its commercial development on a comprehensive scale.

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.

The study of the habits of wild animals in captivity and in their native haunts has been pursued with considerable success by some modern naturalists and by not a few amateurs; and many of such students and observers have had the gift of writing intelligently and attractively about them. This close personal study of wild animals has led to innumerable books, in which habits and life-histories are narrated. To name only a few observers who have written incidentally or wholly about animals, we have had H. Fabre, H. C. McCook, Richard Jefferies, J. A. Owen, Richard Kearton, Ernest Thompson Seton

(Seton-Thompson), C. G. D. Roberts, and Jack London. These men, and many others, have with infinite trouble and patience extended our knowledge of the animals in the world around us. To see wild animals in captivity is better than never to see them at all; although if they had their freedom the tables would be swiftly turned on the student, as liberty for them would mean an empty zoo for the promoters. The majority of people, including the young folks, can see wild animals only in captivity; hence the interest of zoological gardens. There are eight zoological gardens in England, including the famous one in Regent's Park, London, which is to be rendered still more attractive by the Mappin bequest. Germany has twenty collections of animals, the most famous being that of C. Hagenbeck at Stellingen, near Hamburg, the chief feature of which is a panorama from the central point of which large numbers of wild animals are visible without intervening bars, with a background of artificial rock-work. A zoological garden is in process of formation at Edinburgh, on a fine site on the south slope of Corstorphine Hill. The London society has promised to lend a number of animals on its inauguration, and two lion cubs will be presented from the Dublin Zoo. The number of gardens in North America is fifty-seven, including the famous Bronx Park, New York (the richest and most enterprising in the world), that at Washington, and Lincoln Park, Chicago. The Government garden in Calcutta is the most famous and best equipped in India. The Government zoological garden at Giza, Cairo, is world-famous. The director, Captain S. S. Flower, has compiled a list of zoological gardens of the world—private, municipal, and national—and the number this year amounted to one hundred and sixty-eight.

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA BY RAIL.

Since the opening of the tunnel through the Andes on 4th April 1910, and the linking up of the Argentine and Chilean railway systems, it has been possible to cross South America, from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso, in a day and a half, at a cost of slightly over twelve pounds for first-class fare, with bed, and eight pounds for second class. This compares favourably with the long and often stormy passage by steamer round Cape Horn. From Valparaiso it may in the future be possible to get a quick route to Australia and New Zealand. On the level and fertile plains of the province of Buenos Aires the line has an absolutely straight run of one hundred and seventy-five miles between Vedia and Mackenna. There is a gradual rise to the Cordillera, the land being fertile, and watered by mountain streams. Around Mendoza the land is under vines, and from this district and that of San Juan some eight hundred thousand barrels of wine are annually produced. Phthisis is practically

unknown in this healthy and bracing region. On leaving Mendoza the line at first passes over cultivated ground, and at Cachenta, six hundred and seventy-four miles from Buenos Aires, reaches a point four thousand and eighty-five feet above sea-level. Close to this station are valuable thermal and sulphur springs. Inca station, ninety miles from Mendoza, and eight thousand nine hundred and twenty-four feet above sea-level, has also valuable hot mineral waters, containing salts of iron, sulphur, and chloride of soda, which are coming into favour. Near Inca is the famous natural rock bridge over the river Cuevas. After leaving Puente del Inca, Aconcagua is seen, rising twenty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-three feet above sea-level. What is known as the Christ of the Andes is a statue erected in 1904 on the borders of Chile and Argentina to commemorate the peace established between the two countries. The Transandine tunnel, which takes about ten minutes to negotiate, is one mile one thousand seven hundred and four yards long, of which over a mile is in Argentine territory. Fine views are obtained as the train descends the Chilean side, and Valparaiso is reached through changing scenery, the valleys and mountains being luxuriant by reason of the moist winds from the Pacific. More than half of a new trans-continental line has been completed, which will extend across south Argentina from Port San Antonio to Puerto Montt in Chile.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

TO AN ALMOND-TREE ON THE JANICULUM.

I SAW an almond-tree to-day,
A blaze of flowers against the blue
Of infinite infinity,
In places where the sky looked through
Its branches. Such a lovely thing!
I felt as if I ought to sing.

I felt as if I ought to sing,
Yet seemed it any song of mine
Might here profane some sacred thing—
Some half-seen element divine
That to those boughs like incense clung,
As if I sang where God had sung.

I. W. H.

ROME, 1912.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE VINDICATION OF PATON.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE court was empty; shadows filled the courtroom and the corridors; the long train of witnesses had left. The Judge retired to unrobe.

Among the shadows there stood two men. They were both young, but on the face of one were graven the lines which tell of trouble; dark rings marked his eyes, and darker lights shone in them. He was as a man who had plumbed the depths, and returned seared.

Holding out his hand, he said, 'I had better be going back. I must thank you, Mainwaring, for what you did to-day. But for your defence I should by now have been condemned to death'—he shuddered—'condemned for a crime I never committed. You believe in my innocence, don't you?'

The grip on his hand tightened. 'Believe in it as thoroughly as I do in my own, or I could never have saved you. I know you are innocent.'

'Thank you!' The man smiled wanly. 'I may as well say good-bye. We may not meet again for several years.'

'Where are you going?'

'God knows—somewhere where I can make a fresh start, where my name won't stink so much as it does here. Heavens, man! nearly everybody looks upon me as guilty. I heard it in the court to-day. Your name is made, because of your speech on my behalf. They didn't say so in as many words, but they implied it—I am guilty.'

'Nonsense!' A softness crept into Mainwaring's tones as he tried to hide the truth from him, to deny it, so that he might not suffer.

'And I shall be guilty in the eyes of the world until I have proved my innocence.' He let fall Mainwaring's hand, and, as if his last remark had clinched the matter, turned sharply on his heel.

Mainwaring, one of the youngest barristers at the Bar, was an able advocate; he was also a good judge of mankind, and he felt the truth of his friend's words. 'Poor Paton! Poor devil!' he ejaculated.

Once outside the court, Paton hailed a passing taxi. Though no one looked at him, he felt that the eyes of every passer-by were upon him,

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singling him out as the man who had escaped just punishment for a crime he had committed. He directed the man to drive to a restaurant near Victoria Station, one where he would be least likely to meet any of his acquaintances.

Half-an-hour later he sat toying with food on his plate, and reviewing the past month of his life. It was a month which had been to him a foretaste of hell, a month which had left its mark upon his soul as indelibly as it had upon his face. For four weary weeks he had fought the badgering of a counsel who had tried to prove him the perpetrator of a murder of which the world already counted him guilty—a crime against the very nature of which his whole soul revolted. Five weeks before, his uncle, a man of wealth, had been found murdered within an hour of Paton having been in the house. There were clues which pointed as clearly to his guilt, as there were others which denoted his innocence. Now he stood free, a rich man with the money his uncle had left to him, but with the mark of Cain upon his brow.

He rose, paid his bill, and left the restaurant. For a moment he stood on the pavement irresolute. Acting on a sudden impulse, he set out briskly to walk to his lodgings at the other side of the West End.

Jealousy, discontent, surged through his soul as he passed the jostling crowds coming out of the theatres. Even the chorus of cab-whistles beat mockingly upon his distorted brain.

It was long past midnight when he reached the square in Kensington where he lived.

At the sound of his key in the latch, his landlady and her husband came to the door to meet him.

'We thought you'd come back to-night, sir,' she said, 'so we got some supper ready for you.'

'Thank you,' said Paton dully; 'but I have just had some—at least an hour ago.'

'And, sir'—the woman hesitated—'we wish to congratulate you. There could only have been one end. Innocence always proves itself.'

'Thank you,' said Paton; 'it's very good of you!' He walked to the foot of the stairs as listlessly as he had spoken. There he paused for a second. 'You might have my bill ready in

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the morning. I shall be leaving London by an early train.'

His landlady watched him walk slowly up the stairs like one who is very weary or very old, and there was sorrow on her face. It was not all self-interest, though Mr Paton was a good lodger. Five years had proved his worth to her.

'It's a cruel shame!' she said to her husband.

He nodded and sucked at an empty pipe. 'And the rooms will be empty at the worst time of the year,' he responded.

CHAPTER II.

COLONEL LAVENON was a good soldier, he had served his country well, but he was a hard man. On the morning after Paton's acquittal he read a full account of the trial in the papers. He also read between the lines much that was not actually in print. His face grew hard as he progressed. He laid down the paper and walked across the room to his desk. There he commenced a letter to Paton. It was not an easy task to write it.

The colonel was still writing when a servant tapped at the door, then entered. 'Mr Paton would like to see you, sir,' she said.

'Ah!' The colonel did not know whether to feel relieved or sorry. 'You can show him in,' he said. Then he slowly tore up into small fragments what he had written, and, rising as Paton entered, gravely motioned him to a seat.

Paton was not surprised; knowing the man, he expected little else. Then his eyes fell upon the morning paper. 'You have heard the news?' he said. 'If not, my presence here is sufficient to tell you.'

'Yes, I have heard.' The colonel paused, choosing his words. 'And what are you going to do now? Of course your engagement to Kitty must end.'

Paton winced. Although he was not surprised, the words hurt him. They implied so much. 'I have come down to see Kitty, and to say good-bye; at least until I have proved my innocence.'

'Until then there must be nothing between you, for the sake of my child and her good name.'

Probably unaware that he was giving pain, for he was a narrow-minded man, Colonel Lavenon acted according to his lights.

Paton looked at him. For a moment a gleam of anger showed itself in his eyes. 'I quite understand,' he said; 'you look upon me as guilty.'

Since he could not deny the words, Colonel Lavenon sought refuge in silence, and it hurt the younger man.

'At any rate, you will allow me to see Kitty?'

'Certainly, for a short while.' Colonel

Lavenon walked to the door. 'I will tell her you are here.'

A few minutes later she entered—a tall, fair girl, pretty, with that fresh, pure prettiness which can belong only to the English girl. She advanced with hands outstretched, her eyes shining. 'Dick!' she said. All the love she bore him, all the suffering she had endured in the past month, were summed up in that one word. 'Dick!' she said again. Then she saw the look on his face, and her hands fell to her side. 'What is the matter?' she said. 'Surely it is all over now?'

Paton steeled himself for the part he had to play. Far harder he found it than the month when, hour after hour, he had fought for his life and honour. His voice was hard. 'I have just seen your father, and he has told me our engagement must be at an end.'

The girl averted the colour left her face. Then, woman-like, she saw that it was none of her lover's choosing. She laughed, and held up her hand. The ring he had given her gleamed on her third finger. 'You do not wish to break it off?' she said.

'I can do nothing else,' he replied. 'In the eyes of the world I am a murderer. I cannot ask you to link your life to mine, to have the world scorn you as the wife of the man you have chosen.'

She laughed, and there was a world of gladness in it. Love is all to a true woman—nothing else matters. 'That will make no difference. You love me?'

Paton took a step forward, then as suddenly stopped.

'Then I shall wear this ring until you ask me to come to you.' She placed her arms round his neck. 'I am yours, I could be no one else's, and I shall wait until my hair is gray if need be.'

He bent down and kissed her passionately. 'God bless you, dear!' he said. Then, side by side on a couch, they sat and talked of the past, and all it held that was so dear to them, and of the future with its uncertainty.

At last he rose. 'I must go now,' he said. 'Who knows when we shall meet again?'

Though there were tears in her eyes, happiness shone through them. 'You will find me waiting.' Then a happy thought struck her, one in keeping with her character. 'To-day is June 17th. Each June 17th you shall hear from me, just a line to let you know I still care. You will let me have your address?'

'Send it to Brentwaite,' he replied. 'He will know where I am. I shall always write to him.' Then he bent down and kissed her.

She clung to him, and at last he disengaged her from his arms. She heard the door close, and watched him walk down the path. 'God bless you, dear,' she said; 'and may He grant it will not be long before we meet again!'

Six hours later Paton sat in the room of the man he considered his one friend. Closer ties bound them than those which generally bind man to man.

Brentwaite listened to his story in silence. 'Yes,' he said, 'perhaps it is the wisest plan. I should do the same myself. Where are you going?'

'To Egypt. An old friend of the pater lives there. I dare say he will lend me a helping hand for his sake.'

It was long past midnight before he rose. He stood for a moment leaning against the table. 'And my uncle's money. I would not touch a penny of it—the stain of his blood is upon it so far as I am concerned; but I shall leave it with you. Spend what you like in endeavouring to clear my character. You will leave no stone unturned, promise me!'

Brentwaite gripped the hand held out to him. 'I promise,' he said.

'Thank you!' Paton let his hand drop. The next moment he had left the room.

Three weeks later he stood in the dining-room of Mr Theodore Bellamore's house at Alexandria. Mr Bellamore was a bachelor; a busy life had left him no time for matrimony. He was a short, stout little man, with a bronzed complexion and a pair of twinkling gray eyes which surveyed the world behind a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses. In order to contradict their mildness and give to his face an assumption of sternness, he wore his moustache turned up fiercely at the ends. The result pleased him, though it did not perhaps create exactly the impression he desired.

'And so you are Dick Paton, Henry Paton's son!' He shook the young fellow's hand. 'You were in long clothes the last time I saw you. Since then much has happened, eh?'

'Much!' assented Paton.

Bellamore gently pushed the young fellow into a chair. It was five o'clock, and the sun had begun to lose its overpowering heat. 'You've come over here to make your fortune?'

'Not exactly.' Paton looked at his host, wondering how much he could say. He read sympathy in the other's face, and unburdened his soul, unburdened it as he had done to no other man. It took a long time, and Mr Bellamore listened in silence.

'Poor boy!' he said when Paton had finished.

'Yes, I read all about it. I always have the London papers; keeps me in touch with the old country.' His thoughts were working quickly. 'Colonel Lavenon—I remember him—he was out here five years ago. The sort of thing he would do.' Mr Bellamore rose suddenly. 'Well, you won't find me treating you like that. You'll just take a few days' holiday to pull you round, and then we'll see what we can do. There's room for men with grit out here. If the administration isn't changed shortly there'll be the biggest row Britain has had for a few years. The Mutiny will be child's-play in comparison.'

Mr Bellamore drew out his watch. 'It's seven o'clock. I have dinner in half-an-hour. After, I'll take you to the club and introduce you round. We turn night into day here; it's cooler.' He laughed. 'I'll have a room prepared for you.'

There was a lightness in his step as he walked upstairs to give the order. The sight of Paton brought back old days and the memory of the boy's father. They had been chums until business had placed the miles between them. Even then, until Mr Paton's death, they had corresponded.

Half-an-hour in the rooms of the British Club showed Paton the position that Mr Bellamore occupied in Alexandria.

They were standing talking to a group of Anglo-Egyptians, when a tall, dark Englishman entered the room. He stopped to exchange a few words with Mr Bellamore, then passed on, after casting a quick glance in Paton's direction.

'Do you know him?' asked Mr Bellamore. 'He came out a few weeks ago. He lived in your part of the town, I believe?'

'Yes,' said Paton. His voice had sunk, and he followed the other with his eyes. 'Charles Graham is his name. I met him once or twice.'

'Charles Graham—oh!' Mr Bellamore nodded. 'He's known as Roger Standish out here. Funny sort of fellow, I believe. I don't know much about him myself,' he said. 'I wonder why the dickens,' he said to himself, in the security of his own room a few hours later, 'that fellow should want to come out here under an assumed name. Charles Graham!' He scribbled down the two names on a slip of paper, and locked it away in a drawer of his desk.

(Continued on page 362.)

THE CITIZEN SOLDIER: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By the Rev. C. PARKINSON, M.A., Chaplain to the Territorial Force.

THE Territorial Force, its excellences and its defects—more especially its defects—is a subject which has for some time past attracted a good deal of public attention, and has furnished a considerable amount of copy for the Press.

Nor is the subject an unimportant one, for upon what the Territorial Force is, and upon what it may become, depends to a great extent the question of how much longer military service in this country is to remain a voluntary service,

how long Britons are to decide for themselves whether the British nation shall undergo a soldier's training or not.

Rightly understood, the questions which men are asking regarding the efficiency of the Territorial Force are intimately associated with another question: Is there any possibility that this country may be invaded, either in the near or distant future, by a foreign army? Many people hear such a question asked with a smile of incredulity; that such a thing is possible is to them merely the idea of the foolish man and the alarmist. It is so long since British people have known war, except from the columns of the newspapers, that they cannot conceive the possibility that the day may come when they may see it in their midst, and may themselves be actors amid scenes of horror of which they have only read, and which certainly they do not realise.

Yet, after all, some of the most important events in our history are connected with the invasion of this country. We speak of our 'tight little island,' and feel as if, surrounded as we are by the sea, we were so much safer than those who have merely a land frontier. But the sea has not always availed to guard us from the incursion of a foreign foe. We ourselves, as a nation, are the product of three successful invasions: the Anglo-Saxon, the Danish, the Norman. Again, in 1588 the Spanish Armada was not looked upon as an imaginary peril by our forefathers. In 1805 the projected invasion by Napoleon was not altogether a foolish dream; and in 1859 men once more looked the possibility of a French invasion in the face. In the three cases last named no enemy indeed landed on our shores, but it was no foolish and cowardly panic which stirred the heart of Britain. Rather, it was the realisation of sober and level-headed men that what had not only been possible but had been achieved in the past, might be possible and might be achieved again; and that modern conditions, while in some respects they made such invasion less probable, in other respects made it more possible on the part of a determined and well-prepared foe.

With such a possibility is intimately associated the history of the Volunteer movement. That whole movement in the past, and its development in the present and in the future, is bound up with the belief that the invasion of this country is not an idle dream, a childish nightmare, but a dangerous possibility. The motto of our citizen army is 'Defence, not Defiance.' The members of the force cannot be sent overseas except at their own desire. And therefore the men of to-day who deride the possibility of invasion should, to be quite logical, advocate the entire abolition of the force, since its very inception and continued existence is based upon the possibility of invasion. Yet how many of those who regard invasion as a childish fear on the part of a few

alarmists would be prepared calmly to see the abolition of the Territorial Force? Few indeed would be quite so rash as that.

Let us turn first of all to the past, to that period of half-a-century which separates the rise of the Volunteer movement proper from the day when, by the Territorial Act of 1908, the Volunteer Force passed into the Territorial Force, with all its possibilities and all its anxieties.

It was the renewed fear of a French invasion in 1859 which gave birth to the Volunteer movement; and as we look back on those early days, whatever may be our opinion of the efficiency of the force at its inauguration, we can have nothing but admiration for the spirit which animated its members. That spirit was purely and unselfishly patriotic. Strange as it may seem, no monetary assistance, no equipment, were provided by the Government. All had to be found by the Volunteer himself, or was procured by him from his friends.

In 1861 two great reviews took place, in Hyde Park and at Edinburgh, and in these reviews eighty thousand men took part. It was not until considerably later that any part of the burden was borne by the State, but at length uniform and equipment were provided. In 1872 the first great Volunteer Force encamped on Salisbury Plain. In many ways those days were the days of small things. While so little encouragement was given to the Volunteer movement, and while there were so many disadvantages connected with membership of the force, it was perhaps inevitable that great prominence should be given to outward pomp and show, and that the harder and less attractive side of the work should be kept in the background. Largely associated with those days is the thought of the gay scene on the all-important review day, when admiring ladies watched their fathers, husbands, lovers, march in all their pomp and panoply past the inspecting officer to the stirring strains of martial music. And it was no wonder that this, the more showy side of Volunteer service, should be accentuated. Up to a very few years ago the force was not treated seriously by a large section of the public, particularly perhaps by that section which was glad of a plausible reason for excusing themselves from giving their own time and their own money. Criticism and ridicule were poured upon the Volunteer. Many things, no doubt, invited criticism, some things perhaps ridicule; but in reality no one had the right to laugh at or to criticise the Volunteer, except the Volunteer himself. The honour lay with him. In the face of Government neglect, of public indifference, of public ridicule, he showed his patriotism by giving freely of his time and of his money to fit himself, so far as he was allowed to do so, to defend his country in the hour of danger. We think of those days as long past, and things have altered much for the better, both within the force and in

public opinion regarding it, since the South African war of 1899-1902 laid to rest for ever the old taunt that the Volunteer was playing at soldiering; but up to very recent times a large portion of the force were armed with weapons more or less obsolete, weapons with which it would have been sheer madness to attempt to meet an enemy.

Little by little, as we trace the Volunteer from the early days, we find that the force expanded and grew in numbers and in efficiency. Annual camps and annual manoeuvres became a regular event; more and more, as time went on, did the more showy aspect give place to hard and unpicturesque work. All over the country Volunteer battalions and brigades were organised and attached to the regular forces; working hard, giving time and money freely, and not only, be it remembered, preparing for a possible time of national emergency, but helping in no mean way to stir up and to foster that patriotism without which no nation may hope to hold its own in the manifold competition of the world of to-day.

Almost fifty years separate the inception of the Volunteer Force from a year memorable in the annals of voluntary military service in Britain, the year 1908. In that year there came into operation the Act of Parliament which turned the Volunteer into the Territorial. There is no need to enter in detail into the changes which have taken place under that Act. It will suffice to say that its main object was to render the force better organised and more efficient, and to bring it into closer relation to the regular forces of the Crown. We no longer speak of the regular forces and the auxiliary forces as being two entirely different and independent bodies; they are classed together as the Imperial forces.

In part, at any rate, the objects specified above have been attained. There can be no doubt that a great improvement has taken place in recent years in the quality of the citizen soldier. In organisation, in equipment, in efficiency, there is hardly any comparison between the Volunteer of half-a-century ago and the Territorial of to-day. But, after all, the important point is not, how does the citizen soldier compare with his forerunner of a different generation, but how far will he stand comparison with the men whom he may be called upon to meet on the field of battle to-day or to-morrow? To the outsider, the man who has not studied the question, the man who knows little or nothing of the actual facts, it appears to be one very difficult to answer. On the one hand he sees those who speak as if in all respects the Territorial is able to cope with any situation which may arise. He is told that the navy is the important matter, and that no enemy is ever likely to be able to effect a landing on these shores. But, if so, why have a Territorial Force at all? On the other hand are those, and among

them men well qualified to judge, who would have us believe that the whole force is in a state of absolute inefficiency, unable to withstand, even for a day, any foe with whom it may come in conflict. The truth is probably to be found between these two opinions. Perfect the Territorial is not, and cannot be. The very conditions under which he serves forbid it. But neither is he quite useless; and even with his present opportunities of training, inadequate as they are, he would probably give a good account of himself in the day of battle.

But the question of numbers, of opportunity, of efficiency, is an important one; it grows more important every day. It will have to be faced in the near future more seriously than it has been faced in the past and is being faced in the present by those in authority.

Let us look, first of all, at the dangers with which we may easily be confronted. Imagine circumstances—and they are by no means impossible ones—under which this country may be faced with the alternative of war or an ignoble surrender to the threat of war; or with the necessity of helping our friends in the hour of their need, unless we would wish to stand shamed for ever in the eyes of all honourable men. At almost a moment's notice—for war comes suddenly nowadays—we are called upon to land, say, one hundred and fifty thousand men on the mainland of Europe. Our navy may be scattered over the face of the waters in all quarters of the globe, and, however strong as a whole, will certainly not be strong enough to leave an absolutely invulnerable force girdled round our shores, and at the same time ensure without any possibility of interruption the arrival of our food-supplies. Under such circumstances the country will have to depend upon the Territorial Force for immunity from invasion, or at the least for immunity from raids upon our eastern shores. The question for us is, can the Territorial Force, in its present condition, be expected to be equal to the task which will be imposed upon it?

What of its numbers? The necessity of pacifying the opponents of so-called militarism caused the requisite number of men in the force to be fixed at about three hundred thousand, though that number was undoubtedly too small. But we are already short of the number by some fifty thousand men, and the present year will probably witness a further decrease of nearly fifty thousand, owing to the fact that in a very large number of cases the four years' engagement is about to terminate.

What of equipment? Undoubtedly a tremendous advance has been made in this matter in recent years, and more especially in the five years which have elapsed since the inauguration of the Territorial Force; but in a great number of cases the Territorial of the present day is still armed with weapons inferior to those pos-

nessed by the men whom he would be called upon to face.

What of the training? Even allowing for the utmost energy and enthusiasm, is it possible for a minimum number of drills in the year, and fifteen days' (or in many cases only eight days') annual training, to fit men to face an army drilled to a high state of efficiency and trained in arms as regular soldiers? And how obviously futile is the assertion that though the Territorial might not be able to face highly trained soldiers at once, he would be able to do so at the close of six months' continuous training, undergone after the outbreak of hostilities! All history, and notably the events of the last few months, go to show that there would be no six months' grace allowed after the outbreak of war. War, if it comes, will be swift in its beginning, swift in its progress, swift in its end. In whatever state of efficiency or inefficiency the Territorial soldier is found on the outbreak of hostilities, in that state will he be called upon to meet the foe.

What is to be the end? There is no wisdom, but criminal folly, in evading or postponing the consideration of the vital questions which face us to-day. The voluntary system of military service which has been ours so long, and of which we are justly proud, is being weighed in the balance. Will it be found wanting? It is useless to discuss the point as to whether the invasion of this country is probable. *It is at any rate possible*; and therefore to be content with the improbability of its taking place, if indeed we could feel it to be improbable, is to trust not only our national prosperity but our

very existence as an Empire to chance. No wise man, no patriotic Briton, can be content with that. If the men of Britain possess the patriotism and the self-denial to come forward in sufficient numbers; if they can be ensured such adequate training, and that without being penalised in their civil employment, that they shall be able to meet on something like equal terms the armed forces of nations who have compulsory and efficient training; if they are armed with up-to-date weapons; and if they receive from the State and from their fellow-countrymen the consideration to which they are more than fairly entitled, then the voluntary system may survive. But if these things, or some of them, cannot be, then the day must come—and may it come before it is too late—when every able-bodied Briton will be compelled by law to fit himself for what is, after all, one of the most essential and the proudest duties of citizenship—to stand for his country and his home in the hour of danger, and to take his part in ensuring that no foe sets foot on British soil.

The question should be no political one; it should be no question of personal or private self-interest, of individual ease and comfort. It is a national question, a question of national honour, of national prosperity, of national safety. Upon the finding of a right answer to this question may depend the question whether there shall be peace or war, not only for ourselves but for the whole of Europe. Peace, indeed, every right-minded man and woman desires—peace with honour; and we may well remember the old but true adage, '*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*'

ATLANTIC GOLD.

By J. J. BELL, Author of *A Kingdom of Dreams*, *Wee Macgregor*, &c.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT night weariness proved stronger than worry, and Arcus slept sound. He was awakened in the dawn by a report.

'Trying to stop another ship for me!' he thought on collecting his wits, and made hastily to the window.

A big, white steam-yacht was entering the channel between the islands, and as he looked her anchor was let go. Almost simultaneously a boat was lowered, and a couple of rowers took their places. A tall man appeared on deck and descended the accommodation ladder. He got into the boat, which was forthwith headed for the shore.

'A bit sooner than Helmsdale expected!' said Arcus to himself. Debating whether he ought to dress or go back to bed till summoned, he continued to watch. Hubert, he noted, was not in the lookout, and he accordingly assumed that the report had come from the yacht.

Erelong the wall of rock hid the boat from his view, and he had five minutes to speculate on the probable causes of the yacht's early arrival, and also on the probable consequences of the visit for himself.

Then the tall man, who was dark, heavily moustached, and foreign-looking, appeared in the passage, and almost within the moment the watcher heard the house-door open. Whereupon the tall man flung up his hands in a gesture which might have been accompanied by the words '*Tout est perdu.*' His colour was ashen. Helmsdale met him half-way to the house, seized him by the arm, and hurried him thither. From the hall came muffled footfalls. The door of the sitting-room was closed, and presently, like an echo, that of the laboratory.

Arcus proceeded to dress. Ere his attire was complete he heard the reopening of the two doors, and a moment later a knock.

Helmsdale looked in. 'I feared the gun had awakened you,' he said pleasantly, though a trifle breathlessly. 'Well, you see that the *Phyllis* has arrived. Sorry it means that we must lose your company even sooner than we had thought, Arcus. Hubert is preparing breakfast, and the yacht will leave as soon as certain matters on Laskeir and the Other Island are set in order. After all, my niece and I shall be none the worse of a cruise on the *Phyllis*. I woke up this morning with the feeling that Florence was right—that I had been overdoing it. When you have breakfasted I shall be glad of your assistance, if you don't mind doing a little manual labour. Now, you'll excuse me. By the way, did you see my friend arrive from the yacht? Ah, you did! Poor creature! Been horribly seasick! Going back to his berth at once. Must look after him before he goes.' Helmsdale nodded and retired.

Arcus finished his toilet hurriedly. The news seemed too good to be true. He must see Florence speedily.

But when they met there was never a chance of private speech. A glance, a pressure of hands, and Helmsdale joined them. Breakfast over, Florence had packing to do; her uncle urged her to lose no time. To Arcus he said, 'I want you, please, to help Hubert with a boat-load of things that must be left on the Other Island.'

'Certainly,' was the young man's response. He must have patience, he told himself.

Helmsdale's voice was kindly. 'A thousand thanks! Hubert is at the beach. Good-bye, for the present, my dear Arcus. Forgive me for troubling you so much.'

On the Other Island Hubert respectfully took charge. 'If you will be pleased to take the engine and dynamo to pieces, sir—here are tools—I will see to the other things.'

Arcus had never before taken an engine or a dynamo to pieces, but with an 'All right; I'll do my best,' he entered the building, the door of which Hubert was holding open.

'If you require anything, please to call me, sir.' And Hubert, returning to the boat, started a series of burden-bearing trips between it and the dwelling-house.

Arcus wrought diligently, looking up from his task only to take breath or wipe away perspiration. Once or twice he saw Hubert passing, laden with packages and bundles, and, in response to inquiries, called out cheerily that he was getting along first-rate. It was not until after a long and unsuccessful tussle with a badly rusted nut that he deemed assistance necessary. Laying down the wrench, he went to the door.

'Hubert!'

There was no answer.

'Hubert!'

He was making for the dwelling-house, when he noticed that the boat had gone.

Presently he understood.

He was angry—much more angry than alarmed. Erelong he was scrambling up the iron ladders to the plateau. Once he was there, any lingering doubts of his host's intentions vanished.

The yacht was already under way, moving very slowly, to be sure, for Hubert had yet to be taken on board. That was accomplished some three minutes later; after which the *Phyllis* certainly put her best foot foremost.

Meanwhile Arcus could distinguish his late host, who had apparently forgotten all about him. At any rate, the doctor's back was towards the islands he was leaving.

As a matter of fact, Helmsdale had other business on hand just then. Having conducted his niece to her state-room, suggesting that she might be making her belongings ship-shape until Mr Arcus should come on board, he was now on the bridge-deck facing a smartly dressed officer whom he had caused to be summoned to his presence.

'Bunkers full, Harvey?'

'Well, no, sir; not quite full,' the man replied uneasily.

Helmsdale's face hardened slightly. 'You had your orders, Harvey. You know my rule. How full are the bunkers, then?'

'About—there was a strike on at' —

'Never mind that. The bunkers—answer!'

'About two-thirds.'

Helmsdale's brown fist took the man between the eyes; felled him. 'Curse you for a blundering fool!' Next moment he was kneeling beside his victim. 'But I doubt you've ended me, Harvey,' he whispered sadly.

A tremendous concussion smote the nerves of Arcus. For a moment he tottered where he stood. Then his gaze leapt from the yacht to his recent home.

A cloud of dense yellow smoke full of hurtling fragments—a crash and a silence—a darkness and a twinkling of fires—then spouts of flame and gusts of steam.

Dr Helmsdale, it appeared, was not coming back to Laskeir.

Arcus sat down weakly. By turns he watched the fleeing yacht and the oily conflagration of a house most hospitable. And long after the yacht had gone down, as it seemed, in the far south-west, and the house was a heap of smouldering ruins, he remained, groaning in spirit over his present impotence, his past simplicity that had allowed him to be so easily hoodwinked. Once he asked himself the question, why had not he suspected Helmsdale from the first? And the reader may ask it also. But, after all, does one suspect the greater villains of the world? Does one look askance at the rich man who frankly gives away his secrets, whose countenance is open

as his hand, whose susceptibility to praise, or flattery, is almost pathetic? Even so, Arcus had another excuse for his inferior perception and judgment. From the first, until the night on which he burst into the laboratory, he had looked at Helmsdale through the eyes, so to speak, of Florence.

His bitter reflections were at length interrupted, though not terminated, by a realisation of physical discomfort. The wind had risen again, and was blowing shrewdly from the east; the rain was coming, too. He got up and made his way to the bottom terrace, deeming that he could consider his position just as pleasantly indoors as out.

A great deal more so, perhaps. On opening the door of the hut he found the oil-stove burning, the table nicely laid with a cold luncheon, plus a pint of the rare burgundy he had more than once enjoyed on Laskeir. On his cheese-plate lay a letter:

'DEAR ARCUS.—I trust you may find your new quarters endurable. You may not have to occupy them long if you keep a bright lookout. However, you are provisioned for a month; though you may have to wash in soda-water before that period is completed. Pray make the best of your temporary imprisonment. I regret it should be unavoidable. With every good wish, and the assurance of my undying gratitude,—Sincerely,
VICTOR HELMSDALE.

'P.S.—When signalling, use two rockets or more. You get what you want in this world by being noisy and persistent. Sockets for firing—top of uppermost ladder. Should the weather become cold—looks like it now—you will find my sleeping-bag a comfort. Pardon haste.—V. H.'

Possibly Arcus's sensation of hunger over-

powered his not very robust sense of humour, for instead of laughing he sat down and ate. He also drank, and with the last glass of wine absorbed something like hope. Then, in a corner, he espied his own luggage, and on a shelf a thousand of the doctor's delectable cigarettes. He lay back in his chair and crossed his legs. All is not lost when a man does that. Nevertheless, his heart ached sadly for Florence, and his wits fell to work, planning the pursuit that would assuredly begin with his deliverance from the island. He would search the world, and he would find her! And—cheering thought!—she knew the name of his club in London.

But it would make a long story, and a dull one, to tell of his thoughts and doings—the former far exceeding the latter during the dirty weather that followed—on the lesser Laskeir. It was on the fifth morning that he sighted a whaler—the *Scot* again—jogging east with three bloated carcasses in tow. He did not spare the rockets; five went up to shatter the silence as fast as he could fire them.

The *Scot* came as near inshore as possible, for the sea was rough, and lowered her pram. Forgetting everything but liberty, Arcus began to descend eagerly—too eagerly. Less than half-way down the second ladder his foot missed the rung, his hand slipped from the wet rail, and he fell heavily upon the rock.

The Norwegians did what they could: bound up his head and limbs, got him on board the whaler with no small danger to themselves, laid him out in the tiny eating-room under the bridge, brought him every comfort they possessed, and shook their heads to hear his groans and incoherences.

And so at last came Stephen Arcus to his destination in West Loch Tarbert.

(Continued on page 357.)

SPORT AND ORNITHOLOGY ON THE BALTIC COAST. ON THE KURISCHE NEHRUNG.

By A. LANDSBOROUGH THOMSON, M.A., M.B.O.U.

ATEN hours' railway journey from Berlin took us to Königsberg, the capital of East Prussia and the most north-easterly of the big German cities. After Königsberg the railway to Russia strikes inland, and thus cuts off one of the out-of-the-way, seldom visited, and little-known corners of Europe. A glance at a map shows that a great part of this corner is taken up by one of the largest of the great lagoons, or *Haffe*, that fringe the southern coast of the Baltic Sea, owing their origin to the banking-up of river estuaries.

The Kurisches Haff, fed chiefly by the delta of the Niemen (or Memel), is nearly sixty miles

in length from south-west to north-east, and measures twenty at its broadest; and its only communication with the sea is a narrow channel near Memel, at the north-eastern corner, within a few miles of the Russian frontier. For the remaining distance, lagoon and sea are separated by a narrow spit of sand—the Kurische Nehrung. This sixty-mile isthmus of desolate sand-dunes—bordering on one side the brackish, almost tideless waters of the landlocked Baltic Sea, and on the other, from half a mile to two miles distant, the shallows and reed-beds of the great lagoon—is surely one of the most peculiar and interesting parts of our continent; and many

indeed are the features that claim attention. The seaward shore of the Nehrung is a dreary stretch of uninterrupted sand, lacking even the variation of appreciable tidal ebb and flow. Crossing the first low ridge of dunes, we soon come on the main sand-dunes of the isthmus, which are said to be the highest in Europe, in places almost reaching two hundred and fifty feet. At the narrowest parts of the Nehrung no high dunes are to be found, and at others they continue until they end in an abrupt sand-cliff falling away into the waters of the lagoon. But elsewhere we find a broad stretch of level ground between the dunes and the *Haff*—first, probably, a belt of woodland; then a stretch of meadow and ploughed land, interrupted here and there by large, isolated dunes; and, lastly, a little village with a jetty and a small fishing-fleet on the lagoon.

Five such villages are dotted along the Nehrung. Two are fishing villages of the smallest dimensions, with communication mainly by small boats, although an apology for a road runs along the isthmus; one is a considerable watering-place; and each of the other two, on the strength of a very primitive hotel and a couple of bathing-boxes, calls itself an *Ostsee-Bad und Kurort*. A small steamer plies backward and forward on the lagoon in summer, calling at the three larger villages. One of these, Rossitten by name, is of special interest as being the site of the German Ornithological Society's station, or *Vogelwarte*, chosen as such on account of the abundance of bird-life and the extent of the migration phenomena that are observable; and it was to Rossitten and its *Vogelwarte* that the lagoon steamer bore us one September afternoon. It is a two hours' sail from the Cranzbeek wharf, to which a train comes once every day from the ordinary terminus at Cranz.

Rossitten, about half-way along the Nehrung, is situated on the lagoon shore of an oasis of woodland, field, and meadow, surrounded by enormous dunes. A beacon, a jetty, the church, the school, the hotel, half-a-dozen villas, and a couple of score of cottages go to make up the village. The natives still speak Kurish, a dialect of the old Lettish language, and are mainly fishermen by trade. A number of cattle are also pastured, and a few acres of land kept under cultivation. Wildfowlers, too, the inhabitants are in season, and at times they labour on the dunes, which in the neighbourhood of the village require constant planting to keep them within bounds.

Countless acres of shifting sand, with huge dunes 'wandering' twenty feet or more every year, are no light responsibility; and all the ingenuity of the forestry department is necessary to stem the destructive invasion, for at many points the sand threatens to overwhelm fields and villages, as it has indeed overwhelmed them in the past. Various methods are employed, and

to study them the young forestry officers are sent to Rossitten from all parts of Prussia. A common device is to cover the surface of the sand with long palisades, usually running parallel to each other and at right angles to the prevailing wind, but sometimes in two series at right angles to each other. They are made of poles or boughs set closely together and projecting a couple of feet above the surface. Sometimes the strong stems of the ten-foot reeds that grow on the shore of the lagoon are deemed sufficient. Once a dune, which in itself would not be lasting, has become well anchored in this manner, afforestation begins in earnest; and when the trees are well established the conquest of the dune may be regarded as permanent and complete. A crescentic shape, two long arms curving away before the prevailing wind, is typical of a 'wandering' dune, and many fine examples are afforded by the Nehrung.

Much of the Nehrung is already well wooded, and much there is of wild life in these woods to delight the naturalist. Roedeer he may frequently meet, and with good fortune he may encounter in the depths of the forest the great elk itself. Once this good luck befell us, and suddenly, at the far end of a gloomy glade, and less than two hundred yards away, we saw one quietly feeding—a cow unfortunately, and not a broad-antlered male. But she saw us too, and after a long gaze retreated slowly from our view. On another visit to Rossitten we were less fortunate in this respect, but had the rare experience of tasting the flesh, an elk having been shot in the neighbourhood by a visiting German nobleman. 'Rare,' we say with justice, for the elk is a vanishing species in Europe; in parts of Russia and Scandinavia it is not uncommon, but in the German Empire it is only in this extreme north-eastern corner that it is to be found. Eastward it ranges through the forests of Asia to those of North America. In the last-named continent the name 'moose' is more familiar, and the animals are rather larger on the average.

Of all the animals which are characteristic of the Nehrung, first place must be given to the hooded crow. At all times it is to be found in abundance; but at the migration seasons, particularly that of the autumnal passage, it is present in almost incredible numbers. In Britain the hooded crow is not appreciated for sport or for the table; at Rossitten, however, it is not only fair game for the sportsman, but is netted in great numbers by the natives and preserved for winter food. One form of the sport is of great interest, whatever its other merits; and two days on which we accompanied a forestry officer for this purpose will long remain in our memory.

In this sport an eagle owl is used as a decoy, and we borrowed a splendid specimen which had been a captive for nearly twenty years. The eagle owl is a northern bird of partly diurnal

habits, and of much larger size than our common owls. It sometimes visits the British Isles during the winter months, but is native to the forests of Scandinavia. Living examples are in considerable demand in Germany for decoy purposes, and may be procured for about three pounds. It has been remarked that the English language, usually so rich in synonyms, possesses none for 'owl,' so that we must perforce use adjectives to distinguish the many different kinds; but in German this species has a name of its own—*Uhu*, from the cry. A snowy owl—another large diurnal species of more northerly habitat—is less commonly used; and sometimes a stuffed bird actuated by strings replaces the living decoy, and is called the 'grand duke' in some regions. Birds of prey are the 'game' which is always hoped for, but hooded crows usually form the 'bag.'

While the owl was cowering in a corner of its cage, hissing the while, and with its wonderful eyes literally blazing with fury, the safety-hook at the end of a short piece of strong cord was slipped on to the ring on the bird's permanent leather leg-strap. By this the now frantic bird was pulled out and ignominiously dropped into a bag provided with hoops. When we reached our destination, the owl was pulled out and tethered to a log in the open a dozen paces from the edge of the wood in which we were about to hide.

On this occasion, however, not even crows sighted our decoy, and our one piece of excitement was with the owl itself. The leather leg-strap, which apparently needed renewing, had given way, and we soon noticed that the owl was sitting rather farther from the log than its cord should have allowed. On our approach it set off on foot with noisy demonstrations of anger. If it had escaped it would probably have returned very soon to the cage which had for so long been its home; but apparently it did not fully appreciate its strange freedom, and made no attempt to take wing. While the bird was playing havoc with the cloak we had thrown over it, one of us managed to get it by the wings and hold it down on its back in such a way that no harm could come to it, although it was striking out madly in all directions with its great talons, to the accompaniment of continuous hissing and much bill-snapping. After a few trials we managed to knot the cord round one leg, and the owl was retethered.

The decoy, however, had had enough, and went to sleep on the ground, where it was too inconspicuous for our purpose. Time and again we roused it, and the bird would resume its perch on the log with a soft, resentful *oo-hoo*, only to come down again as soon as we were hidden. At length we gave up the attempt, and the bird was carried home in disgrace.

Next day a score of hoodies appeared before we were properly hidden, and my companion

brought one down almost at once. The others, not seeing where the shot came from, remained circling about, occasionally swooping in clumsy fashion to within a few inches of the owl's head. After a few moments of restlessness our decoy kept still, and remained supremely indifferent to these feigned attacks. But the mere imitation of the buzzard's *meow* was sufficient to make it instantly assume a defensive attitude—wings outstretched, face upturned, body crouching low.

Several more crows had fallen, and we were advancing to recover them, when suddenly the owl crouched ready to exchange death-grips with a goshawk poised a few feet above. Our friend fired hurriedly and missed, and like lightning the big hawk twisted and was gone.

The fowlers' methods are simpler. Some bait is spread, and a large, single clap-net arranged. At the proper moment the net comes over in response to the pull given by the man hidden in a little hut of reeds some yards away. Several crows are usually caught at each throw, and they are taken out of the net one at a time and *bitten* to death. Similar primitive customs exist in various places. The gunners of the New England coast are said to bite the brains of wounded birds; at Rossitten it is the throat.

Not all the crows thus caught suffer death, however, for Dr Thienemann, the director of the *Vogelwarte*, buys many of them alive, and sets them free after placing on one leg of each a light aluminium ring. Each ring is really a broad band of metal folded into a circle and fastened to the bird's foot by means of a simple clasp. The ring is stamped with the address, '*Vogelwarte Rossitten*,' and with a different identification number on each. As many as 12 per cent. of these marked crows are subsequently reported to the *Vogelwarte* as shot or recaptured, and the localities of over a hundred such records marked on a map give us a diagrammatic view of the movements of the hooded crows that pass through Rossitten on migration. The northernmost records are from the summer quarters in the forests of southern Finland and the St Petersburg district of Russia. From there the localities lie in a broad belt of country bordering the eastern and southern sides of the Baltic, southward through Livonia and Courland, then, turning at the angle in which Rossitten strategically lies, westward through northern Germany to the north-western corner of France. Other kinds of birds are also marked with Rossitten rings in the same way, notably black-headed gulls and storks, both marked as young birds, the former at a nesting colony close to the village, the latter all over the north-eastern provinces of Germany. In winter these marked gulls are found on various European coasts, rivers, and lakes, southward to Italy, the Balearic Isles, and even Tunis; while one has recently crossed the Atlantic to Barbados! The storks

fly south-eastward toward Syria, and are found through Egypt, the Great Lakes, East Central Africa, and Rhodesia, on to their winter quarters in Natal, Basutoland, Transvaal, and the Cape Province.

The *Vogelwarte*, the centre of all this work, situated a short distance from the village, is a small and unpretentious building which in itself is little more than a local bird-museum. A cursory examination of the crowded shelves will provide ample evidence of the richness of the bird-life of the *Nehrung*; and in some roomy cages outside a few living specimens are kept on view for a time, many of them finding their way later to permanent quarters in various German Zoological Gardens. In a large round cage standing by itself is our friend the eagle owl in its usual comical state of exaggerated fury.

But, interesting as are the collections of dead and living birds, it is still better if the ornithologist can spend some weeks at Rossitten, and see the wonderful autumn migration for himself. Little is known with certainty of the routes followed by the birds; but it seems that the migratory stream from part of northern Europe becomes concentrated at this south-eastern corner of the Baltic, and moves along the south-westerly trending *Nehrung*. Of the millions that pass, hundreds rest at Rossitten, for the surroundings of the village are like an oasis in that desolate area of sea, sand, and lagoon, and offer in a small space cover for many different types of birds. Reed-bed and open shore, meadow and ploughed field, woodland and marshy pond, all are found there, and each harbours in due season its appropriate but ever-changing bird-life. This oasis has naturally its own native avifauna, resident or emigratory; but this is as nothing when compared with the vast migratory hordes that merely pass through in autumn and spring. At Rossitten, as elsewhere, the autumn phenomena are on a greater and more magnificent scale than those of the vernal passage; the season is more drawn out, and the numbers of the birds are swelled by the young of the year, very many of whom will not survive the winter months even in the milder lands for which they are bound; some indeed will never complete that first perilous journey.

One aspect of the great autumn movement may be studied in the open shore of the lagoon and on the damp meadows that border it. Here are seen, sometimes in great numbers, many birds of the plover and sandpiper family, the inhabitants of sandy shores and tidal flats. Now it is the loud wail of the curlew, now the noisy whistling of the redshank, or occasionally the vociferous peal of the oyster-catcher's note that sounds along the shore. The small ringed plovers, dunlins, sanderlings, and the like are met with every few hundred yards, and one may often approach very close indeed to the restless, watchful, but seemingly confiding little bands.

Often fresh interest is aroused by a sight of some less common member of the clan—a knot, a little stint, a turnstone, or, if we are very fortunate, some rare Eastern species. Nor are the larger members of the family unrepresented by interesting forms. Now a greenshank makes the echoes ring; now we encounter a party of black-tailed godwits with long, up-curved bills; now we get a distant view—seldom more—of the wary gray plover. The gray plovers are for the most part in the dull garb of immaturity; but sometimes we may see the beautifully contrasted black and white of the plumage worn by the parent birds during the breeding season on the Arctic tundras, and not yet discarded for the winter. All this by day; and by night the cries and calls we have heard may be identified as the birds pass onward, high above and unseen.

On the lagoon shore there are many other birds. Black-headed gulls and common terns nest beside a marshy pond near Rossitten, and many are still in the neighbourhood, although the terns leave early in autumn. Gulls of other species there are also, and mallard, sheldrake, and other ducks, both on lagoon and sea. Occasionally a stately heron rises from the water's edge, and flies off with slow, telling strokes. It is a common occurrence on the lagoon that a dozen families of great-crested and red-necked grebes should be in sight at once; without changing our position we have counted eighty of these birds on the water.

The woods have their appropriate migrants, chief among them the great spotted woodpecker. We hardly think of it as a traveller; but its varying numbers and its occasional occurrence among bushes far from the nearest woods betray the fact. The trees also shelter small titmice and goldcrests, and large birds of prey.

A wealth of small birds exists in the neighbourhood of the village. In the potato-fields there are chaffinches, in the meadows titlarks and wheatears, in the bushes warblers, on the shore white wagtails, on the houses swallows, and many more. Starlings are much in evidence; sometimes the flocks are seen passing overhead or arriving in the evening, and every night as the season advances larger and larger numbers roost in the great reed-beds after the usual noisy evolutions in and around the tree-tops. The migrations of the thrush kind—song-thrushes, fieldfares, and redwings—have not yet begun; but by the end of September there is abundant evidence that the jays and others of the crow tribe are on the move.

On the *Kurische Nehrung* one always comes back to the hooded crow, and the migration of that bird so typical of the region is the most wonderful sight of its kind that we have ever witnessed. It was on 2nd October that they first came in numbers, and we betook ourselves

to the seaward shore to watch their passage. The scene was an impressive one. Imagine that narrow strip of sandy shore on which we stood, stretching uninterruptedly as far as we could see, north-eastward toward Russia and south-westward toward the Gulf of Danzig. On one side lay the quiet waters of the almost tideless sea; on the other rose a line of low dunes over which the tops of the trees behind peeped here and there. The extreme loneliness of the landscape was emphasised by an old fishing-boat drawn up on the beach—the only human mark within the circle of our vision. The silence was complete but for the rhythmic murmur of gentle waves; a slight breeze blew from the south-east; and the sky was lightly clouded at a great height, leaving the lower air markedly clear. The sun shone brightly, but the keen nip of October was in the air, showing that despite the glorious weather the autumn had entered on its final phase and winter was at hand. The steady progress of the crow battalions told the same tale. Every minute or two a flock passed, flying steadily and quietly south-westward along the line of the shore at a height of from one hundred to three hundred feet. Hooded crows were in the majority, rooks numerous, and jackdaws present in smaller numbers; rooks and crows were generally in separate flocks, the daws accompanying the former. If we watched one flock pass overhead and recede in the distance, another was already passing before it had disappeared, and a third would be coming into view in the wake of the second. The line of the shore seemed to be followed with some exactness, for a bend a quarter of a mile north-east of us caused the flocks to fly out over the sea for a few hundred yards before they wheeled to take the slightly altered direction. In size the flocks varied from thirty or forty to two or three hundred birds; and we calculated that over two thousand birds passed every hour in an unbroken stream from early morning till after midday.

Next day was as beautiful as its predecessor, and the number of migrants greater than ever. The sight was not witnessed from the beach near Rossitten, but from the post-wagon, a ramshackle, springless contrivance with four wheels and two horses, which bore us the twenty odd miles to the railway instead of the little steamer now laid up for the winter. Our course lay along the rough *Nehrung* track in the south-westerly direction. At first we saw little bird-life, for we were at the lagoon side of the *Nehrung*, which is nearly two miles broad near Rossitten, and the stream of migrants follows the seaward shore. But after we had jolted along for a few miles, woods and fields were both left behind, and we came to a narrow stretch where sea and lagoon were visible and close at hand on each side, with nothing but sandy waste and our road between. Here we seemed in the midst of the

migratory stream, and felt as if we had been caught up by it and were being borne along in it, if somewhat slowly. Crows there were, as on the day before; but the flocks were larger and more frequent, and continued to pass till well on in the afternoon. Some twenty or thirty thousand must have passed in the course of the day. It was not merely the vastness of the numbers that made the scene so impressive, but the fact that all these thousands were following the same instinct, were moving together with one accord, without great speed or appearance of haste, yet without halt or deviation, and still more notably without noise. So accustomed were we to the ordinary vociferous demonstrations of the crow tribe that we could not fail to be struck by the fact that only two or three times during the whole day did we hear a single *caw* from these passing thousands. Herein lies a difference between the crow migration as observed here and on Heligoland; for when the crows come over the island they indulge in noisy calling, and often stop to circle about or even to alight. A more important difference seems to be that here the great army is advancing in column—a column of great length but of no appreciable frontage, and apparently without any parallel columns in its near neighbourhood; whereas, according to Gätke, the crows that pass over Heligoland do so in a broad stream which may extend on each side for a score of miles, and probably often for far more.

Not only was there a continual succession of these silent flocks of hooded crows, rooks, and jackdaws, but small song-birds were also on the move. Every few seconds a small company of larks or a little band of finches passed us flying low down near the ground. Overhead, at a considerable altitude, were less frequent flocks of wood-pigeons, making more speed than most of the others. Here and there were a few birds of prey; kestrels were frequent, usually alone, sometimes three or four together; and often, at our approach, some larger predatory species would rise on broad wings from a meal provided by some weakling bird which had paid too high a price for the journey.

A narrow strip of barren sand bounded by expanses of desolate water made up the landscape that shimmered in the bright sunlight of that crisp autumn day. Nothing else was in sight but our wagon and its occupants and the vast flocks of birds, and every bird was moving onward with the stream. It seemed to us that we were watching the ebb of the life of half a continent, an ebb which would leave the northern forests deserted and voiceless in the deathlike grip of the sub-arctic winter; but we remembered that this same channel would in a few more months convey a contrary tide which would again fill these lands with the active bustle and cheerful sounds of feathered life.

DIANA AND THE DESTROYER.
A NAVAL STORY.

By GEORGE FREDERICK COTTON.

PART I.

'DIANA, Havana, Susanna, her manner. No; Diana, her banner, outran her, can span her. Jove, doesn't she dance beautifully? Lemme see. Diana, Diana, Di—— Oh, hang it all, I wasn't meant for a poet! Pzt!'

A crumpled piece of white paper shot over the top rail, and the commanding officer of the *Rook*, ruefully thrusting a battered cap farther back on his curly head, strode along forward. As he passed the engine-room hatch a grimy artificer engineer emerged from its depths.

'How is it, Mr Manicom?'

'All oil an' energy, sir. 'Ark at 'er!' The engineer cocked his head to the hiss of the valves. 'We'll show the old man as clean a pair of 'eels with 'is despatches as ever 'e'd wish for, I lay.'

Lieutenant Bethune nodded and went up on the bridge. At the far end three seamen were gathered round a signalman, who was looking landward through a telescope.

'Wilcox!'

Four somewhat sheepish-looking faces turned about quickly enough.

'D'you expect to see the admiral coming down the beach in a motor-car? What?'

'There—there's a sorter scrimmage goin' on at the old pier, sir,' said the signalman deprecatingly.

Bethune turned a careless eye shoreward. A large yacht was moving away from the pier-end. A few people seemed to be watching her, but the lieutenant could see nothing to excite attention. He proceeded to test the engine-room telegraphs. 'There'll be another sort of scrimmage if we don't spot the admiral as soon as he thinks we ought to,' he remarked as he stepped off the bridge. 'See to it, men!' He went down to his cabin. There was an aunt living in a little vicarage four miles away. She was a good old soul—or used to be, he remembered somewhat regretfully, for he knew that Aunt Matilda had had small attention from her careless nephew. He reached for a pen. Anyway, if she did not know Diana Lovelace, she might know some one who did. He was still biting the end of the pen when a knock came at the door. 'What is it, Larkin?'

'There's a lady a-swimmin' on board, sir.'

'A lady! What?' Bethune's voice was enough to scare more than a newly rated O.S.

'Swimmin' on board, sir—in the water,' gasped the youth, and bolted.

Bethune stood staring at the open doorway. Then, wondering which of the two was going

mad, he went after him. 'My ship, but the boy's right!' he exclaimed as he reached the deck.

The whole of the crew were excitedly watching the rapid progress of the swimmer toward the destroyer.

'What on earth is she about?' thought Bethune, as he noticed that she was in everyday dress. 'But she can swim, though!' he added admiringly, as he saw the ease with which, in spite of the encumbering petticoats, her powerful overarm stroke drove her through the water.

In a few minutes she had reached the quarter-deck ladder. As she turned her face up, Bethune uttered a cry of astonishment and sprang down to meet her. A moment later he was assisting on deck his partner of the night before.

With the utmost nonchalance she stooped to shake free her dripping skirts. Bethune stood looking on stupidly. Words appropriate to the occasion failed him. Then, thrusting back her dishevelled hair, she recognised him. 'Oh Lieutenant Bethune, I hoped it would be you! Have you got steam up?'

Bethune stared. 'Ye-es,' he said blankly.

'That's splendid! Then we can start at once. Quick, or Lottie will be frantic. What are you looking at me like that for?'

'I—I don't understand. Start where?'

Miss Lovelace stamped a wet little foot on the deck. 'Where? Why, after the yacht, you stupid! Major Rawton's yacht.' She pointed to a thirty-footer, racing with spinnaker set before the breeze. 'Didn't you see him carry off little Billy on the pier? Lottie is raving, and Jack is away, and what will happen if we don't get him back I don't know.'

Some idea of what had happened dawned on Bethune. He looked at the yacht and at Miss Lovelace, and hesitated. 'The admiral'—he began.

'Oh, bother the admiral!' cried the girl with another vicious stamp on the deck. 'You must go.' Suddenly her demeanour changed, and she gave Bethune a bewitching look of confidence and entreaty. 'You will go, won't you, Lieutenant Bethune?'

Bethune succumbed to the spell. 'Bother the admiral, too!' he cried, throwing himself into the adventure with all the abandon of a lover. He gave a few sharp orders, and the men, who had been interested spectators of all that had passed, jumped to obey them. They were ready to do anything for this ruddy-haired sea-maiden who had taken possession of the ship. Only old

Sparshott, the torpedo coxswain, shook his head as he went to his post behind the helm wind-screen. 'It warn't do,' he muttered to himself; 'it warn't do. Bother the admiral, eh? It warn't do.'

Miss Lovelace, seemingly oblivious of her soaked condition, watched the proceedings with interest.

Bethune, however, having seen things in train in one direction, took charge in another, and with a sailor's bluntness went straight to the point. 'I say,' he said, 'you're pretty wet, you know, and there'll be a tearing breeze when we get going.'

Miss Lovelace looked down at herself with a comic little lifting of her eyebrows. 'I suppose it is a little rash,' she said, 'although I'm not exactly made of sugar. But, you see, I haven't brought my maid; she doesn't swim.'

'I think, as you are temporarily one of my crew, you must let me find you a uniform. I will see my steward, and you must consider him and my cabin as entirely at your disposal during your stay on board.'

Miss Lovelace gave the lieutenant a straight, friendly little glance under the tangled masses of her auburn hair. 'Thank you very much,' she said with simple frankness.

Ten minutes later, to the delight and admiration of the crew, a lithe young figure, whose gracefulness could not be disguised by the voluminous overcoat which wrapped her to the toes, and whose abundant locks would not be kept in order by her service undress-cap, glided easily along the palpitating deck of the *Rook*.

'May I come up on the bridge, please?'

Bethune hastened to the ladder. 'By all means, Miss Lovelace.'

The girl took a comprehensive glance round. Straight ahead, under a tremendous spread of canvas, surged the yacht, their quarry; and away on the right, rounding the high cliffs at the end of the bay, a large warship was standing in, with a string of little flags flying from her tripod mast.

'What is that ship?' asked Miss Lovelace.

'That's the flagship.'

'Are they signalling to you?'

'Yes.'

'What are they saying?' persisted the girl.

Bethune glanced aside at Wilcox taking in the message. 'They are asking us what we are doing,' he answered gravely, with strict adherence to truth.

'Oh! What are you going to tell them?'

'I'm going to say we are performing evolutions,' said Bethune with a smile.

The girl looked thoughtful. Evidently something else than the yacht and little Billy was for the moment in her mind.

Bethune turned to look at the yacht, whose name, *Carina*, could now be clearly distinguished. 'What made him do it?' he asked.

The girl started and flushed hotly. She hesitated for a moment, and then burst out impetuously, 'Oh, I don't mind who knows! He wants to—to marry me, and because Jack—he's my brother, you know—stood up for me, he thinks it's all due to him, and he swore he'd get even with him. But we didn't think he'd do anything like this. And he's Lottie's cousin, too. Oh, I could thrash him!' The girl's eyes flashed, and her breath came short between her parted lips.

Bethune was filled with righteous indignation. One thing was clear to him—that Major Rawton was now his personal enemy. How dared the fellow make love to Miss Lovelace against her will?

The distance between the yacht and the destroyer rapidly lessened, but there was no sign of Miss Lovelace's nephew on board the *Carina*. As the destroyer got within hailing distance, a tall, soldierly man, in immaculate yachting clothes, emerged from the companion, and raised his cap to Miss Lovelace with studied courtesies.

That lady muttered something under her breath which Bethune did not hear.

The lieutenant picked up a megaphone.

'*Carina*, ahoy!'

No response.

'*Carina*, ahoy!'

The man on board the yacht sat down in a deck-chair, and coolly proceeded to roll a cigarette.

Bethune turned to Miss Lovelace. His eyes glinted dangerously, and his mouth looked very grim. 'He's ignoring us purposely. The boy's down below, and he thinks that we shall be afraid to come near the yacht for fear of running her down and injuring the boy.'

'What shall you do?'

Bethune did not seem to hear. He raised the megaphone again.

'*Carina*, ahoy! If you do not heave-to we shall fire on you.'

Without looking up, Major Rawton struck a fusee and proceeded to light his cigarette. Probably he thought, as did Miss Lovelace for a moment, that the lieutenant was angrily voicing an idle threat.

But his crew knew their commander better, and when he sharply ordered the twelve-pounder on the fo'c'sle to be manned and loaded they set about it with alacrity, not unmixed in one or two cases with concern at the gravity of the step.

Miss Lovelace also looked rather scared, but she said nothing.

Bethune went forward to superintend the operations personally, and barely a minute had passed since his last message to the yacht when he stepped back. 'When you're ready,' he said to the gunlayer.

'Bang!'

The effect was electrical. Shocked out of his theatrical pose of indifference, Rawton leapt to his feet, as a clean round hole appeared in the mainsail above his head, close by the heel of the gaff. His face, dark-bronzed by Indian suns, was working with alarm and rage; but before the words could come a little white bundle staggered out of the companion, and, running with uncertain steps across the deck, clutched him round the legs.

'Uncle Dick, Uncle Dick, Uncle Dick!' came the piping treble across the intervening water.

The man, probably unconscious of what he was doing, roughly swept the child aside. The boy staggered away and fell against the guard rail. At that moment a sudden squall struck the yacht, she gave a lurch, there was a flash of white over the side, and Rawton was alone on her deck.

A piercing scream came from the bridge behind Bethune. Rawton turned, stood aghast for a second, then, running to the yacht's side, leapt over after the boy; for, whatever the man might be, he was no coward. But the lieutenant did not see him. Miss Lovelace's cry was still ringing in his ears as he struck the water, before Rawton had even grasped what had happened.

The lifeboat of the *Rook* was lowered in record time; but long before it reached him Bethune, who was a fast and powerful swimmer, had the boy safe. The little chap's clothes helped to keep him afloat, and the drift of the tide carried him toward the lieutenant. Bethune was treading water, wondering what had happened to Rawton, when a lusty shout reached his ears: 'The skipper, sir—the skipper of the yacht—just behind you, sir.'

Bethune turned, and just managed to get to Rawton before he sank. The major lay without struggling, and Bethune had little difficulty in keeping him and the child afloat until the lifeboat came up.

As the boy was being taken into the boat Rawton opened his eyes and looked round. The yacht's dingy was fast approaching. 'All—right!' he gasped. 'You—you've won. I'll go back to my own ship.'

PART II.

MISS LOVELACE came up on deck. 'He's quite happy with the steward,' she said gaily. 'I don't think he'll take a bit of harm. Wasn't it an adventure?'

Bethune smiled, and they both turned to look at the *Carina*, now a white dot on the horizon. Not far away from the yacht was another vessel, hull down. Bethune knew she was the destroyer carrying the despatches which his ship should have taken.

Miss Lovelace interrupted his unpleasant train

of thought. 'What did he say to you in the water?' she asked.

Bethune looked at the merry, roguish face under the naval lieutenant's cap. 'He said, "You've won,"' he replied.

'Yes, so you have!' said the girl. 'And, oh,' she went on gravely, 'I am—we shall be—so very grateful and thankful to you!'

'Yes; but not all I want to win,' said Bethune earnestly, although his voice was not quite so steady as usual.

Miss Lovelace looked at him quickly, and then turned her head away. Bethune saw the colour stealing up behind her ears, and trembled. A small brown hand lay on the rail before him, and, with a muttered prayer to his gods, Bethune covered it with his own big fist. And his heart leapt within him as the little hand lay still.

They stood thus in silence as the destroyer slowly steamed back to her moorings.

It was the girl who broke the spell. 'Look!' she cried suddenly; 'the flagship is speaking to you again, isn't she, with that signal thing? What are they saying this time?'

Bethune sighed inwardly as he studied the semaphore, and speculated as to the effect of his rash doings that afternoon on his future career. Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Bywater was an officer of the old school, and his views upon the conduct of an officer—especially a junior officer—were strict. Well, it couldn't be helped. Bethune shrugged his shoulders. He must trust to his luck to get out of the scrape in the best way possible. Then he started as he realised that Miss Lovelace was still waiting for an answer. 'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I—I was reading the message. The admiral wants me to go and see him this evening.'

'Oh! What does he want to see you for?'

'Um! Perhaps he wants to ask me to dinner,' said Bethune without the vestige of a smile.

'Oh!' Miss Lovelace shot a quick glance at her companion, and then paused, with her head on one side, listening. 'Hark! was that Billy?'

'I can't hear anything,' said Bethune.

'I thought I heard him call. I hope he's all right.' The girl looked at Bethune with wide-open, startled eyes.

'Shall I go and see?' asked the lieutenant.

'Oh, would you mind? Thank you so much!'

Miss Lovelace watched him swing off below, and then went quickly up to Wilcox the signalman. A hurried conversation ended with the passing of a piece of silver, and Miss Lovelace returned, with reflective eyes and a determined look about her lips, just as the lieutenant came up on deck.

'He's perfectly all serene, Miss Lovelace.'

You must have heard something else, and imagined it was the boy.'

'Poor little Billy!' murmured the girl. 'See, there's his mother, in the boat, waiting for us. You must come up and let me introduce you to Lottie.'

'Not this evening,' said Bethune.

'Oh, I forgot that you're going to dine with the admiral!' said Miss Lovelace solemnly.

The lieutenant turned away to hide a smile, and no more was said until Billy, grinning contentedly from among his blankets, was handed over to his overjoyed mother, and Miss Lovelace made ready to follow.

'I wonder when we shall meet again,' said Bethune as he took her hand.

The girl looked him in the face, and suddenly broke into a dazzling smile. 'Perhaps sooner than you think,' she said, and was gone.

The admiral looked sternly under his bushy eyebrows at the lieutenant standing at attention before him, and cleared his throat. 'Mr Bethune'—he began.

There was a commotion at the door, and the concerned face of the admiral's steward appeared. The next moment Miss Diana Lovelace, radiant in a wonderful dinner-gown, sailed past him into the room.

'Eh, eh, Diana! what's the meaning of this?' blurted out the admiral.

Miss Lovelace swept him a curtsy. 'I've come to dine with you and my—my friend Lieutenant Bethune,' she said sweetly.

'Eh, what the devil—— I beg your pardon, my dear; but you don't understand. I've got important business with this officer.'

'Yes, uncle, I know; about those despatches of yours which he didn't take.'

The admiral leant back and stared at his niece in amazement. 'And what on earth has it got to do with you, miss?'

'A lot,' said Miss Lovelace calmly. 'You see, little Billy had been kidnapped by Major Rawton, and taken off in his yacht.'

'What!' The admiral suddenly sat up, his fine old face flushed, and his eyebrows working up and down quickly, as was his habit when angered or excited. 'Little Billy, my grandson, kidnapped by that scoundrel?'

'Yes,' said Miss Lovelace. 'Major Rawton carried him off in his yacht, but Lieutenant Bethune got him back for us.'

'Lieutenant Bethune!'

'Yes, uncle. I swam off to his ship, and made him go after the *Carina*. And then Billy fell overboard, and Major Rawton went after him, and Lieutenant Bethune rescued them both.'

'Humph! One rescue too many,' grunted the old gentleman. He looked at his niece, and at the lieutenant, and then at Miss Lovelace again; and a little twinkle began to come into

his keen gray eyes. 'So you made him go, did you, eh! And since when have you been in the habit of making my officers disobey my orders?'

'Well, you see, uncle,' said Miss Lovelace, placing herself comfortably on the arm of his chair, 'I knew there were plenty of other officers to carry out your orders, while there was only one officer who could carry out mine.'

The admiral chuckled his niece under the chin. 'Well, well,' he said, and turned to the hopeful lieutenant. 'Mr Bethune.'

'Sir.'

'Your dereliction of duty and insubordinate conduct in ignoring my signals will, on this occasion, be overlooked, in the circumstances as explained by this lady; but don't let it occur again. For next time the lady might not be the niece of the admiral, nor the boy his grandson. You understand?'

'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.'

'And we dine at eight o'clock, Lieutenant Bethune,' said Miss Lovelace demurely.

There was silence for a moment. Then the admiral could not suppress a smile.

'Well, upon my word, my lady, you seem to think myself and my whole fleet are under your orders!—Well, well! all right, Mr Bethune; and you're a lucky dog—d'ye hear?—a very lucky dog, sir.'

ILLUSIONS.

WHEN we seem to be growing unpleasantly old,
As is mostly the case as a rule,
The truths which to-day we are able to hold
Are not those which were taught us at school.

'Tis to me, I confess, inexpressibly sad
That old lessons must needs be unlearn't;
That Stephen, for instance, was not wholly bad,
And Joan of Arc never was burnt;

That John was a good sort of king in the main,
And how Mary and Cromwell are placed;
Whether either did aught of which men might
complain
Is merely a matter of taste.

Near a village in Yorkshire, I quite understood,
And when staying there often have heard,
That the last wolf in England was killed in a
wood
In the reign of King Richard the Third;

But the tale may have sprung out of somebody's
head,
And it would not occasion surprise
If the next man I met, or the next book I read,
Said the whole was a tissue of lies.

Contrast things as they were with the same as
they are,
And you'll all be inclined to allow
That everything then seemed more certain by far
Than anything seems to be now.

C. J. BODEN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE STORM-TRACK IN TURKEY.

By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

IT was still pitch-dark when I heard Alexandre's knock at the door. 'Monsieur, it is four o'clock, and the Commissary of Police has arrived.'

Already I heard that slight rustle of movement which precedes the dawn in the Near East. It was a quarter of an hour before I myself tumbled out of bed to prepare for the long day's journey, which must be well advanced before the sun is high in the heavens. For several days I had been snugly quartered in that pleasant little Greek hotel in Monastir. M. Naoum, the proprietor, had driven away my faithful Alexandre, and had conducted me hither and thither about the town, showing me mosques and churches, conducting me to the houses of the Greek Bishop, the Vali, and such other notables as the city could boast. Daily the British consul, Monsieur S—, and myself had lunched and dined together in comfort, and three times I had been into the presence of the man who was then the master-agent of Abdul Hamid, the clever Hilmi Pasha, who has since been Grand Vizier at Constantinople under the young Turkish régime, and now represents his country at Vienna.

Like every one else at that time, I knew nothing of the approaching Young Turkish revolution, or of that armed alliance between Greece, Bulgaria, and Serbia which was to humiliate the Turk. On that morning, as usual, I made the most of the hand-basin and the slender jug of water with which the traveller has to be content in a land innocent of baths, splashing myself freely over the uncovered boards which constituted the floor of my bedroom. When I came down into the garden-café M. Naoum greeted me with the customary wave of his hat, and escorted me, in his suave, courteous manner, to my open-air breakfast-table. M. Naoum spoke nine languages fluently, and told me that he intended to take the first opportunity of acquiring a tenth, the English; and he mirthfully repeated the seven or eight words he had learnt from me. But again Alexandre appeared.

'Monsieur, the carriage has been here for some time.'

'The carriage!' That was the name they gave, in French, to the disreputable, tumble-down vehicle, shabby, dirty, springless, which was to carry us, jolting and groaning, over a score of

miles before midday—the vehicle which was thrust on us mainly by the necessity of carrying that unwelcome companion, the Commissary of Police. Unwillingly enough had Hilmi given me permission to travel westwards through the villages of the province; the Commissary as a companion had been one of the conditions of my journey.

The sun was just rising as I clambered into the carriage. All the hotel was assembled to bid me God-speed. My Bulgarian driver adjusted the shabby harness of the three horses, and fixed a white handkerchief under his fez to keep the sun from his neck. Two poorly clad gendarmes, dirty, sullen Anatolians, with rifles slung over their shoulders and great cartridge-belts round their waists, twisted their horses round ready to accompany me. But where was the Commissary of Police? Alexandre looked round him in alarm. Not for worlds would he start without the Commissary of Police. 'Commissary or no Commissary,' said I, 'we are already late, and we must be off.' I bade Alexandre get into the carriage, and the driver was unwillingly preparing to whip up his horses for the start, when up came that short, thick-set officer, panting, apologetic, full of reasons, that never-to-be-forgotten Commissary of Police!

'Monsieur, a thousand pardons! I had been here before, when you were in bed. I have been making preparations . . .'

In short, he had arrived. He waved Alexandre away from the seat by my side, and Alexandre with reluctance yielded up his place.

The driver shouted to the horses, and away we clattered, the bells on the harness jingling loudly, the wheels creaking and leaping over the boulders which lay in the street; even the dogs, lords of the road, creeping a little nearer to the path before they settled down for their daylight slumber. We passed the noteworthy structure which is one of the glories of Monastir, the theatre, where only last night the Vali and myself had witnessed the discomfiture of Faust when the lamp which lit the stage fell with a crash at the feet of Margaret. We saw the cupola of a mosque gleaming in the early moonlight, and not far off the pretentious outlines of the Greek church. We turned up out of the town into the avenue which leads past the

barracks, and the sound of strange military music burst upon our ears, for Macedonia was an 'occupied' country, and at this moment there were seven thousand troops in Monastir alone. And then the houses disappeared and the highway dwindled into a dusty track. A few miles off on our left stretched a long line of bleak, gray mountains, destitute of verdure. On our right the view was limited by the rising ground of other mountains. Now and again we passed some tiny hamlet or a farm, or a peasant seated by a trough watering his oxen.

M. le Commissaire talked. How he talked! He talked incessantly of this trifle and of that. He had a pock-marked face and an obstinate jaw, and he knew that Alexandre, the youthful adventurer, hated him as a representative of the despotic authority of the Sultan, and therefore an enemy of his race. How he twitted Alexandre, and frowned under his retorts! But they thought it politic to appear friendly—Alexandre because he dared not offend a Turkish official, and the Commissary because he wished me to speak well of him to the Vali.

Our road had taken us along the lower slopes of the mountain-range to the north of us; now it began to descend by an easy incline into the broad plain which opened out before us. Though it was no more than nine o'clock, the sun had already acquired its overpowering August heat, and the stream in the distance, and occasionally a tree, and not far off a village were welcome sights. As we approached nearer to this inhabited spot I became aware of a cloud of dust, and in the midst of it a straggling file of men plodding along in disorderly array.

'Soldiers!' said Alexandre, eager as usual to show me the military character of Turkish life.

There must have been several companies of them; the rear portion we passed on the road. They seemed to wander along the rough track without order or reason, dully, mechanically, wearily. Their uniforms were dusty and often ragged. No two men seemed to be clad exactly alike, save that each had a rifle slung over his shoulder and carried some sort of knapsack or bundle. Their trousers were baggy. Some wore gaiters, some were without. Some had taken off their military jackets in the heat of the march, and carried them under their arms. A few had hung cotton handkerchiefs under their fezes to keep the sun from their necks. All looked glum, sullen, and brutalised under the miserable conditions of their service.

We came into the little village of Kazania, with its pleasant stream and its grateful shade of trees—a village which had escaped fire and sword in the insurrection which but a few months before had devastated the country. The inhabitants had disappeared within their huts at the approach of the soldiers, and only a small general store-shop on the left of the road showed any signs of life. We passed it; but a little beyond

I called to the driver to stop, and he drew up where, as it happened, we were almost hidden by the houses at the bend of the road. Our gendarmes had gone on in front.

The foremost members of the company of soldiers were approaching the village with that dogged step of theirs, which quickened when they saw the huts and the houses in front of them. They seemed about to pass the store, when one of them, shouting hoarsely, rushed to the entrance of the shop, and seized something eatable in his hands. In a moment a dozen or more followed suit, crowding round the tiny structure, seizing whatever they could lay their hands on, buffeting the protesting owner, and trampling on his poor household gods. Thirsty, ravenous, ill-disciplined creatures as they were, they had been taught to care nothing for the rights of a contemptible 'giaour'; they scrambled over one another's backs, and in a trice they had rifled the shop of almost all that it contained.

In the first moment of the excitement Alexandre cried, 'Quick, monsieur, la photographie!' and I succeeded in snapping the foremost of them as they approached the store. But the Commissary was angry, and cried to the driver to push on.

As we began to ascend the mountainous track beyond we passed more soldiers, and a mile or so off we could see the village of Giavato, the miserable ruins of which I was to visit and inspect on my return journey. The houses were roofless and destitute of inhabitants. But a few months before the Turkish soldiers had visited it, massacring all the people they could find there, pillaging and burning the houses. With many windings the track crept up the mountain.

When we reached the summit of the pass and the road took its downward curve, a new country, a new panorama, spread itself before our gaze—beneath, a broad, flat plain; beyond it another and higher range of mountains; and to the south of the plain, glimmering vast among the hills, the lovely blue expanse of Lake Prespa. The sun, high in the heavens, blazed with a yellow fire, but could not blot out the infinitely varying colours of plain, mountain, and lake.

It was one o'clock, and no time for travellers to be abroad, when we entered the little town in the midst of the plain, the now famous town of Resna. When I saw it, it had recently been the centre of a wide area of insurrection, and from it masses of Turkish troops had operated, entering the villages to the north, to the west, and to the south, outraging and killing those inhabitants who had not fled to the mountains, and burning their houses to the ground. But since then the name of Resna has been blazoned abroad in Europe, for it was here, in the summer of 1908, that that adventurous

patriot, Niazî Bey, laid his plans. Stationed at Resna as commander of the garrison, he spread the principles of the Young Turks, infecting his soldiers with his own enthusiasm, and, at the critical moment, breaking out of the town with a band of followers, made a triumphal progress from village to village. It was here, in Resna, that he gave the signal for that strange revolution.

As I saw it then it reposed in the calm of midsummer, a lovely cluster of white and dun-coloured houses, screened by acacias and poplars and fruit-trees. We drove up to a little *khan* (inn) in the narrow main street; the gendarmes dismounted and partook of the customary coffee and cigarettes. But Alexandre led me away to the outskirts of the village, into a grassy garden planted with apple and mulberry trees; and a graceful woman, thirty years old perhaps, with two pretty children, came and offered us coffee and fruit. We had not been there more than a few minutes when the Mudir arrived, the governor of the town, accompanied by a minor official. We exchanged greetings, and he expressed the ardent hope that we had had a pleasant journey, that my escort had been satisfactory, and that we should carry away agreeable recollections of Resna. I replied to him in the same vein of compliment; and when he had drunk his coffee and smoked his cigarette he departed, bowing and lifting his fez.

We threw ourselves on the grass in the shade, and consumed the food and wine which Alexandre brought. We invited the Bulgarian woman and her daughters to join us. The two young girls gladly accepted the offer; but their mother, with her white head-dress falling over her shoulders, her bare feet and ankles showing beneath her dress, stood sadly by and would eat nothing. Amongst the Bulgarians there are no distinctions of class; there are no social barriers between the poor and the rich. So there was no strain or awkwardness in the interchange of hospitality. The woman told us about her husband, who until the last year had been a rich merchant in the town. But then the insurrection came, and he was killed, and she and her daughters were left with nothing but this orchard. During the summer they had lived on fruit and the coppers which they got from selling coffee. 'That is all the Turks have left us,' she said, and her dark, melancholy eyes wore that patient, resigned expression which is so often graven on the faces of Bulgarians.

We were interrupted by a noise of sprawling feet and loud laughter which came from the road, and the figure of a dust-stained, road-weary soldier lurched amid the trees, followed by another, and another, and another. A dozen red-faced, disorderly fellows tumbled into the garden, and I recognised them as members of the company we had passed at Kazania. They spread themselves in a circle on the ground and

called loudly to the woman. She hurried to attend to them, and sought to ignore their buffoonery. The children shunk away. The men drank coffee, cups innumerable, and ate an abundance of fruit. 'What was her charge?' they asked tauntingly. Poor devils! they themselves had not received their pay for months, and they were accustomed to exact what they could from the terrified Christians. They pretended to search one another for money, and one of them, a wit, unearthed a *metallik* (about a halfpenny), and tendered it in payment for them all. At length they departed, as uproariously as they had come, leaving the frightened woman in tears.

Passing the official quarters of the Government, we walked down the main road of Resna, along the narrow alleys which pass for streets in Macedonia, on our way to the shop of a certain M. —, father of a well-known revolutionary organiser, a Bulgarian. I will not pause to describe my conversation with this modest merchant, nor will I dilate upon the entertainment I received that night at the *khan*. I did not sleep in the squalid bedroom which was put at my disposal. It was better to lie down on the balcony in the open air, with my own rugs for covering.

In the middle of the night I was aroused by Alexandre's plaintive voice: 'Oh monsieur! monsieur! I cannot sleep.'

'Don't be an ass!' I replied. 'Why don't you try the balcony?'

Reluctantly he complied, and snored placidly for the rest of the night. I always fancied that Alexandre, who did not wish to fall short of English ideals of cleanliness, was apt to assume a squeamishness that was foreign to his nature.

'No; it was decided overnight. We go on foot by the straight path over the mountains.'

'But I find the carriage is still available, monsieur. And there is a good road which follows the pass.' It was the Commissary who spoke. His soul revolted at the thought of a long, tiresome climb over a dreary mountain.

'Monsieur le Commissaire is afraid for his legs,' said Alexandre, rejoicing at the chance of attacking his enemy. 'His legs were made for sitting down.'

The Commissary ignored the remark.

'There are dangers, monsieur. The mountains are infested with brigands. For myself I do not mind. But it is my duty to protect you. We cannot pass safely without at least a company of soldiers. We shall suffer the fate of Miss Stone.'

'Well, we must risk it,' I said. 'You must try to protect me.'

But as for walking over a mountain!—no, it was not in the Commissary's nature. When we assembled in front of the *khan* an hour or so after sunset, lo! the Commissary mounted, or rather huddled up, a miserable malformation of

humanity, on the back of a mule! His red fez seemed about to join issue with his knees. He had stuck pistols about his person wherever he could find a place conspicuous enough. Alexandre pointed at him slyly. 'Look! the Government!' he whispered.

The rest of the escort was more reassuring. It consisted of four tall, strong-limbed Albanians—genial, sinewy men, accustomed to mountains, born to the use of arms and delighting in war. The seven of us passed out of the town, crossed the little bridge to the south, and in less than an hour the smooth ways of the plain were left behind, and we began the arduous ascent.

How thankful one is to that special dispensation of Providence which has provided springs on the sides of mountains! One follows a stream upwards, perpetually upwards, longing to drink; and is told, 'No; the water here is fetid. Wait a little, monsieur.' And one climbs on; and the Commissary pants harder, perched on his ignominious steed; and the sun pours down with ever-growing strength; and suddenly one comes upon a little temple of stones, whence water spouts in a glistening, crystal stream, and one drinks innumerable draughts of nectar—no spring in England ever produced water like this! On resuming the climb one admires more keenly the stalwart Albanians, who, with unfaltering, even strides, move as if they were component parts of the nature which manifests itself in a colossal aggrandisement of hillside, plain, and sky. There are no clouds; only a mass of dazzling refulgence which spends itself overhead. Great edges of mountain hang over on this side and that, and beneath one's feet the rough path winds by the side of precipices and along half-enclosed passes.

Soon the air has become rarer. The sun, now high in the heavens, smites us in vain; pleasant breezes are like balm in the nostrils; the way becomes smooth, and short, welcome trees cast graceful patterns on the turfed ground. We have reached the plateau near the summit of the mountain, and from the tropical heat of a Macedonian plain have passed into the freshness of an English spring.

But suddenly the gendarmes halt. They cluster together and draw their rifles from their shoulders. The Commissary hurries up and throws himself excitedly on the ground. Alexandre holds up one finger. '*Comitadjis*, monsieur!' he whispers. And for one tense moment every one is silent, alert, conspicuously armed. That is all. It is a false alarm, prepared, it may be, for the special confusion of the Commissary—and, alas! I am cheated of an adventure.

A few minutes more, and we are at the highest point on the route. The summit is like a meadow, dotted with trees; and on all sides there bursts upon us the full grandeur of one of the most magnificent mountain scenes in Europe. In front, a ridge of high mountains. To the

left, below, the long, winding reach of Lake Prespa, blue as the Mediterranean in spring, a vast sheet enclosed by the gaunt, gray bulk of two ranges of hills. To the right stretches before us the country we have come to see. Ochrida itself is too near to be visible, but far beyond are the black lines of mountains, the inaccessible fastnesses of the untamed Albanian tribes; and below, in the middle distance, an expanse of liquid azure, the Lake of Ochrida, the inland sea, the beauty of which is not surpassed by any lake in Europe. There is no mist rising from it to-day. It is pure, clean-cut, exact, of colour fresh and intoxicating. On all sides the mountains rise in terrifying proportions, and in the distance the lake loses itself among them.

And there we rest at midday, yet enjoying the brisk coolness of the morning. Gradually all the party unbends, as Alexandre brings out chicken, bread, and wine, and the steady-eyed Albanians, sharing our meal, look at us with the relaxed, bright faces of road companions.

It is a country of strange contrasts; of bewildering natural beauty, and filth and squalor indescribable; of generous hospitality and brutal cruelty; of scrupulously polite, decorous manners and ungovernable savage moods; of a Government always interfering, and a lawlessness which sets restraint at defiance; of vast natural resources, agricultural and mineral, and appalling poverty. On the summit of the mountain we had sat, Turk, Albanians, Bulgar, and Englishman, in friendly intercourse; before us the lovely panorama of lakes teeming with fish, the rich, alluvial plains, the partly timbered mountains, and the gaunt peaks. Truly a land of promise! But as we reached the lower limbs of the mountain we came upon a village. With difficulty I compelled the Commissary and the gendarmes to stay where they were, whilst Alexandre and I approached the poor ruins of houses, which were all that remained of the once comfortable steadying. It was the old tale. During a recent insurrection the troops had descended on the village, and had killed or outraged those who could not escape to the mountains. They had pillaged and burnt the houses, and had attacked and desecrated the church.

I found them, the survivors—chiefly women, old men, and children—desolately surveying the scene of ruin, standing just as they had stood every day of the summer, idle, ragged, and hopeless. The roofs of the houses, the partitions, furniture, and doors, had been burnt away. In a few cases they had made a meagre shelter with a rough thatch of grass and twigs spread over the charred walls. Then they had abandoned the struggle. They had no tools, no agricultural implements, no seed for sowing; and so they had no harvest, no bread, and scarcely any clothing, and had subsisted during the summer on a scanty diet of fruit and water. They stood forlorn, dazed,

stupid, gazing at the remnants of their houses, some of the women holding babies at their breasts. As I approached, a fierce mongrel of a dog flew at me, but some one hurled a brickbat at him and drove him away. They all clustered round me in piteous attitudes, pointing to their mouths, showing their scars, and murmuring in abject tones. They showed me the wrecks of houses which they had once regarded as homes, and, as a crowning horror, took me to their poor dishevelled church, and showed me where the candelabra had hung, where the silver vessels had once rested, and the blots on the walls which had once been adorned with crude frescoes. They moaned to me and entreated me to represent their unhappy fate to the Government. And then I went away—there was nothing I could do; and a low, dulled, hopeless sound went up from among them as I departed.

An hour later I was passing through the narrow main street of Ochrida, where there were soldiers, gendarmes, merchants, priests, conspirators, and spies. And the sound of splashing waves and the smell of fresh-water fish greeted me as I was taken to Monsieur N.'s house, by the lake, and was kindly received. And Alexandre went with Monsieur N. to help to prepare the guest-room; and the Commissary of Police, with many compliments and salutations, bade me good-night.

In a few years, assuredly, this road from Monastir to Ochrida will have changed. The Turkish soldiers have gone; Greeks and Bulgarians have taken their place. It may be that when next I travel that way, I shall meet, not ragged soldiers and fugitive peasants, but tourists inspecting the beauties of Lake Ochrida, directed by a neat official from Messrs Cook.

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON a night near to Christmas, Anstruther helped his friend from a train at King's Cross. Arcus looked older; he walked with a limp; but there was brightness in the voice that greeted Anstruther and in the eyes that ran over the animation of the platform.

'Good old Anstruther! Good old London!' he murmured, settling himself in the cab.

'Don't talk till we are in my rooms,' said his friend. 'You've had a tough journey, and you've risked it just soon enough.'

'Oh, I'm all right,' Arcus said. 'Now that I've got a move on at last, I'll be fit in no time.' But he fell silent, watching the whirl of the streets, and five minutes passed ere he opened his lips. It was to say 'Good old London!' again.

'Glad to hear it.' Anstruther laughed. 'You were cursing it when last we met.'

Arcus laughed also. 'What a talk we're going to have to-night! My letters have told you nothing, and—he became grave—you never answered my chief question. It wasn't meant to be impertinent, you know.'

'I know,' said Anstruther soberly. 'But you had your own troubles.'

'Answer it now, old man. How did you come through the panic? I had feared something like it all along, and I read about it in an old weekly when I was beginning to pick up. How did you come through?'

'We just came through.'

After a pause, 'I see,' said Arcus. 'Three months ago I thought I was going to be the one to show you a road to fortune. Now I can only offer you half of whatever I happen to possess. But you've got to take it. Make me a sleeping partner if you like, but for Heaven's sake don't

make me a sleepless friend! I've been thinking'—

'Thanks, Arcus; thanks a thousand times. But'—

'No "buta." You've a girl waiting for you.'

'Don't, my boy. You'll hear all about the panic later. It ended a lot of us, coming as it did on top of the Kaffir collapse and the rubber fiasco. I ought to be thankful. But let us drop it now. Funny subject for us to start with!'

'One question. Was the forgery business the real reason for the panic?'

'There is rarely a real reason for a panic. The forgery business was an excuse, perhaps. In itself there was little to justify— Ah, here we are! Welcome home, Arcus!'

Arcus refused to go to bed. He had his tale to tell. He told it, Anstruther rarely interrupting. He ended with, 'And I'm going to find her!'

'You are going to marry that man's niece?' said Anstruther gently.

'Why not?'

'Don't misunderstand me, Arcus. From what you have told me of Miss Helmsdale, I foresee difficulty. She may not consider her engagement to you binding. I mean to say, she may refuse to marry you—for *your* sake.'

'Heavens, man! what do you mean? Oh, I see! Yes, she *is* that sort of girl. But, thank God, she doesn't know what Helmsdale is! She is utterly in the dark'— He ceased, staring at his friend. 'What's the matter?' he demanded irritably.

'Is it possible?' said Anstruther slowly. 'Well, I suppose it *is* possible that you have never heard.'

'Never heard what?'

'That in New York, last week, Helmsdale was sentenced to ten years—— Hang me! I ought not to have told you.'

Arcus, pale, was gripping the arms of his chair. 'Go on!' he said hoarsely. 'Go on!'

'I can tell you only what was in the newspapers.'

'Tell it!'

This was the substance of Anstruther's story: Helmsdale's flight from Laskeir was the consequence of a false alarm given by one of his gang who had gone silly on absinthe, but Helmsdale believed in it until after his arrest. Nevertheless, on the first day of his flight—his destination had never been definitely stated—Helmsdale commanded the *Phyllis* to be put about and run for the westerly coast of Ireland. In Donegal Harbour he landed for surgical treatment an officer who had sustained a severe injury to his head. Under the hands of the doctors the officer recovered the use of brain and speech within twenty-four hours, and forthwith denounced his late employer. The *Phyllis* was taken off the coast of Newfoundland, her bunkers all but clean, making for a port—a last desperate resort—where they might be replenished. In New York Helmsdale broke down and confessed, without, however, implicating others, save the unlucky creature who had brought the false alarm.

'But Florence!' cried Arcus. 'Where is she?'

Anstruther shook his head. 'She was in New York during the proceedings last week; but——'

'When can I get a steamer to New York?'

'Hush, man! You'll make yourself ill again. Go easy.'

But Arcus would not 'go easy.' He would go in search of Florence at once; he would find her; he would marry her out of hand; he would take her away and make her forget the staring world and the man who had brought shame upon her; he would——

'I'll tell you how you might make a start,' Anstruther interrupted at last. 'There is one man in London who might know something about Miss Helmsdale's movements. He came back only yesterday—noticed it in the papers—from New York, where he had been watching the case. Jonathan Barge'——

'What! Jonathan Barge? The man I met'——

'You have met him?'

'A man of that name, anyway, in the hotel at Portree. Who is he?'

'Why, Jonathan Barge is a detective—a big man in his way. What'——

Arcus fell back in his chair. 'I see it now!' In a few words he related the incident of the visiting-card. 'That's what upset Helmsdale and his nerve. Jonathan Barge! I had for-

gotten all about him. Have you a telephone, Anstruther?'

'I have a clock! Even detectives go to bed sometimes. As for you, my friend, you are now going to yours.'

It was one in the morning, and Arcus gave in. Nay, more, he slept.

Noon next day found him in Jonathan Barge's office. He opened his heart to the detective, who, while sympathetic, appeared as a very different person from his Portree acquaintance. But few men are the same at business and on holiday.

Jonathan Barge made Arcus say all he had to say, or thought he had to say, ere making a single remark on his own account.

'Helmsdale was an artist,' he then said. 'He was an artist when, as Fitzwilliam, he slipped through my fingers ten years ago. But he has improved on himself since then. You need not say anything about his having been Fitzwilliam. There are people on the Continent who would like to know, but he has enough to account for without that. Besides, I wasn't proud of the case. Yes, he was an artist.' And the detective smiled.

Somewhat irritably Arcus replied, 'He was a pretty good business man, too. What about his fortune?'

'His fortune, Mr Arcus?'

'His accumulation of gold. By the way, who got that? Or has it not been discovered?'

Mr Barge regarded his visitor quizzingly. 'You still dream that Helmsdale was recovering Atlantic gold in Laskeir?'

'I have an ingot in my dressing-case at my friend's. I saw the process'——

'You saw a very pretty piece of artistic humbug.'

'Mr Barge, I will put that ingot in your hand, and you'——

'And I shall tell you that it is gold—not, however, Atlantic gold, as you imagine; though you are entitled to call it New Atlantic gold, if you like, seeing that it probably proceeded from the sale of forged scrip of the New Atlantic Railroad. Have a cigar?'

Arcus ignored the invitation. 'Do you mean to tell me that all his elaborate machinery was merely a blind, Mr Barge?'

'I tell you that the man was an artist. He would have welcomed a thousand strangers as he welcomed you.'

For a moment or two Arcus, feeling hot, held his peace.

'Helmsdale,' resumed the detective, 'had no fortune. His organisation for the distribution of his forgeries was costly. In the course of years the business would probably have paid him handsomely; but thus far his partners or agents, who had to live big, absorbed practically all the profits. I consider him an ill-used man,' laughed the speaker. 'Of course he made something,' he

went on; 'but his style of living on Laskair cost money; so did his laboratory, not to mention his artistic humbug.'

'But his yacht, the *Phyllis*?'

'Mortgaged to the limit. As for his inventions, he sank them in the sea before he was taken. In ten years—perhaps seven, if he is very, very good—he'll return to the world almost as poor as he first entered it.'

'My God!' muttered Arcus, 'what is to happen to his niece?'

Jonathan Barge shook his head. 'I offered my humble services over there, but she would have none of them. I can give you the address I called at; but you must not expect to find her there now that Helmsdale's fate is fixed. I can also give you a letter to a friend of mine in the police, who may be of assistance in tracing her. It was a pathetic business,' he went on, with another wag of his head, 'and I'm not easily moved. Poor thing! she wanted to prove herself his accomplice, imagining, I suppose, that she would be sent to prison along with him. Well, I wish you luck in your search, Mr Arcus. If it's not a rude question—I'm a much older man than you—have you considered what to do with the young lady after you have found her?'

Arcus flushed slightly. 'I shall marry her. We arranged all that on Laskair.'

'Oh! Another forward question: Have you reflected on how your friends may regard the marriage? A man can't easily get away from his friends, you know.'

'The past will be dead so far as they are concerned.'

'Ye-es. Seven years may see Helmsdale free. Naturally enough he will come to her—and you.'

'He has a claim on me. But for him I should not be here.'

Mr Barge nodded. 'He was not a sordid creature. He had his sentiments. But don't expect to escape awkwardness, Mr Arcus.'

'If his niece can forgive'—began Arcus, and halted. Then, 'I sail by the first boat. And now, Mr Barge, I have to'—

The detective waved away his visitor's thanks. 'Once more, good-luck to you. Let me know if I can be of use. And—pardon me again—don't take an oath just yet to be good to Helmsdale. You may regret it, or you may break it. On the other hand,' he smiled, 'you can remember that he was an artist. Artists are forgiven much nowadays. Good-bye.'

Arcus, his gratitude tinged with resentment, drove to his club. Until a week ago his letters had been forwarded to Harris, and the porter had but a thin bundle to hand to him. He turned them over. The last bore the New York post-mark over unfamiliar writing—writing, nevertheless, which he instinctively knew to be Florence's. He tore open the envelope, and drew forth a paper, blank save for the solitary word, 'Farewell.'

Next day he sailed for New York.

(Continued on page 372.)

CHILD-LIFE IN PALESTINE

'CHILDREN are the flowers of the world,' say the Arabs; and their word for family means literally 'those who are cared for.' But they wear their flowers with a difference which is marked at the very beginning of life. When a little stranger comes to an Arab home musicians are waiting round the door. If it opens, and a glad voice proclaims, 'To us a son is born!' the response comes promptly, 'If it be the will of Allah, may he be kept to you!' Then the musicians beat their drums, blow their shepherds' pipes, and pluck at their strange stringed instruments, while they chant a welcome to the newcomer, the praises of his family, and a forecast of the great deeds to be done by him. But if the stork has brought a daughter, the door is set ajar for a moment, a head is shaken silently, or a sad voice says, 'It is the will of Allah,' and the orchestra goes empty away; there is no need of music or feasting to usher in another superfluous woman.

But human nature being what it is, the undesired little girl is by no means unloved. A pretty name is chosen for her, such as Latifeh ('gracious'), Zarifeh ('pretty'), Jamtieleh ('pleasant'),

Selma or Salome ('peace'), or she becomes 'Star or Dawn, Rose or Lily, Pearl or Diamond. But if two or three girls are born in succession, these pet names give place to Tammam or Kafah, both of which mean 'enough'; or, as the irate Scotsman put it, 'We'll ha'e nae mair o' that.' Boys for the most part bear the names familiar to us in the Old Testament—Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Isaac, Moses, &c.; though Mustapha and Hassan or Hussein are almost equally common among the Moalems. Names of animals, such as Saba (lion), Caleb (dog), Dub (bear), are often given by parents who have lost one child after another, in the hope that by this self-humiliation they may avert the evil eye or appease the demon who has made their home desolate. Children are sometimes called after a dead relative, but rarely after their father; though his name is often used as a sort of surname, as Simon, son of Jonas. On the other hand, in this topsy-turvy country a father is called after his son; Ya Abu Mustapha ('Oh Father of Mustapha'), Ya Umm Mustapha ('Oh Mother of Mustapha'), being the proper form of addressing the parents of a first-born son. This title is retained ever after, even

should Mustapha die or be only the first of a quiverful.

The new baby, whether boy or girl, is usually rubbed with salt, and has a blue bead tied round its neck, so that no evil spirit may take possession of its small body; its eyes are blackened with kohl, its arms laid straight by its sides, and it is tightly wrapped in swaddling-clothes and strapped to a pillow. For the first few weeks it is a sort of chrysalis, able to move its head only, easily carried on its mother's back or hung on the branch of a tree. As soon as he can sit up, the mother carries her little son astride on her shoulders, his tiny hands clinging to the top of her head, just as Egyptian mothers did four thousand years ago. The country people say that the habit of gripping with the knees thus early acquired is the secret of their unrivalled horsemanship. The daughter is seldom carried in this fashion; at first she may ride on her mother's hip, or be carried on her back or in the pocket made by the belting of her robe; but very soon she must learn to toddle on her own bare brown feet, and to put on what scanty raiment is thought necessary.

The peasant children in summer wear very little but their 'birthday dress'—perhaps a scrap of coloured cotton bestowed somewhere upon them, and the inevitable blue bead. In the villages—Bethlehem, for example—Christian girls wear a small copy of their mother's dress, a blue cotton robe embroidered in gay colours, a long white veil thrown back, and a head-dress of coins which suggests a premature halo; the Moslems are shrouded in black or white *mileins*, and closely veiled.

In the towns you see an infinite variety. Many natives think it advanced to dress their children 'Frangi fashion,' which means cheap ready-mades imported from France or Germany; to others it is a point of honour to keep up the traditional costume of their race or sect. You may meet any day a little fellow of six in the full uniform of a Turkish officer, his majestic bearing somewhat spoiled by the sword which will get between his fat legs and trip him up; and your next glance may fall on a boy 'vowed' from his birth, and therefore wearing the Franciscan's brown habit and the rope that goes all round.

In Jerusalem, some years ago, the Russian church on the top of the Mount of Olives boasted a 'wonder-child,' a sweet little maid of seven summers, who stood before the altar in trailing black garments, and led the devotions of the Sisters in a silvery treble. Attempts to make her acquaintance were foiled by the lack of a common language and by the extraordinary dignity of her curtsy, to which we could make no adequate response. But a timid offering of chocolate was accepted with reassuring alacrity; for in Palestine, as elsewhere, the red lane leads straight to the heart of a child. So one sees

in the bazaars, where Turkish officer, little St Francis, Jew boy in overcoat and yellow ringlets, woolly-haired Soudanese, and Arab, brown and impudent as a sparrow, all come flocking to the call of a seller of sweets. 'Sweeten your teeth, oh boy! This is *halawi* from Damascus. Call your mother, oh boy!' 'Maiden's Spinning!' (a sweetmeat drawn out in long silky threads). 'Oh Maiden's Spinning! 'Tis given for naught!' 'Ice cream! Ice cream! Oh the selling for one metallic!' (halfpenny). 'And with Allah be the binding up'—that is, the recompense for selling so cheap. Most alluring of all, a cock made of pink candy is advertised with a wailing cry, 'Allah is everlasting!' and never fails to attract purchasers.

Here, as always, children's play is mostly 'making-believe' that they are grown-up. You may see a mite of five or six paying a visit of ceremony to a pasha of equally tender years, exchanging such compliments with him as 'Rest, I pray you!' 'Nay, he who sees you is rested!' and finally backing out of his presence, while he gathers up handfuls of dust and sprinkles it on his head. Holding a law-court, with melon-seeds to represent the bribes, is a popular game, and so is a raid of fierce men from the desert. The selling of Joseph and his subsequent interviews with his brethren are rendered with much dramatic action; also the afflictions of the man of Uz, with new details, such as Job's wife cutting off her hair and selling it for bread. Church processions are reproduced, especially at Easter-tide, and marriages and funerals are as frequent now as they evidently were when Christ likened the Pharisees to sulky children who would play at neither. 'Doing bride' is naturally the chief amusement of the Moslem girl, as it is the one great event of her later life. This is not a speaking part; for the truly modest Eastern bride should give no sign of life, but should sit for hours without an eyelash flickering while her maidens deck her with ornaments and sing songs in her praise.

Such are the games of the town-bred children. In the country they build houses and set up miniature tents like their own homes. It was strange and touching to find tiny, flat-roofed houses between two great pillars in one of the ruined cities beyond Jordan; the child-builders of centuries ago had made for themselves a monument no less enduring than their elders' dreams in marble. But the country children have little time to play, for at an incredibly early age the boys begin to lead out the animals to pasture, and the girls to carry wood, fetch water, gather and dry fruit, and make dung-cakes for fuel. It seems hard work for the little folk, but it has its compensations. An Arab boy guiding the 'hairy-scairy camuel,' which could kill him by the simple process of stepping on him, is as proud as a pasha; and a girl tastes joy when she first carries her water-jar on her

head without holding it, and hears her mother say, 'Herb of my heart, thou art clever! A star shalt thou be in the house of thy husband.'

The town children, too, if their parents are poor, are early set to work, and you see them in the Damascus bazaars blowing the bellows for the smith or learning to punch the background of the brass bowls so dear to the heart of the tourist.

In Palestine there is no Children Act and no compulsory education. The children of the tents and the mud-villages grow up as best they can, much loved indeed, but no more trained than the tiny black kids that gambol with them on the stony hillsides. If they are Moslems they may go occasionally to a little school, where they sit cross-legged chanting selections from the Koran, and learning to form Arabic characters on the sand-strewn floor. Jews are taught in much the same way, only the Talmud is substituted for the Koran, and they learn by heart many thanksgivings, the first of which is, 'We thank Thee, Almighty One, that Thou hast created us men, and not women.' The little Moslem does not reckon up his mercies in this way; but he is carefully instructed that there are six things never to be mentioned without a preliminary 'By your leave.' These are a Jew, a Christian, a dog, a pig, a woman, and his boots. Such is elementary education in the country districts.

But in the towns, especially in Jerusalem, you find all the higher branches—nature lessons, typewriting, Esperanto, even Shakespeare and the use of the globes. The clashing of new ideas with age-long prejudices gives some strange results. For instance, the head of a mission school in Damascus began lately to give physical exercises and drill to her girls, who learned with surprising quickness and enjoyment. On the third day the most zealous of the little pupils was absent. The teacher went to inquire for her, and was met by a tearful mother. Zartfeh could never come back to the school, for an evil spirit had entered into her, and made her toss her arms and legs unceasingly, and mutter strange words. The holy man of the mosque said she was assuredly possessed, and had given her a charm, but it was all in vain. 'Behold the afflicted one!' and she pointed a trembling finger to the flat roof, where the 'afflicted one' was practising arm and leg exercises, and counting 'One, two, three, four.'

Droll, too, was our first visit to a Turkish official. We went, eager for a glimpse of a real Eastern interior; but, alas! the *Illustrated London News* lay on the divan, the tea was à l'Anglaise and undrinkable, and the four children of our host, in faultless sailor suits and the stiffest of white muslins, were perched on very high cane chairs, their poor little feet, in French shoes, dangling forlornly. For our entertainment they stood in a row, and read sentence about from *Black Beauty*, and the younger daughter

recited 'A Helpless Orphan's Tale.' Proud were the father's glance and his query, 'Is she not an English miss?' when his little Fatima dug a chubby forefinger into her dimpled cheek, repeating all in a breath, 'Tis-want-that-makes-my-cheek-so-pale.' The mother of the family did furnish some local colour, for she spoke Turkish only, her Oriental silks and gauzes gleamed with jewels, and her nails were pink with henna; but her dark eyes were troubled as she watched the little daughter whose world was other than her own. No doubt she was wondering whether any good Moslem would ever marry a maiden who walked abroad unveiled, and knew more than was fitting for a woman.

Even the schools attached to the Greek and Latin monasteries are adopting British methods; and you meet a priest in his black *soutane* leading out his boys in black surplices and red sashes to play 'the cricket.'

For girls in the East childhood is very brief. Betrothed often in infancy, they are married at thirteen or fourteen, and the daily round furnishes much more—of toil, at least—than any of us Westerners would ask. A few of them now aspire to careers as teachers or sick-nurses; but, on the whole, 'living one's own life' is too new an ideal to find favour in their eyes.

Boys, on the other hand, are wakening up to the fact that knowledge is the key that opens many gates. They crowd into mission schools, and pick up learning's crumbs with a quickness which is astonishing and delusive; for this facility in acquiring information is not often accompanied by the power to reproduce it accurately or to reflect upon it, while it does bring with it the pleasant conviction that 'What I don't know isn't knowledge.' These characteristics were very obvious in some essays which it was our privilege to read. Here are a few examples:

'It is a superstition that if some one sees something eatenable, and does not have it, he will die; but we who are well educated, of course, we believe not this.'

'The people of Spain refused to name their King Alfonso, because he would then be called Alfonso XII., which signifies Barnabas the traitor. And Alfonso XIII. was nearly going to be killed on the day of his marriage, the ignorant say because he was thirteen.'

'Superstitions of fear were believed by the ancient people who were as children if they are compared to people of our days. But we cannot blame the people of the older time for having undeveloped brains.'

Comment is superfluous. As a rest from this 'heir of all the ages,' let us quote a Moslem boy's description of the prodigal and the miser as he has seen them:

'Most of the prodigals inherit their fathers.

When a man inherits his father he knows not how the money come, he puts his hand in his pocket, take out, and spend on nothing without to look at it. The prodigal is familiar [similar?] to a desert; he take in, but produce nothing. But one must say the prodigal has many friends. He eat and drink with a kingly zest, he laughs and is merry. You will see that he consorts mostly with street men, fearing the converse of upper men lest they reprove his evil manners. When all his money is spent on picnics he goes far away, becomes a shepherd of pig, and eats only fruit of the *ikharub* tree. The money wasted, foolish, obtaining nothing, you see his friends are running away from him. Even if he asks

help they will not help him, but send him away, scolding him.

'It is very difficult to get hold of a miser's idea or from what use he work so hard to get money and imprison it in his pocket. A miser is a mizary-producer to others. His children and wife hate him, and they may kill him to inherit him. He is thrown out of every man's eyes, and as a dog in a corner. He is selfish, dishonest, and lyar man, who save all hordings, putting his money in a box and taking a glance at them every day as if they were holy. Does he not know that he is immortal, and that some day he must be departed from his money, which at last go to lawyers and governors!'

THE VINDICATION OF PATON.

CHAPTER III.

A YEAR had passed—a year in which many things had happened. Affairs were reaching a crisis in Egypt. The administration was at fault, and those in Alexandria and Cairo knew it. Petty fights in the bazaars, the drawing of knives in the streets, all pointed one way. The Egyptian elbowed the Briton off the path, and blows resulted. Once even the flag upon the Government House had been torn down, by whose hands no one knew; but the act added fuel to the fire which day by day was increasing in the Nationalist party.

Much also had happened in those twelve months to Paton. On the introduction of Mr Bellamore he had obtained the post of manager to a large English firm. His friends increased as the weeks went by, and little by little the acuteness of the shame that was his had been lifted from his soul. By every mail almost there came a letter from Brentwaite, telling of unceasing efforts, and apologising for the failure which so far had attended them.

When Paton came down to breakfast one morning—it was the end of June—he glanced through the letters by his plate. Eagerly he tore open one envelope as he saw the writing. Inside was a slip of paper, and on it the words: 'The first anniversary. Good-luck, dear!—KERRY.' That was all. He bent down and touched the sheet with his lips.

At Mr Bellamore's request he lived with him, helping him to keep alive the bachelor house, as the elder man had put it with a wry smile.

A few minutes later Mr Bellamore entered the room. 'I did not see you last night,' he said. 'I heard some news. First, there was a bad fight at the Mahdi Bazaar. Nine Egyptians were killed, and one Englishman. I do not know for certain, but they say it is little Gregory.'

Paton nodded gravely. He was not surprised.

Few men were. 'I am glad I learned to use a rifle, also a sword,' he said.

'Secondly, Colonel Lavenon is here, with his daughter.'

Paton looked up quickly. An envelope which was in his hand fluttered to the ground. 'The devil!' he ejaculated. 'For what purpose?'

'I can understand the colonel's coming. Troops are pouring in fast. But why should he bring his daughter? To my mind it is the act of a madman.'

They breakfast early or late in Alexandria. The heavy gong of the clock in his dining-room struck six as Mr Bellamore laid down his empty cup.

'You are going straight to the office!' he said.

Paton nodded. 'Yes. Extra drill has been ordered at five o'clock this afternoon, and I want to get some rest first.'

His buggy was drawn up outside; the man, waiting, saluted gravely. Even then his thoughts were wandering to the speech he had heard on the previous night—a speech in which a more or less notorious Nationalist had dwelt upon the day when the British should be driven out of the streets of Cairo and Alexandria, and Egypt be a free country once more.

Paton was buried deep in thought as his 'boy' whirled him through the traffic of Alexandria to his office at the far end of the town.

Dashing down the main street, he heard a voice address him. 'Hallo, Paton!' it said.

He looked up. The man he had known in England as Charles Graham was driving in a buggy alongside his own.

For a few hundred yards they kept pace; then Paton's 'boy,' who possessed a reputation in Alexandria for speed, drew rapidly in front.

'I shall see you at drill this afternoon?' said Standish.

'Yes,' replied Paton. As he spoke his mind was full of the one thought. Why had Colonel Lavenon brought his daughter to Egypt? As Mr Bellamore had said, it savoured of the act of a madman.

Paton's business took him out of Alexandria, right into the vilâyet that skirt the great desert, which the Tuaregs still consider their own inalienable land. He had to go there that morning to inspect some camels. He rode alone.

Business transacted, he was slowly cantering back. The sun was hot, and he wished to spare his horse. Ahead the sand gleamed like a sea of molten brass. He drew his hat low down over his eyes to shut out the glare. In the distance, looking scarcely more than a mile, though a good three leagues away, showed the white roofs of Alexandria.

Suddenly his attention was attracted to a speck in the desert. He took out his glasses and studied it closely. It was a caravan riding off the beaten track. That alone gave him warning. Men who travel the desert upon legitimate business choose the beaten track, which has served for centuries. Around the caravan rode a score of men, Arabs they appeared to be at that distance, fully armed.

Paton raised his eyebrows. 'Ah!' he said.

Then he dropped from his horse and halted in the shelter of a cluster of palms. Prudence and a sure knowledge of Egyptian affairs told him the wisdom of the course. Travelling level with him were a party of men smuggling guns into Alexandria!

He watched them out of sight, then remounted and galloped towards the city. He had ridden eight miles. The caravan had vanished, disappearing into some shelter to await nightfall, when they might safely enter Alexandria.

Along the road they had ridden he saw a horseman galloping swiftly in the same direction as himself. First Paton thought he was pursued. But there came no following cloud upon the horizon. Then he realized that the horseman must have either overtaken or been overtaken by the party on camels, and he had come away scathless!

Nearing the city Paton rode along a converging path, one which brought him nearer to the solitary horseman. They were just outside the gates when he made the discovery.

'Standish!' he muttered.

He went through the morning's business with a mind which wandered from his work. First Colonel Lavenon and Kitty, and then the lonely horseman he had seen. It was a day of surprises. He drove home to hear the sounds of firing in a distant quarter of Alexandria. The British policemen had stopped a speaker who was preaching sedition to a crowd numbering about a thousand gathered at one of the native bazaars.

The speaker was a young Egyptian full of the

doctrines he disseminated; moreover, he was a favourite with the natives. Few men are not who preach a doctrine which has the upheaval of law and order for its theme. There had been a riot. The police had been jostled, one even thrown from his horse. Stones had been thrown. Then a revolver-shot was fired by one of the white-robed figures. The police were only a hundred strong, but they fought bravely, though ineffectually, until the military arrived. Then in a few moments the crowd had dispersed; but a score or more of white-robed figures lay still upon the ground in the sunlight, and amidst them the figures of a couple of policemen.

'Ah!' said Lieutenant Taylor, who commanded the relief force, 'this is the beginning.' He was young, but he was wise in his youth.

Paton reached home to find that the mail had arrived. Amongst others was a letter from Brentwaite. He had come upon a clue. Amongst a litter in an attic he had discovered a letter, unsigned, with no address, making an appointment with the murdered man upon the day of his murder. Moreover, the letter spoke of a loan of five thousand pounds, one which had never been repaid, even in part. 'When we find the man who wrote the letter we shall have done much to clear your name,' he wrote. 'The discovery has filled me with new energy, new hope. Do you know of any one to whom your uncle would have been likely to lend money? Think of any one you can, even the most unlikely person.'

Paton lay down and rested through the hot hours. Then, as it grew cooler, he took a cold bath, dressed himself for the parade, and rode down to the barracks.

One of the first men he met there was Roger Standish, full of the news which was passing from mouth to mouth. Some one was slipping guns into Alexandria across the desert, and that some one an Englishman! There were half-a-dozen men present, and they were loud in their denunciation of the man who could sell his country in such a manner.

'He must be caught,' said one, 'and there can only be one end—a brick wall and a firing-party.'

'Yes,' assented Paton, 'that is the only end.' His eyes wandered to Standish as he spoke; not that he associated the man with the crime, much as he disliked him, but he was wondering in his mind what the young officer, who now sat so comfortably sipping a glass of whisky-and-soda, had been doing out in the desert that morning, and how he had managed to evade the convoy, all so obviously armed against inspection.

Paton waited until they were alone; then he turned to Standish. 'It is strange,' he said. 'I was riding across the desert to-day, when I came across a convoy galloping along a new track by the wells of Mizah.'

Standish drew the cigarette from between his lips. 'Ah!' he said, 'evidently a party bringing

in arms. They will wait until nightfall. What did you do?'

'Nothing,' replied Paton. 'One man is not much use against a hundred with such work on hand. The strange part is, eight miles nearer in I saw a European riding along the same track. He must have passed the convoy.'

If Standish experienced any surprise, any sense of fear, he gave no sign.

'The Englishman, depend upon it,' he said. 'Did you challenge him?'

Paton regarded him closely. 'I had nothing to go upon,' he replied slowly; 'but I should know him again. Poor devil!'

Standish laughed. 'Very charitable; but your duty, putting two and two together, was to have shot him. I should have done so if I had been in your place.'

'You would have done so in my place?' Paton looked at him closely. Other words rose to his lips, but he checked them.

'I never get a chance like that,' said Standish, rising; 'it is never my luck to leave Alexandria. I haven't been in the desert for nearly six months.'

Paton looked at him again, and Standish, meeting his eye, regarded him unflinchingly.

'Some of you fellows get all the luck, you know.'

The bugle sounded as he spoke, and the two men went separately to the barrack square.

That it was Standish he had seen that morning Paton had no doubt. 'I wonder why he lied to me,' he said to himself as he took up his position.

CHAPTER IV.

A COUPLE of hours later Paton was standing before the commanding officer. Colonel Tewkesbury was a man who knew his Egypt well. He also knew the world and the ways of men. He listened to Paton's tale in silence.

'You saw them by the wells of Mizah,' he said; 'and, eight miles nearer, the solitary horseman?'

'Yes,' replied Paton.

'Then they will attempt to bring in the guns under cover of nightfall. I will have them seized. There is just a chance also, a chance in a thousand, that we shall take the Englishman.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'I doubt, though, if it is even a chance in a thousand, unless he is a fool.'

It was while riding back to Mr Bellamore's house that Paton ran across Kitty Lavenon. She was riding in a buggy. Instantly she stopped it upon seeing him.

'Dick!' she said. There was an unasked question in her tone.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I heard you had come out with your father.'

'He wanted me to. He has a lot of property here, you know, and if there is to be trouble

it might ruin him. And how are you? I do not like to ask you here the thousand and one questions I want to, dear. You must come round and see us.'

'Not until my name is cleared,' replied Paton. 'But I am a happy, proud man to-day.'

She looked puzzled.

'This morning I got your note.'

She blushed and smiled, the happy, gentle smile of a woman who loves truly. 'I told you I should send it. I shall send one every year until'—

'Until?'

'Until your name is cleared,' she said softly.

On reaching Mr Bellamore's house he found the old gentleman greatly excited. Like Colonel Lavenon, he too possessed property in Alexandria. 'And there's going to be an infernal row,' he observed gleefully. 'I only wish I were young again like you.' He glanced at the figure before him with pride in his eye. He looked upon Paton as a son—a son who had been given to him in old age, as he remarked whimsically to a friend.

Paton laughed. 'Come and fight with me. We shall be called out in a few hours, and I'll bet you'd fight as well as any of us.'

Two days later there came another letter from Brentwaite. There was much news in it—news that was good, yet which gave Paton a shock, and which shattered his belief in mankind to a large extent.

'You have heard of the firm of Anthony and Co., money-lenders? Your uncle was that firm. He was Anthony & Co., though no one ever knew it save the one man who made the appointment upon the night of his murder.'

Paton knew the firm of Anthony & Co.; there were few men moving in a certain set in London who did not. 'The Jew,' 'Shylock,' 'Blood-sucker,' were a few of the least offensive names he had heard hurled at the head of his uncle, a man whom he had always looked upon as the incarnation of honest, straightforward, gentle manhood, a man whose name figured large in every charity list.

More than one man getting into the hands of Anthony & Co. had played the game as long as possible, floundering deeper into the mire every day, finally killing themselves rather than face the disgrace. As he read the words there came to him the memory of an old college friend, and the words he had used the last time they met: 'It's worse than the devil, Dick. For the past two years I've been in the hands of that old Anthony; now I'm going to cut it. The game's up.' A year later he had shot himself.

'My God!' said Paton. He forced himself to continue the letter.

'In a few days now,' wrote Brentwaite, 'we hope to have our hands upon the man who wrote that note.'

Paton stood irresolute. For a few moments

he was tempted to telegraph to Brentwaite telling him to stop all further action. 'The poor chap has suffered enough,' he said to himself. Then he thought of his own name, and the girl who was waiting until he had cleared it. The decision was temporarily taken out of his hands.

Mr Bellamore entered the room hurriedly. 'An orderly has come for you,' he said. 'The regiment is to mobilise at once. Trouble has broken out all over Alexandria.'

Paton was still in his regimentals. He thrust the letter into the pocket of his jacket and rushed out of the room. Five minutes later he was galloping to the barracks.

There was quietness in Alexandria save for the sound of firing in a distant quarter. The streets were strangely deserted; except for a few Britons hurrying by, with set, determined faces, they were empty. The buggies had vanished. At the British Club a crowd of faces clustered at one of the windows. They raised a cheer as Paton sped by. His way led him past the house where the Lavenons lived. He glanced up. The sun-blinds were drawn; the house appeared deserted. For a moment he thought of stopping, then continued; he would come back later and warn them when he knew how dangerous the situation was. For the present he was wanted at the barracks.

He arrived to find the regiment ready, waiting orders to march out to various parts of the city.

The commanding colonel greeted him with a curt nod. 'Lieutenant Paton,' he said, 'you are to take D Company and guard the neighbourhood of the Mahdi Bazaar.'

It was a compliment which Paton did not fully appreciate until later. The Mahdi Bazaar was in the centre of the Arab quarter, a hotbed of insurrection. It was largely composed of a network of narrow streets which converged upon the bazaar, one of the finest in Alexandria. Forty-eight hours later it was known as the worst death-trap in the city.

Colonel Tewkesbury drew him aside for a few moments. 'You will find a couple of hundred mounted police there,' he said; 'you are to act in conjunction with them. You, as military officer, will be in supreme command.' He shook hands. 'I do not envy you your task; but I think you will succeed. That is why I have chosen you.'

Paton paused for a moment. There was a question he wished to ask. 'You were able to capture that convoy of guns the night before last!'

'Yes,' replied Colonel Tewkesbury.

'And the Englishman?'

'We did not capture him.'

Paton mounted his horse, and led his men out of the barrack-gate. He took them at a smart canter through the streets to where in the distance lay the Mahdi Bazaar. The sound of shots and fierce cries guided him to it. Figures

upon the roofs of the houses waved to them as they marched by. The sound of British cheers still rang in their ears when they reached the neighbourhood of the bazaar. There they saw a scene which, but for its gravity, would have charmed any eye. A crowd five thousand strong, shouting and gesticulating, stood before it. Egyptian and Arabic dirges rose and filled the air. In the distance, separated by a third of the crowd, Paton saw Inspector Collier, at the head of his handful of men, vainly endeavouring to keep order. Stones were rained upon them, and pistol-shots.

Paton gave the order to charge, and with drawn swords the company galloped down upon the crowd.

'The military! The military!' shouted the natives. For a moment there was a wavering. Using the flats of their swords, by Paton's instructions, the men charged their way to the side of Inspector Collier and his force.

'Thank God you have come!' said the inspector. 'We are hopelessly outnumbered.'

Paton nodded. 'Fall in behind,' he commanded. 'We must get to more open ground than this.'

The crowd had collected again, reinforced by hundreds who poured in from the side-streets.

Paton wheeled his horse round and led the way back. A solid human mass stood shoulder to shoulder and barred the way. From the rear came volley upon volley of stones, falling like hail upon the forces—sharp, jagged stones which could cut one's face open to the bone. From those nearest, shots were fired almost in the faces of the troops. It was a terrible moment. Paton could see men falling each second from their horses. An Arab had knocked his helmet off with a thick stick, and almost rendered him senseless with the blow.

There was a few feet of open ground around them.

'Charge!' shouted Paton.

There was a terrific impact as the horses met the solid mass of men. Then steadily, inch by inch, they fought their way to the open ground beyond. From the roofs of the houses around, those hidden there kept up a sharp rifle fusillade, killing friend and foe alike indiscriminately. The Egyptians are brave men and strong; they live in a land where only the fittest can survive, but the wall of steel that met them was too much. Bearing one another against the wall, they made way for the body of troops, pouring maledictions upon their heads; while many of them vanished down the side-streets.

Once through and in the open ground beyond, Paton turned to Inspector Collier. 'We shall have to ride back and clear these streets. Then the bazaar.'

Inspector Collier nodded. He felt a growing respect for this young Englishman. There are men who arouse this respect at sight, and when

by their actions they are further able to claim it their path is made fairly easy in this world.

Hatless and bleeding, many of them, Paton gathered his company together again. Of the crowd, 50 per cent. had dispersed, a large number lay still and silent upon the ground, white-robed figures which bore testimony to the power of the soldiers. The others were disheartened. The stones were less frequent in their showers, the aim erratic, while the cries had diminished in volume and truculence. It is disheartening work shouting maledictions at men who care little for your curses, and with cold steel for ever flashing in front of your face. At the second charge the crowd wavered, then, as the swords played amongst them, broke and ran in all directions. The insurrection at the Mahdi Bazaar was over, save for the bazaar itself.

Dismounting, and taking fifty troopers with him, Paton entered the long, low, and narrow building, leaving the other men in the charge of Inspector Collier to keep guard outside.

At first resistance met them. A couple of hundred Egyptians had sought security amidst

the stalls on each side. Like their brethren outside, they wavered, then sped out at the far end for safety, like rabbits out of a warren.

The Mahdi Bazaar is a grand sight. It is perhaps the richest in Alexandria; the choicest work of the East hangs on all sides. It was a sight which would have aroused respect in Paton upon most occasions; but the wrath of the soldier was in his blood; it tingled madly through his veins. To him the beauty was nothing.

Into each of the stalls he walked in turn, a couple of troopers at his heels, peering into every corner.

At last he came upon one, the stall of Mohammed Saki, a dealer in cloth. Mohammed Saki was an honoured man in Alexandria; the Egyptian population decked their wives with the goods that came from his few square feet of stall, while Europeans and Americans paid fabulous prices for fancy cloths which he imported specially from Birmingham for their delectation.

(Continued on page 377.)

CANE-SUGAR MANUFACTURE.

By F. T. SCARD, F.I.C.

IT is probable that few readers of *Chambers's Journal* are aware, or in any way realise, what an elaborate and costly process is required for the manufacture of cane sugar for consumption, or even for the preparation of the raw products. The impression which still pervades the minds of the general public is that the cane is squeezed and the juice boiled in a simple operation requiring neither machinery nor labour to any extent.

In early days this may have been so; but competition now renders it necessary to extract, in the very best condition, the whole of the sugar from the cane, with consequent elaboration of mechanical and chemical processes.

What is a sugar-cane? Nothing more nor less than a big grass. Everybody has an idea of what the bamboo is like. Imagine, therefore, a bamboo of about one and a half inches in diameter and ten to fourteen feet in length, with knots—or nodes, as they are termed—four or five inches apart; but having, instead of a thick rind hollow in the centre, a thin, brightly coloured, hard rind, yellow, green, purple, or striped according to the variety, the interior occupied with pith, the cells of which contain the juice; and there is a sugar-cane.

When the cane reaches maturity it flowers, sending up a waving plume, blue-gray in colour, after the manner of pampas grass. The cane is now ripe, and contains its maximum amount of sugar. The reaping season having arrived, the cutting is done by hand, this being obligatory on account of the habit which the ripe cane

has of sprawling over the ground. The reapers—negroes, East Indians, Malays, whites (men and women)—armed with a kind of cutlass, enter the fields and hack down the canes with a single stroke. Prior to this the cane has been stripped of its leaves, with the exception of those at the extreme tip, and its upper portion is trimmed off. As sugar-cane cannot be grown from seed on account of the time taken for growth, the uncertainty of germination, and also the tendency which seed-grown canes have of exhibiting varying types of character, the upper part of each trimmed cane is used as a cutting for a succeeding crop, the young canes springing from the eyes situated at each node or knot.

The next operation is to transport the canes to the factory, where the juice is transformed into sugar. In large factories this is a formidable task, two thousand tons of cane being sometimes treated in a day. The cane-fields are therefore, in these cases, connected with the factory by rail, a system of fifty miles or so in length being frequently required, steam being used for haulage. In some low-lying countries, such as British Guiana and the Straits Settlements, canals are used to carry the canes to the mills, while even water in aqueducts is employed in some instances to bring down bundles of canes from a higher level.

The canes having now arrived at the factory, the trucks, punts, or carts are drawn up, waiting to be unloaded in turn. Labourers spring upon the canes and quickly and deftly remove them

—for no time must be lost—so that the mill may be regularly supplied; or the work of unloading and transfer to the mills may be taken up by brakes or grabs worked mechanically. The canes are thrown on an endless band somewhat like a moving staircase, which carries a continuous stream of canes into the jaws of the mills in a tumbling, irregular cascade.

This done, the most impressive part of the whole process of sugar-making is now carried out. The mills consist of massive iron rolls from six to seven feet in length by three in diameter, driven by powerful engines, whose power is transmitted by large toothed wheels and pinions, the whole giving an impression of irresistible strength apparently out of all proportion to the work to be done. The mill-rolls, which in modern plants may be eleven to fourteen in number, seize the stream of canes and grind them until the refuse—megass or bagasse—emerges in a pulverised condition, water being sprinkled over the mass in the course of crushing to facilitate the extraction of the juice. In this operation the power needed is great, a factory grinding one hundred tons of cane per hour requiring in this department as much power as a fifteen hundred ton steamer.

The canes having been crushed, the juice—a dirty, greenish-yellow, turbid, foaming liquid—is collected in cisterns as it flows from the mill. This juice represents over 90 per cent. of the sugar of the cane, and requires much treatment before it can be made to yield up its sugar in the form of crystals. The refuse—the megass or bagasse—is carried away to the boilers, where, burnt in specially constructed furnaces, it supplies enough, or nearly enough, steam to give the power required by the factory.

The first step in the process of sugar-making proper is to purify the juice as much as possible, and thus prepare it for concentration and crystallisation. Milk of lime is mixed with it in large cisterns, and in some cases the gaseous products of burning sulphur are also pumped in. To complete this stage of the process heat is required, and to provide this the juice is passed through cylindrical vessels fitted with longitudinal tubes heated by steam; and as the juice is pumped through these vessels it is gradually raised to the boiling-point. From the juice-heaters the limed, sulphurised, and heated juice is delivered into settling-tanks, where it remains for from one to two hours. Here the impurities sink to the bottom, and a clear, greenish liquid remains, which is ready for the subsequent process of concentration and crystallisation. After the clear upper liquid has been drawn off, the lower layer containing the separated impurities is transferred to other vessels and resubsidised, the clear liquor thus obtained being added to the liquid first drawn off. The impurities thus collected still contain much sugar, and to recover this the thick mud is

forced through presses consisting of iron frames over which coarse cloth is stretched, the whole being held lightly together so as to form a series of compartments. The mud is pumped into alternate compartments, and as one set fills up with the solid matter the clear juice escapes through the cloth into the others, from which it is drawn off.

The cane-juice has now been cleaned and separated as far as possible from its impurities; but before any attempt can be made to separate the sugar from the juice it has to be concentrated to syrup. This means that upwards of 75 per cent. of its bulk has to be boiled off. To do this in the ordinary way would mean that the equivalent of nearly a ton of coal would be required, and the refuse of the cane would not be nearly sufficient for the sugar-making process. But by an ingenious application of the principle that the boiling-point of water varies with the air-pressure to which it is subjected, an apparatus is used which consists of three or four vessels joined together, the last one being connected with an air-pump to produce a vacuum. In this apparatus steam is admitted to the heating chamber of the first vessel, and the vapour from it is used to boil the juice in the second by reason of the lower boiling-point induced by the vacuum in the last vessel; the vapour from the second vessel boils the juice in the third, and so on, the steam being thus, as it were, used three times over.

The juice has now been concentrated to a brownish-green syrup, and is ready for the crystallising process. This is carried out in what are known as vacuum-pans, in which a low boiling temperature is maintained by means of an air-pump, as in the last vessel of the concentrating apparatus. It may be pointed out that the low boiling temperature is of the greatest advantage in the process, inasmuch as the high temperature at which the concentrated syrup boils in the open is destructive of sugar and against the formation of crystals. This can be seen by comparison of the old muscovado or moist, soft sugar with modern crystals.

A vacuum-pan is an upright cylindrical vessel with dome-shaped top, from which a large pipe connects the body of the vessel with a condenser, from which connections lead to the air-pump. The bottom of the pan is cone-shaped, with a valve-door at the lower point to permit of the easier discharge of the solid contents. In the lower part of the body of the pan and in the cone-shaped bottom are coils which are charged with steam when the pan is working. The thick syrup is drawn into the pan at the outset in considerable quantity, and boiled down until fine crystals begin to appear. This stage of the process is very carefully watched, the operator testing the condition of the contents of the pan from time to time by introducing, through a special nozzle, a 'proof-stick' so contrived that

a sample of the juice can be drawn without disturbing the vacuum. The syrup is carefully added in small quantities as soon as the crystals appear. In this way no fresh formation of crystals takes place; but as the boiling goes on the sugar from the moving syrup is deposited on the original crystals, which grow proportionately in size. The vacuum-pan is thus gradually filled with a mixture of crystals and 'mother liquor'; the latter, when separated from the crystals, being known as molasses.

The next step in the process of sugar-making is to separate the crystals from the molasses, and this quick and beautiful operation is done by means of centrifugal force. The machine for this purpose, measuring from two and a half to four feet in diameter and two to three feet in depth, consists of a cylinder with closed bottom and finely perforated sides, suspended by a spindle in such a manner that the cylinder or basket can be made to revolve at a speed of from eight to twelve hundred revolutions per minute, according to the diameter of the cylinder. The mixture of crystals and molasses is run into the basket until it is about half-full, and the machine is set in motion. The mixture is thrown against the side of the basket as the machine revolves, and the molasses forced through the perforations; while the crystals, being unable to pass through, are left in the form of a layer against the walls of the basket. If necessary—should all the molasses not pass readily from the sugar, or if a special quality of sugar is required—water is poured against the wall of sugar to assist in the operation, or even steam is applied. This part of the process occupies only a few minutes, and when it is concluded the bottom of the basket is opened and the contents discharged into a carrier running beneath the machine which conveys the sugar to the store. The molasses, which impinges on a fixed casing a few inches from the basket of the machine, is caught in a gutter and pumped up to receptacles for further treatment.

The molasses thus obtained still contains a large quantity of sugar which can be recovered, and in order to obtain this it is subjected to further concentration in the vacuum-pan. There are various methods by which this operation is conducted to produce a second-grade sugar. But in recent years the process has been considerably modified, the aim being to make, if possible, only one grade of sugar, and that the highest. To secure this result vessels called crystallisers—large, horizontal, cylindrical tanks fitted with slowly revolving arms—have been introduced. The usual process adopted is to take a certain amount of pure syrup and form 'grain' or crystals in the pan, as in the first stage of the syrup sugar, and then, instead of adding more syrup, to add molasses. The mass is then run out into the crystalliser, the arms keeping the mass in motion. The combined motion and cooling cause a separa-

tion of the sugar, which is deposited on the crystals already formed. In from three to four days the mass is ready for treatment in the centrifugals, and a sugar obtained which admits of being mixed with the finest product.

The foregoing details give an outline of the processes generally adopted in modern cane-sugar factories for the manufacture of high-class sugar. Three principal varieties of cane sugar produced by modern factories are in the market. One which is manufactured solely for refining purposes, brownish-gray in colour, contains over 96 per cent. of pure sugar. The other two are for direct consumption—white crystals and 'Demerara' yellow sugar. These require modifications of the processes described above. The peculiarities of yellow sugar are produced by the judicious use of chemicals with juice of a certain quality. In the manufacture of white sugar, sulphurous acid is also employed as a bleaching agent, and modifications of the machinery and the processes are required. In the main, however, the principles of manufacture are the same.

In a few countries, notably India, the process is still carried on as it was centuries ago by the ryots or peasantry, who employ small mills in many cases constructed of wood and driven by oxen. The juice from these mills is boiled down in iron pots, in which it is clarified, and when the syrup is concentrated it is poured into jars, where it solidifies. From the process still in vogue in India the magnificent system of modern sugar-making factories has been evolved.

In recent years cane sugar, once threatened with only second place after beet, has once more resumed its premier position. This is due to the Brussels Convention (which had the effect of stopping the indiscriminate dumping of highly bountied sugar in Great Britain and elsewhere), to the great improvement of the machinery and consequent cheapening of cane-sugar production, and to the fiscal policy of certain countries, notably the United States. It may be taken that under natural conditions beet sugar cannot compete with cane as regards cost of production.

IN JUNE.

PINK roses, lovely on their thorny stalks,
And making all the summer hedges sweet;
White roses, blowing in the garden walks,
To scatter fragrant snow about our feet;
Red roses, from whose dewy velvet lips
The honey-bee his richest nectar sips.

You praise them with no tepid words; but, hush!
The rose that charms me most is none of these.
I call it in my thoughts the Maiden's Blush;
Its tint is deepened by each vagrant breeze,
And yet—and yet it is not far to seek,
But blooms in beauty on my lady's cheek.

E. MATHESON.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

AN ACT OF GOD.

By ROBERT MACHRAY,

Author of *The Glory of the Gallery, Life of Archbishop Machray, &c.*

HE was only a lad at the time, and therefore too young to do much more than grasp the bare facts which are about to be related. It was the wonder of them, rather than their why and wherefore, that impressed itself upon him and filled his soul with amazement. It is the wonder of them that still holds him, although he is now on the verge of threescore, and often has he speculated why these things were so. The bishop, a learned man and a wise, could not tell him the reason. Perhaps the bishop, dead some years past, knows it now; but then he spoke of 'an act of God,' as is the current English legal phrase, and the lad left it at that.

Here are the facts.

An army came marching, marching from the unknown, mysterious north to the sparsely inhabited south. A mighty army it was—not a thousand, nor a hundred thousand, but uncounted millions strong. Neither the bishop, albeit he had been a high wrangler at Cambridge, nor any other man could number it, for it was literally like the sand of the sea for multitude. Ever it marched, without hurry, but without a halt. Night succeeded day, yet this army never tarried, never slept. On it moved without pausing, with its face always to the south, inexorably bent on its predetermined goal.

When it came to rivers or the narrows of lakes, it bridged them with bodies, and passed over; when it reached a sheet of water that was too large, it went round the shore till its march was due south again. It appeared to have no leaders, but it never lost the route. It displayed neither flags nor banners; no stir of bugles, no beat of drums, rose from its ranks. Indeed it marched in an absolute silence which was weird, intimidating, and more impressive than any military music.

Out of the dim north the army poured as if it would never stop and had no limit; its innumerable regiments passed on, and regiments as innumerable took their place. As it advanced it shed its dead and dying, like trees their leaves in autumn, but its gaps were instantly closed up. Soon it covered the entire expanse of the country as the waters cover the bed of ocean; it left no spot of soil unoccupied, east or west, for hundreds

of miles. And as it moved, and kept on moving, it devoured and devastated the land, the very shape of which seemed to change.

The year was 1875, and the season was summer. On the great prairies the heat was almost tropical. All day long a burning sun blazed in a cloudless sky, and every night the stars shone splendid and serene in fathomless depths of blue. The land was Manitoba, a 'new country' then, and the incalculable army that was marching over it was composed of locusts, or grasshoppers, as the settlers called them.

In the preceding year an advance-guard of these invaders—also uncounted millions strong, but insignificant compared with the hosts that came after it—had marched through the province, then in the first days of its history, and had left a wide track of ruin; but when the army itself came it took the whole territory, and, turning it all into one vast highway, made it at the same time one far-stretching scene of unparalleled desolation. No plague of Egypt ever was more sweeping or more terrible. Men's hearts, even the stoutest, failed and fainted within them.

When this army of locusts appeared the lad looked on; and, being but a lad, he wondered. He had heard of the 'grasshoppers'—the bishop rightly named them locusts—and the havoc they had wrought in the previous year and in earlier times; but having been in the settlement only a few months, he had not beheld them before. In other lands, however, he had seen the ordinary grasshoppers that chirp and leap in the fields, and had caught and used them as bait for fishing. In their curious structure and colouring of bright green and glancing bronze those harmless insects closely resembled these destroying locusts, but the latter were twice the size of the former. The grasshoppers jumped from place to place as if on springs; the locusts marched with their legs, line after line, an army in motion; and as they marched and ate up the substance of the country, they grew and grew until many of them were more than an inch in length.

Early one morning the lad came out from the college—the White School on the Red River—in which he and the bishop were living. It was vacation, and the students and boys had gone

home for the holidays. Wherever the lad looked he saw locusts, nothing but locusts, marching, marching south. The surface of the ground was carpeted with them—a living, moving carpet of green and bronze. As he gazed the earth itself seemed to be moving and working on to the southern horizon. It was the strangest spectacle—like a thing witnessed in some wild and disordered dream. But part of this was no illusion. The lad stepped into the open, and wherever he set his foot he crushed and killed as many locusts as the sole of his boot covered. He went on a short distance, and it was the same. Then he ran back, the creatures squelching pulp beneath his feet, to tell the bishop. Here, surely, was the most wonderful sight in the world!

Blind to the wonder, the bishop looked on the marching hosts; and, seeing but the wreck of many hopes, he groaned in spirit and sighed aloud. He was a tall, dark man, with fine gray eyes and heavy black moustache and beard; a grave, capable, forecasting type of mind lay behind his high, domed forehead; his courage was indomitable, but his expression sometimes was a little wistful and anxious; and he never spoke much. He had no gift of eloquence, but he was a marvellous ruler of men. His confidence in the country was immense; he was wont to declare that there were no bounds to its future. He loved the land, and loved its struggling settlers, who in their turn believed in it and him; they held him great, for had he not brought them safely through the rebellion five years before, not one life being lost? That morning, as he looked with the lad on that army of locusts, the light went out of his face, and left it melancholy and sad. There had been the promise of a magnificent harvest to reward the faith and the toil of the new community; now all was over. Profoundly dejected, the bishop turned away, walked slowly into his study, and shut the door.

At intervals all that first day of the locusts the lad watched with ever-increasing wonder this mighty, irresistible army, which no man might number, on its unresting march to the south. He went out on the plains, and saw how the tall grasses had been shorn to the roots and consumed. He went into the fields of growing grain, and saw how they were laid bare; blade and stalk had disappeared. He went into the garden on the far side of the college, and saw how plants and flowers and young trees were wasted and devoured, so that what had been the bishop's delight was turned into desert. He went to the bank of the river, and saw how the broad stream was bridged with the bodies of locusts, and the apparently undiminished hosts passing over as if on dry land. And, as before, wherever he went he crushed and killed as many of the creatures as the soles of his boots covered. Day passed, evening came, night fell, and the stars shone clear; the great army was still marching southwards in that unbroken and uncanny silence.

Much of that day and night the bishop spent in his study, with the door shut. One may guess what were his thoughts, and how he was engaged in that room. Never could he believe, never did believe, that this was the end; never thought that the goodly land he loved, which so evidently had been made for the use of man, was to be hopelessly given over to this overwhelming invasion, although, before it, men, their strength and their knowledge as naught, were as impotent as babes. Yet all around was this hideous and seemingly senseless ruin! Other years of the locusts had there been—visitations, he called them; but none so calamitous as this. Were the years to come to be the same? Was the land condemned to suffer from this plague perpetually? He might well have despaired, but he did not despair. He was not the kind. 'This shall yet be a great land,' he had said, and he said it still.

Shortly after daybreak next morning the lad went out again from the college into the open country, and he saw there was no change. The mighty army, uncounted millions strong, was marching, marching south as on the previous day. The whole surface of the ground, as far as the eye could reach, was still covered with the hosts of green and bronze—a living, moving carpet; and again it seemed as if the land itself were in motion. At breakfast the lad eagerly asked the bishop many questions. Whence did these locusts come? What gave them birth in such incredible numbers? Whither were they going? Was there no way of fighting them and causing their overthrow? What purpose did they serve? What was the why of them? As was his habit, the bishop, who looked weary and sad, spoke but little. It was all a very great mystery, he said, from every point of view. In brief, it was 'an act of God.' The lad wondered more and more. 'This plague will pass,' said the bishop finally.

All that day the hosts of locusts, ever pouring out of the north, marched on southwards, devouring and devastating the land. The night that followed saw them still marching, marching on. The next day and the next night it was the same. No change! The lad looked on, and wondered at the numbers of the locusts and the havoc they worked. Scarce a green thing was left, except on the high trees; shrubs and bushes stood stripped and naked; even the hard, tough bark of the tall oaks, poplars, and maples had been attacked and eaten off near the ground in rings several inches wide.

The main building of the college formed three sides of a quadrangle; its front faced the south; its back and its wings, running east and west, lay to the north, and in the space thus contained the locusts piled themselves many feet deep, as if in a determined effort to scale the edifice. On the third day, and all that day and the next, the bishop had wagons carting the bodies of the

creatures away to the river, for the accumulation of the multitudinous dead threatened human life. Millions upon millions were carried from that small space, which, to the extent of the country, was no more than a drop of water in the sea. And the army never ceased marching, marching on.

Pallid and terror-stricken, the bishop's people came in from their homesteads on the plains, and told him of the spreading ruin. Their crops were gone; the streams and pools and little lakes were becoming foul; their cattle and even the wild beasts of the woods came calling lamentably for food. How were they themselves to live in this dreadful land? They were only a handful of men, with their poor homes dotted here and there on the great wide prairies; their lot was never easy in those early days; but life was dear to them, and they had their wives and children. Were they to droop and die? Was Manitoba indeed a fated land, a land under a curse? The bishop was a man of few words. His heart was wrung for his people and the people of the province, for their plight was woeful and desperate. He himself was weary with thinking and praying, but his faith was strong. 'This plague will pass,' he said; 'this land shall yet be great.' Also, he fed them, gave them what provisions he had, and sent them away comforted.

The fourth day and the fourth night came and went, and the hosts of the locusts never ceased marching, marching on, still countless millions strong, ever pouring out of the north, ever moving south—as in the beginning of the invasion. But on the morning of the fifth day, lo! a wonder of wonders! It may have commenced in the night—who knows?

By this time the lad had grown tired of looking, for the sight of the mighty army on the march had become familiar. On that fifth day he did not go out into the open until after breakfast; the sad-faced bishop and he had eaten that meal almost in silence. 'There seems no change,' said the bishop sorrowfully. 'No,' said the lad; 'it's just the same as it was yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, and the day before that again.' But it was not quite the same; a change there was, though neither of them knew of it at the moment.

Breakfast over, the lad went out from the college, and his quick young eyes soon noted that while the hosts of the locusts were still marching south in the same appalling numbers, they appeared to have lost something of their momentum and cohesion. Something, he understood, had happened, was happening! He looked and looked again at the army of green and bronze that covered the earth like a carpet. Had it been an army of men, one might have said that its *elan*, its spirit, its solidarity, were vanishing. 'It may be,' the lad surmised, groping in his mind for an explanation, 'that, having eaten up the land, the locusts are famished from lack of

food; for this army, like every other army, must "march on its belly." They are hungry.' And then he looked closer; he stooped to the ground, and now saw what he imagined was the true reason for the difference he had perceived in the onward movement of the invaders.

It seemed to him that the creatures were actually tumbling to pieces, or had gone through some action—a veritable battle! The latter appeared the better guess, for nearly all he examined had lost legs or parts of their bodies, as if they had been shot off. And then, going into the matter more narrowly, he saw the real cause. This was the wonder of wonders, the miracle that has never been explained. He looked and looked, ranging over an area of many yards, picking up hundreds of the locusts; in almost every instance the same extraordinary thing was to be seen. On the frame of every insect so affected were to be observed two, three, and sometimes four spots, each the size of the head of a pin, of a deep-red hue, burnished and glowing like a ruby in the sun. They were living jewels of death!

Whence, he asked himself, had come these spots of bright colour on the uniforms of green and bronze in which the locusts were arrayed? What did they portend? What were they? On the previous days there had been nothing of the sort. What had they to do with the invaders? The lad touched the spots curiously; he pulled them off the locusts' bodies, and found they were embedded in the flesh of the creatures. Then the knowledge broke on him as an intuition, afterwards confirmed as a fact, that these spots of red were also living creatures, and that they in their turn were devouring the devourers of the land. Hence the mutilated bodies of the mighty army on the march!

He ran into the college, full of the discovery, and told the bishop. Here was something even more wonderful than all that had gone before! What were these living spots of red? The conquerors of the conquerors? The lad set forth his belief that the locusts were being eaten up alive by the red spots, as he named them.

The bishop was not a naturalist, and he could not pronounce what the red spots were. Perhaps no naturalist had ever seen such spots before, and it may be that no naturalist has ever seen or will see the like again; there may be nothing precisely similar in the world. But he, too, looked and looked at the red spots; they set aflame the hope that had never ceased to burn in his soul. He said nothing, but went out with the lad, and like him saw that the mighty army no longer marched as on the preceding days; still, it marched, but it was as if it were staggering, uncertain, uninspired. He saw that everywhere near the college the locusts dropped in their tracks with the red spots clinging to the remains of their bodies; where they fell, there they lay, locusts and red spots together! With the lad he walked

out on the prairie and into the fields, and everywhere was the same thing. 'It is as you say,' he remarked to the lad, with a shaking voice, but with a face that was lighted up again; 'the locusts are being eaten up alive by these red spores, or parasites, or whatever they may be called.'

All day this strange and inexplicable slaughter of the invaders went on. So far as human eyes could see, the locusts offered no resistance; simply they marched, carrying their conquerors, until they could move no farther, and then lay down and died in their uncounted millions, the red spots dying with them. By the evening the larger part of the mighty army had perished. Next morning there was not a locust of all these innumerable hosts left alive in the land. Neither were there left alive any of the red spots; for, having done their work of destruction, they also died. A fine, almost impalpable grayish-green powder, faintly touched with red, and dry as dust, lay on the plains. That was all that remained of the army no man might number, and of its conquerors—dust! And the winds of heaven swept it away.

'An act of God,' said the bishop. 'The plague has passed, and it may never come again.'

'An act of God!'" repeated the lad in wonder. 'The coming of the locusts and their ruin of the

land for the time was an act of God—so you said to me. And the coming of the red spots and their killing of the locusts also was an act of God. Why are these things so? I do not understand!' cried the lad, challengingly.

'Neither do I understand,' said the bishop humbly. And he went into his study and shut the door.

This is the story of the passing of the plague of locusts from Manitoba in the year 1875, a plague of which there has since been no return. It is a true story. The bishop is dead; but I who write it, thinking that in its way there is no more remarkable or memorable story in the world, was the lad. And with it may be compared the ancient but not more wonderful story of the locusts in the tenth chapter of Exodus.

[The bishop in the foregoing was the late Dr Machray, second Bishop and first Archbishop of Rupert's Land (Manitoba), and first Primate of All Canada. The writer, a nephew of the Archbishop, is the well-known novelist. He was formerly a canon of St John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, and a professor of the University of Manitoba. The North American locusts are not, it should be said, of the same species as those of Palestine and Cyprus.—Ed.]

ATLANTIC GOLD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE letters that Anstruther received with considerable irregularity from his friend not only informed him of much futile racing and chasing, but illustrated the beneficial effects of travel, however vain in itself, on a mind disposed to obsession by a solitary grand idea. From mere passionate outbursts of disappointment and anxiety, the letters gradually became calm statements of experiences undergone and sober repetitions of a determination not to abandon the search. Then followed notes of hope or despair, but with an entire absence of excitement. Still later, the letters contained items not directly relating to the writer's self or the object of his search. These were followed after a longish interval by a few lines, mentioning a visit to the theatre. Thereafter picture post-cards. But the heart knoweth its own bitterness. Arcus, Anstruther guessed, had simply taken to keeping his feelings to himself.

At the end of five months he returned to London, having covered innumerable false scents in the States and Canada, and having searched in all the Continental cities he could remember Florence mentioning.

'I won't give in,' he told Anstruther. 'I have four detectives working for me. The world sha'n't hide her for ever. I start out again the day after your wedding, old man.'

'We had hoped you would wait for our home-coming,' said Anstruther's fiancée a few hours later. 'It won't be right without you.'

'And you the groomsman!' said the lady's younger sister, a pretty, slight creature who could not understand why this young man should go rushing about the outer world when London was at its best.

Arcus was not to be persuaded. And the day before his friend's wedding he received a letter from the manager of the whaling-station. Among other things it said: 'One of my gunners reports smoke on Laskeir again.'

Arcus wrote a line to Anstruther, had a lengthy interview with his lawyer, packed a bag, and just caught the eight-fifteen night train from King's Cross.

Laskeir! The last place he would have dreamed of!

Three days later, landing from a whaler's pram, he received the grave salutation of Hubert.

'Miss Helmsdale?'

'At the Woman's Cliff, sir,' replied Hubert, now a man of few words and sorry eyes.

That was all. Apparently the two men were not interested in each other. With a nod of thanks, Arcus went his way.

A small house had been erected on the old

site; many traces of ruin yet remained. In the doorway an elderly woman with a dull, heavy face stood knitting; for a moment she stared at the stranger, then dropped her eyes to her pins and wool. Years after, Arcus could remember that the wool was a mingling of scarlet and white.

It was a gray day, but warm for May. Yet Arcus experienced a sense of chilliness as he climbed. Weariness, perhaps; for the thought of seeing Florence again—the possibility of really finding her on the island—had given him no rest. His heart beat with a wild eagerness.

At last he beheld her. She sat, chin on clasped hands, gazing out to sea. She was dressed in white blouse and short skirt, fresh and trim, as at their first meeting; but her high boots, he noticed, were worn and shabby. It was surely curious that he should at first glance notice such a detail. An agony of pity caught him as he realised that she had grown thin, that her face had rather a pinched look. He had to wet his lips and swallow twice before he could speak.

'Florence!'

She turned swiftly, and, fearing she was going to faint, he ran to her, saying, 'Oh my dearest!' with hands outstretched.

Yet, after all, she was first with her embrace, and while he held her, tongue-tied, she was clinging to him, uttering soft endearments more as a mother than a lover might utter them.

But when at last he found his speech, she struggled from his arms and put him from her, crying, 'God! I forgot. I was dreaming, and I forgot.'

'Dearest,' he said, 'it is all right. I am really here. I am no ghost. I'—

'You are Stephen. I know—I know!'

'Then'—

'But, oh, Stephen, why did you come?'

He drew her down beside him, and kept her hand in his. 'Why did I come? Dearest, I've been searching for you everywhere. It was only on Tuesday that I had news which made me think you might be here. I couldn't come quickly enough.'

She made an attempt to withdraw her hand, failed, and left it listless in his.

'Did you not get my letter at your club?'

'It takes two to say farewell, Florence. Aren't you glad?'

'You ought not to have come,' she said as one repeating a lesson. 'I thought I was safe here,' she went on, 'safe from curiosity and pity. I tried so many places, and people found out, or wanted to find out'—

'Florence, you are breaking my heart.' He sought to draw her closer, but she would not yield. 'All that is over, beloved. I have found you at last, and we shall go away together and be married'—

She plucked her hand from his clasp.

'Stephen, you know we cannot be married.' She was calmer now. 'It is loyal of you, dear; but marriage is impossible. I did not write that letter without'—

'That foolish word, you mean!'

'I did not write it without thinking.'

'I know why you wrote it, dear; but I can't accept it. Florence, I love you better than all the world! Do you love me at all?'

For the first time she faced him, her hands loosely knit before her. 'Let us get it over, Stephen,' she pleaded. 'You have many years before you, and I suppose you have many friends. Think—think what it would mean. The kindest people are inquisitive. They find out things; they talk; they remember. And then—sometimes—they become—devils. Many years and many friends. Think of them both.' Her head drooped. Her eyes filled; the gray sea became blurred.

'I see what you mean,' he said at last. 'It is like you, dear Florence. But it's a big world. We can go abroad'—

'Don't!' she said, dashing the tears from her eyes. 'No, don't touch me. I have another reason why I cannot marry you.'

'Florence, for Heaven's sake'—

'Please listen,' she said quietly. 'Before they took my uncle from me I was able to tell him where he should find me when he was free. Here—here on Laskair. I didn't intend to come here myself so soon; but, as I have told you, there was no other place for me. I have some money of my own. I had some jewels. I bought a little Norwegian house and had it set up here, and paid a woman, who didn't care where she lived, to stay with me. Hubert begged to be allowed to come also. He is a very faithful man. He has saved money, and he is keeping it for my uncle.'

'But it may be ten years'—

'Not more than seven, I think. By that time we hope to have a little laboratory ready.'

'Florence, let me speak a word. I'm fairly well off. When he is free let me provide for him.'

'You do not quite understand, Stephen; but then you haven't had time to think it all out as I have. My uncle will come back to me an old man—an old, broken, sorrowful man. It won't be just food and fire and lodging that he will need.'

Cried Arcus passionately, 'Can you think of nothing but him?' He checked himself. 'Florence, I will not leave the island without you.'

'It is already time for you to say your good-bye, Stephen. Mine was said in my letter, you know.'

'You give me up for the sake of'—

'I gave you up for your own sake six months ago.'

'Is my love nothing, Florence?'

She did not reply.

'You don't love me at all!'

At that she rose. She could endure no more. 'Go,' she said gently; 'in pity's name, go.'

He stood up before her. 'And I would have searched the whole world for you!' he cried bitterly. 'What has changed you?'

'If I hurt you, forgive me. I too have something to suffer. But go now and forget.'

He protested till she grew faint, till a longing for his arms and his lips well-nigh overpowered her.

'Oh, hush!' she sighed.

Desperate, he cried, 'Florence, do you still love him better than me?'

It had come, the moment of utter desolation. She bowed her head. The words were brought forth, one by one, an agony in each.

'He—must—come—first. You must go.'

Presently she heard him stumbling among the rocks. When she raised her eyes he was gone.

After a time she unfastened her blouse and drew forth the bangle he had made for her. It hung from her neck by a fine chain. She held it a while in her hand, regarding it with tearless eyes. But when she made to break it from the chain, her eyes filled. Presently she put it back in the warm hollow of her bosom.

She seated herself, and, leaning her chin on her hand, gazed over the gray sea—the gray Atlantic, with all its gold—gold, hidden and secret, a treasure dissolved in a bitter waste, a dream, yet a reality, even as the love in her woman's life.

CHAPTER XV.

ON the beach Arcus found Hubert. His own misery did not render him proof against the man's. In silence he held out his hand.

'You will not go, sir, without taking some refreshment?' said Hubert awkwardly. 'We can offer you'—

Arcus shook his head. Suddenly, 'Can you trust me, Hubert?' he asked.

Hubert hesitated. 'Are you coming back?' he inquired with an apparent effort.

'No.'

Hubert turned away.

After a short silence, 'Miss Helmsdale does not wish me to come back,' said Arcus stiffly. 'It is, therefore, necessary that I should inform you of something that concerns your master. I do not know how soon you can communicate with him; but I wish you to let him know at the first opportunity that I am his friend when he wants one; also, that—er—he will find ten thousand pounds at his disposal when he is free. Here's the name of the bank. Take this envelope. I think that's all, except that the matter is between you and me. And if you require anything let me know. I—I beg you to

let me know. Now, will you signal the whaler to send the boat?'

He moved down the beach, till Hubert, following, clutched his arm. 'Mr Arcus, Mr Arcus, have you not told all this to Miss Helmsdale?'

'Of course not.'

'Then, then you must kill me before I let you go!'

Arcus started. 'What do you mean?'

'Wait!' said Hubert hoarsely. He snatched forth a whistle, blew strongly, and waved his arms in a peculiar fashion.

Arcus, staring at the whaler, beheld her skipper wave his hand in reply, and almost immediately the craft, with a screech from her siren, began to move.

'Man, what are you doing?' cried Arcus. 'Are you mad?'

Hubert swayed where he stood. Sweat appeared on his pale face. Hoarsely he said, 'I tell them you stay here till to-morrow.' He threw himself on his knees before Arcus. 'In the name of God,' he whispered, 'go and tell her the whole truth. Tell her you will care for him also. Tell her you will not be ashamed. For me is no happiness but hers and his.'

The man's distress overwhelmed Arcus. He could say nothing but 'Get up, Hubert,' very gently, and 'you don't understand.'

Hubert rose shamefacedly, albeit there was dignity in his expression as he faced the young man and said, 'Forgive me, sir. I forgot my place, and yet my place is to serve.' He bowed and moved away. 'I will see that a room is prepared for you.'

'Hubert,' Arcus called feebly, 'you must explain to Miss Helmsdale that there was a misunderstanding about the whaler.'

'As you will, sir.'

'And, Hubert'—

'Sir!' The servant halted.

'You must contrive that I shall not intrude on your mistress. I—I have nothing to tell her that I have not already told.'

At that Hubert winced. 'It is not for me to say more,' he said sadly, and went on to the house.

Arcus paced the beach, a prey to his unhappiness. Florence, after all, cared more for her uncle than for himself. That ended everything. To seek to buy her by means of a gift to her uncle would be a mere insult. And yet he desired to possess the girl herself on any conditions. At the end of an hour, however, the hopelessness of his own case struck him more forcefully than ever. He began bitterly to resent Hubert's interference with his affairs. In all probability Florence would avoid meeting him again; yet how he craved for one more sight of her! In despair he threw himself on the rough grass bordering the beach. He would remain until Hubert came, and then demand that the man use discretion in rendering his enforced stay

on the island as little disturbing as possible to its mistress. So there he lay, his head in his arms, while the afternoon slowly waned.

Came Hubert at last. 'Mr Arcus, Miss Helmedale has not returned from the cliff.'

There was that in the man's voice that brought Arcus to his feet with a dread in his soul. 'Is she later than usual?' he stammered.

The other bowed.

'I—I will go to the cliff at once.'

In the dusk he found her where he had left her. She did not turn at his approach.

'What is it, Hubert?' she asked in a colourless voice.

'Florence, I'm still here.' He drew near slowly, but with longing more intense than ever.

'Still here, Stephen?' she whispered uncertainly. Then, 'Oh dear God, I'm so glad!' she cried, and fell a-sobbing like to break her heart.

There was no repulse for Arcus now; and when he had comforted her she confessed, 'I was not really strong enough to let you go, Stephen. I knew it whenever you had gone.'

'See!' She took the bangle from her bosom. 'I was going to throw it away, and—I couldn't. I wanted to die with it—and soon.'

'You do love me, Florence?'

'Oh, truly!'

So, awkwardly enough, he told her the little matter concerning the poor prisoner. 'I owe him my life,' he concluded, 'and you.'

A little later she said, 'But, Stephen, when I sent you away I was thinking of your future even more than his.'

'Ah, well,' said Arcus softly, 'I'm not jealous any more. God bless Hubert!' he added involuntarily.

'Why do you say that?'

'Perhaps the wonderful man will tell you if you ask him. By the way, are you still thinking of the Norwegian woman, beloved?'

She put her arm round his neck. 'Only by way of contrast.'

At last they went down to the house.

Hubert, working wonders with a scanty larder, spied them pass the kitchen window, and, for the first time in many weary weeks, smiled cheerfully and perhaps a trifle knowingly.

THE END.

SOLAR HEAT FOR HUMAN USE.

UPON the rays of the sun the world depends for everything that has life in it. The sun is the world's great energiser. Deprived of its genial rays, our earth would be a cold, dead planet, incapable of supporting either animal or vegetable life. Even a large part of the energy which drives our machinery is but 'bottled sunshine.' Not content, however, with this indirect utilisation of the sun's rays, man has sought to press them directly into his service in many different fields. The history of experiments in the direct employment of the rays is of peculiar interest. So far as the records show, Archimedes the philosopher and savant was the first to utilise the sun as a weapon of attack, by reflecting its rays from movable plates of brass which had been polished until they were glittering mirrors. He made them to assail the fleet of Marcellus the Roman, who besieged ancient Syracuse. History has it that he placed the plates in such positions that they concentrated the heat from the sun's rays upon the vessels to such a degree that not only the sails but the wooden hulls and decks caught fire, although these plates were on the shore nearly a mile distant.

Archimedes called the sun to his aid to defeat the Romans two hundred years before the Christian era, and was probably the pioneer investigator of what we call radiation. History, however, tells us of many other inventors who have tried to operate various kinds of apparatus by the direct utilisation of the sun's heat.

What were termed burning-mirrors were made in Constantinople in the sixth century. Of burnished metal, the mirror exposed to the rays of the sun concentrated them upon wet cloth for the purpose of drying it, care being taken not to have the cloth so near the mirror as to cause it to ignite. The famous Franciscan friar, one of the fathers of natural philosophy, Roger Bacon, made a number of steel mirrors for utilising the rays. These mirrors were adjustable, and were used for signalling, something like the improved heliograph employed by army signal-officers who communicate with each other by sending light-flashes.

In modern times science has occupied itself on the problem as to how solar heat can be converted into a source of power. A motive-power which does not need to be manufactured, as steam and electricity do, but is merely created by radiation, has deeply aroused the interest of the experimenters. Several appliances operated by power developed by solar heat have been designed and found to be successful. A French engineer is given credit as the first inventor of such an apparatus. He constructed a large reflector to receive the rays. Into its centre was set one end of a large siphon, the other end being in a tank of water several feet below the reflector. The reflector was made in several sections, each of which could be adjusted so as to be directly in range with the rays, while all the sections could be focussed on the opening

in the upper arm of the siphon by reason of its position. At the first test of the appliance the air in the empty portion of the siphon was heated to such a point that the pressure of the air in the tube was greatly lessened. This caused the water to rise and overflow from the siphon as if pumped out by some other power or by hand, and it continued until the reflectors were turned away.

The possibility of melting iron, copper, pewter, also of burning wood, has been tested, especially by American scientists. In one instance the solar rays were deflected and centred on a sheet of iron seventeen feet from the mirrors, and in fifteen minutes the metal was at a red heat. A pewter flask was turned into molten liquid in twenty minutes, the heat being transmitted a distance of twenty feet. A plank coated with tar was set one hundred and fifty feet away as a target for the burning-mirrors. The rays were focussed on a circular area of the wood about three inches in diameter. In fifteen minutes a hole of this size had been burned nearly through the plank, which was two inches thick, and the tar coating was ablaze. In each experiment several adjustable mirrors of glass with mercury backing were used.

As a means of cooking without fuel the reflector has been placed in service and has performed its work. A Californian scientist made a parabolic mirror that turned on an axis at a rate of speed sufficient to keep it constantly in the sunlight, thus making it a continuous radiator. It was focussed on a sheet-iron pot filled with cold water set on a stand near the axis. After five minutes the thermometer test showed the water to be hot; five minutes later it was at the boiling-point. Some eggs were boiled in it as a proof of the value of solar heat for cooking. This device marked a new era in making the sun's radiation of practical value, for the temperature reached was so high that it would smelt metals. The inventor secured a patent covering the principal features, and several appliances actuated by solar power are in operation in California pumping water and performing other work. One of the largest of these solar motors is located on a breeding-place for ostriches, near Pasadena, California. These birds can only live on the sand where the surface is dry. A water-supply must be obtained, however, for drinking purposes, and the owner drove a pipeline below the surface to a point where underground springs were known to exist. To this piping was attached the sun-driven motor.

In appearance the motor resembles a huge disc of glass, and at a distance might be taken for a windmill; but this apparent disc is really a reflector thirty-three feet six inches in diameter on the top and fifteen feet on the bottom. The inner surface is made up of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight small mirrors, all arranged so that they can concentrate the sun

upon the central or focal point. They transmit the heat to a boiler which is thirteen feet six inches in length, and holds one hundred gallons of water, and the temperature produced is sufficient to generate steam-power for pumping. The motor is supported by shafts seemingly delicate, though in reality they are strong enough to resist a wind-pressure of one hundred miles an hour. The reflector must face the sun exactly; but, heavy as it is, weighing several tons, it can be easily moved. It stands after the fashion of the telescope upon an equatorial mounting, the axis being north and south. The reflector follows the sun, and is regulated by a clock, the operation being automatic. The true focus is shown by an indicator, and in about an hour after it is adjusted the steam-gauge registers one hundred and fifty pounds. The steam is carried from the suspended boiler to the engine in a flexible phosphor-bronze tube, and returns from the condenser to the boiler in the form of water, so that the boiler is kept automatically full. The engine is oiled automatically; and when the disc is once turned facing the sun, it is in operation so long as the sun is in the sky above.

The amount of heat concentrated in the boiler by over one thousand seven hundred mirrors cannot be realised, as nothing can be seen but a small cloud of escaping steam; but should a man climb upon the reflector and attempt to cross it he would be literally burned to a cinder. Copper is smelted by it in a short time, and a pole of wood thrust into the radius of the reflector burst into flame like a match. That the motor is a success is seen by the work that it is doing in pumping water from a well, proving its possibilities as a means of irrigation by lifting one thousand four hundred gallons per minute, equal to one hundred and fifty-five miner's inches. ('A miner's inch is the amount of water which will pass in twenty-four hours through an opening of one square inch under a constant pressure of six inches.') Up to the present time the motor has produced results equal to about ten horse-power, but fifteen horse-power is claimed for it.

This motor is the result of a number of experiments upon the part of Boston capitalists. One of their first productions was a silver reflector which cost many thousands of dollars, but was abandoned; the next was modelled after the Ericsson machine in 1884, but it was a failure; a third was erected at Longwood, and proved to be a failure also; a fourth attempt was made, this time at Denver, Colorado, which was fairly successful, doing one-half of the work since performed by the Pasadena model.

More recently a new type of apparatus has been devised. Instead of concentrating the solar heat upon one comparatively small and strong boiler, Mr Frank Shuman has adopted the expedient of focussing the sun's rays upon a

large number of small boilers made of tinned copper only about a quarter of an inch thick. Each boiler is placed in a slightly inclined shallow box fitted with a double glass top, an air-space about an inch deep being left between the two layers. Silvered glass mirrors are fitted to the upper and lower edges of the top of each box at an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees, thus focussing the sun's rays upon the boilers within. Water is brought to every boiler

by a small feed-pipe, while another pipe serves to carry off the generated steam to a large main steam-pipe, which in turn conveys it to the engine it is intended to work. In an apparatus of this kind erected at Philadelphia 'the maximum quantity of steam produced in any one hour was more than eight hundred pounds at atmospheric pressure,' but still better results would, of course, be obtained under the almost continuous rays of a tropical sun.

THE VINDICATION OF PATON.

CHAPTER V.

MOHAMMED was a short, fat man, with small, beady eyes. As Paton entered he rose and salaamed with an excess of servility that aroused the Englishman's suspicion. He glanced around, his shrewd eyes taking note of everything; and as they grew more accustomed to the darkness—Mohammed Saki's stall was very dark—he saw a cluster of bales in a distant corner. There was nothing peculiar in that, save that the bales had been hurriedly unrolled, and as hurriedly rolled together again. Moreover, they were unduly bulky. He beckoned to the two troopers. 'Undo those,' he said.

In a second Mohammed Saki was by his side, protesting, pleading. The cloth would be spoilt; the dust that lay in his shop, thanks to the laziness of his cursed son—truly he would break his bones—would ruin it irrevocably.

'Then the Government will reimburse you,' said Paton.—'Undo those rolls.'

The men had hesitated during the colloquy; now they fell to the work with a will, while Mohammed Saki stood by, fear on his face.

In a few seconds they had found, in the centre of the cloth, a dozen rifles of the latest type.

'Ah!' said Paton. He ordered more troopers into the stall. In a quarter of an hour the work was done; fifty bales of cloth lay strewn upon the ground, and by their side, in even stacks, enough rifles to arm six hundred men.

Paton surveyed Mohammed Saki. 'Yes,' he said. That was all, but the Egyptian read in it a terrible sentence.

'Excellency,' he said, 'I did not know what they contained. I have been swindled. Truly, by the bones of my fathers, this is news to me.'

'Then,' said Paton, 'you must be truly thankful to me.' He turned to one of the troopers. 'You will gallop to the barracks with a dozen men, and bring back an ammunition wagon. Get back as soon as you can.'

It was whilst he was waiting that Paton came upon a slip of paper lying on the floor of the stall. There were only a few words upon it, but they were written in English, and in a text that was palpably British, as British as the manufacture of the rifles.

Paton studied it for a moment, then he slipped it inside the pocket of his service-jacket, where it lay, together with the letter he had received from Brentwaite that morning.

He fell to pacing up and down the narrow confines of the stall while waiting for the return of his men, heedless of the presence of those around him. His thoughts had flown to England, and he was wondering who could have been the one man who had guessed his uncle's identity.

He was awakened by the rumble of the wagon outside; and then Mohammed Saki, in a plaintive and cringing voice, said, 'Your excellency, what are you going to do with me?'

'I am going to take you to the barracks,' replied Paton.

He turned to the men who had entered the bazaar, and superintended the loading of the rifles, heedless of the Egyptian's pleadings.

Paton was young in the ways of war, but he was a man who was born to achieve success as a soldier did he but choose that path. He examined the rifles stacked on the wagon, and saw that the work was good. Then he placed Mohammed Saki between four troopers, and marched him into the street.

Inspector Collier looked at the Egyptian.

'Smuggled arms,' said Paton laconically. He pointed to a rope lying coiled up in the ammunition wagon, and ordered one of the troopers to bring it to him.

'You will bind this man's hands and tie him to the stirrup-leather of my horse.'

He watched the operation, Mohammed Saki struggling the while. Then he gave the order to mount.

So they passed through the streets of Alexandria to the barracks. There were crowds in the streets; but, though mutterings and curses came to their ears, not a hand was raised against them, not a stone thrown. On the roof of Colonel Lavenon's house he saw a couple of figures in the gloom. One he distinguished as the colonel; the other, standing by his side, he knew to be Kitty. She waved a handkerchief to him as he rode past.

The colonel recognised him. 'Ah,' he said,

'that is young Paton, is it not? I did not know he was in Alexandria. Strange how so many of England's failures drift out here!'

Colonel Lavenon was not a wise man, or he would not have made the remark. Still more did he show his lack of wisdom by misconstruing the silence with which his daughter greeted it.

A cheer rose as the little force rode into the barrack square. Colonel Tewkesbury came to meet them.

'You have done well,' he said to Paton. 'It is not many men who come out of their first skirmish so successfully, and street fighting is a beastly thing at the best.'

Then he saw the figure tied to Paton's stirrup-leather.

'Who is this?' he said.

'A native called Mohammed Saki. He has a stall in the Mahdi Bazaar. I found about six hundred rifles hidden in bales of cloth.'

Colonel Tewkesbury looked at the Egyptian, then turned to a couple of troopers. 'Take him away,' he said, 'and keep him prisoner under guard.'

It was a couple of hours later when the colonel saw Paton alone for a few minutes. 'I told you in the square that you had done well. If the rebellion is put down within the next few days, you will have played a greater part than you dream of; but I know, because I know Egypt.'

'What do you mean?' asked Paton.

'I mean, by your bringing that Mohammed Saki through the city as you did in shame and ignominy. That will mean more to Egyptian minds than a couple of thousand men lying dead upon the streets of Alexandria.'

They were speaking in the dim light, and there was a strange light in the colonel's eyes. 'Paton,' he said, 'if you take my advice you will join the army. There are born soldiers, as there are born poets; and if ever there was a man born to fight, you are that man.'

Paton was standing at the door. Suddenly he remembered, and, coming back, took from his pocket the slip of paper he had found lying upon the floor of Mohammed Saki's stall.

The colonel read it through in silence. There were not many words upon the slip, but they were sufficient evidence to condemn to death the unknown man. The lines about his mouth tightened, and a hard look came into his eyes. 'I shall be glad for more reasons than one when he is caught. I will keep this slip.' He passed his hand across his forehead. 'My God! he can't understand, or he can't be an Englishman. The thought of what might happen to the women if we were beaten should keep any humane man from such a thing.'

There was a tap upon the door. It opened, and there stood on the threshold Roger Standish.

'Come in,' said the colonel.

Standish advanced a few steps into the room and saluted.

'I hear volunteers are wanted to guard the outposts,' he said. 'Will you choose me as one of the men? I can handle a sword—in the dark if need be.' He laughed dryly.

Surprise filled both the men who heard him. The post for which he volunteered was perhaps the most dangerous that any man could choose. The chances of seeing dawn were about one in a hundred. They were both yet to learn that Roger Standish was a man eminently fitted for the post, that all his life he had been used to fighting in the dark.

'You realise fully the risks?' said the colonel.

'Fully.'

'And are prepared to take them? I would not have any man go unwittingly.'

'Yes,' said Standish. 'I may as well take my little share of the risks. I've been a pretty useless sort of man so far. Perhaps the time has come for me to make amends.'

The colonel sat down at his desk and scribbled a few words on a sheet of paper. Standish took it with a strange sense of exhilaration, of success. He was appointed to outpost duty. It held vast possibilities to his mind.

Then Colonel Tewkesbury held out his hand. 'I wish you luck,' he said.

'Or a soldier's death. I hope I shall meet it face to face,' responded Standish.

The colonel watched him go out of the room, and watched the door close behind him. 'He is the very last man in the regiment I should have expected to volunteer. Truly war brings out hidden qualities in a man.' There was a greater truth in the colonel's words than he dreamed of at the time. At a later date they came back to him forcibly, irresistibly.

The moon shone down upon the desert, and upon the walls of Alexandria. In the distance a group of palms clustered round a water-hole stood out like a row of ghostly figures. The night was sultry; the wind blew like a hot blast into the faces of the men doing outpost duty.

Standish lay stretched out on the ground, his rifle by his side. There were five other sentries besides himself, and the nearest was far out of his sight. Among them they covered a great distance, and measuring it with his eye, he saw that only himself and the man next to him upon the east could get a sight of the cluster of palms and all that it might contain. Presently he rose, and, keeping within cover of the walls, crept upon hands and knees towards where the next sentry stood. As he got nearer he saw his form outlined against the sky. Still more stealthily Standish crept towards him. When he was only a few feet away the man turned sharply round. The next second Standish had sprung upon him and driven something into his back.

The man sank with a smothered groan, and in the semi-light Standish saw a small red stream trickle away from his body. He regarded it unmoved; a hard life, one in which he felt that

the hands of all men were raised against him, had made him callous. He imagined that he was fighting against the whole world. For a few moments he stood there, limned out; then he walked slowly back to his post. A few yards, and he crouched down beneath the shadow of the walls and continued the way almost on hands and knees. 'You fool!' he muttered to himself.

An hour later a deeper shadow dissociated itself from the shadows of the palms. Taking form, it took that of a body of horsemen and a small convoy of camels. They came quickly towards the walls, bearing down upon the spot where Standish stood guard.

Presently a couple of men drew apart from the others and galloped up to him.

Standish spoke to them rapidly in Arabic, and once the eyes of the three men were directed to the spot where the next sentry should have been.

With a quick gesture and a grim smile, one of them drew from the linen folds of his dress a long coil of rope, and bound it around Standish's body. Then he laid him upon the ground.

'You will have to gag me,' said Standish.

The man nodded, and placed a wad of linen firmly between his teeth.

By then the caravan had arrived, and the men were rapidly unloading guns from the kneeling camels, and handing them to a company of natives who had come to the walls to receive them.

The men worked silently and with a rapidity that astonished even Standish. He watched them with burning eyes, his ears awake for the slightest foreign sound. With thankfulness he saw the last rifle disappear over the walls. Regularly almost every night the men had come to the walls of Alexandria and carried on their deadly trade. Within the city were stored rifles which exceeded even Colonel Tewkesbury's estimate.

The Arab who had bound Standish came to his side and spoke a few words. He smiled as he uttered them. Then he mounted his horse, and waved Standish a farewell salute over his shoulder as he rode away. Standish watched the men vanish as rapidly and quietly as they had come. A feeling of thankfulness filled him as he saw them disappear behind the cluster of palms. Then he closed his eyes and lay there awaiting the dawn and discovery.

It was early morning when a small company of soldiers, not more than a dozen, under a youthful subaltern, riding out to relieve the outposts after their first night's duty, came upon Standish lying helpless on the ground, and farther on upon the body of the murdered man.

Standish told of the adventure with a glib tongue, and an hour later repeated the story to Colonel Tewkesbury.

The colonel listened, nodding his head once or twice during the recital. 'You are fortunate in having escaped so lightly,' he said gravely. Then he rose and went to inspect the body of the murdered man. There, though he said nothing

to the man at his side, he saw that which made him ride down to the walls of the city. He examined the ground carefully. The sand around Standish's post had been disturbed by the marks of many feet and also by the hoof-marks of horses. Moreover, he could see where the camels had lain down to be unloaded. Near where the body of Mortlock, the murdered man, had been found there were no such marks, yet the one man had been killed and the other bound.

'And I could swear,' the colonel said to himself, 'that that wound in his back was never made by a native knife. It is like the wound of a bayonet.' He rode back to the barracks deep in thought. Suspicion, as yet vague, were forming in his mind. 'It can't be Standish,' he said, as he dismounted and gave his horse to an orderly. A hundred and one little incidents arose in his mind to disprove his suspicions.

Having spent the whole night in barracks, Paton came down to a late breakfast, and found the morning's mail awaiting him. Mr Bellamore had already left. He glanced through the letters on his plate until he came to an envelope in Brentwaite's writing. He tore it open. Enclosed with his friend's letter was another, unsigned and vague, the writing of which seemed strangely familiar to him. He turned to his friend's epistle. It ran:

'DEAR PATON,—I have very little to report to you save that we have found further letters from the unknown man who visited your uncle upon the night he was murdered. I enclose one. Do you recognise the handwriting?'

Paton picked up the enclosed letter. The writing was peculiar, and somewhere he had seen it before. For a few moments it baffled him, and he stood holding the letter in his hand. Then he remembered. It was on the slip of paper he had found in Mohammed Saki's stall in the Mahdi Bazaar.

With Paton to act promptly was second nature. Directly breakfast was over, he rode to the barracks and asked to see Colonel Tewkesbury.

The colonel received him in a bare little room in which he had spent over twenty of each twenty-four hours of the preceding week.

Affairs were rapidly reaching a crisis in Alexandria. Day and night the troops were under arms, ready to be called out at a moment's notice. The news from Cairo was no more reassuring.

The colonel listened to Paton's tale. 'Yes,' he said when Paton had finished, 'I knew you stood your trial for the murder of your uncle, and were acquitted.'

'You read it in the papers?'

'No.' Colonel Tewkesbury toyed with a paper-knife lying on his desk.

'Then who told you?' There was excitement in Paton's voice.

For a moment Colonel Tewkesbury hesitated. 'Lieutenant Standish,' he replied.

'Standish! The man who was known in England as Charles Graham!'

'What!' Colonel Tewkesbury looked up sharply. 'And you say the writing in the letter your friend sent you is the same as that upon the slip you found in the Mahdi Bazaar?'

'I think so.'

'Then we will prove whether it is or not. You have the letter with you?'

Paton laid it on the table. Colonel Tewkesbury rose, and going to a safe in the corner of the room, drew from it the slip Paton had found.

Together the men examined the two pieces of paper. There was no shadow of doubt. They were both written by the same man.

'You have no objection if I keep this letter?' said Colonel Tewkesbury.

Paton looked surprised.

'I will tell you why,' said the colonel, speaking in lowered tones. 'I am not certain yet, but I think the man who smuggled those rifles into Alexandria was Standish. I am having him watched now.'

Twenty-four hours later the rebellion had broken out with almost fanatic fury. It was not safe for any European not a soldier to venture abroad in the streets. The women kept close within doors, protected one and all by the revolvers their husbands had given them. Three hard skirmishes had been fought within those twenty-four hours, resulting in each case in a heavy defeat for the natives, but with a loss to the British troops that counteracted to no small extent the success of their arms. In two of the engagements Paton had fought with a distinction that earned him the warmest praise of his officers. 'He is a born soldier,' said one old general to Colonel Tewkesbury.

'I told him so,' replied the colonel; 'but I do not think he will ever take up soldiering seriously.'

'Then it will be his country's loss,' replied the general testily. To him it was the grandest career upon which a man could embark, and he could not understand any man not choosing it.

Taking advantage of a few hours off duty, Paton rode round to Colonel Lavenon's house.

As the door opened Kitty Lavenon met him on the threshold. 'You, Dick!' She came up to him. 'You have good news?' she said, taking his hand in hers.

He bent down and kissed her. 'Yes, little woman. In a few days now I hope I shall be able to offer you a name, one that is not stained with the suspicion of murder.'

'Thank Heaven!' Her eyes were shining with a strange light. All the longing of the months that were passed overflowed in the next few words she spoke. 'I cannot tell you how I have longed for the day—prayed for it, Dick!'

'It will soon be here now,' said Paton.

'And the man?'

'Is in Egypt.'

'In Egypt!'

Before he could say more a door opened, and Colonel Lavenon stood on the threshold. He surveyed them both. 'You, Paton!' he said.

'Yes,' responded Paton. 'I came to see you.'

'Then you will kindly leave us, Kitty.'—Colonel Lavenon stood facing Paton. 'Well,' he said, 'may I ask the reason for your visit?'

Paton's lips set hard, but he checked the words which rose to them. 'As a member of the volunteers, I have come to offer you the services of a guard during the next few days. Necessity may arise.'

'Thank you,' responded Colonel Lavenon; 'but I have prepared against all emergencies.'

'But Kitty! If there is a bad outbreak, and the natives run riot, you must think of her danger.'

'I am quite capable of looking after the welfare of my child. As a matter of fact, I have accepted the services of a friend of hers, Lieutenant Standish.'

'Standish!—a friend of Kitty's!' For a moment Paton stood in the doorway. 'Then my poor assistance will not be required.' He bowed. The next second Colonel Lavenon stood alone.

A few minutes later his daughter entered the room. 'Has Dick left?' she asked.

'Yes,' replied the colonel.

'Why did he come? Did he tell you the good news?'

'He told me nothing, except to offer me the services of a guard during the next few days.'

'You accepted it?'

'I did not. Lieutenant Standish has already promised me his assistance should the worst happen. Had he not done so I should not have accepted help from Paton.'

'Father, why not?'

'Because I look upon him as a man who murdered his own uncle. Although the jury acquitted him, I still regard him as guilty; and I am not the only man who does so.'

Kitty Lavenon laughed. 'Why, father, only to-day he told me that he hoped in a few days to clear his name.' The man who murdered his uncle is in Egypt.'

'I believe that,' responded the colonel grimly. 'A few minutes ago he was in this house.'

Kitty Lavenon drew herself up proudly. 'At any rate, I shall believe in his innocence until the day of my death. If he asked me to marry him to-day, with that shadow hanging over him, I would go to him. And I shall marry no one else.' She swept proudly from the room. But there were tears in her eyes as she mounted the stairs, and an unspoken prayer in her heart.

The colonel stood where she had left him. For a few moments he was inarticulate with rage. 'The little fool!' he said presently. 'She will ruin her life.' His thoughts were not pleasant as he paced the room to and fro.

(Continued on page 391.)

NEWFOUNDLAND.

By the Hon. P. T. McGRATH, of St John's, Newfoundland.

FASCINATING as any romance is the story of the early settlement of Newfoundland and its share in empire-making. From its discovery in 1497 to the first decade of the seventeenth century, the 'new isle' was the sole foothold of the English in the Western Hemisphere, the one spot of ground they claimed outside the British kingdom. In this remote island the English tongue was first spoken amid transoceanic surroundings, the English flag first floated above an overseas province, the English race first set itself to the task of subduing the wilderness. The lessons of empire were learned on its shores, and the Viking spirit was nurtured by its breezes. The genesis of the imperialism of later days, the instinct of expansion as we now see it, took shape in this land, then regarded as a lonely rock in the vast Atlantic, but now seen to be a region generously dowered with natural resources.

In 1497, five years after the discovery of America by Columbus, John Cabot, a Venetian domiciled in England, conceived the idea of reaching Cathay and Cipango—which we now know as China and Japan—by a voyage westward from Bristol. Some of the 'merchant venturers' of that town, desirous of the profit of trading therewith, equipped him for the voyage, and Henry the Seventh granted him all the lands he might discover which were not possessed by any Christian people, on condition that he was paid one-fiftieth of the profits of the undertaking.

Cabot and eighteen men set sail, on 2nd May 1497, in the little ship *Matthew*, on a voyage that was to mean the beginning of the Empire on which the sun never sets. He made land on St John's Day, 24th June, explored for a period, and returned to England in the autumn with a tale of a new isle whose waters swarmed with fish; for which great news King Henry gave a grant of ten pounds to him who found 'the new isle.' The West of England in those days was peopled by daring seafarers, and Cabot's tales soon sent them to the new land to garner the finny harvest. Within twenty years the tale of its fishery wealth had spread through all the seaboard of western Europe, and ere long it was the common resort of venturesome mariners from all these ports. Breton and Biscayan, or other Basque fishermen, voyaged there at the outset in greater numbers than even the English; but the lure of gold on the Spanish Main gradually attracted them southward, leaving the harvest of the deep to the sturdy and constant Englishmen, while the Devon freebooters of that age found havens on its coast, and preyed on French and Spanish fishing commerce till these nations had

to send out and bring back their fishery fleets under convoy.

Surprising as it may seem, the nursery of the American nation was this English fishery in Newfoundland. It was the annual voyaging to her waters that inspired the idea of settlements, or plantations, on the American mainland, and the wealth of the fishing-banks weighed largely in tempting Pilgrims and Puritans to cross the stormy ocean and root themselves on unfamiliar soil. Fully a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock 'ye new-founde isle' was the resort of the west-country fisherman, gathering the harvest of the land of cod. History proves that from here the 'plantations' were carried to the mainland beyond, the experience was gained which served to found little seaboard settlements in Virginia and elsewhere, the methods were devised which enabled the development of these to outreach the wildest imaginings of the men who established them.

A 'no man's land' for nearly a century, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in 1583, formally annexed Newfoundland for Queen Elizabeth. We are told how he was received by the English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese vessels in the port, and entertained by the English at their 'garden.' They had thus a 'garden,' or assembling-place, in Newfoundland thirty years before the Dutch occupied New York. The English flag, hoisted in Newfoundland by Gilbert three hundred and thirty years ago, has never been lowered, for, despite all the vicissitudes of fortune since, England never lost the whole of the island; and by this annexation was an impetus given to colonisation overseas which has seen the same flag unfurled in every quarter of the globe.

Gilbert intended a systematic settlement of the island, and had he lived to carry this out the subsequent history of Newfoundland might have been very different; but his ship was lost with all hands while returning to England. His half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, then held aloft the standard of empire beyond the seas, but centred all his interests in the plantation he designed at Roanoke, in Virginia. Lord Bacon and other eminent Englishmen of that period then identified themselves with the colonising of the island, whose fisheries, Raleigh declared, 'were the mainstay of the west countries of England.' Scores of staunch craft were riding in Newfoundland ports every summer, and cargoes of cod going to every country in western Europe, while yet the Indians lighted their camp-fires along the Massachusetts shore. The English fishing-fleet alone numbered three hundred and fifty ships in 1603, and their catch was valued at one hundred thousand pounds sterling, equal

to four times that amount at the present day. Queen Elizabeth enacted that throughout England fish should be eaten every Wednesday and Saturday; rations of it were supplied to the soldiers in their campaigns; cod fetched goodly prices in England, Spain, and the Mediterranean; and even now many of these connections are maintained, and regular sales effected, precisely as in those bygone days.

In 1610, just over three centuries ago, John Guy, a merchant of Bristol, and afterwards its mayor, established a permanent settlement in Conception Bay—only two years after Champlain established Quebec, the tercentenary of which was celebrated with so much ceremony in 1908. This habitation of Guy's was the first permanent overseas settlement by English people in all the vast domains that now comprehend Greater Britain, and from this small beginning has our globe-encircling Empire sprung. In 1623 Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, established a colony on the southern peninsula near Cape Race, now known as Ferryland, where traces of his occupation are still to be seen. Afterwards he transferred his settlers to his plantations on the Chesapeake, which he named Maryland, where the city of Baltimore perpetuates his memory.

In 1620 came the voyage of the *Mayflower* and the founding of the Massachusetts colony. The Pilgrims promptly embarked in the cod-fishery, and their naming of Cape Cod attests its importance, while the 'sacred cod-fish' still hangs in the Legislative Hall at Boston. A connection between the settlers and Newfoundland was soon formed, which has continued to the present time. Three years after they landed they obtained expert cod-men from 'the new isle,' which two years later purchased their first cargo of fish; and when the Dutch projected a whale-fishery off New York, it was from Newfoundland they obtained skilled boatmen.

In 1638 Captain Sir David Kirke was granted the whole of Newfoundland by Charles the First, and resided at Ferryland for nearly thirty years, with the powers of a Count Palatine, long before England had yet a foothold in what are now Britain's Canadian Maritime Provinces. In those days began the rivalry between France and England, which was continued for generations, for the great water-wealth of this region. The French had established themselves on the south coast, and in 1660 took possession of Placentia in the bay of the same name, and strongly fortified it. In the frequent wars of the period they captured St John's more than once, but were unable to make their lodgment effective. By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 they abandoned the whole island, but repeatedly afterwards strove for its conquest, until a hundred and fifty years ago, when Wolfe's victory in 1759 forced them to abandon North America. They secured, however, fishery rights on the west coast of Newfoundland,

which were extinguished nine years ago, after being for generations that bugaboo of diplomacy, 'the French Shore Question.'

Newfoundland was all this time a region of but one industry, regarded as a land of fogs, dogs, and bogs, a barren rock-mass, fit but for summer fishing-stations, and utterly unsuited for permanent habitation. This mistaken notion of a land now realised to be as favoured by nature as the eastern states was created and fostered by the west-country 'venturers' so that they might enjoy the monopoly of the fishery themselves; and the more profitably to prosecute it they procured the passage of laws, by the Star Chamber methods of the period, which forbade permanent settlement of the island, restricted its occupation to the fishing-seasons, obliged shipowners to bring back every man taken out, and empowered brutal shipmen to harry with fire and sword those who disregarded the ukases and made their homes on its seaboard. Charles the Second even signed an edict for the deportation of all the resident population, but this barbarous order was never enforced. By a method unique in the world's history, rough-and-ready justice was administered by 'fishing admirals,' the master of the first fishing-vessel entering a harbour on the coast in the spring being admiral for that season, of the second vice-admiral, and of the third rear-admiral, with virtually autocratic powers.

After 1728 naval governors were appointed, who ruled the island while cruising on the station, with surrogates under them, usually the commanders of subordinate ships. Not till 1825 was the first resident governor appointed, Sir Thomas Cochrane. As recently as 1799 houses erected in St John's without a license were torn down by order of the surrogates; and not till 1820 was the last of these penal enactments repealed. With Governor Cochrane's coming the first road was built, and about the same time a white traveller first traversed the interior.

The late Lord Salisbury, epitomising its history almost till our own day, described the island as 'the sport of historic misfortune.' So long was Newfoundland regarded as merely a fishing-station that her rights were habitually ignored. In Nova Scotia representative government was established one hundred and fifty-five years ago; but Newfoundland did not enjoy it until seventy years later, nor was she granted the full measure of responsible government until 1855. Moreover, when a royal seat of learning—King's College, at Windsor, Nova Scotia—was established, with an imperial endowment, it was a penal offence to plant a potato in Newfoundland.

To realise just what this policy meant it is only necessary to point out that while the area of Newfoundland is almost as great as that of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island—Canada's Maritime Provinces—

combined, the population of Newfoundland is only two hundred and fifty thousand, while that of the Maritime Provinces is about one million. Such is the outcome of the policy of indifference, neglect, repression, and at times positive persecution practised towards Newfoundland by the short-sighted Governments of the Stewart and Georgian periods.

In view of her past history, the wonder should be, not that Newfoundland has made so little progress, but that she has made so much. By comparison even with the Maritime Provinces she has gained greatly of late, for while their population has increased only 14 per cent. in the last forty years, Newfoundland's has increased 59 per cent. During the same period her cod-fishery flotilla has been doubled in numbers and quadrupled in tonnage. She has succeeded in the seal and whale fisheries when Scotland and Nova Scotia have abandoned them. She has obtained from France a renunciation of exclusive rights on her seaboard. In 1910 she won a victory against the United States before the Hague Arbitration Tribunal, and the same year saw the foundations being laid, broad and deep and firm, for making her one of the world's great pulp and paper centres.

Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world. It lies about one thousand six hundred and forty miles from Ireland, and about one thousand two hundred miles from New York, making it the half-way house between the two hemispheres. The new Cunarders could make the voyage from Queenstown to St John's in two and a half days. The heads of the bays and stretches of the coast are densely wooded, and the vast interior contains many fertile sections and splendid timbered tracts. From these forests have been obtained since its discovery the wood to build Newfoundland's countless fishing-craft, fishing-stations, and fishers' homes. The Exploits, its principal river, is two hundred miles long; and the largest lake, locally known as Grand Pond, is fifty-six miles long, and contains an island twenty-two miles in length.

In reality the climate of Newfoundland is much less cold than that of the neighbouring provinces of Canada, and in parts of the country the thermometer rarely drops below zero. In the interior and on the western slopes fog is unknown, and a more delightful climate it would be difficult to imagine. The natural growths of the island include wild berries, fruits, and flowers which only ripen with a great wealth of sunshine, and the abundance of these conclusively attests the fertility of the soil and the mildness of the climate. Moreover, every fisherman now has his garden, in which home-grown vegetables and fruits are raised for the family table, and throughout the interior are extensive areas suitable for cattle-grazing, sheep-raising, and stock-pasturing. The temperature of Newfoundland does not, in fact, undergo

nearly such great alterations as that of Quebec, Montreal, or Ottawa.

For a long period agriculture was strongly discouraged, and historical records preserve the petition of a man who, wishing to erect a pigsty, guaranteed to place it upon wheels so that it could not be said to be fixed to the soil. Moreover, because fishing has been the chief occupation, virtually the whole population is settled around the seaboard, save where, along the railway line through the interior, lumbering villages have been built. Vast areas otherwise have rarely been trodden by human foot.

Sir William MacGregor, formerly Governor of Newfoundland, testifies to the fertility of the soil and the stimulating effect of the summer climate in these words: 'The growth that suddenly set in about mid-July was comparable only to what one sees in a well-conducted forcing-bed. The whole country seemed to be transformed in a few days into an enormous greenhouse. The contrast between the beginning and the end of July was such that I doubted if I had ever seen greater vegetable growth in the same time in the tropics. There can be no doubt whatever that the vegetables grown in this country for human food are of a very superior quality.'

Three hundred and three years ago the first permanent habitation was established in Newfoundland. Two centuries ago its occupants did not exceed four thousand; in 1810 it contained about twenty thousand souls, who thirty years later, through immigration from Great Britain and Ireland, had increased to seventy-two thousand. In the past seventy years that number has been more than trebled; and to-day two hundred and fifty thousand people are settled in one thousand three hundred and seventy-two localities round six thousand and ten miles of coast.

Newfoundland has absolutely no aboriginal population, and it is the only one of the colonies occupied entirely by people of British stock, the residents being altogether descendants of English, Irish, and Scottish immigrants.

Life in Newfoundland has many compensations for the settler. He reaps his annual harvest of cod from the ocean at his door; secures for nothing land for his modest home and farmstead of twenty acres; his firewood he cuts in the forest without fee; there, too, he obtains the planks for his boat and his house and the timbers for his wharves and fish-stores. Free game of fin, fur, and feather abounds in the forests and streams; and, located as he is on a seaboard, where necessity compels him to turn his hand to everything, he builds his house, constructs his smack, cultivates his garden, and plies all trades indifferently.

Cod has been the mainstay of the island heretofore, and to-day represents more than half of its exports, the rest consisting largely of the products of the seal, herring, lobster, and whale fisheries, with iron and copper ore.

The herring-fishery is now chiefly prosecuted on the west coast, and was the basis of the famous dispute with the United States, settled by the Hague Tribunal in 1910.

Newfoundland abounds in minerals. Gold, silver, nickel, copper, iron, asbestos, mica, and other minerals are known to exist; and many seams of excellent coal have been discovered, which it is hoped will result in the development of workable areas, as the commercial production of coal would prove a most important factor in the future economic progress of the island.

Some well-known publishers of London opened in 1910 at Grand Falls pulp and paper mills which are the finest in the world. The forests from which the pulp-wood is obtained cover three thousand square miles, and the enterprise represents an investment of six million dollars. At Bishop's Falls, eight miles distant, other papermakers are building mills on a somewhat smaller scale; whilst several American concerns are seeking concessions for territories in different parts of the island and in Labrador.

The first railway in Newfoundland was begun in 1880, and extends from St John's through the interior to Port aux Basques, on the south-west coast, where fast steamers connect it with the Canadian intercolonial system at North Sydney, Nova Scotia, giving a daily service with the western continent. In all the bays and on the different stretches of coast are mail steamers connecting with the railroad and also plying to Labrador. The whole railroad and steamboat system is operated by the Reid Newfoundland Company, under a fifty-year contract, of which twelve years have expired. The founder of this company was Sir Robert Gillespie Reid, the well-known railway contractor, a native of Coupar-Angus, Scotland. With the construction of the new branches the colony will be provided with railroad facilities that will bring almost every important centre in the colony into daily communication with the capital and the rest of the island.

The eastern portion of Labrador is a dependency of Newfoundland. This vast peninsula has an area of about five hundred thousand square miles, nearly one-fifth of which is under the dominion of Newfoundland. It has been calculated that there are some sixteen thousand square miles of potential fishing-grounds off its coast which have been little utilised, though its seaboard is now the seat of a great cod-fishery. It is rich in minerals, especially iron, but has scarcely been prospected at all as yet. There are vast areas of spruce forests suitable for pulp, and the Grand Falls, on the Hamilton River, supply one of the greatest water-powers on the continent.

Such is the story of Newfoundland—the first-born of the colonies. Upon her shores the colonial idea was born, and upon her waters were trained the seamen who have manned

Britain's ever-victorious fleet. 'You cannot lie safely in your beds if Newfoundland is lost,' said an impassioned orator in the House of Commons in 1776; and the listeners knew he spoke truth. Standing upon the threshold of America, as she does, her strategic position may become of great importance in some vast world-drama; and, as she is the first of the overseas possessions, her destiny should always strongly appeal to the British people. Her fisheries are undoubtedly capable of enormous extension. For four hundred years her waters have produced annually riches far outvaluing the mines of Peru, as Lord Bacon prophesied, and yet show no signs of depletion. With improved processes, better communication, and refrigeration, the fisheries may be increased manifold.

Hard times have been experienced in Newfoundland in the past, not of her own making. She has, indeed, often been the 'sport of historic misfortune'; but now it is confidently believed that a new era has been entered upon, and that the extraordinary expansion of recent years will be continued in the future.

THE POET TO HIS IDEAL.

SHE is clothed in the light of the morning,
The beautiful one of my dreams;
In her eyes is the promise of dawning,
In her voice the music of streams;
All the sunbeams that ever came near her
Have been caught in her burnished hair;
But 'tis only at times I can hear her,
Though I know she is always there.

When the earth with glad song-birds is ringing,
And the lip of the laughing trees
Joins the wind in his flute-like singing
Of sun-inspired songs and glees;
When my heart has no room for sadness,
And those sorrows no man may defy
Seem but foam on a sea of gladness,
Then I know she has passed near by.

And when even comes gently gliding
Through the sunlit gates of the west,
The glamour of daylight hiding,
And lulling the earth to her rest;
When the old drowsy hills grow dimmer,
And the flowers their tired heads bow;
While the hedgerows begin to glimmer,
I can feel her cool hand on my brow.

And when Death, like a dream, comes stealing
To take from me this world's scroll,
To the sorrow of earth bringing healing,
Making life's beauteous fragments whole;
When he quieteth my restless longings,
Sets me free from life's countless alarms,
Surely then wilt thou come, my Beloved,
And gather me into thine arms.

M. REVELL.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

AN EXPERIMENT.

By FRANCIS VIPOND, Author of *The Depths Beneath*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'WHAT on earth am I to do with myself now?' groaned Charles Wilson, Lord Blackport, to himself as he sauntered slowly into Hyde Park. 'I'm bored to death with every blessed thing.'

He was a tall, well-built man of some six-and-twenty years, immaculately dressed, spruce and neat. His father—one of those keen, shrewd north-country men who seem to turn all they touch to gold—had started in life with a capital of half-a-crown and a miner's pick and shovel. When he departed from this vale of tears he did so as a millionaire, leaving behind him an only son to possess his wealth.

Charles's education had been one of his few errors of judgment, for he had brought him up to do nothing; though he had given him the usual education of a gentleman, school followed by Cambridge. Since his early days, Charles—left motherless at four years of age—had had unlimited money and his every desire was satisfied. Now at six-and-twenty he had done everything, seen everything, and life palled on him. Of his great estates from which his wealth came he knew nothing; the money piled itself up apparently automatically in the bank, and he spent it.

He paused idly at the fringe of a small crowd which was gathered round an impassioned orator who was holding forth on questions of present-day conditions of life and labour, as far as Blackport could gather. There was a certain rude strength about the man's words that attracted the idle young man, and he listened, at first contemptuously, then with growing interest and attention.

'Ay,' said the speaker, 'Labour! Labour rules the world. A king now—I'm a Socialist, but I don't mind owning as kings work blooming hard; I wouldn't care to tackle the job of being a king myself. The men who are a curse at the present day are the idle men who live on the money made for them by the honest labour of better men than them. Look at them all around you.'

Here he paused, and his eye lighted on Blackport, and he continued his oration straight at the young man.

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'Look at them, I say, idle, worthless, vicious. What do they care for starvation wages, unhealthy conditions of labour? They take the money earned by the sweat of another man's brow; they fling it away on their stomachs and their racehorses and their pleasures, but there isn't one in a hundred who knows the conditions that that money is made under. As long as the brass is there they take it and spend it, and ask no questions of their agents as to inconvenient details. There isn't one in a hundred of 'em, I don't mind betting, could or would earn an honest living himself if he was put to it.'

'By Jove!' said Blackport to himself, 'that is a new idea to me, and I do believe the chap is right. I don't know how those chaps at Blackport work that I may keep racehorses and polo-ponies. I don't believe I could earn my living unless I went as mate of a yacht or took on a chauffeur's job.'

He turned away thoughtfully. The new idea planted in his brain by the Socialist orator's random words was simmering slowly.

As he sauntered home to his luxurious chambers, a motor stopped by the kerb, and two ladies smiled on him. It was evident that they were mother and daughter, the elder woman with a hard though still handsome face, the daughter very young, with a wistful expression that should not have been on the countenance of one of her nineteen years. It was well known in society that Lady Henry Saxton was on the lookout for a rich husband for her daughter Stella. It was also rumoured that she had fixed her attention on Lord Blackport as the husband in question. Certainly she was very gracious to the young man now, as he raised his glossy silk hat, and paused to see what they wanted with him.

'Lord Blackport,' said Lady Henry, 'I want you to spend a week-end with us down at Pangbourne. Will you? Can you come down to-morrow—Friday that is, you know? Just a family party.'

He glanced involuntarily at Stella. The girl was looking at him with big, frightened blue eyes, a question in them which puzzled him. He had danced with her, been thrown constantly with her, and he liked her, for she was sweet-

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natured and a pleasant companion. It had begun to dawn upon him that she might do very well as his wife, for he had come to the stage when a man of his position feels it his duty seriously to contemplate the desirability of marrying and settling down. He realised that Lady Henry intended to help him on his way; it also occurred to him that if he did ask Stella to be his wife, she would have to take him whether she wanted him or not. Lady Henry, he grimly felt, would see to that.

'Thank you,' he said, smiling at Stella. 'I shall be delighted.'

'That is good!' said Lady Henry. 'We will meet the three-thirty train, unless you prefer to motor down; you can telephone if you do.—Home, Wain.'

The car moved silently into the traffic as the young man lifted his hat. Stella's wistful, frightened glance haunted him painfully. Something was wrong, he felt; and he did not like anything to be wrong with Stella. Then he thought again of the Socialist's words, and the boredom of his aimless life came back to him tenfold.

'If I marry Stella and settle down now, it will be the same old grind year in, year out, for always,' he groaned; 'London, Cowes, Scotland, races and shoots, and a trip now and again abroad. If only somebody would invent something new! It would be a change to feel I wasn't sure of my dinner or my breakfast. Upon my word, I've half a mind to try the experiment. At any rate it will be something I've never done before. By George! I'll do it, and see what sort of man I make out in the world of men.'

A new light shone in his tired eyes; a brightness came into his listless gait; he was full of his new resolution.

'James,' he said to the valet who was laying out his clothes for the evening in his elaborately appointed dressing-room, 'would you like a holiday?'

'I could do with one, m'lord,' returned the man, deftly slipping heavy gold links into a beautifully laundered shirt.

'Then on Tuesday you can take one. I'm going off on a long trip where I shall not want you. Your wages, of course, will be paid as usual.'

'Thank you, m'lord,' said the stolid James. 'I'm sure I hope your lordship will have a pleasant time.'

'I expect so,' returned Blackport, lounging into his smoking-room, whistling cheerfully.

James dropped the shirt on the thick-piled Axminster carpet in blank astonishment at the sound.

'My aunt!' he gasped, 'I never heard him whistle to himself before. I wonder what's in the wind. He was pretty humpy when he went out. I'm glad, anyway. He's bin a good master to me.'

CHAPTER II.

BBLACKPORT spent the little journey to Pangbourne on the following afternoon in unwontedly serious meditation. He was trying to make up his mind as to the course he should pursue—whether he would, as he had often thought he would lately, marry and settle down. Stella's youth and charm certainly attracted him; she would make him a pleasant companion, and she would be an ornamental addition to the social treadmill-round in which up till now he had lived and moved and had his being. When the train stopped at his destination and he had to leave it, he had come to no definite decision.

Stella, shy and blushing prettily, was standing on the platform as he opened the door of the carriage and got out. 'I came to the station to see about a parcel for mother which ought to have come, and hasn't,' she said as they shook hands. 'Wain has got your luggage out, I see, and found your man. The motor is just outside here.'

Blackport, chatting idly, followed her to the big Daimler waiting for them in the station-yard. She was looking very pretty, he decided. The soft yellow hair curled naturally; she had a beautiful, clear complexion, big, appealing blue eyes, and a sweet mouth. The simple white linen dress became her better than anything more elaborate would have done, pleasing his fastidious taste.

She, on her side, noticed how well-turned-out he was, from his glossy brown-yellow boots and perfectly made gray suit to his eyeglass and expensive Panamá straw hat. His gray eyes were kind, and his firm, strong mouth and chin were clean-cut, with latent power plainly indicated.

'Are you glad I've come?' he asked suddenly as the motor turned cautiously into the main road.

The girl flushed rosy-red. Her eyes looked scared, but she answered steadily enough, though very low. 'Yes, Lord Blackport, of course I am,' she said, and he suddenly divined the effort it was to her.

'I wonder if you know why I've come?' he went on. 'I am going to tell you now, because I may not have a chance of seeing you alone again. Stella, will you marry me?'

There was a dead silence, and Blackport, to his horror, saw that she was deathly pale, with big tears in her eyes. He laid a strong, firm hand on her daintily gloved one. 'Don't you love me, dear?' he asked gently, and the girl gathered confidence from the kindness in his voice.

'I like you, Lord Blackport, very much,' she whispered; 'but—I don't know what mother will say,' she wound up desperately. 'I don't feel as if I *could* marry you.'

'Listen,' said Blackport. 'I wouldn't trouble you, little girl, for the world. I want to help

you, to be a friend to you, not a sort of ogre who has to be married to please your mother. Will it help you if I go away for a time? Then, you know, you can think things over. We needn't say anything to your mother about my having asked you to be my wife now. You can just think it over, and we will be friends—good friends—shall we? We will leave marriage quite out of the question.'

The terror died out of the girl's eyes, and she laid her hand in his friendly clasp. There was boundless relief in her face as she wiped the tears away with a delicate cobweb of a handkerchief. The girl's life was a lonely one, for Lady Henry did not allow her to make close friendships; and Blackport, now that, for the present at any rate, he need not be regarded as her probable husband, presented himself in a new and delightful aspect.

'If there is any way I can help you, you will tell me, won't you?' he went on, giving her time to recover herself.

'Oh Lord Blackport, *how* good you are to me!' said the girl, and there was true, deep feeling in her shaking voice.

Blackport kissed the little hand he held. 'That is a compact, then,' he said heartily. 'Now I will tell you what I am going to do. No one else is to know, mind.'

'I promise,' said Stella eagerly. 'Is it big-game hunting, or what?'

'I'm going to earn my own living,' said Blackport gravely. 'So far I've been a useless clod. Now I'm going to find out my market value. I will give you my lawyer's address, so that you will always know where to get at me if you want to, or if you feel inclined to drop me a line now and again. I expect I'll make an awful mess of it.'

'I am sure you won't,' said Stella stoutly. 'You are not the kind of man to make a mess of anything you want to do, Lord Blackport.'

'Charles,' said Lord Blackport gravely, 'please, Miss Saxton.'

'Stella, please, Charles,' returned the girl demurely, and they both laughed as the motor drew up outside a long, low, rambling house, with lawns sloping down to the Thames.

Lady Henry, who was sitting having tea under a big cedar-tree on the lawn, greeted him, for her, warmly. She noted with satisfaction the pink tinge on her daughter's delicate face, and the look in the blue eyes as they rested on Blackport's tall, trim figure. All, she felt, was going well.

Blackport's first remark was a shock. 'I've really come to say good-bye,' he said, taking his tea from Stella. 'I am going off on a long trip on Tuesday, and it is a little uncertain when I may be back.'

Lady Henry's face became ominously grim. She cast a hasty glance at her daughter; but as she did so she caught the look which passed

between the girl and Blackport, and her stern face relaxed. After all, the game was not lost while Blackport looked like that.

Lord Henry Saxton, reading the *Times* in a large basket-chair near by, also noted the comedy, and smiled to himself. 'If Isobel interferes,' he reflected, 'she will spoil her own game. Blackport is no callow boy to be hustled into matrimony, wise man.' But Isobel, his wife, as he ought to have known by bitter experience, was no fool, and she had no intention of interfering. On the contrary, she was, on the whole, well satisfied with the progress of her scheme, more especially when, after tea was over, as she showed the proofs of a new photograph of Stella taken by a fashionable photographer, Blackport asked if he might be honoured with a copy.

'He means to have his little fling,' she told her husband when, later on, they were alone. 'Then I am convinced he will come back and find him a wife and settle down.'

Lord Henry smiled grimly. 'You are probably correct, my dear,' he said amicably. 'Let us hope he will choose the right wife.'

Lady Henry glanced at him sharply, but his face was innocent of guile. 'He is sure to,' she said as she went off to dress for dinner. 'Tell Symons to get up some of that old champagne and the Waterloo brandy, Henry.'

And Lord Henry, still smiling his enigmatic smile, did as he was told, a course he had found, by long experience, the wisest where his Isobel was in question.

CHAPTER III.

BLACKPORT cannot, even by its best friend, be regarded as a place of beauty. It is a dirty, smoky Northshire town, bounded on three sides by coal-pits and iron-ore mines. On the fourth side is the sea, where is a busy harbour at whose quays lie coal-grimed tramp-steamers and quaint, old-fashioned sailing-brigs. There is also a fishing-fleet. Within the town itself are rookeries of courts and alleys, though there are one or two wide streets; and, when you know where to find them, Blackport possesses several extremely good shops of the solid, old-fashioned description.

North Street is one of the few good streets. Here dwell the upper classes, the aristocracy of the town—a doctor or two, a dentist, and a sprinkling of lawyers and various other professional men of good standing. One handsome house is inhabited by Lord Blackport's agent, Hugh Johnson; for to Lord Blackport the grimy town, with its collieries, its iron-ore mines, and its seething human rookeries, practically belongs. Half a mile or so out of the town is a large, staring mansion of indeterminate architecture known as 'the Castle,' nominally the Northshire residence of Lord Blackport, though for many years it has never been visited

by its owner, its sole inhabitants consisting of a housekeeper and a small staff of servants on board-wages. Lord Blackport himself is merely a name—a byword, one might almost say—in the town from which his father's title was taken; he is unknown to any of its citizens save as a greedy receiver of the fruit of the toil of many hundred men, a battener on the rents of the squalid courts and alleys huddled together in picturesque but insanitary confusion.

South Street runs at right angles to the more aristocratic North Street. Its houses are of a less pretentious type, its residents not so well-to-do. On the door-step of one of these houses—where, as the brass plate below the knocker proclaimed to all it might concern, dwelt Humphrey Lawton, M.D., physician and surgeon—stood Hugh Johnson a day or two after the events narrated in the previous chapters. The agent was a tall, sparely built man of something over fifty years of age, with a colourless, clean-shaven face, thin-lipped, and harsh in appearance, with hard, cruel eyes of unpleasantly light gray. As the inhabitants of Blackport had discovered, he was not a pleasant man to 'gang agley wi', as they put it, a fact which several had learned to their cost, and he was both hated and feared by those in his employment. He pressed the electric bell impatiently, and waited for the door to be opened, flicking his boot with his cane in a manner which told of annoyance and boded ill for somebody.

The bell was answered by a maid, a respectable elderly Scotswoman with a countenance as dour as Johnson's own.

'Ay, Mrs Lawton is within,' she replied to his question. 'Will the gentleman step this way?'

Mr Johnson followed her into a narrow passage scented with a faint aroma of drugs and antiseptics. She led him into a comfortable, shabby room, an apartment mutely eloquent of having seen better days. It was furnished as a dining-room with substantial oak chairs covered with scratched and faded crimson morocco leather. In a recess was a massive oak sideboard, on which stood some handsome silver salvers, cups, and goblets. In one corner of the room was a chintz-covered Chesterfield sofa, and near the fireplace were two well-worn easy-chairs, from one of which Mrs Lawton rose to greet him. She was a comfortable-looking, stoutish woman of some eight-and-forty years, with a cheerful, capable face, and chestnut hair heavily flecked with gray. There was distinct question in her steady gray eyes as they met Mr Johnson's evasive gaze.

'I've come on a matter of business,' he began, sitting down in the other chair. 'Your husband was telling me a day or two ago you were on the lookout for a paying guest.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Lawton, as he paused. 'Times have been none too prosperous with us lately, and we have a good deal of room to spare in the

house, which we thought might be turned to account. I should like to hear of some decent young fellow who is out at business all day. Do you know of such a one?'

'I had a letter this morning,' explained the agent, 'from Lord Blackport's lawyers asking me to take a young man into the office here. He is a quiet, gentlemanly young fellow, they say; and they asked if a decent lodging could be found for him. I gather he must be some out-at-elbows friend of his lordship's who is to be pitchforked into a job. Probably he will be no good at all, and a most infer—er—abominable nuisance. Employers' pets generally are. He can only offer thirty shillings a week for board and lodging; but I came to ask if you thought it worth your while to take him in here, for a little while at any rate, till we see what he is like.'

'Yes, certainly I will,' returned the doctor's wife heartily. 'When does he come, and what is his name?'

'He comes to-morrow,' Johnson told her. 'His name is Charles Carr. It is quite on the cards that he may be a poor relation of Lord Blackport's, now I come to think of it. Lord Blackport's mother was a daughter of old Farmer Carr of the Forge Farm out at Hill Top. If the fellow is a useless ass I sha'n't keep him. I am not going to be made a dumping-ground for penniless incapables.'

He spoke with an irritation that boded ill for Mr Carr's comfort, and Mrs Lawton's motherly heart warmed to the future stranger within her gates. She felt instinctively how very unpleasant Mr Johnson might make things for the young man if he did not approve of his presence in the Blackport estate office, and she felt sorry for him already. She was glad that the agent declined her somewhat perfunctorily offered invitation to tea, and took an immediate departure.

As the agent's footsteps died away down the street her husband came into the room. Humphrey Lawton was a very small, daintily made man of about fifty. His face was tanned and weather-beaten; his dark-gray eyes twinkled with keen wit. A moustache still yellow concealed his shrewd, kindly mouth, and his head was clothed with yellow, gray-sprinkled, crisply waving hair. As he himself would have said, he was a Scotsman born in Ireland, a description aptly describing his character, for he had all the shrewdness of the Scot, with the quick-wittedness and geniality of the Irishman. He was doctor for many of the numerous collieries and iron-ore mines, and also for several of the clubs of the neighbourhood. His life was a hard one, his remuneration for his toil very inadequate; but no one ever saw Dr Lawton other than cheery, no one ever called for his services or the best of his skill in vain. He was a doctor at heart as well as by profession.

'What did that fellow Johnson want?' asked the doctor, as Janet the parlour-maid brought in tea. 'I saw him going off down the street as if the devil were after him.'

'He came to see if we cared to take in a new clerk at the estate office—some one Lord Blackport's lawyers are sending,' said Mrs Lawton, pouring out tea.

The doctor grunted. The paying-guest subject was a very sore one with him.

'I said we would,' continued his wife. 'He comes to-morrow. Where is Jean, Humphrey?'

'Finishing up in the dispensary, I expect,' said the doctor.—'Jean,' he added, as the door opened and a young woman entered, 'mother has got a young man for you to look after.'

The girl laughed gaily though her face was tired. She was about four-and-twenty, with

steady brown eyes and her mother's chestnut hair and kindly, keen expression. 'That sounds a serious charge, daddy,' she said, as her mother served out the tea. 'Whom am I to be caretaker of, please?'

'Johnson's new pup in the estate office, I gather,' said the doctor, reaching for the scones. 'Your mother has taken on the youth as parlour-boarder and paying-guest, or whatever you call a lodger in these ultra-refined days.'

Jean cut herself a slice of cake with careful consideration. 'Oh, well, so long as he pays, that is the chief consideration, isn't it?' she said at last with a laugh.

Mrs Lawton laughed too, but there was a sigh smothered under the laugh. 'Yes, dear, you're right there,' she said.

(Continued on page 404.)

L'ACQUARIO.

By J. S. HUXLEY.

THERE are three things in Naples that are famous, three objects in contemplation of which the Neapolitan feels his heart swell with patriotic fervour, three wonders with which to astound and silence the impudent foreigner. These three things are the View, the Museum, and the Aquarium. But, oh thou Neapolitan patriot! when the so contemptible foreigner regains his wits, a little reflection shows him that 'tis at all events not thou who shouldst be proud! Who made the view? God, or—for perhaps our Neapolitan is an Anti-Clerical—perhaps 'twere better to say that it is the outcome of crumplings of earth and belchings forth of ashes, and you have been nought but a fly—and a dirty one at that—on the wheel of geology. Who made the Museum? Its makers are long dead—ancient Romans and more ancient Greeks. It was a kind act of yours to give their works shelter, but it is not the shelter that we come to see.

But who made the Aquarium? Let the last sad blow fall on the patriotic heart. Less Neapolitan than is God or geology, less than were Greeks or Romans, is the maker of the Aquarium,—an intruder, a northerner, a German! Poor patriot heart, now collapsed, must swell itself on gloves and coral brooches if it would revive!

Let us leave it slowly dilating, and betake ourselves to the Aquarium. I would not attempt to be your guide to the other sights, nor would you thank me if I did; but trust me in the Aquarium, and you will at all events learn more than the native guide will teach you.

The sun shines outside from a hard blue heaven, putting the palms and cactuses quite at their ease, and making the long avenues of ilex look quite northern. That is the time; pay and grudge not, but push the swing-door, and enter into another world. Dark and cool it is, silent but for sounds

of splashing; no light but what, entering by invisible windows, must pass through the waters to reach your eye. On the south the sun lights up the tanks brightly; and here and there, where beds of brilliant little sea-anemones and coral creatures vegetate, or where purple sea-urchins with their hundreds of little suction-pumps for feet crawl over starfish scarlet and gray, and the yellow sea-lilies perpetually wave their five fine-branching arms, the transformation scene at Drury Lane is not more brilliant. With meaningless brilliance in both cases, these pure and gorgeous colours, so it seems, are of no more use to their possessors than the lovely mottlings of many cowrie-shells that folds of skin conceal during the whole of life.

But colouring may be useful as well as ornamental. Look into this tank, where even the bright sun reveals nothing at first but weedy stones. Look again, and half the stones are fish, mottled beautifully with brown and black and white, beset with little ridges and filaments that look like seaweed, nestling close to the rocks, and scarcely stirring. In the swirl and confusion of a shallow sea none but the cleverest enemies could spy them out.

On the west and north sides only a dim and pale light enters. Here are put the creatures that shrink from the direct rays of the sun, living under ledges or in the deeper waters; not so beautiful or bright, but more mysterious. There are great skates and rays that some call elephants' ears, others *Pfaffenhut* for the likeness that they bear, as they swim along flapping their undulating sides, to the black, broad-brimmed hat of Roman Catholic priests; *Muraena*, their thick conger-like body decorated with sheeny golden-yellow pattern, their most wicked-looking and small head tapering like a fox's to the nose, direct descendants perhaps of

those to whom the callous Roman sensualist, in his villa at Posilipo, not two miles off, used to throw his slaves; crabs and crabby animals of various sorts, shapes, and sizes. In the crabs' tank I saw one day a scene that might have been played by human actors. A dead carcass of one of their fellows lay on the gravel, surrounded by crabs and hermit-crabs pulling away for dear life with their big pincers, now and again coming into collision and nipping at each other, but reserving most of their energies for the feast. One great big crab smelt it from afar; up he sidled, and without a 'by your leave' put his biggest claw over the head of the smaller fry, took hold, and tugged till a piece came off, finally conveying it back and shoving it into his mouth in the most human manner imaginable. Overhead hovered the poor relations—little semi-transparent prawns—on the lookout for stray bits that no one else wanted, eager, but very timid, shooting up and away with one flick of the tail at the least alarm. Among themselves, however, they were quarrelsome enough; I saw two have a very good imitation of a boxing-match. The whole thing was, in its crustacean way, very like the funeral scene in the *Devil's Disciple*.

As for the precious coral; and the sea-horses (so like chessmen, leading a nice, free *Alice through the Looking-Glass* existence among the sea-forests); and the jelly-fish, more like some one else's disembodied shadow than independent beings; the prize chrysanthemum flower-show of big anemones; and the octopus, beautiful even in repulsiveness—these and many other queer and lovely things you will see and wonder at.

One might spend the whole day there with much of profit and pleasure; but I expect that after an hour or so, unless you happen to be a particularly ardent lover of beasts, you will be thinking of going. As you step out into the light your eye is caught by a notice on the side of a broad flight of stairs: '*E vietato di salire*,' with '*Défense de monter*' underneath, in case (as is highly probable) your comprehension of Italian should be limited to '*Buona sera*' and '*Si prega di non spulpare nella vettura*.' Prohibition rousing curiosity, you look up and round about, and see that there is really quite a big place besides the Aquarium itself, and wonder what happens inside it. 'Must be pretty damp, living over all that water!' you think; but your mind subsides into rest very soon, and you set out to try to find a cab with a taximeter, and for once not be cheated.

In spite of your going off so carelessly, it is really quite interesting up there—in that institution, of which the Aquarium is only the outward and visible sign, for which your two francs entrance-money has just been expended. Inside that building, what a change from the vast, untidy, childish village of six hundred thousand inhabitants in which it stands! Here are cleanliness, order, and willing industry in the high air of learning; all around the elemental feelings and

passions contentedly living in lazy poverty and dirt, dying in wildest superstition. Naples is the most uncivilised city in Europe; here in her midst is the first zoological station in the world—first in time, in size, and in renown. Founded, in the face of great difficulties, by Anton Dohrn (alas! now dead; though not before he had seen his first modest building expand to thrice its original size, and knew that the fame thereof was gone forth into all lands), to-day it stands, the great, simple, white structure, with place for seventy workers if need be, each with his own little room (or half a bigger one if he be a new arrival and the place is crowded), his private tank, and his battery of all the thousand and one machines and tools and substances that are needed to force Nature's hand.

By way of showing some of the difficulties besetting those who wish to take advantage of this southern sea's munificence of beasts, I may say that not more than a small fraction of the scientific equipment can be got in Naples itself; half has to come from the great manufacturing towns of north Italy, the rest all the way from Germany, paying much duty on the way for daring to be better than native products.

The worker does not notice all this, however; all is made smooth for him. Here one knows the joys 'of quiet work throughout the quiet days'—the quiet sometimes broken by the thrill when the experiment has succeeded, the strange new structure is understood. Such moments are glorious, but rare; more often is despondency to be fought with, when creatures die, preparations are spoilt; when one feels that one's work is not progressing, or, worse still, that it is essentially unimportant.

But the work goes on all the time, each man adding his new brick, or mortaring up a gap, or repairing a hole in that vast edifice that is ever fair to look upon, yet ever being built. One gives the history of the Trypanosomes of fishes (first cousins to those unwitting scourges that pass with the bite of tsetse into man's blood and cause the sleeping sickness); another is describing a newly discovered and strange sea-worm—it seems as if the sea would never cease to yield new creatures; another is investigating the strange property of sponges, that when they are cut in bits and pressed through finest gauze, the microscopic units will join up once more to little shapeless balls, and still remember somehow to build themselves up into the miniature of the form they had before; another is determining all the chemical processes that take place in the early development of the egg. You want a lot of eggs for that, but luckily the sea-urchin comes to the rescue, for a good one will hold about five millions—one for every inhabitant of London; think of the infant mortality that must always be going on!

The 'man in the street' laughs aloud at such a catalogue; it tickles his fancy that grown men

should be working at such tiny, microscopic things, such absurd-looking creatures. His practical side is saddened with the waste of it, however. Dear man in the street, don't be saddened, nor too contemptuous! For, to start with, any day one may stumble on something after your own heart; who knows whether sponges may not be cheaper or Central Africa more habitable as the result of one of this same laughable catalogue of researches!

And then—and this is more—each new brick has its place, perhaps waiting first in some obscure corner, perhaps in some great arch that has lacked just this to stand alone, perhaps not till after years of neglect and weary waiting. But in the end each always finds its place, each always adds to the glory of that majestic fabric that through the centuries is rising, built by the mind and soul of man.

THE VINDICATION OF PATON.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the midst of it there came a rap at the door, and a servant entered, an English maid Colonel Lavenon had brought over with him. 'Lieutenant Standish would like to speak to you for a moment, sir,' she said.

'You can show him in,' said the colonel.

Standish entered close upon the words.

'I am afraid you find me in a bad temper,' said Colonel Lavenon. 'I have just had a visit from a man I ordered from my house—Paton.'

'Ah! the man who was acquitted of the murder of his uncle!'

'Yes. Standish, I hate to judge a man unfairly. Do you think he committed it?'

'To me there is not the slightest doubt. I cannot understand any jury of sane men bringing in the verdict they did.'

'Thank you,' said Colonel Lavenon. The other's confirmation eased his mind. There are some men who are blessed or cursed with such an easy conscience!

For a few minutes the two men chatted. Standish was obviously preoccupied. 'Colonel Lavenon,' he said suddenly, in a break in the conversation, 'I called to ask your consent to an engagement between your daughter and myself. I am in a fairly good position—one which will improve—and I have a private income of four hundred pounds a year.'

The colonel was obviously pleased, although he tried to hide his joy. Not that he welcomed Standish as a son-in-law any more than any other man, but it showed him a means by which he might rid his daughter's mind of Paton.

Colonel Lavenon was not a clever man; neither was he a good judge of women. Moreover, he fancied himself to be both, which rendered the folly of his judgments doubly dangerous.

'My dear boy,' he said, 'you have my full consent. Have you asked Kitty?'

'Not yet. I thought I would speak to you first.'

Colonel Lavenon nodded approvingly. 'Quite right. But there is no time like the present, eh? So I will send Kitty in to you.'

He found her descending the stairs. 'Kitty, my dear,' he said, 'there is a friend in the drawing-room who wishes to speak to you.'

A hundred wild hopes surged through the girl's heart as she opened the door.

Standish rose to greet her. 'How are you, Miss Lavenon?' he said, holding out his hand.

She took it, striving to beat down her disappointment and to appear courteous to the man who stood before her.

Standish retained hold of her hand. 'Kitty,' he said, 'I have just seen your father and gained his consent to our engagement. There only remains for you to say one word to make me the happiest man on earth.'

It was a prepared speech, spontaneous though it appeared. But with a woman's insight Kitty Lavenon detected the note of artificiality.

'I am sorry,' she replied; 'but I cannot give you the answer you want. Please don't ask me.'

For a moment Standish was reduced to silence. The idea that the girl herself would say no had never for one moment entered his mind. There are men so egotistical!

'Then there is some one else?'

'Yes,' she said softly, 'there is some one else.'

Standish was not a brilliant man; his cleverness was more of the nature of low cunning. But even to such there are moments of inspiration.

'And it is Paton!' he said. He did not ask the question; neither did he receive an answer—which fact irritated him. 'The man who is supposed to have murdered his uncle, and who escaped scot-free!'

Kitty Lavenon drew herself up proudly, and her eyes flashed. 'If Mr Paton were here now you would not dare say that. Yes, he is the man I love. And, whatever other people may say, I know he would not insult a woman as you have insulted me.'

Before Standish could say a word of apology or retract what he had already spoken she had left the room.

That day was a memorable one in the history of Egypt. The insurrection which had threatened for months—nay, years—broke out in all its force. Fanned by the mad words and more mad promises of their leaders, the natives, from the smallest donkey-boy to the leader of the Nationalist Party, took up arms to drive the Europeans out of their beloved country.

As Standish left the Lavenons' house he met men hurrying to the barracks. A couple of shots were fired at him as he too made his way there. Five thousand troops had already been poured into the town; another company was leaving the barracks as he entered. He saw with envy and hatred that it was led by Paton. A couple of minutes later he had reported himself to Colonel Tewkesbury.

'Yes,' said the colonel, 'there is work for every one. You had better take fifty men and make your way to the neighbourhood of the Government House. There is sure to be a riot there. I cannot spare you more. Every man is wanted.'

Standish nodded. Half-an-hour later he had left the barracks at the head of his small detachment.

The fighting raged throughout the day. While those at home read in their papers next morning that the whole of Egypt was in revolt, those upon the spot were still fighting in a grim uncertainty.

Little by little the troops, outnumbered though they were, gained the upper hand. Fighting was difficult in the narrow streets of Alexandria, and shots were poured down upon them from the roofs of houses which it was death to enter.

All through the hot hours, with the sun blazing down upon him, Paton directed his men. The work he had been set to accomplish was difficult; moreover, it was dangerous. The Mahdi Bazaar, the scene of his first triumph, was set in a network of native streets—streets which the European seldom entered. It was his duty to clear those streets of an enemy unknown in number.

It spoke much for his powers that he accomplished his task with the minimum of loss. His force, less than two hundred strong, was composed of regulars and volunteers—men who had learned to respect him in the preceding forty-eight hours. In their silent way they paid him the compliment which Colonel Tewkesbury had given voice to.

It was late in the evening of the second day when the back of the insurrection was broken. A messenger coming from Colonel Tewkesbury ordered Paton to withdraw his troops and march back to barracks. Paton heard the command with relief and thankfulness. The forty-eight hours had told upon them all, and it was a weary little force he marched through the streets of Alexandria. Hatless and almost black from the scorching heat of the sun, many were wounded, and all bore some signs of the conflict they had sustained.

There was a silence in Alexandria, a deep, heavy silence, broken at intervals by a desultory shot or by the cries of some group of natives, unaware of the manner in which the tide had suddenly turned, making a last fight, hopeless though brave.

In the barracks itself hundreds of white-robed

figures stood in clusters, under guard, and there was neither fear nor hopelessness on their faces. They too had yet to learn the thoroughness of the blow which had been struck at their countrymen. Groups of volunteers stood in twos or threes discussing the events of the past forty-eight hours. It is easy to tell the amateur, whether poet or soldier. While the regulars rested, content that the fighting was over, the men who fought as a pastime lived again the hours of battle.

Paton was talking to a couple of men, when suddenly he turned aside. 'I shall go and get some sleep,' he said. Little did he know what was to occur before his head touched the pillow, that practically his whole life was to be reorganised. Fate is a great dramatist, greater than any man born of woman, and it was destined that Paton should play his part in a scene more dramatic than that in any play—a scene from life.

A weary private tottered in at the barracks gates and looked dazedly around him. Blood was still oozing from a wound on his face, much of it clotted upon his clothes. He told his tale to the men, who gathered around him, like a weary child, stumbling over his words as a tired man does over the hard ground.

Paton, amongst others, listened to him. He had been attached to the little force which had gone out under Lieutenant Standish. There had been fighting, when the news came to them that the natives had entered a house occupied by a colonel, and were looting it. He and the lieutenant and another man had gone to the rescue. The other man was dead; the lieutenant had fled. 'I fought as long as I could,' he said, 'until they had taken all the others prisoners. Somehow they missed me, so I came here for help.'

A sickening dread filled Paton. 'Where is the house?' he asked.

In a moment he knew the worst. Without any doubt it was Colonel Lavenon's.

'Will any one come with me?' he shouted. The light of battle was in his eye, a terrible fear gnawing at his heart, which made him sick.

Weary though they were, a hundred men responded to his call. He chose a dozen. It was all the work of a moment. He led them at a hard run through the streets to the colonel's house, situated nearly a mile from the barracks.

As they rushed up to the door the sound of raised voices came out to them, native voices, followed by the colonel's. There was a second's pause; then there rose a woman's shriek. Paton put all his weight against the door. 'We must smash it down,' he said. 'Come on, boys.' The perspiration was rolling down his cheeks. The scream he heard had sent a look of madness to his eyes.

A dozen men drove their shoulders against the woodwork. For a moment the door resisted all their efforts, then with a crash it fell, and they

were inside. They rushed into a room upon the left, whence the voices had come. A couple of dozen or more natives were there. Four had seized Colonel Lavenon and held him prisoner, while one stood over the girl, who knelt cowering in a corner. The others were laying their hands upon everything available in the room. Articles too big for them to take they smashed to pieces. The whole place was a scene of chaos. The eyes of all were turned upon the door as the soldiers rushed into the room.

'Thank God!' said the colonel.

'Dick!' cried Kitty, as she saw the man she loved.

Paton rushed to her side, knocking down with a blow from his sword the man who stood over her, whose hand even was upon her shoulder. 'Where is Standish?' he asked.

'He went—to get some help.' The girl hesitated. There was a suggestion of something left unsaid in the way she spoke.

'And left you here alone—you and your father!'

The sound of blows caused him to turn sharply round and draw his revolver. The natives were caught like rats in a trap, and they fought bravely with a courage born of despair. For a few moments a miniature battle was waged. Shots were fired, and every available weapon seized. Paton found himself defending Kitty from the attack of a couple of Arabs, dark, swarthy men with the strength of oxen.

The first he shot upon the spot. The other man sprang at his throat with a wild cry of fury. For a few seconds they struggled together, while the girl watched them, terror-stricken. Feeling that his strength was failing him, Paton made one last effort. Seizing the man round the waist, he flung his opponent from him. The Arab fell, his head striking against a jutting corner of the wall with a sickening crash. As the Arab lay on the ground a thin red stream trickled from a wound in the man's head almost to Paton's feet.

The girl shuddered and clung to her lover.

'Dick,' she said, 'you are not hurt?'

Before he could reply the door opened and Standish staggered into the room. His face was white and fearful. More than one man in that room saw it was the face of a coward.

'The soldiers have come!' he said. A white-robed figure sprang at him and struck him on the head with a heavy, gnarled stick which he had picked up somewhere.

Standish staggered to his knees, then slowly slid on to the ground.

'Oh Dick!' moaned the girl, 'how is it all going to end?'

He bent down and kissed her, a lie upon his lips, a lie that was meant to soothe her and allay her fears. Fighting was difficult; the soldiers were outnumbered, and more than one slipped over some broken piece of furniture. Paton had almost given up hope. With one arm round the

girl, he was firing at every white-robed figure that he could without fear of wounding one of his own men. He cursed himself for not bringing more men with him.

Suddenly there rose a British cheer, and he caught a glimpse of khaki-coloured figures running down the street.

'Kitty,' he cried, 'we're saved!'

Almost as he spoke they were in the room, led by Colonel Tewkesbury himself. Close on his heels followed Mr Bellamore.

The sight of them gave fresh courage to those within. In a few seconds it was all over.

Colonel Tewkesbury looked around grimly. Then he advanced to Kitty Lavenon's side. 'Your room has been made a battlefield in miniature,' he said. 'I am afraid we shall have to turn it into a hospital now.' His eyes wandered to Standish's figure as he spoke.

It was four hours later. The room had regained some slight semblance of order. On a couch before the open window lay Standish. He was wildly delirious. A young, very enthusiastic surgeon was bending over him, one who felt perhaps too deeply the grave responsibilities of his calling. 'He may last through the night,' he said.

At the head of the couch stood Colonel Tewkesbury and Mr Bellamore; at the foot Colonel Lavenon, his daughter, and Paton. And through the minds of two of the men present there passed the hope that Standish might make some confession before the night passed, and he with it. Darkness had almost fallen—it gathers quickly in Egypt—and the figures standing around the couch looked faint and shadowy.

For a few moments Standish had lain silent. Suddenly his eyes lighted up with a strange glow, one that spoke of madness. 'No,' he said, 'I can't pay you the five thousand pounds. Can't you understand? I haven't got it in the world. You'll ruin me if you do as you say.' There was a brief pause, in which the eyes of the colonel and Mr Bellamore were fixed upon Paton.

He had taken a step forward, and was bending low over the bed, so that he might miss no word. Hope shone upon his face—the hope that he might face the world again, his name cleared, his honour spotless. He knew the man before him must die. 'God!' he whispered in a low, tense voice, which all heard; then followed that one word an unspoken prayer that Standish might make reparation before he died.

Standish raised himself again, his voice full of passion, his hands clutching the air convulsively, while his fingers worked as if upon some one's throat. 'Curse you!' he shouted, 'you sha'n't ruin me as you have ruined other men.' Then it shrank into a terrified whisper. 'My God, I've killed him! Speak! Speak! I've killed him!'

There followed a silence, and darkness fell. Colonel Tewkesbury turned away and lighted a candle. When he came to the side of the couch

again the flickering rays of light fell upon the face of a dead man. He silently put the candle down upon a table. Then he seized Paton's hand. 'I am glad, for your sake,' he said. He saw Colonel Lavenon watching him, a puzzled expression on his face. Colonel Tewkesbury took a step towards him, and pointed to the figure of the dead man. 'There,' he said in a low voice, which all could hear, 'lies the man who smuggled guns into Egypt, and the man who murdered Paton's uncle.'

Kitty Lavenon looked up into the face of her lover. 'Dick!' she said—'Dick!' The yearning in her eyes and the pride that shone in his as he gathered her in his arms were sufficient recompense for the months that were past. It was not a sight for the three men standing by, and they turned away; while the face of the dead man, taking on a look of peace, smiled as if he were glad that in his last moments he had made reparation.

THE END.

IN AN AUSTRIAN CASTLE

ALTHOUGH living in England, which is supposed to be the home of aristocratic privilege, I had no conception of the full meaning of the term until I paid a visit to some Austrian friends, a year or two ago, at a great castle some five hours' journey from Vienna.

'The trains are generally crowded at this time of the year,' my hostess wrote; 'but if you tell the conductor at Vienna that you are coming here, I think you will find you will have a compartment to yourself.'

The train certainly was crowded; and as I had some difficulty in even finding a seat, it seemed superfluous to inform the conductor of my destination with the hope of securing a compartment. However, when he came to examine the tickets, he asked, with that friendly curiosity which distinguishes Austrians of all classes, why I was going to the little town which was the nearest station to my friends' house. 'There are no ruins,' he remarked. 'There is not even an hotel. No one ever goes there.' Then, with sudden illumination he said, 'Perhaps you are going to visit Prince A. at Schloss X.'

Assured on this point, he saluted with the deepest respect and went his way. Presently he returned and whispered to one of the occupants of the carriage, who rose and followed him. A few minutes later the conductor returned and carried away this passenger's baggage from the rack. Three times the same process was gone through, and then I was left in solitary possession of the compartment.

'I will see that your Excellency is not disturbed,' said the conductor triumphantly, as he disappeared with the last passenger's belongings.

I should like to know the charm with which he lured those four men from their places. It could scarcely have been on the plea of more comfortable seats, the train being so crowded; yet they went without a murmur. I began to understand the power of a great noble's name in Austria.

The journey was uninteresting, the line running through a vast plain, broken here and there by small villages. It was a tropically hot day, and personally I should have preferred the company of the exiled four instead of gazing at the red velvet of their empty places. Red velvet

on a day when the thermometer is high above eighty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade does not induce a sensation of coolness, and this particular red velvet was so red that it seemed to be on fire. But happily the hottest journey has an end, and at five o'clock I was deposited by the friendly conductor at a little wayside station, where I was immediately taken in charge by a stalwart *Jäger* dressed in green coat and breeches, and wearing a soft green hat turned up at one side and fastened with a dark aigrette, that to my British eyes strongly resembled a shaving-brush. His gray stockings were footless, and did not reach his knees; for the latter were bare, and there was a wide, bare space showing above each of his boots.

Outside the station was a victoria with a pair of the finest black horses I have ever seen. The shrieking of the engine-whistle had startled them, and they were giving the coachman some trouble; but finally I was ensconced in the carriage, the *Jäger* mounted the box beside the coachman, the small crowd which had gathered round—consisting of the stationmaster, the ticket-collector, a porter, some workmen, and one small boy—individually and collectively raised their hats, with an odd movement to the right as the hat was held in the hand; the coachman shouted ferociously, swung his whip round and round in the air above his head with resounding cracks, and we were off.

It was Ouida, I think, who described a pair of Hungarian horses driven by one of her heroes as 'aleazans that spurned the plain.' The horses which carried me to Schloss X. certainly bore out this romantic description; but unfortunately there had been rain the day before, and in their rapid flight these particular 'aleazans' spurned a considerable quantity of the plain over my face and clothes, whilst the coachman and the *Jäger* were plentifully coated with mud from head to foot. I had always heard that in Austria and Hungary one saw the finest horses in Europe. I have certainly never been driven so quickly, not even in Naples, where swiftness is a horse's first recommendation.

It was an hour's drive from the station to the *Schloss*, and the horses never for one moment

abated their rapid pace. Once outside the little town the coachman put the whip in its socket and drove with the reins in both hands. At first the plain stretched away for miles on each hand, patches of maize and grass showing up green among ripening wheat and barley, the road being lined with poplars. Gradually we began to ascend until a sudden turn brought into view a beautiful range of hills on the farther side of a deep valley. Perched high up on the slope of one of these hills was a great castle, all towers and turrets. This was my destination.

Another sharp bend of the road, and the wide monotony of the vast plain was shut out, and we began a steep ascent through a beech-wood, with scarcely any diminution in the rapid pace of the horses. On a plateau immediately beneath the castle was a village, its houses, with whitewashed walls and red roofs, arranged demurely along both sides of a single street, like the cottages in a box of German toys. We dashed through this village at a hand-gallop, several carts, a large wagon laden with timber, and sundry villagers on foot hurrying to one side of the road and leaving us a clear passage the moment they heard the warning shout of the coachman. As we galloped on I noticed that every head was bared. The pace continued up another slope, the light carriage swaying perilously from side to side—the road was miserable—until, swinging round a sharp corner, we faced the great stone entrance to the castle, a hind-wheel of the victoria narrowly missing one of the piers as we burst through into the courtyard.

I learned afterwards that they do not expect their horses to have long lives in Austria; and as my journey from the station was a fair sample of the pace at which they drive, no matter what may be the state of the road, I was not surprised that the last thing an Austrian expects from his carriage-horses is length of days.

I had known my host for some years; but as I had only seen him garbed in the usual costume that obtains in London and in English country houses, for an instant I did not recognise the stalwart figure, dressed exactly like the *Jäger* on the box, which stepped forward to greet me. Beyond a superiority in the cloth, the prince and his sons wore the same clothes as their hunting servants; instead of the aigrette like a shaving-brush, they had feathers of the capercaillie in their green Tyrolese hats.

The entrance to the castle was like the door of a cathedral. It opened into a vast and gloomy hall hung with superb tapestries and armour. The tapestries had been made for the hall in the fifteenth century, and had remained in their original places ever since. A fantastically carved oak staircase at the end of the hall led to the upper floor, which was entirely occupied by the living-rooms of the family, one room opening out of another by means of double doors in an apparently unending line. In the centre of the

suite was a vast *salon*, and here we found the family, all gathered round a long, narrow table, at tea. I knew the prince and princess had a large family, and I was already acquainted with their three married sons and their wives; but I was not prepared to find seventeen adults and twelve children sitting at tea on my arrival for a visit which the princess had hoped I should 'not find dull, as we are only a family party.' The three married sons were there with their wives, also the two married daughters and their husbands; in addition there were three unmarried sons and two unmarried daughters. The twelve grandchildren, who seemed to be apportioned among the married couples in twos and threes, came to tea every day from a separate building connected with the castle by a Gothic bridge, where they were lodged with a small army of nurses and attendants. The children were of all ages from ten to four, as brown as berries, and dressed in spotless white—at tea-time.

When I was shown to my room, a charming apartment high up in one of the turrets, I found the *Jäger* who had met me at the railway station unpacking my luggage. But the first essential was a bath. He was full of 'desolation,' but something had gone wrong with the water-pipes in the turret, and therefore the bathroom could not be used; but if the high and well-born Excellency would condescend to use a hip-bath, he would instantly procure one. The bath was brought and prepared, but the tall *Jäger* still remained in the room.

'You can finish the unpacking afterwards,' I said. 'I will ring when I have had my bath.'

Johann turned from an open drawer, his face blank with amazement. 'But is it not the high and well-born Excellency that I should wash?' he asked.

The German of the 'high and well-born Excellency' failed him. His face reflected the amazement of the *Jäger*. There was a pause; then, after a repeated announcement that I would ring when I wanted him, Johann left the room, clearly under protest.

'I shall be outside the door if the high and well-born one should need me,' the man said reproachfully.

Scarcely was I in the bath than the door opened and the stalwart figure appeared.

'Is it not cold water over the back of the high and well-born Excellency that I should pour?'

'No; certainly not!' The door was again closed, protestingly.

A few seconds later Johann came into the room with an air of triumph, bearing a large bath-towel. 'Ah, the splashing is over! Now the high and well-born Excellency I may be permitted to dry.'

But he was not permitted the high and well-born Excellency to dry.

'What will my prince say?' he said, looking

at me in bewilderment. 'His Serene Highness commanded me to show the Excellency every attention, and the Excellency will allow me to do nothing for him—nothing!'

At dinner we were a party of twenty-four, the prince's secretary, the princess's secretary and her *dams de compagnie*, the chaplain, the governor of the youngest son, and the secretary of the eldest son bringing the 'family party,' with myself, up to that number.

I sat next to the Princess Karl, the wife of the eldest son, a beautiful Hungarian possessing all the charm and vivacity of her race.

'I'm afraid you are not being properly looked after,' she said. 'Johann told my husband that you ordered him out of the room.'

'But he wanted to wash me,' I explained. 'He was most attentive, yet that was an attention I did not desire.'

'Poor Johann!' answered the princess, 'he was much upset. He is Karl's special servant, and was told off to look after you on purpose. You see, he did not understand. He always washes Karl.'

I made no attempt to conceal my astonishment; and when I glanced at Prince Karl, a broad-shouldered giant, and one of the noted sportsmen of Austria, I could not help smiling.

'Why are you amused?' the princess asked.

'It seems so incongruous,' I answered, 'Prince Karl being washed!'

But there was nothing incongruous in the fact to the princess; and I afterwards learnt that it is the usual custom among the Austrian nobility, the majority of them being thoroughly well scrubbed in their baths twice a day by their valets, and dried afterwards with hot towels. They are also dressed by their servants. This body-service does not argue effeminacy. On the contrary, I found the most virile and sportsman-like amongst them utterly helpless without a servant. The driving of poor Johann from my bedroom became a great joke in the family, and in one of the chaffing discussions on the subject Prince Karl declared that he had never dressed himself in his life.

'I only tried it once,' said one of his brothers, an officer in the Imperial Guards, 'when my servant was ill, and I had to go to a parade. I put all the buttons in the wrong buttonholes, and got confined to barracks for a week in consequence.'

In the old days the Austrian princes, counts, and barons were sovereign lords on their own lands, which they held from the emperor in return for military service. Each of these great nobles held his own court, which was a reflection in miniature of the Imperial Court; and as it was considered an honour by men of the highest birth to assist at the toilet of the monarch, so it was considered an honour by those of less degree to render similar personal service to the great nobles. The dependence of their descendants

upon their valets is, therefore, only the survival of a feudal custom.

The evenings at the *Schloss* reminded one of the prints of King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, surrounded by their large family, that one occasionally sees in out-of-the-way inns in France or on the bookstalls on the quays by the Seine. The princess, her daughters, and her daughters-in-law sat at a large round table upon which stood a lamp with a ground-glass globe, all busy with embroidery and needlework. The prince sat next to his wife, reading a book or a newspaper spread out before him on the table; the other gentlemen had chairs close to the circle of ladies. The arrangement struck me at first sight as being a little stiff and awkward; but after the first evening I understood what the princess meant when she had described the gathering as a 'family party.' The secretaries, the governor, the chaplain, and the *dame de compagnie* did not come to the *salon* after dinner. This was the hour of the family intimacy.

Every autumn the prince gathered his children, with their wives and their husbands and children, together in the old *Schloss* for six weeks. During the day every one did as he or she wished; some hunted, some rode, some shot, some walked, or made excursions, or played tennis or croquet. The first breakfast was served in the bedrooms, and you appeared at luncheon or tea as you pleased; but dinner was an unbreakable fixture at which everybody was obliged to be present; and the time in the great *salon* afterwards was known as 'the hour of mamma and papa.' It was, in fact, a large family council. The events of the day, the contents of the post-bag, family affairs, were all discussed by the prince and princess and their children. Everybody gave his or her opinion either for or against; the prince considered the matter, then gave his decision, which was accepted without question.

But the family conversation was not always serious. Often there was a pretty battle of wit, in which Princess Karl, who was the darling of the whole family, generally came off victorious; or there would be round games, of which capping verses was the favourite. As all spoke French, German, Italian, and English with equal fluency, there was unlimited scope in this game. Sometimes there was music, and Princess Karl and another of the daughters-in-law, who was also Hungarian, would sing the strangely haunting songs of their native country, or all the sons and sons-in-law would join in a rousing students' chorus, the old prince beating time with his ivory paper-knife. These evenings were delightful in their simplicity and affection; one did not know which to envy the more, the prince and princess in the possession of such love and devotion, or their children in the possession of such parents.

Princess Karl took me under her special guidance, and insisted that I should make acquaintance with the village the morning after

my arrival. 'You had better put on gloves, or at any rate the right-hand glove,' she said as I met her at the great entrance.

'I never wear gloves unless I am obliged,' I answered. 'And on a hot day like this! Is that another Austrian custom, like being washed?'

She laughed. 'Well, I have warned you. You must buy your experience.'

We descended the steep slope to the village, stopping at the post-office, which was the first house in the street; it was likewise a café and a general provision store. Here were several peasants sitting at a table drinking beer, also two or three women talking to the postmistress. When we entered, the postmistress ran from behind her counter, the peasants rose from their bench, and one and all crowded round the Princess Karl and kissed her right hand. To my intense surprise, when each man and woman had kissed the princess's hand they bestowed a similar attention upon me.

'You mustn't do that!' the princess said to me in English as I tried to shake a peasant's hand before he could raise mine to lips surrounded by a beard that had not seen a razor for a week. 'You will hurt their feelings.' Most unwillingly, therefore, I was obliged to undergo the ordeal. They were not remarkable for cleanliness, those peasants.

'I warned you to wear a glove,' said the princess when the ceremony was over. 'Now you know the reason. It is very unpleasant. But you will find that whenever you meet peasants they will kiss your hand. They even leave their work in the fields and run out into the road if they see you passing. I tell you this because last year a young *attaché* from the French Embassy in Vienna was staying here, and he had a great fright. He was walking along a road between some bean-fields. There were a great many peasants taking in the harvest, and to his horror he saw them all, men and women, suddenly throw down their scythes and rakes, and rush toward him from both sides. He was convinced that they were going to attack and rob him; and, thinking discretion the better part of valour, he took to his heels and ran. He never stopped until he got to the *Schloss*; and to this day he will not believe that the poor peasants only wished to kiss his hand as a mark of respect to an *Excellenz*. It is a pretty custom, but not from a peasant.' The Princess Karl shuddered. 'That is why we all wear gloves when we go out walking here. At my home in Hungary it is better; there the peasants kneel down and kiss the hem of one's dress.'

'But not in wet weather surely?' I asked.

'Why should there be any difference?' the princess answered.

'I should not think it would be very good for rheumatism to have to kneel down on a wet day and kiss the hems of the dresses of a large

number of noble ladies. How do they manage with the men? Do they kneel and kiss the hems of their trousers?'

'Do you know, I never thought about rheumatism!' the princess said. 'It really would be better if they did to us what they do to the men; they stoop and kiss the hems of their jackets.'

In these days such subservience sounds incredible; but the custom is a survival of the days when all the peasants were slaves, and the nobles had the power of life and death over them.

There is no country in the world where class distinction is so strongly marked as in Austria. A man is either 'born' or not. If he is 'born' he is noble; if he is not 'born' nothing can ever make him noble. Amongst the nobles there are various grades, which are decided by the number of armorial bearings a man possesses. For example, only those who possess a certain number of quarterings on both their father's side and their mother's can go to Court; that is, they must be able to show that they are the issue of marriage between nobles for many generations back. If a noble with the required number of quarterings marries a lady lacking the proper number, neither she nor her children can go to Court. I heard of a curious instance of the absurdity of this rule. An Austrian nobleman with a lineage dating back to the mists of antiquity married an Englishwoman who was not noble. She was very rich, brilliant, charming, and most cultured. But neither she nor her sons or daughters were received at Court. One of the sons went into the diplomatic service; and as all diplomats have the right of *entrée* at the Hofburg, he attended the emperor's Courts. The absurdity of the situation was further increased by the fact that the mother and daughters were on terms of close friendship with more than one member of the Imperial family, entertaining them both in Vienna and at their house in the country; yet they might not go to Court!

If a noble marries a woman of humble birth, neither he nor his children can succeed to the family property; neither he himself, his wife, nor his children are received in society. Austria is therefore divided into three distinct classes—the nobility, the middle-class, and the peasantry, each living, as it were, within a ring-fence. In Britain the shop-girl of to-day can be the duchess of to-morrow, with all the rights of *entrée* at Court and precedence in the social world attaching to the rank of her husband; the peasant boy of to-day can be the Prime Minister of the future. Such possibilities do not exist in Austria. Nothing opens the door of society in Austria—neither genius, great wealth, heroism, nor the highest distinction in the arts and sciences; all are unavailing unless their possessor can put the magic word *geboren* after his name. The emperor from time to time confers

titles of nobility; but this does not confer the magic word, and the bearers of these titles form a class by themselves. The more enlightened amongst the great nobles, like my host at Schloss X., cultivate the society of scientists, painters, and men of note in the privacy of their country homes; but it is an unwritten law that these individuals are not received in the houses of the nobility in Vienna, nor are the wives of these guests asked to accompany their husbands on a visit to the country houses.

There are many powerful people in Austrian society who wish that the rigid rules of etiquette as to birth by which it is hedged in could be modified; but at present the number in favour of reform is not sufficiently large to bring about a change in the usage of centuries. The nobility usually marry those of their own rank, with the result that nearly all the families of the aristocracy are related, and as a rule they have large families. Princess Karl—whose mother and father, together, had fifteen brothers and nine sisters—told me that at the last Court ball she had counted over a hundred of her first-cousins, and that one winter at Abbazia she had not spoken during a whole week of balls and dinner and luncheon parties to any one who was not connected either directly or remotely with her own or Prince Karl's family.

It is thought that the barriers of caste will be broken down when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand succeeds his uncle the emperor; for if hismorganatic wife, Countess Chotek (created Duchess of Hohenburg by the emperor), despite his solemn oath to the contrary, becomes empress, the present rules as to birth could not possibly be enforced. If they are relaxed so widely as to permit a lady not of royal birth to become Empress of Austria, they must be relaxed for all those who now suffer exclusion from Court for lack of the required number of quarterings. But whatever happens, the old aristocracy will never accept the Countess Chotek; they will never make their bows and reverences to her as empress.

Princess Karl, although she is very broad-minded, could admit no variation of this rule. 'In Austria,' she said, 'it is what you are born that counts, not what you become.'

When I ventured to point out that this sentiment belonged to the Middle Ages, her reply showed me, more clearly than any explanations I had heard, the point of view of the Austrian aristocrat, a point of view inbred in their bones. It is not a vulgar glorying in pride of birth; it is the acceptance of a fact which to them is as necessary, as unchangeable, and as natural as the coming of night and day. 'I was born *Durchlaucht*'—that is, Serene Highness; 'I have married a *Durchlaucht*; my children are *Durchlaucht*. How can I possibly recognise Countess Chotek as empress? She was born Countess Chotak. *Durchlaucht*s do not make obeisance to countesses, no matter whom they may marry. The archduke, if he succeeds, will never dare to make her empress. Countesses cannot be made empresses in Austria.'

'But they can be made queens in Hungary,' I ventured, 'and the archduke will be King of Hungary as well as Emperor of Austria.'

'It is different in Hungary,' the princess replied quickly. 'The wife of the King of Hungary is his queen, even if she were a beggar-girl from the street.'

'Then if the Duchess Hohenburg becomes Queen of Hungary, will you make obeisance to her as queen?'

'Certainly,' was the immediate answer.

'Then why not as empress?' I asked.

'In Hungary the Countess Chotek will be queen. It is only in Hungary that I would make obeisance to her. In Austria she can never be anything save the Countess Chotek, because she was born Countess Chotek. One does not make obeisance to countesses, even though they marry archdukes who become emperors,' she repeated.

And this is the point of view of the Austrian nobility in a nutshell.

WILLS, WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Die, and endow a college or a cat.—PORR.

THE most astute individual has been found to fail in will-making and in leaving an adequate settlement of his affairs. Lawyers even, and otherwise good business-men, have on this point been found wanting. Over 60 per cent. of persons who die leave no estate, and so are spared this anxiety.

A very simple and effective kind of will was that of Matthew Arnold, in which the important clause was: 'I leave everything of which I die possessed to my wife Frances.' The will of Brigham Young for the disposal of half a million sterling was more than usually complicated, as

it meant allocation amongst eighteen wives and forty-eight children. Mr Andrew Carnegie seems to work as hard at the disposing of his money as many people do to earn an income. It appears that in addition to thirty millions sterling which he has allotted for philanthropic purposes, all accrued surplus unprovided for in his testament, will, in the event of his death, be devoted to similar objects. Commodore Vanderbilt, commenting on the will of Alexander Stewart, the great merchant, could not understand how it was possible for a man of that kind, usually so clear-headed, 'to make such an utter damn fool of himself when he came to write his will.' One

of the largest recent estates administered without a will was that of John Arbuckle of Brooklyn, who left six millions sterling, which would go to his next-of-kin.

Character is clearly revealed in last wills and settlements—likes and dislikes, meannesses, as well as large charities and philanthropies. Gifts to charitable, educational, and kindred institutions, and for useful public purposes, have been larger in recent years than at any other period in the history of the world.

Two books on the subject lately published start a curious train of reflection, similar to a visit to Somerset House, London, where so many important wills are stored. Mr Edgar Vine Hall has written *The Romance of Wills and Testaments* (T. Fisher Unwin), and Mr Virgil M. Harris, lecturer on wills in the St Louis University Institute of Law, has prepared *Ancient, Curious, and Famous Wills* (Stanley, Paul, & Co.). To this last we are mainly indebted for some examples that follow. Mr Hall presents a series of essays on the subject, in which he has included a large amount of original matter rescued from wills preserved in Somerset House and elsewhere. Some remarkable examples come from those wills written during the time of the Great Plague; while he has consulted most of the printed books, including Mrs Byrne's *Curiosities of the Search-Room*, a collection of curious and whimsical wills. In America, Mr Harris has been the first to make a collection of curious and famous wills. His knowledge of the subject is encyclopædic; he has gathered his materials from original records of Probate and Court Registers, by exhaustive research in libraries, and by reference to magazine and newspaper files. His volume is entertaining and instructive from first to last. It is recommended that of each will there be made a copy; the original to be put in one safe place and the copy in another.

A will or testament may be defined as the legal documentary instrument by which a person regulates the rights of others over his property or family after his death.

It may be worth recalling that an official called the Public Trustee can in England act as executor or trustee to any person who may desire it, either under a will or under a settlement. He can also act as administrator either where there is no will or where there is a will if the testator so directs. The fees are set on a low scale, and the wills so placed in custody already concern many millions sterling. At the beginning of 1913 the value of the business being administered and negotiated had reached a total of ninety-two and a half millions sterling.

The will, if not of Roman origin, owes to Roman law its completest development. Jacob's will, the earliest on record, has been called a testamentary disposition. Professor Flinders Petrie, in his Egyptian excavations, has unearthed wills of 2550 B.C. That of Sennache-

rib, 681 B.C., was found in the royal library of Koyunjik. In India wills were not known until the British conquest. Among the oldest English wills are those of Alfred the Great and of William the Conqueror, who devised the newly acquired realm of England to his second son, William Rufus. Somerset House holds the wills of Shakespeare, Milton, Vandyck, Dr Johnson, Lord Nelson, Edmund Burke, Sir Isaac Newton, Inigo Jones, Izaak Walton, and the Duke of Wellington.

Napoleon's will had this spiteful passage: 'I die prematurely, assassinated by the English oligarchy.' He left ten thousand francs to Cantillon, who was tried for attempting to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. 'Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St Helena.'

The will of Rabelais contained a characteristic clause: 'I have no available property, I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor.' The wife of a clergyman called upon to render an inventory of her husband's estate reported that the major part of his estate was invested in heavenly securities, the value of which had been variously declared in this world, and highly taxed by the various Churches, but never realised. Then followed a list of some of his good deeds, none of which could be realised on a cash basis.

Most trustees know more than the farmer who walked into a grocer's little shop with a firm step, saying, 'I want that tub of butter, and that lot of sugar, and all that other stuff.' 'Good gracious!' said the widow who kept the shop, 'whatever do you want with all them goods?' 'I dunno,' said the farmer; 'but, you see, I'm the executor of your husband's will, and the lawyer told me to carry out the provisions.'

He was not a teetotal testator who left one thousand pounds to his nurse in a hospital for banishing a pink monkey from the foot of his bed, and the same sum to the cook who removed snakes from his broth. Neither was the Berlin gentleman who left instructions that his friends who followed his hearse should take turns to roll a barrel of beer after it, which they were to consume at the grave over his remains. In a codicil of his will a fund was left, the interest of which was to be expended in securing weekly a quarter of a tun of Bavarian beer to the frequenters of a certain hostelry. As soon as all the participants had passed away, the fund was to go to a founding hospital. A cynical old man in a western town in America left his property to that man in the community who could prove himself a Christian. As nobody in his neighbourhood corresponded with the definition, the property went to the legal heirs.

The wills of two Frenchmen raise suspicions as to their perfect sanity. One was a lawyer who left ten thousand pounds to a lunatic asylum

as a simple act of restitution to the clients who had been insane enough to avail themselves of his services. The other, declaring that the French were a nation of dastards and fools, left his fortune to the people of London, and directed that his body be thrown into the sea a mile from the coast. An attempt to judge this individual insane failed. An original native of Finland left his property to the devil!

Frequently large and small bequests are left for the care of animals. Jonathan Jackson of Columbus, Ohio, left money to erect a cats' home. It was to have several dormitories, a refectory, grounds for exercise, and a gently sloping roof with rat-holes for sport. There was also to be an auditorium within which the cats were to be assembled daily to listen to the strains of an accordion, that instrument being presumed to be nearest to the tone of the cat-voice. An infirmary with a surgeon and nurses was to adjoin this cats' home. An English lady left sixty-five pounds a year for the support of her mare, and five pounds a year to keep a greyhound. In Hungary an eccentric nobleman left all his real and personal property, amounting to about forty thousand pounds, to be used on behalf of twelve draught horses. One lady left an annuity of two hundred pounds for the care of a pet parrot, which was to be placed under the care of some respectable female who should not be a servant. Another lady left seventy pounds a year for the maintenance of three goldfish. A wealthy tradesman of Cranesur-Marne left in his will a sum of two thousand francs for a prize in a pig-race, the pigs to be ridden by either men or boys.

Here is a curious commentary on cremation. A native of New York left instructions that his body be cremated and his ashes scattered in a field; the reason being that a man gets all out of life he is entitled to, according to the amount of brain and energy he puts into it, and when he dies should not occupy ground that may be needed for highways or for planting corn.

In closing, we pass from this record of the whims, eccentricities, loves, and hates of certain testators to mention one or two who showed true greatness and large-mindedness in their benefactions which live after them. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish inventor and philanthropist, left a capital sum, the interest on which, divided into five equal parts amounting to about seven thousand seven hundred pounds each, is awarded annually to persons who shall have made the most important invention or discovery in the domain of physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, who shall have produced in literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency, or who shall have most or best promoted the interest of universal peace. The winner for physics in 1912 was a Swiss engineer, Gustaf Dalen, chief engineer and general manager of the Stockholm Gas Accumulator Company; the prize for chemistry was divided between Professor Grignard of Nancy

University and Professor Sabatier of Toulouse University. The literature prize was conferred upon Gerhart Hauptmann, the German poet and dramatist, and that for medicine on Professor Carrel, of New York.

One of the provisions of the will of Cecil Rhodes requested his trustees to set aside one hundred thousand pounds to his old college of Oriel, Oxford, for an extension of the buildings and as a fund to enlarge the number of fellowships. He held that the education of young men from the British colonies, the United States, and Germany at one of the universities in the United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views, for instruction in life and manners, and for instilling into their minds the highest British culture. He therefore directed that certain scholarships be established of the yearly value of three hundred pounds, and tenable at any college in Oxford for three academical years. Mr Beit, another South African millionaire, instituted a professorship of Colonial History at Oxford, with the view of furthering Rhodes's conception of making Oxford the great intellectual centre of the Empire. Besides, he gave an estate to the Transvaal Government for education, and one hundred thousand pounds to Hamburg for a University. For the progress of civilisation in South Africa he left one million two hundred thousand pounds, to be used in the furtherance of railways and telegraphs, including wireless telegraphy and telephones. It was the express wish of Cecil J. Rhodes, R. L. Stevenson, and Helen Hunt Jackson the authoress to be buried on hill-tops or among the mountains. In each case the injunction was fulfilled.

The subject is endless, and the objects of bequest and methods thereof are as varied as the human mind. But whoever the testator may be, what matters is that the estate should still be fruitful in the cause of human happiness and progress when he has passed away.

PARADISE.

To lie deep in the grass and hear the song
Of Peakland in the heat of summer noon,
To watch the sunfire wreath the moor's maroon
With mist of gold when noon has passed along,
To sip sweet water from the shining streams
That steal their music from the hills of mirth,
To feel the throb of honey-breathing earth,
And feast my heart with lovely thoughts and
dreams . . .

And still to lie when sundown shores and seas
Slip from the western sky behind the veil
Which evening gently draws round earth's dear
face;
This is my Paradise, my tired heart's ease.
And, while the eyes of friends who never fail
Smile through the dusk, I'll seek none other
place.

THOMAS MOULT.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

'EVEN straws show which way the wind blows!' Last month we were discussing the new spirit evident in France, and rejoicing in the serene front she was presenting amid the anxieties that beset her. The patriotic and military fervour that now animates the country is expressed in some curious ways. The other day a controversy was started as to which is the most appropriate style for women to salute the colours when they are carried past them at the head of a regiment. All agreed that the lack of a common understanding in this matter was a grave omission that should be remedied; that the women ought to be brought into this great movement; that they should have their special signs for showing their oneness with it. Some said that the women should make a curtsy when the colours went by; but this did not seem to be enough, and another suggestion that they should smile was weak. More effective was the proposal that they should adopt a military salute, and an idea that they should raise aloft both their arms, showing the palms towards the soldiers, gained approval, and also another that the right arm should be raised above the head as Scandinavian women raise theirs when their sailormen, whom they are saluting, are going out to sea. It matters little enough, but it is a sign, like others that I noticed in some recent wanderings in the country. Somehow the French woman must come into the business; in all matters pertaining to the welfare of France she is quite one of the most potent factors, though always a woman. She is nearly the backbone of the country. I do not reflect now upon the fine lady of Paris, with all her graces and charms and her dainty coquettishness; she is a pretty and fascinating creature, but she does not stand for the women of France. The real women of France belong to two classes—the gentle ladies of good breeding and training of the upper and upper middle classes, living their quiet life of refinement and culture in the country places, perhaps with some regrets for a way of government that has gone; and the wives of the bourgeois folk and the working classes in the provinces, who have not their equal for their assistance to the family life, moral and material,

their enormous industry and thrift. The German woman is a splendid creature in these respects also, but her French sister is her superior. She is the manager of the household and the family; she is the administrator of the funds; she sees that ends meet; and she makes a home of such happiness and contentment as is a model to the humble families of any other country. One of the great strengths of France lies in these well-to-do country districts, and the women are largely to thank for this happy state of things—simple, happy, glorious women of France who look upon life and their place in it in a broad and generous and unselfish way, and pass the day in their homes working and singing, and bothering their kind heads and loving hearts little enough with political affairs, knowing nothing about votes for the sex, and caring less.

* * *

To understand the happy, the magnificent state of the French woman you must not ride in the Bois de Boulogne or lounge along the Avenue de l'Opéra, for you see little that is representative there. You must go out to the provinces, and see the people among themselves, and be among them there. One of the things that will be noticed then is the fine courtliness of the men in their bearing towards the women, their gallant and chivalrous manner, their fine and unaffected respect. It is well deserved and gracefully given. There is nothing stupid or conventional about this homage, and it is graced by many pretty customs which can now be performed hardly anywhere else. I do not think that in a general way the English or Scottish gentleman would make an elegant ceremony of kissing the hands of the foremost ladies of a party to which he was admitted, nor do I quite conceive the ladies presenting the hand to be kissed in that easy, gracious, and charming way in which it is given by the ladies of France. Stern, practical people may sometimes feel that the time has gone by for such customs as this, that the age for them was the time of the beaux and powdered wigs and patches; but in France that thought vanishes. It is just such a little ceremony as this that seems to lift up life to a higher state of delicacy. We begin to feel that in grace of life our friends the French have the advantage of us. Manners, customs, and material

comforts and pleasures—which together do sum up so very much of life—are important considerations always. They count for more than wealth. The prime consideration with the Frenchman and the Frenchwoman is to be happy. Everything else may go by, but that object must be served. Their thoughts, their sentiments, their susceptibilities, must not be ruffled, and their desires must be satisfied.

* * *

That is why even in the meanest restaurants in the country places the food is better cooked and more daintily served than in many reputable restaurants in Britain, and why in the humblest hotels in the French provinces you can depend on clean apartments. Almost everything to which the French people give their attention in the way of living, eating, sleeping—the material necessities and comforts—they do well. I believe that the best tea-shops in the world are now to be found in the provinces of France where British people visit. Tea is a sort of national drink with us; everybody has it every day; but until lately the beverage was hardly known in France, and the skittish Parisians were a little disposed to make a joke about it when we demanded it of them. All that is changed. The French have developed some liking for the drink themselves, and with their amiability and enterprise they always serve it to their British visitors, and serve it exquisitely. Visit some of the resorts in the southern parts—say Cannes, Nice, Biarritz, Pau, and others—and you will find the tea-shops there are the real centres of the places. The beverage is well made and enticingly served, and the system obtaining in these establishments is happier than that in vogue on this side of the Channel. Their *gateaux* in France are nicer, and the British people like the custom of going to counters where a score of freshly made dainties are spread before them and helping themselves according to their fancies and their desires. I know but two or three tea-shops in London that are comparable for the pleasure they give to a score that I know in country France. At such places the English people and the French mix together now in a way that they did not once. The *entente cordiale* has extended from being a matter of governments to one of peoples. More English go to France than used to be the case, and more French come to us. Besides, more of our people speak and write the French language than was the case a generation back; hence it is a little easier than before to make a mixture of society when abroad, and the feeling of friendship has quickened. Nearly twenty years have gone since first I went to Paris, to see and wonder and begin to consider; and when first I went that way the Englishman, welcomed indeed for what he brought with him, was yet no really welcome guest, no accepted friend. The usual French courtesy was extended to him on suffer-

ance, and he did not experience the feeling of being in a home when away from home as he wandered along the boulevards or made his way across the Place de la Concorde. Paris was always grand, always beautiful, but she was not intimate then as she often is now. Many things have happened since those times. There have been difficulties, and they have been overcome; *rapprochements* and conciliations have been effected; Edward the Seventh has lived and reigned. I have been a score of times to Paris since those days, and the change is very real. It is not to be understood by those who are only 'passing through' for a day or two. Perhaps in a way I have seen as much of the heart of Paris, the inner ways and the mysteries and surprises of a capital in which life is so complicated, as nearly any foreign man, and it is only when the place is known in its depths that its real feeling can be understood.

* * *

There are two strong and well-marked features of this new France that must be specially mentioned, for they are very noticeable, and they are making a great difference to men and in things. In her alertness this revived country has been looking round the world for things to copy, and she has taken some bits from Britain and others from the United States. In general France is very original and no copyist, but she is modelling a new sporting habit on Britain and a new shopping system on America. For all the lamentations about our 'failure' at the Olympic Games, we probably give too much attention to sport in this country, meaning particularly to the mere watching of games. We play much, but we watch games and read about them far more. That is not good. But our sport has done good business for British limbs and blood, and for British brains as well, and France has thought upon this matter. How did we picture the Frenchman when we were boys? We knew him exactly. He was always the concentrated essence of politeness—nobody in the world so polite as he. Perfect were his manners, fine his tastes, delicate his refinement, all most exquisite and superb. He could dance and sing, he could paint and play sweet music, always he would admire the beautiful, and he was an epicure and a grand fellow with the ladies. But he could not kick a goal or hit a ball for four to the boundary; he could not administer an upper cut; he could not do the sprint in even time; he could not pitch a golf-ball dead, or even drive one over the first bunkers. No; with all his many beautiful accomplishments there was one thing that this Frenchman was not—he was not a sportsman, and he never could be. Therefore we strapping fellows of the English shires were somewhat sorry for him and his conception of life, and we mentioned frogs.

It is different now. The gentleman of France is as polite as ever he was; his tastes and his manners have lost not a touch of their quality; as charming as ever is this Frenchman now, meaning that socially he is the most delightful man in the world; and lo! with it all, he too is a sportsman. He is fired with the true fervour for games and for the hard exercises of the field. A new form of manliness is opened out to him, and he embraces it. This movement set in some ten years ago, and it has spread through the country in the most amazing manner. The French now do everything that is sporting. They have produced champion boxers, cyclists, tennis-players, and golfers. When first our neighbour began to potter about at football we smiled upon her. France and football! Yet we would be kind to the new sporting France, and to please her we played her at football, and all of us know how ignominiously she was defeated. But now France can give a hot game to the best of British teams, and there is hardly a town in the whole of the country that is so small as not to have at least one football club, and the game and the laws are just the same as those we have in Britain. You see the game being played everywhere. One day I was wandering down among the back-streets of Bayonne, and came on a piece of waste ground, and there were the urchins of the locality with their jackets off and using them to mark the goals, and they were laying into it with a primitive sort of football in quite the British way. This was the best and truest sign of the new sporting France, for it was a result of young instinct and of desire. This new love of sport is a fine thing for her; it is giving her a new and strong virility; it is making the manhood of the nation a firmer, harder thing; and it is no fancy—it is the most obvious thing in the whole of this new France.

* * *

As to her shopping system, she is very extensively adopting the principle of the American store. Perhaps one ought not to say she is taking this idea from America, since two or three of the great emporiums of Paris were the first establishments of their kind; but in America they have modified the plan somewhat, and France has brought the idea back again for use in her country places. There is hardly a town of the smallest account now—not thinking at all of towns that depend for their trade on their visitors—that has not its *magasin* or *galerie*, or whatever it may call its leading store. These are stores which seem in size and scope to be far beyond the local needs, but they serve great areas. Only non-perishable goods are sold; but of these, especially household commodities and wearing materials, all kinds are sold. Everything is displayed openly on scores of counters, each counter marked with a plain sign as to the nature of its business, and the customer can look about and examine and

put questions without being importuned to make purchases. All the goods are marked plainly with their price, and that price is the lowest consistent with the very small margin of profit that is demanded by these monumental examples of private enterprise. The *magasin* or *galerie* is usually one great and handsome hall with a vast floor-space and galleries surrounding it up to the skylit roof. These establishments may not be good for the small shopkeeper. With that aspect of political economy I am not concerned; what is certain is that the public strongly favour the new idea, and that its success is certain and abundant.

* * *

Filled with thoughts of new France, I wandered away down into Spain, seeking and finding contrasts. Contrasts indeed! You will have them presented soon enough when you journey on the Sud Express towards Madrid. There is a little stream dividing the countries, and you have the difference between France and Spain all in sight at once; and as on and on you go it becomes plainer. Yet Spain herself is infected with this new fever of improvement. It almost seems that she is learning direct from France. Before I went to France and Spain I had wandered through the United States and Canada. A sharper series of contrasts, differences more forcible, pictures more opposite, could not be imagined. As I wandered through France to Spain, I read a book that was a very happy and excellent reminder of recent experiences some four or five thousand miles to the west. It was Mr James Milne's *Johns Jonathan and Company*, a story of an agreeable author's impressions of his visit to transatlantic places that I had been to—almost at the same time—done with an uncommon literary charm. It was delightful reading, real and true. As that slow express wound its way through valleys between jagged-topped hills I slipped through the air of fancy to New York, and on a sunny afternoon was sauntering—no, not doing that, for not even the visitor saunters in America—I was striding down the great Fifth Avenue, sparkling, shining under the American sun. 'Art has taken hold of the architecture of Fifth Avenue, and the genius of the American architect is solving the problem of how to make the high building beautiful. With Piccadilly, a gift of time even more than Scott's Princes Street, Fifth Avenue has no likeness. Piccadilly is short and sweet, Fifth Avenue long and luxurious, particularly when the sun shines upon it, warming its cool stones into a strong, brusque harmony of colour. We, on this side of the Atlantic, have no such scheme of street colour, and with our darker tones could have none. It would look garish, out of setting; but in New York, where the light simply leaps at you, it is in place.' By such graphic descriptions, Mr Milne rebuilds many a city in your mind, and fills it with the people whom you saw and hurried with.

The book made, in the circumstances, an experience of literature for me that will abide. I found myself dreaming incongruously of Fifth Avenue as we sank away into Old Castile, and for an instant it came queerly into my mind one day when lounging, crawling, almost resting—just like all the others—in the Calle de Alcalá, which is the Piccadilly and the Princes Street and the Fifth Avenue of Madrid. There was a contrast there! None other like it can be thought of.

Mr Milne has written truly and well of America and lovingly of his London. I hope that he will some day soon—yes, soon, for the changes are being made so quickly—take himself off to Spain and Madrid; and when he too crawls, saunters, idles along the Alcalá and about the Puerta del Sol, he should remember the great street of New York and the way the life moves in it. I should like to read what he writes thereafter.

AN EXPERIMENT.

CHAPTER IV.

DR LAWTON'S evening surgery hour was from six to seven, a busy time for his daughter Jean, who, a fully qualified dispenser, was of great use to her father; for, as well as making up the prescriptions—and the average club patient thinks nothing of treatment which does not include a 'bottle,' the nastier the better and more efficacious from his point of view—she did many of the less serious dressings, and was able to give valuable advice to the mothers of ailing children.

The evening after Mr Johnson's visit she was finishing off the dispensary work, feeling a pleasurable sensation of excitement as to what Mr Charles Carr was likely to be. Dr Lawton accepted the prospect of him with resignation, but he confided to his daughter that it would be a great nuisance having a strange young man about the place, especially if he did not prove to be congenial. 'However,' he added as he closed his prescription-book with a sigh of relief, 'I suppose we must make the best of him. I don't think there will be any more patients to-night, Jean, thank goodness! I've had about enough of them. Twenty-three isn't a bad evening's work.'

Jean put down the cloth with which she had been wiping down the dispensary bench, and looked into the waiting-room, a bleak apartment seated with inhospitable Windsor chairs, and heated in winter by a gas stove. As she did so the electric bell rang.

'Here is a belated one, dad,' she said. 'I may as well see who it is. Granny Wilson, I expect; she hasn't been here lately, and she's always late. I thought her "windy spassims" must be about due.'

The doctor laughed as his daughter crossed the big room and opened the surgery door. Instead, however, of Granny Wilson's familiar form she found on the step a tall, well-built young man, who gazed at her in evident perplexity. His blue-serge clothes, she noticed, were well worn though of good cut, and his gray eyes looked her very straight in the face as he spoke to her. In his hand he held a suit-case.

'Is this Dr Lawton's?' he asked briefly.

'Yes,' said Jean, wondering, for he was not the type of patient who usually attends during a doctor's surgery hours. 'He is in. Please come in.'

The young man coloured and smiled. 'I'm not a patient,' he said. 'My name is Charles Carr. Mr Johnson said I should be expected; that he had arranged'—

Jean laughed too. 'You've come to the wrong door,' she told him as she closed the outside door behind him and he followed her into the waiting-room.—'Dad,' she called to her father, who was putting away various odds and ends in the consulting-room beyond, 'here is Mr Carr.'

The doctor came quickly forward and shook hands with the guest circumstances, and Fate, in the unromantic guise of Mr Johnson, had thrust upon him.

'Glad to see you!' he said. 'Come along, and you shall be taken to your room for a wash and brush-up. We dine at a quarter to eight, and it is after seven now. This is my daughter, by the way. She is dispenser. Had a long journey?'

'I came from London to-day,' said Carr, following his host. 'I say, how beautiful it is along the line coming up here! I've never been in this part of the country before.'

Jean meanwhile, after putting away her pestles and mortars and glass measuring-beakers, made her way thoughtfully to her own room to dress for the simple evening meal.

'At any rate he is most certainly a gentleman,' she told herself with intense relief, for many of Mr Johnson's pupils were very far from that estate. Indeed, Mr Johnson's own origin was shrouded in mystery. Sometimes one would have pronounced him a gentleman; at others one would be equally certain he was not.

She descended in good time to the drawing-room—which, like the dining-room, was furnished with good furniture and in good taste, but bore marks of long service—to find her father and mother standing by a small fire; for even in June a fire in the evenings is acceptable in Northshire.

'Well, mums, what do you think?' she asked, as she too held her hands to the cheery blaze.

'Quite a pleasant fellow!' said kindly Mrs Lawton. 'Nice-mannered and friendly. I must confess I'm agreeably surprised.'

'Yes,' said the doctor rather grimly, 'he is very different from Johnson's usual samples, who spend their spare time at football matches and things like that. I'm afraid he won't have a very warm welcome at the office. Oh, there's the gong! Now I wonder if our young friend is ready, because I'm hungry.—Janet,' he added to the elderly parlour-maid who appeared at the door, 'just run upstairs and see if Mr Carr is ready. He may not know his way, or perhaps he may not have heard the gong.'

Janet sped upon her errand and knocked at the guest's door. His pleasant voice answered, 'Come in,' and she opened the door to give her message. Standing in front of the mirror was Carr, a tall, slim figure in shirt and trousers. A waistcoat and dinner-jacket lay on the bed, whilst beside these reposed a heap of crumpled rags that had once been white ties. He was struggling desperately with another round his neck that he had already reduced to a hopeless wisp.

'I'm hanged if I can tie the infernal thing!' he groaned. 'It always looked so easy, too.' He flung the ruin to join its fellows, and picked up another out of a drawer.

Janet took the bull by the horns and advanced to cope with the situation. 'Beg pardon, sir,' she said, 'if I may I'll do it for ye. Yer no' that handy yerself, I'm thinkin'.'

Carr laughed gratefully, and gave her the tie, which she deftly proceeded to tie for him. 'Thanks very much!' he said. 'Please say I'm coming, and awfully sorry to be late. Please ask Mrs Lawton not to wait. I'll be down in a jiffy now.'

He dived for his waistcoat; and Janet, with a smile on her dour face, retired with her message.

'He'd ha' been there till the crack o' doom gin I hadna' gone, ma'am,' she told her mistress; 'for he couldna' tie his tie whatever. He bid me say ye were no' to wait, an' he'll be down the noo. He's a verra pleasant-speakin' young gentleman.'

Mrs Lawton gave another sigh of relief as she led the way to the dining-room. Janet was a servant who had been in her service many years, and who had all the old servant's prejudices and privileges. Had she taken a dislike to the new inmate matters might have proved very difficult. Janet was just taking round the soup when Carr appeared, full of boyish apologies to his host and hostess.

'I'm so awfully sorry,' he said. 'I took much longer than I thought to dress.'

'You should lay in a stock of those things you hitch on,' said the doctor, laughing. 'They make 'em very well these days, and they save a

lot of trouble. Why it should be thought bad form to wear a thing that solves a serious problem for a man who is not neat with his fingers I never can see.'

'No more can I,' said Carr, who perceived that Janet had disclosed the reason of his delay. 'After all, a well-made Jemima is much less offensive to look at than a badly tied real thing. My efforts were a sight to see.'

'They were a' that,' said Janet emphatically, as she put a plate of simply but beautifully cooked fish before him, and Carr laughed afresh. He was feeling wonderfully content in his new surroundings. After all, it seemed that one might be content on two pounds a week, a sum which hitherto had about kept him in gloves.

'What is Mr Johnson like?' he asked. 'I didn't see him when I went round to his place before I came here. He was out, and had left a note for me. I'm sorry, as I should have liked to see the chap who is going to get some work out of me at last. I feel awfully nervous about to-morrow,' he added boyishly. 'I wonder what sort of job I shall be put on to for a start.'

Jean, at the other side of the table, looked at him across the roses. This was indeed a surprising young man. She pitied him in the clutches of the reputed slave-driving Johnson. 'Copying letters, I expect, and odd jobs like that,' she said. 'Do you know anything about accounts or book-keeping, and can you use a typewriter?'

Carr's face grew ludicrously long. 'I'm a perfect ass, and that's the honest truth,' he said mournfully. 'I was educated at E— at a public school where they taught me nothing except to play cricket and pull a decent oar. I can't do a blessed thing that's any use to anybody.'

'Well, if you don't mind spending your evening that way,' said Jean good-naturedly, 'I'll show you after dinner how we keep books.'

'There are not many doctors with books kept as ours are,' interpolated the doctor with pride.

'And how the typewriter works,' continued his daughter. 'You can practise on it after your office hours if you like.'

'Thank you most awfully!' said Carr gratefully. 'It is more than kind of you,' he added as he held open the door for Mrs Lawton and her daughter.

'Jean's quite a good sort,' said her father, pushing a box of cigarettes across to the young man. 'She is my right-hand. You will want something to act as a counter-irritant to Johnson, I'm afraid. He's a bit of a tough nut by all accounts. My boy Tom is a mining engineer, you know, and works in the Scale Fell iron-ore mine under Johnson. I often wish Lord Blackport could hear for himself the things that are said. My own idea is that Johnson is lining his own nest as well as showering gold into Lord Blackport's banking account. The ownership of

a property of this kind is a grave responsibility, Mr Carr. It means control of so many human lives. I know if it were mine I should not leave it so completely in the hands of a paid agent. Do you know Lord Blackport?

Carr examined his cigarette-ash carefully. 'He's been a bit of a waster,' he said. 'I don't think the responsibilities of things have ever struck him. He has just lived to get all the pleasure out of life he can. I don't think he's a bad-hearted chap,' he added thoughtfully. He dropped the stump of his cigarette into the saucer of his coffee-cup and looked straight at Lawton.

'Ready?' said the doctor. 'I warn you Jean

will make you work. Go and change your coat; that one is too good for messing about with typewriters and account-books and ledgers, and come down to the drawing-room. I'll tell her you are ready.'

Carr obeyed meekly. It was long after midnight when at last he got to bed. Jean had found him an apt and willing pupil, while he, on his side, realised that he had a first-rate teacher. He feared ruefully that Mr Johnson's managing clerk would not on the morrow prove so patient with his ignorance or deal so leniently with his mistakes.

(Continued on page 425.)

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

AN APPRECIATION.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

THE soldier who has been recently laid beside the great commanders of the navy and army of the Napoleonic wars earned well the right to rest near them. To him it was not given to conduct campaigns on which the fate of Great Britain hung; but none who knew his history could doubt that his capacity for military work, even on the highest scale, was second to none of those whose opportunities for European renown were greater than his. From his earliest days as a soldier, in Burma, in the Crimea, in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, in Canada, in South Africa, in East Africa, and in Egypt, he was always the gifted, the strenuous, the indomitable soldier, ready to face any danger, making light of wounds, great in organisation, great in strategy, great in leadership. Failure was a word unknown in his vocabulary. Whatever he was called on to do he did with signal success, and his blows were delivered with that rapidity and firmness which made victory sure, saving the troops under him from those terrible losses which always follow on a dribbling, half-hearted policy—the policy which, dreading present casualties, invariably leads to greater loss in protracted operations. Only once did he not accomplish his purpose—when Gordon perished. But he was not to blame. The politicians hesitated too long before giving him his orders.

Diligence and decision were the marked features of his character. He was a master of detail, as witness his *Soldiers' Pocket-Book*, a work full of information valuable to all who have to engage in campaigning, dealing with a thousand practical points, from the tying of a knot to the seizing of a position, suggestive of how difficulties of field-work may be overcome, instructing how to deal with foes of different types, showing how modes of warfare must be adapted to the character of the enemy and the features of the land in which the contest has to

be carried out. He was also a master of the greater matters: witness the skill with which he made his preparations, and the certainty with which he could predict within how many weeks the operations for defeat of the enemy would culminate. There is no fact more remarkable in military history than the exactitude with which his Egyptian expedition and his West African advance to Coomassie came to an end almost to a day in accordance with his forecasts. From first to last his operations in the field gave evidence of a master-mind, both as a fighting soldier and as an organiser in those essentials without which, however brave and good troops and their commander may be, their success is liable to be put to hazard, and their lives unnecessarily exposed.

In only one of his predictions was his word belied by events, and that was not regarding a matter which he could control. After the Boers had been subdued he told them that when Great Britain had effected her purpose and subdued her foe there could be no drawing back—the event was final. He did not know his politicians. The capitulation of Great Britain after the disaster of Majuba Hill was an event which it never entered into the mind of any soldier, least of all Garnet Wolseley, to conceive as possible. What a bitter pill it must have been to him, as it was to his life's comrade Sir Evelyn Wood, who, but for the political interference by telegraph, would have renewed Great Britain's prestige, and saved to both peoples the horrors of the war of 1899!

More than five-and-thirty years ago it was the writer's privilege to meet and learn to know Sir Garnet Wolseley, as he was then called, and from that time forward he showed a kindness and a generosity which can never be forgotten. It was the writer's lot during a long course of years to strive for the simplification of

the British infantry drill and training system to adapt it to modern conditions, and he was encouraged and sustained continually by the goodness of his friend. Wolseley was himself keenly eager for such improvement; and, free from that sneering jealousy which is so often found in professional circles, he welcomed and considered any suggestions made, although they came from one who was only a Volunteer. He presided twice when papers were read by the writer at the Royal United Service Institution, and for a long course of years did not grudge the time for close correspondence, in which he discussed points, and expressed himself with a kindness which is gratefully remembered. The impression he made was that his whole mind and will were concentrated on making our army into as perfect a machine for war as human power could prevail to do. His acute intellect rebelled against the 'vain repetitions' of the training suitable to the days of brass field-pieces and Brown Bess muskets, which had come down almost unchanged from the time of Wellington and Napoleon, but which was as applicable to modern war as the Martello towers of a past period, which still dot our coasts, for resistance to long-range great-gun bombardment from the sea.

Military men are naturally conservative in the wrong sense. The spirit that said, 'What was good enough for Wellington is good enough for me,' was prevalent far down in the last century. The barrack square, with its plethora of complicated battalion movements, and the perpetual march past, was to many the be-all and the end-all of military efficiency, so that in the first South African war our soldiers were sent to fight sharp-shooting Boers, dressed in scarlet coats and in close formation lines, giving the best possible target to foes who kept under cover, and shot with all the skill of the hunter. Wolseley groaned under the régime which thus clung to forms out of which the spirit had long passed away. He thoroughly appreciated the importance of a reasonable amount of strict formal drill as a necessary factor for discipline, but he strongly opposed drill being the consumer of too much time, to the neglect of war training, and close forms being used as if they could be applied in face of an enemy under modern conditions.

As was to be expected, the position of our hero in the army was marked by extremes in criticism of friend and foe. While to the discerning he was an object of respect and admiration, to the *laudator temporis acti* he was an object of professional hatred. The terms which were used about him were strong, even bitter. The meanest motives were attributed to him. An illustration of this came under the writer's observation. It was actually said of him, in the writer's hearing, that he, being disappointed that he had not been decorated with the Victoria Cross, got the Egyptian medal designed in bronze in order that he might be

supposed to have the Victoria Cross when he wore it! Mean insinuation could go no farther. This medal had a different ribbon, and was of a star shape in no point resembling the simple Maltese Cross of the Victoria decoration. It is absurd, also, to suppose that he was consulted in regard to the design. Other illustrations might be given of how 'Envy's abhorred child Detraction' was used to malign a man who, to those who knew him well, had a character clear as crystal. The accusation that he had a favourite 'ring' was grossly calumnious. When, before proceeding on an expedition, he selected his subordinates, he chose well. He took those whom he knew were capable, not at the mere externals of what is military, but at the real business of modern warfare. His signal success is the witness of his wisdom. His 'ring' was a 'ring' of efficiency, not of favouritism.

It was the privilege of the writer to enter into a valued intimacy with Lord Wolseley, and to have frequent correspondence with him, in which he unboomed himself with freedom, and told how his soul was vexed by the hindrances he met with in his desire to improve the work of the army. So far back as 1886 he said:

'Everything in our army is too much on the theatrical basis. But it cannot go on for ever. . . . I hope to see troops march past in open order, each man being able to use his arms and legs without hitting or rubbing against the man on his right and left. Of all abominations ever invented that horrible "lock up" is the worst, and yet it is just the point to which our old fogies clung so tenaciously.'

Again, the same year, he wrote:

'When not fighting the Queen's enemies abroad I am engaged in a more disagreeable conflict at home, my enemies being ignorance of war, old-fashioned cut-and-dry prejudices, and a fondness for theatrical display that are destructive of military efficiency. . . . When shall we be guided on all military subjects by that common-sense which has won for us the reputation of being a practical people? We shall never win any of the above objects under our present régime. It makes one sad to feel this.'

Speaking of the issue of the Field Exercise of 1887, he said it was governed by obsolete ideas, and he wrote:

'It will be thoroughly disappointing to you, and to all modern soldiers, and to no one more than to yours very sincerely.'

Again, in 1888:

'One has to take reforms slowly as one can get them, and be thankful for small mercies. . . . I am sorry beyond measure at the delay, but we are a wonderful nation. Oh for a five years of a Bismarck at the head of our affairs!'

In 1892 there came the following:

'I return you Sir Evelyn Wood's very characteristic letter. He is now our best soldier,

who has done more for the army and its education than any one in it. You who are outside the precincts of that part of the War Office which is presided over by a [a word here carefully obliterated] Royal Field-Marshal can have no notion how hard it is to carry out any useful reform. The pressure to go back to the old theatrical "shoulder to shoulder" is very great.'

About this time the writer had been urging that there should be greater space in the ranks for air and ease of movement. Lord Wolsley wrote in reply:

'I went into action in hot weather in India, and before we fired a shot twenty-one men had dropped down dead, and all from the centre of the columns, where they were suffocated. I learned a lesson that I have never forgotten.'

Of the kind-heartedness of the man the following speaks for itself. On my being made a K.C.B. he wrote:

'That you may live long and have the best of health to enjoy the new honour the Queen has conferred upon you [I leave out some too kind words] is the earnest prayer of your old and sincere friend.'

One more quotation of the year 1900 which is pathetic in its opening:

'A hunted man writes to thank you for your letter of the 16th. We are old friends, and I think I may say were for long workers in the same vineyard—I mean that which was fertilised by the bright water of Army Reform. Reformers are usually hated by those in authority.' He spoke of the difficulties, but expressed the hope of fruition of the effort to introduce 'common-sense into our infantry exercises.'

There is reason for joy that this was indeed fulfilled in the following year.

Probably in no better way could this 'Appreciation' be closed than by a quotation from a letter of Wolsley's lifelong friend and sympathising colleague, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood. It was a private letter to a friend, but has been recently published. Sir Evelyn said, speaking of Lord Wolsley in words the writer would lovingly re-echo:

'I have had the best opportunities of judging of him, and I say he is the most perfect character I have ever met. No one can see much of him without having a regard for him which becomes perfect affection. No one could be less spoiled by his rise since he was a very young captain. No franker, more magnanimous, fearless man—morally or physically—I think, ever lived.'

THE HONEYMOON HOTEL.

By NORFOLK LODGE.

THE manager led the Bishop down to a little summer-house on the margin of the lake. 'It was in 'ere, my lord,' he said reverently, 'that Mrs O'Reilly wrote the *Moon of Honey*, said by critics to be the finest love-poem in the Henglish language.'

The Bishop peeped in. 'She has made your hotel extremely popular, I am informed,' he said somewhat dryly.

'Yes, my lord,' replied the manager. 'Er poem says this is "the sweetest place in Erin's Isle for lovers young," and it's mostly young Henglish 'oneymooners as stays at this 'ere hotel now. Very hinnocuous they are, my lord—never complains about the food. I 'ope your lordship is not dissatisfied with the scenery?'

The Bishop sighed. Just across the lough rose a great sunlit mountain. Not a house was visible; the nearest railway station was ten miles away. The air was languorous and sleepy, even for sleepy Ireland.

'Ah Higgins, I am in no mood for scenery just now, especially this scenery,' murmured the Bishop, covering his eyes with his hand.

'Is it the hold complaint, my lord?' said the manager, lowering his voice sympathetically.

'Nay, Higgins,' replied the Bishop; 'it is, alas! a matter concerning my daughter. You can be of very great service to me at this juncture. Can you still keep secrets?'

'When I was your lordship's butler you used to say I was the most trusty servant you ever 'ad,' said Higgins with emotion.

'True, Higgins,' resumed the Bishop, clearing his throat. 'I have a sorrowful tale to tell you. When I went to the Holy Land last Easter I confided my daughter to the care of her aunt in Manchester, where she attended a course of Extension Lectures on poetry, the book prescribed being the *Moon of Honey*. The poem wrought upon her too susceptible nature, and she became surreptitiously engaged to the lecturer.'

Higgins vehemently expressed his sorrow.

'Yes, Higgins, to a young curate of considerable personal attractiveness, so I am informed, but utterly without money or influence. Miss Ivy is still lamentably infatuated with him; she quotes whole cantos from the poem in her sleep, so her aunt tells me, and only last week she sent to Dublin for three dozen coloured picture post-cards of this summer-house and the Amethyst Mountain of Kisses which the poetess visited on her honeymoon. My infatuated child pestered me to come here for our holiday, and at last I yielded. But not through weakness, Higgins; rather as a prudent general retreats on occasion in order thereby to gain an advantage. It has always been my way, as you well know. In her fifteenth year I discovered she was inordinately

addicted to chocolate. How did I combat this weakness? By expostulation? Nay; I confined her to her room for three days, limiting her diet exclusively to those sweetmeats. And with what success! Even now if she receives a present of chocolates she distributes them immediately among the deserving poor of my diocese. By adopting similar measures I purpose to nauseate her with this place and its associations.'

'By givin' 'er inferior food,' inquired Higgins, rubbing his hands softly, 'or by makin' 'er apartment hunccomfortable?'

'Well said, Higgins,' rejoined the Bishop; 'but a more subtle method suggests itself. The society and conversation of your honeymooners are distinctly—cloying. I hope to surfeit her with them, as I did with the sweetmeats in her adolescence. But I hear voices approaching. Hark!'

A pair of honeymooners wandered past the summer-house, oblivious of everything except themselves.

'Oo pitty ickle kissy-wissy,' the young man was saying fondly.

'My biggy-wiggy bow-wow,' replied the lady fervently.

When they were out of earshot the Bishop turned to Higgins. 'I am correct in surmising that your guests usually express themselves after this fashion?' he asked.

'Well, my lord,' replied the manager proudly, 'you should just 'ear some of them at it; knowing that most of the others aren't married more than a week or two, they're not afraid to let themselves go, so to speak. Three maiden ladies by the name of Tuttle came 'ere yesterday mornin'—not being haware of our speciality, my lord—and the conversation made them hextraordinarily hirritable, especially one gent's who picked up one of their 'andkerchiefs by mistake an' kissed it, saying it was "'is hangely-wangely's."'

'I trust that this gentleman is still in our midst,' said the Bishop, 'for I am determined that Miss Ivy shall have access to no society whatsoever for the next five weeks other than that of the most nauseatingly sweet of your honeymooners. Will you co-operate with me, as of old?'

'Most gladly, my lord,' said Higgins warmly. 'But 'ere comes Miss Ivy 'erself.'

A pretty girl danced up to them, carrying the *Moon of Honey* in its *édition de luxe*.

'Oh father, did you ever, ever, ever see such scenery?' she exclaimed, looking rapturously across the lough. 'What huge mountains, what waterfalls, and so lonely!—no cottages about, or anything. It's just like the poem; and, oh! is that the summer-house? Oh father, just fancy reading the *Moon of Honey* on the very seat where it was written!' She sat down in the summer-house and opened the book.

'My child,' said the Bishop, waving a bony forefinger at her, 'you will weary of this hotel ere long.'

'I could live here for ever and ever!' she cried.

The Bishop looked wise. Higgins looked, if possible, even wiser.

They left Miss Ivy with her poem, and strolled back towards the hotel, passing many rustic seats tenanted by murmuring honeymooners.

'My lord,' said Higgins as they walked, 'I gather that you wish to hirritate Miss Ivy by 'er 'earing too much of this 'ere sweet-sweet talk?'

'Correctly surmised!' said the Bishop.

'May I suggest,' continued Higgins, 'that your lordship sends Miss Ivy to-morrow on our No. 2 day trip round the Amethyst Mountain to the Kissing Cascade; there are *nine* couples going, most of 'em on the *third* day of their 'oneymoon.'

'Why this emphasis on the numeral adjectives, Higgins?' inquired the Bishop.

'Because I 'ave hobserved, my lord, that the 'oneymoon is usually at its greatest 'eight on the third day, and the company will be most monotonous for Miss Ivy—hespecially if your lordship stays near the hotel and fishes.'

'Excellently conceived, Higgins!' said his lordship, his face brightening.

'We give each couple a luncheon-basket,' said the manager, now on the steps of the hotel. 'I shall see that Miss Ivy gets some of these 'ere chocolate finger biscuits, an' cold 'am, which I over'ard 'er hobject to at lunch.'

'Capital!' said the Bishop. 'Ah Higgins, how this little plan of ours brings back the past!'

'It's just like hold times, my lord,' said the ex-butler, sighing.

The following morning dawned bright and blue, and the waves of the lough murmured pleasantly. The Bishop accompanied his daughter to the wagonette, in which the excursionists were already seated in pairs.

'My lord,' whispered the manager, 'I've reserved Miss Ivy a seat next that little gent with the red whiskers; 'e told me 'e always carried 'is young lady's photo in 'is bosom between two plates of pure gold. Very infatuated 'e is, my lord.'

'Excellent, Higgins!' said the Bishop, watching his pretty daughter settle herself on the cushions, and observing with gratification that none of the love-sick excursionists took any notice of her.

The sun was setting when the wagonette returned. The Bishop hurried out of the library; nine pairs of honeymooners were coming up the hotel steps, but his daughter was not among them. He looked out, but the road was deserted and empty, and the wagonette was already lumbering off to the station. Somewhat uneasy,

he turned to the little gentleman with red whiskers.

'I should be much obliged,' said his lordship, 'if you would kindly inform me where my daughter is, the young lady who went on the excursion unaccompanied by a gentleman.'

'There were no single ladies with us to-day, were there, darling?' said the little man, appealing to his companion. 'Even if there had been I shouldn't have noticed them, dearest, being so wrapped up in you,' he added gallantly.

'You're right, Charley boy,' she simpered. 'There were no single ladies; we were all in pairs, like dear little love-birds.'

Fear clutched the Bishop's heart. He interrogated the other excursionists, but to no purpose.

'Paddy must 'ave taken 'er on to the station by mistake,' ventured Higgins. 'E'll be back in a couple of hours.'

The Bishop looked out upon the darkening landscape with dismay. There were no other vehicles available, and he thought fearfully of moonlighters and uninhabited bogs. He felt like Lord Ullin in the poem.

'Oh my lord!' said the youngest Miss Tuttle timidly, holding up an open book, 'I've a most beautiful sermon here on *The Loss of Dear Ones*. You might find it helpful now.'

The Bishop glanced at it. He was an author in a small way, and the sermon was one of his own. He turned away un comforted. 'They must have left her behind at the Kissing Cascade,' he thought.

Half-an-hour passed miserably.

'Wait till Paddy comes back from the station,' urged the manager.

A cheerful whistle sounded from the road, and a jaunting-car rattled up to the door. Miss Ivy sprang off, together with a tall young man whom the Bishop had noticed at the *table-d'hôte* the evening before.

'Sorry to be late, father,' she cried. 'They forgot us at the Kissing Cascade. The wagonette picked up Mr Brown shortly after we started, you know. And, oh, father, we've had such a lovely, lovely day! He knows the *Moon of Honey* by heart, and showed me every place mentioned in the poem.'

The Bishop thanked him curtly and went privately to the manager.

'Higgins,' he said, 'this is distinctly unfortunate. Will you see that this forward young man's seat at table is as far removed from ours as is humanly possible?'

The manager bowed.

However, when he came down to breakfast the following morning the Bishop saw with dismay that young Mr Brown's place was next his daughter's. He looked round angrily for Higgins.

'Where's the manager?' he said to the Irish waiter.

'E's afther 'avin a 'eadache,' replied the

man; 'but 'e's left special instructions that we are to look afther yer lordship's little comforts.'

'Would that Higgins were here!' said the Bishop to himself fervently as he listened in silence to the animated conversation beside him.

He took Ivy aside after breakfast, and, admonishing sharply upon the unseemliness of hotel flirtations, forbade her to speak to Mr Brown in future.

It was a trying day for his lordship.

At eleven o'clock in the morning he found his daughter and Mr Brown in the summer-house. The young man was reading to her.

'Oh father!' cried Ivy pertly, 'Mr Brown's been reading one of your sermons to me, on *The Duty of Keeping One's Temper*. He thinks it's just lovely.'

The Bishop glared.

'It's the finest sermon I ever read,' said the tall young man with conviction. 'I intend to commit it to memory.'

But, alas for Mr Brown! his lordship was injured to this particular species of flattery. When he visited any of the vicarages in his diocese he invariably found the latest volume of his sermons in some conspicuous place of honour, most usually lying open upon a table, with the choicest passages carefully underlined.

'When I desire any further intercourse with you I will let you know,' said the Bishop, leading Ivy away.

'*Au revoir*!' she cried, blowing a kiss to Mr Brown.

His exasperated lordship then ordered her to her room for the remainder of the day.

Mr Brown did not appear at dinner, and his lordship sat miserably among the honeymooners next to the infatuated little man with red whiskers, who made his wife smile on the mutton before he would taste it. 'It's angel-food now,' he said reverently.

The Bishop was infinitely bored. 'I don't think even Ivy could stand much of this,' he thought. He looked sympathetically at the table where the Misses Tuttle were seated, their faces changing from yellow to pink, from pink to scarlet, as the meal progressed.

After dinner his lordship sought the library, which seemed of all the apartments in the hotel to be the least frequented by honeymooners. At half-past nine o'clock he was still reading there, alone, when the youngest Miss Tuttle suddenly appeared before him, trembling.

'Oh my lord,' she panted, 'your daughter!'

'Has there been an accident?' exclaimed his lordship, dropping his book in alarm.

'Something worse than that,' gasped Miss Tuttle, leaning against the bookshelves and obviously on the point of fainting.

'Is she—dead?' said the Bishop with a gulp.

'Something worse—a million times worse,' faltered Miss Tuttle.

'Is it—suicide?' whispered his lordship, overwhelmed with remorse.

'Worse than that,' said Miss Tuttle solemnly. 'Will your lordship kindly step this way?'

The Bishop followed her up one flight of stairs and along a wide corridor brightly lit by acetylene gas. There he saw the pale faces of the remaining Misses Tuttle. They were gazing at an ornate door, on which was inscribed in gilt letters, 'The Juliet Chamber.'

'That's your daughter's room,' whispered the eldest Miss Tuttle, pointing.

'What is wrong with it?' said the Bishop fearfully.

'Mr Brown went in—half-an-hour ago,' said the youngest Miss Tuttle.

The Bishop tried the door gently. It was unlocked. He burst into the room, followed by the Misses Tuttle. The gas was lit, and on a sofa opposite the door sat Ivy and Mr Brown. Her hair was hanging over her shoulders, all save one tress, which the young man was winding fondly round his right forefinger.

Before the Bishop could speak Mr Brown sprang to his feet and pressed his finger on the electric bell.

'What do you ladies mean by coming into my room in this way?' he said fiercely.—'Even you, my dear father-in-law, ought to knock first.'

'Father-in-law!' gasped his lordship.

'We were married last week,' said Ivy, blushing, 'and we did so want to spend our honeymoon at this hotel; it was the poem that brought us together, you know, and'—

'What's the matter, sor?' interrupted an alarmed waiter, peeping through the doorway.

'Remove those ladies,' said Mr Brown, pointing to the Misses Tuttle. 'I shall prosecute them if they come into my room again.'

But the Misses Tuttle were already in flight. When the waiter had gone the Bishop confronted his son-in-law.

'I presume you are the curate Ivy met at Manchester?' he said. 'And yet your apparel is not ecclesiastical.'

The young fellow dived into a portmanteau and withdrew from it an unmistakably clerical collar. 'Surely a curate may wear mufti on his honeymoon!' he said.

'I understand you have no private means,' said his lordship coldly. 'It was most reprehensible of you to inveigle my daughter into a marriage which can only result in penury.'

'Fred and I were hoping you would give us a fat living, father,' said Ivy eagerly. 'You've one vacant now at eleven hundred a year. Can't you give us that?'

'Nay, Ivy,' said the Bishop; 'what would the ribald press of the age say if a Bishop bestowed such an important and desirable appointment upon a son-in-law, however deserving?'

'But Fred's cousin has just got married to Bishop Barley's daughter,' said Ivy. 'If you appoint his son-in-law to one of your big livings, then he can appoint yours to one of his.'

'Most ingenious,' said the Bishop—'quite cut and dried, in fact.—Was this your suggestion, sir?'

'No, father,' said Ivy; 'it was Higgins!'

'Higgins!' said his lordship, staggered.

'Higgins! Does he know all, then?'

'Everything,' said Ivy. 'He knew from the very beginning.'

'I yield,' said the Bishop helplessly. 'Bless you, my children! May you be very happy! I'll write to Barley immediately. 'Good-night!'

He went out, shutting the door very gently.

LANDMARKS OF AMERICAN PROGRESS.

EVERY civilised country has its own distinctive handbooks of information pertaining to national and international subjects, as well as those of municipal, social, and general interest. Prepared for use in the United Kingdom there is quite a small library of reference volumes, the best known being *The Statesman's Year-Book*, *Hazell's Annual*, and *Whitaker's Almanack*. For persons and personalities *Who's Who* is a representative volume covering a wide field. There are many sectional volumes, less general, confined to certain professions, and well known to those who use them. And our Empire overseas also has its series of handbooks.

Three years ago there was issued in the United States a comprehensive and thorough book, giving not only information about that country, but a summary of facts regarding the rest of the world in which Americans are most

interested. It has since been issued annually. The latest annual volume is now before us, and is called *The American Year-Book, 1912*, edited by F. G. Wickmore, B.A., B.Sc., under the direction of a supervisory board (New York and London: D. Appleton & Co.). This supervisory board of forty, representing as many national learned and scientific societies, gives the volume a greater breadth of view and authority than might otherwise have been attained. There are one hundred and twenty-four contributors to the thirty-five departments into which the book is divided; under these departments are grouped articles on related subjects. Some of the department headings are 'American History,' 'Foreign Affairs,' 'Municipal Government,' 'Public Services,' 'Agriculture,' 'Manufactures,' and so forth. The book makes its first appeal to students in all fields who wish a record of

progress not only in their own but in other departments, so that busy men, editors, contributors, professional men, teachers, and scientific workers may correct or confirm impressions that arise in their minds.

We all know the salaries paid to members of our Cabinet and members of Parliament; but it may be news to some that the salary of the President of the United States approximates fifteen thousand pounds a year, with five thousand pounds for travelling expenses. His very capable secretary has one thousand five hundred pounds a year. We can quickly glean from this book the progress made with the Panamá Canal, the terrible nature of the fight with commercialised vice and graft in the great cities, and the number of Trust prosecutions under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It will gratify some to read that Mississippi has passed an Act prohibiting tipping in hotels, restaurants, or on trains. The motor-car is forging ahead in America, as with us; and we learn that the number of cars, motor-trucks, and wagons in use at the end of last year was over one million. The Outdoor Life Movement, called the Woodcraft Indians, started by Ernest Thompson Seton the naturalist, has some eighty thousand followers. An army of three hundred thousand boys is enrolled in the Boy Scout movement; while for their sisters there is what is known as the Camp Fire Girls, whose motto is 'Work, Health, Love,' and who are called to 'seek beauty, give service, pursue knowledge, be trustworthy, hold on to health, glorify work, be happy.'

Amongst the new things of 1912 interesting to the housewife is the electric fireless cooker, which appears to prepare the dinner without attention once it is set going. The prepared vegetables are placed in one compartment, the thermometer being set to boiling temperature; meat is placed in another compartment, that being set to roasting temperature. The clock to turn on the current is then set, and the cooker needs no further attention. At the proper time the clock switches on the current and the thermometers regulate it, so as to supply the proper amount of heat to each compartment. The cost for current is said to be less than the gas for a gas-stove. There is less shrinking in a joint thus cooked by electricity. In a twenty-roomed house at Colonia, New Jersey, occupied by a lady and her two children, no servants are kept, as electrical appliances have rendered this unnecessary. All the manual labour is done by motor-driven appliances. There is an electric flat-iron, fireless cooker, coffee-percolator, water-heater, and egg-beater. A bakery has been installed at Milwaukee with a three hundred loaf electric oven, producing fourteen thousand four hundred loaves of wheat bread a day. The oven occupies less space than the coal-heated one, and the bread costs one-eighth of a cent less per loaf. The dough and cake mixers are also operated by machinery. Walnuts,

which used to take seven to ten days' sunshine to mature, can be ripened in twenty-four hours with electric heat. A crematorium is mentioned where cremation by electricity costs about ten pounds per cremation.

Censorship in literature has been proposed in Britain, and something of the kind has actually been exercised. In one of the United States legislation has been proposed in regard to the dress of ladies which may be considered immodest. The Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral in Chicago has announced that the clergy there will not hereafter marry any person who does not produce a certificate of good health as well as a marriage certificate. New York spends one hundred and forty thousand pounds a year for public recreation, and also four million six hundred thousand pounds for policemen and jails to take care of individuals who have gone wrong largely because of unsupervised recreation. The amount set down as being spent on commercialised vice is three million pounds annually. In this connection, dealing with moral and physical defectives and the insane, the Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has reported that the operation for sterilisation is now legal in the eight states of Indiana, Washington, California, Connecticut, Nevada, Iowa, New Jersey, and New York; and it recommends the extension of the operation to all the states of the Union. The sterilisation of defectives, habitual criminals, and feeble-minded persons is accomplished by such process as the medical authorities in charge may determine.

A New York recreation commission is this year operating gymnasia, recreative piers, and playgrounds. We are told that an increasing number of thinking people have come to regard the saloon, the commercialised dance-hall, the struggle over white slavery and vice, as being primarily a terrible evidence of the failure of the American communities to provide wholesome channels for the expression of social instinct and legitimate interest as between the sexes. In the autumn of last year there were about sixteen thousand motion-picture theatres in the United States, with a daily audience of probably seven millions, of whom one million were children. Pictures for these motion theatres are being produced at the rate of about one hundred fresh subjects every week. These are beginning to be used in industrial education and in the instruction of engineers and others in trade methods. Edison has stated that they were going to have pictures covering the eight years' course of study in elementary schools, and for an hour every day during the eight years the children will be taught through the medium of motion-pictures.

Much that is creditable, and much that is thoroughly discreditable, is set down regarding the management of prisons in the United States. Most disgraceful revolts are chronicled as having happened in the state prisons of Nebraska,

Wyoming, and Michigan. The management seems to have been as rotten as that of the New York police. There is a bright side to the subject, carrying out the spirit of the suggestions made by Lord Guthrie in his article in these pages on 'Prison Treatment of Criminals.' There has been a spread of the honour system of prison labour by which convicts have been sent outside the walls under the control of foremen, but without armed guards, for roadmaking, forestry, building, drainage, and farming. The escapes are not more numerous under this new régime than under the old. In Kansas twenty-five prisoners under a foreman have made macadamised roads; with this party working ten hours a day, a mile of road a month has been executed. New York State is organising a farm colony to be used instead of the workhouse for vagrants and misdemeanants. The legislative committee of Indiana is in favour of state workhouses on large farms and the total abolition of jail sentences. Iowa proposes to establish a system of state workhouses to deal with vagrants and inebriates. Sentences for drunkenness are of little use. One man, sixty-one years of age, has been sent to the workhouse sixty-two different times, and has spent three thousand one hundred and sixty-three days there. Striped prison clothing has been abolished in many jails. The services of the Salvation Army prison aid are warmly praised. In California lazy fellows may be put to work on the roads at a dollar and a half a day, the earnings going to their neglected households.

The negro problem is an acute one. Though there is a decreasing negro population in the Southern States, it is estimated that a century hence there may be twenty millions in the United States. Last year there were seventy-one cases of lynching during the twelve months in eighteen different states, fifty-nine of the victims being negroes. The noble educational work of Dr Booker Washington and other like-minded men, and the good thus accomplished, is the most hopeful feature of the situation.

The leading industries of New York in the order of importance are women's clothing, men's clothing, printing and publishing, slaughtering animals and meat-packing, sugar-refining, and foundry-work. In Chicago slaughtering animals and meat-packing come first; after that foundries and machine-shops, clothing, and then printing and publishing. In Philadelphia the production

of woollen-goods and sugar-refining come before printing and publishing. In Pittsburg iron and steel industries lead off. Dr Bennet of that town is to report two years hence on the effect of smoke on buildings and the health of the community.

The capital and influence of the United States are everywhere evident in South America. Uruguay has been employing farming experts from the States to develop the land. The United States had more of her increasing foreign trade than any other country. The largest single shipment of lumber ever sent from a United States port went to Uruguay. She is Venezuela's largest customer, while her influence and capital dominate the meat producing and packing industries. One transcontinental line through the Andes is running; another, from Port San Antonio, in the Argentine, to Puerto Montt, in Chili, is in progress. The Argentine spent more on education last year than on her navy, and La Plata University is making progress.

The state of Massachusetts has appointed a commission to provide for the determination of a minimum wage for women and children. The total number of equal suffrage states is now nine. Legislation has been proposed to prohibit newspapers from publishing the abominable and sickening details of murders and suicides save in mere outline. Such a prohibition would be useful in this country.

American literature and journalism have due attention given to them in the *American Year-Book*. The number of new books and new editions issued had risen from seven thousand in 1901 to eleven thousand in 1911, which is about one thousand more than were issued in the United Kingdom in the previous year. It is perhaps a healthy sign that there is a drop in the amount of fiction. It is creditable that so many literary men in the past have been appointed American consuls and Ministers in Europe, including Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, John Lothrop Motley, and James Russell Lowell. The latest appointment, in March 1913, as ambassador to London of Mr Walter Hines Page, editor, and member of a publishing firm, continues the succession of able and cultured men in the representation of the United States abroad.

The next volume will have many matters to discuss, including changes in the Tariff and the policy of the new President.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A TRAP FOR MOSQUITOES.

THE mosquito is generally considered one of the most pestilential plagues to which humanity is subject, especially in tropical climes and districts where it is able to thrive and

multiply in lagoons and swamps. Obviously the only effective method of combating its ravages is by rendering its breeding-grounds untenable. Even then stray specimens are apt to make their appearance and render themselves highly objectionable. The most disturbing fact is that this

insect is particularly active during the night, when escape from its attack is only possible by sleeping within mosquito-proof nets. Many very novel attempts to cope with this evil have been made by devising traps; but these have generally proved failures. Recently, however, an ingenious and highly effective trap has been contrived and placed upon the market. Its success depends essentially upon its powers of attracting the insect during the hours of darkness. To secure this, recourse has been made to the luminous paint which was invented some years ago by Dr W. H. Balmain, and improved very considerably by Mr W. C. Horne, who has been engaged in its manufacture for thirty years. The salient feature of this luminous paint is that no phosphorus is used. The mosquito-trap is a short glass cylinder about six inches in length and one inch in diameter, the interior surface of which is coated with the Balmain compound, and the ends sealed. The outer surface of the glass is then coated with an adhesive substance similar to that spread on fly-papers, and the tube is suspended by means of a string to some convenient place. Exposure to daylight causes the Balmain paint to collect and store natural light, which is thrown off in the dark. The faint, steady glow attracts the insects very effectively, and as no heat is emitted, the mosquitoes settle upon the glass and are trapped by the adhesive. The trap may be left in position for days, or it may be removed every morning for cleaning, when it is only necessary to take a small piece of wood—a thick match will do—and scrape off the insects, applying a fresh dressing of the adhesive from the tube in which it is carried. The trap has been subjected to exacting tests, and has proved highly successful. The characteristics of the Balmain 'cold light' render the trap practically everlasting, or at all events it will serve for many years without its luminosity diminishing, so that renewal expenses are confined to the adhesive, a tube of which, if carefully used, will last for several months. The trap may be employed with equal success for other insects, not only those which prowl at night, but those which fly in the daytime as well. It is a cheap contrivance, and should prove of inestimable value to people living in districts where the mosquito abounds.

TANNING BY ELECTRICITY.

A remarkable development is announced in the field of electro-chemistry by the perfection of a means of tanning hides by electricity, which should have a far-reaching effect upon the industry. The process is the invention of a Swedish scientist living in England, and a complete apparatus working upon his system is being installed at an important tanyard in the Midlands. The outstanding advantage of the process is the shorter time occupied in tanning, the heaviest hides requiring only six weeks or

so, instead of months by the ordinary process. Moreover, the leather thus obtained is said to be quite as good as that produced under ordinary conditions, and costs less. The operation is completely automatic, special instruments and indicators having been contrived to facilitate the safe working of the process. Injury either to the hides or the tanning liquor is obviated entirely by the incorporation of a safety device. Should anything go wrong with the apparatus, alarm-bells are rung or glow-lamps lighted at the point where the mishap has occurred, so that the attendant can rectify it instantly and without difficulty. Tanning by the electrical system is so simple in its operation that two boys can attend to it.

A MOTOR VACUUM ROAD-CLEANSING MACHINE.

During the past few years many attempts have been made to devise a road-cleansing machine, driven by an internal combustion engine, capable of cleaning a road thoroughly, removing the dust, mud, or garbage, and depositing it within a receptacle attached to the machine; but the results achieved have not been very promising. Recently a new machine has appeared which avoids the drawbacks incidental to its predecessors, and carries out its work quickly, cheaply, and very efficiently. The chassis is fitted with a thirty-horse-power motor, driving in the usual manner through a three-speed gearbox. Behind the driver is placed a large cylindrical brush, five feet in length and fifty-two inches in diameter, fitted within a sheet-iron shell. This brush is driven in a direction opposite to the movement of the car, at one hundred and twenty revolutions per minute. At this velocity the centrifugal force is sufficient to enable the material swept up to be carried round two-thirds of a revolution and then ejected through a slot in the shell into a receiver behind, in which are placed boxes for holding the dust and sweepings. Moreover, the peripheral speed of the brush creates sufficient draught to suck up all dust and throw it into the receiver, which is dustproof, and the boxes within are mounted upon wheels to facilitate removal. The dirt is not only discharged into these boxes, but is also compressed, so that some two tons can be received in each box. When the receiver is full and has to be discharged, the hinged-back wall of the receiver is let down to form a runway for the wheeled boxes within, which are withdrawn, emptied, and then run back again immediately if desired. The brush is so mounted that it can be adjusted without difficulty, thereby enabling it to be used until worn down to a few inches. Under conditions of heaviest working, such as are incidental to a big city, the life of a brush is about two months. The control of the brush is effected from the driver's seat, and when necessary the brush can be lifted clear of the road. It picks up heavy, sticky,

slimy mud as easily and as cleanly as light dust, while other litter such as paper, garbage, &c. can be raised quite as efficiently, thus leaving a clean surface after the machine has passed. The most important point is that the machine sucks up the lightest dust into the receiver, so that the air around is uncontaminated, which is an essential requirement in a road-cleansing machine. Although the machine is able to travel at varying speeds owing to its three-speed mechanism, the brush is revolved at one constant speed under all conditions, and, what is more, can be driven when the motor is standing still. The brush can also be used when the car is driven backward, the direction of its rotation in this instance being likewise reversed. The approximate travelling-speeds of the sweeper along the road are respectively two, four, and eight miles per hour, and its average working capacity is about two thousand four hundred square yards of road surface per hour.

A NEW TARGET FOR RIFLE PRACTICE.

An extremely clever invention has recently been perfected for the purpose of stimulating interest and improving accuracy in rifle practice. This is the life-target system, in which the marksman fires at a screen on which moving pictures suited to the idea are thrown. The bioscope is placed near the marksmen and alongside them. When a shot is fired, the sound, caught by a microphone mounted above the picture, brings the kinematograph mechanism to a stop, and a light thrown from behind illuminates the spot where the shot hit the target, so that the marksman is able to judge the accuracy of his aim. Then, after a stop of three seconds' duration, the kinematograph projector automatically resumes its action, until the next shot, when the stopping and illumination of the hit occur once more. The whole system is strikingly ingenious, and renders target practice highly exciting, as the marksman feels that he is aiming at a moving, lifelike object, whether it be an animal, a bird, or soldiers in motion. As is well known, owing to the intense heat generated by the electric arc lamp in the projector, and the inflammability of the celluloid film, the momentary stoppage of the film in the gate is sufficient to cause it to be fired. Accordingly ordinary projectors are fitted with a safety-shutter which drops over the film when a stoppage occurs, thus cutting off the light. In this case the moment the film is stopped after a rifle has been fired a current of cold air, thrown by an electrically driven blower, is projected upon the film, thereby keeping the temperature down below the degree of combustibility of celluloid. The system is exceedingly useful for miniature-range practice; but it is intended to adapt it to ordinary field-firing also, military experts who have investigated the apparatus having admitted that it is the most fascinating type of target yet produced,

and one which is more likely to develop the rifleman's interest than those of the ordinary design.

A NEW ELECTRIC HEATER.

A novel electric heating system has been brought out by a Zurich firm of electrical engineers—namely, the heating of a carpet laid upon the floor. It is claimed by the inventors that this is the most rational, effective, and economical method of heating, inasmuch as the surface with which the feet come into contact is raised to a predetermined temperature, as it is well known that if the feet are kept warm the whole body is comfortable. The device comprises a heating element which is run through the carpet, and which is attached by a flex and socket to a wall-plug. This heating element is flexible, and is protected by a stout covering to preserve it from wear and tear; it is also waterproof. The system is so devised that all possibility of overheating the carpet is avoided. The invention can be adapted to any size of carpet, from the cover of a footstool or a rug to a large carpet covering the whole floor of a room. The invention can also be applied with equal facility to a bed and to medical appliances where heat is desired, thereby dispensing with the hot-water bottle and other conventional devices. The average person might fear the danger of fire from such a system, but with this device all such apprehension is unfounded.

LIFE-SAVING CHAIRS.

The hammock-chair is one of the delights of a summer day, but one could scarcely conceive any possibility of turning it into an efficient life-saving apparatus. An inventor, Mr Leoline Edwards, however, has succeeded in consummating this. The chair is of conventional design, but instead of the ordinary canvas he has devised a green waterproof double canvas sling to serve as a seat, the ends of which are laced together. Sewn transversely across this foundation are equal divisions of semicircular form, each of which is filled with granulated cork of a special kind which he has prepared. The divisions, resembling the sections of a roller-shutter, enable the sling to be pulled round over the frame of the chair in the same way as a roller-towel. This is a distinctly advantageous feature, inasmuch as when it is required as a seat a dry section can always be found, because, if the front should get wet from spray or rain, a few turns will bring the dry under-part uppermost. By untying the two secured ends and stretching the length out flat, an excellent, dry, springy, and comfortable mattress is obtained; while, owing to the length being eight and three-quarter feet over all, a pillow can be improvised by rolling up one end. Such a mattress is absolutely safe, as there is no danger of the damp and moisture in the ground working through to the body. For life-saving

purposes the chair virtually forms a raft, as when thrown into the water it is capable of supporting two persons. Such a chair is an ideal addition to a camping-out party, because it performs the functions of chair, mattress, and life-buoy. Similarly it is a distinct acquisition to vessels and seaside resorts, inasmuch as no time need be lost in extending aid when a person is observed to be in difficulties in the water. The chair can be thrown out as it is, or the cork-canvas stripped from the frame and employed for the purpose. The success of the invention depends upon the treatment of the granulated cork. The inventor has discovered a means of removing sand and other deleterious substances, increasing the air-cells to twice their normal size, and reducing the weight and capacity for absorbing water. This causes the cork to become more springy and elastic, while it is rendered more hygienic, as the chemical changes make it incapable of encouraging germ-life.

THE GRAHAM SINGLE BOAT-DAVIT.

A short time ago, when discussing in these pages the developments in connection with the improvements in boat-launching gears from vessels, the opinion was hazarded that some form of crane appliance would supersede the existing types of boat-davit. Recent developments have served to support this contention, inasmuch as the Board of Trade has extended full approval to a single davit system with which one ocean-going vessel is fitted. This is the invention of a master-mariner, Captain John Graham, and is the outcome of several years' experimenting, the inventor having realised from experience the shortcomings of the ordinary davit. This single davit comprises a steel lattice derrick so designed as to handle a lifeboat of any size, with chain or wire-rope gun-tackle purchase in lieu of manilla rope, and actuated through efficient gearing by a pair of crank handles. The davit is self-swinging, no guys being necessary. It locks itself in outboard and inboard positions, while only two men are required to work it, as compared with twelve for the double davit. A notable feature is the safety self-sustaining brake fitted to the gear, which automatically holds the load whenever the men cease heaving. Lowering can be effected quickly under the brake-control by one man. The space occupied is very small, while the total weight on the average is half a ton.

IMPORTANT METALLURGICAL DEVELOPMENT.

An epoch-making invention in the steel trade is reported, this being the discovery of a process for converting iron-ore of any grade, even the hitherto quite useless iron-sands, of which hundreds of millions of tons exist ready for working, into steel of excellent quality. By the new process the saving will be enormous. In the first place, no blast-furnace is required, and there-

fore no coke. This means an enormous saving of capital expenditure, apart from economy in production; while ores can be used which have no market value whatever at the present time. The ore is reduced by the heat obtained from gas which is produced from slack. In the present method of production it is estimated that the average cost of producing pig-iron in the blast-furnace, hitherto the only commercial method, is about thirty shillings a ton, leaving the cost of the iron-ore out of the reckoning. The pig-iron has then to be turned into steel either in the Bessemer converter or in an open-hearth furnace; the plant in each case being a costly item, while a number of considerable subsidiary expenses have to be faced. The general calculation of the cost of manufacturing a ton of steel is about four pounds ten shillings to five pounds, this covering the ore, fuel, and labour. The new process, by eliminating the blast-furnace and all its appurtenances, saves thirty shillings per ton; while it must be remembered that great economies will be effected from the use of hitherto unworkable raw material. Bearing all these points in mind, it is believed that the cost of producing steel on a commercial basis can be reduced by two-thirds; but even supposing this to be too optimistic an estimate, it can easily be seen that the saving must be enormous. The experimental plant has been at work for some time. Leading Continental and American steel manufacturers have had an opportunity of investigating the process and all that it claims to do, and they have been impressed with what they have seen. Meanwhile an economic factor of great importance is the prospective saving in the consumption of coal and the consequent effect on our mineral resources. If the process can be carried out on a commercial scale with the success that has been attained with the present plant, there can be no doubt that the costly blast-furnace and coke-ovens may become unnecessary in the future manufacture of steel. The steel which was tested contained 0.21 per cent. carbon, and it was first hammered and then rolled down into bars. The result of the tests showed that it was 25 per cent. better as to yielding-point than open-hearth steel.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE NEEDLE-AND-HAYSTACK SYNDICATE.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

I NEVER burn my fingers with a cigarette without thinking of the ancient torture of 'the match,' a simple process whereby tow was inserted between the fingers, set alight, and allowed to burn until the victim's memory became so jogged or unhinged that the poor wretch, if mind or consciousness remained with him, shrieked or whispered a confession, real or pretended, to his torturers and judges. Ah! the good old days!

The reason of this unusual linking of my thoughts is discovered in a queer story; and the story is true, as true as I am at this moment writing it.

Some years ago, in the heyday of my youth, I paid a dutiful visit to my uncle. It coincided with the pleasant time of grouse-driving on a certain delectable moor on Speyside. I saw to that. It fell out also during my visit that I was shown some remarkable documents by my relative. These awoke in me a lively interest, sustained and vivid to this day.

My uncle and I were alone after dinner, enjoying our cigars.

'You are one of my nearest in blood, Jim,' said he, in a lull in the conversation. 'I'm going to show you the Casket Papers.'

I was curious and interested, and said so.

'Doubtless you know a little about them; but the papers themselves have been seen by very few; by none, I believe, outside the family. No one knows where I hide them. It is a whim of mine to keep their whereabouts a secret—although there is little likelihood of anybody wanting to steal them—so you'll excuse my absence for a minute or two while I get them.'

I had heard a little about the papers. Indeed, their story was moss-grown; but my uncle was probably the only one who knew the full and exact facts, although every other member of the family, down to the remotest subdivisions of Scotch cousinship, had some vague idea concerning them.

My uncle returned with a small, thin bundle of yellow papers, and untied it.

The first was evidently a letter, faded, but written very legibly, and, considering its date, 1563, surprisingly well written, in the literary

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sense. The narrative was undecorated but clear, evidently the production of a well-educated man of that period. 'This,' said my uncle, 'is a letter from Father Hugo Hamilton to Father James Laynez, the General of the Jesuits. It is dated June 1563. Read it.'

I did, from the pious greeting, '*Pax Christi*,' at the beginning, to the end. It narrated—and I have no reason to doubt its truth—hardships, even torture, undergone, perils by land and sea that set me a-shudder; a succession of trials bravely borne. Running throughout the letter was a fine triumphant strain of steadfastness and loyalty, the record of a trust faithfully administered. It would take too long to tell more than the substance of the old letter. This was that the writer, a certain Father Hugo Hamilton, S.J., a scion of a noble Scottish family, had been sent from Rome to the north of Scotland to deliver a 'Secret Casket' to a leading son of the Church. He had been spied on in Edinburgh, imprisoned, tortured by 'the match' and 'the boot,' and afterwards shipwrecked somewhere on the north-east coast, but had won through and accomplished his mission.

My uncle waited until I had read it through.

'Digested it?'

I nodded.

'Now read this,' he said, handing me another.

It was very short, but of vast interest. It was addressed: '*To our beloved son, Sir Neil Gordon of Uglass, in the realm of Scotland.*' The letter commended Sir Neil Gordon's fidelity and zeal in 'a certain Great Matter,' and informed him of the gift to him, by the hands of Father Hamilton, of a casket and its contents, blessed by the Supreme Pontiff. The letter concluded: '*Given at Rome, at St Mark's, under the Fisherman's Ring, April 25, 1563; in the fourth year of our Pontificate.*'

'From Pope Pius the Fourth,' said my uncle, 'to our common ancestor, Sir Neil. The story goes that the casket contained jewels of the value to-day of somewhere about one hundred thousand pounds.'

'A—a—what?'

'One hundred thousand pounds sterling,' my uncle repeated calmly.

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JUNE 7, 1913.

'I congratulate you, I'm sure, with all my heart. You must be'—

'A rich man. I'm not, my boy. Alas! nobody knows where the casket is.'

He must have seen my face falling, for he continued, 'Never mind! Money isn't every-thing.'

I suppose I was young, for I felt in complete and diametrical disagreement with him.

He went on to tell me that, when Mary Queen of Scots was a bright-eyed girl, a certain Gordon of Uglass flourished in the north country. As every schoolboy knows, there were intrigues and counter-intrigues afoot, dark calculated moves on the blood-stained chess-board of domestic and foreign politics. The Queen had advanced the Prior of St Andrews to the Earldom of Moray. He was the hope of the Reformers, but in the north the Roman Catholics, headed by the Earl of Huntly, were numerous and powerful, laughing at the decrees of the Parliament. The Gordons of Uglass were ancestors of my uncle and myself. The surname has changed, the faith has changed, and most of their broad lands are now in other hands. But in the long ago they were keen and useful allies of their kinsman Huntly, helping the cause by their purse and in the field. They were men of their hands, from all accounts, turbulent as the times allowed, an ill crew to meddle with. But there came a black day for them at Corrichie, where Huntly fell. His son was beheaded at Aberdeen, and for a time the puissance of Clan Gordon was broken.

'The Queen was then a beautiful young widow,' my uncle went on; 'and I think probably—but it is the merest conjecture—that the certain "Great Matter" Pope Pius referred to in the letter was one of the various attempts that were made to bring about a marriage, for reasons of diplomacy, between Queen Mary and one of the Continental potentates. History more than hints at various suitors. I think that the casket and its contents may have been rewards for past services in one of those schemes, and an inducement to further devotion. Be this as it may, Father Hamilton came to Uglass (the old name of this house), and delivered the casket, as his letter to the General of the Society tells us. So far, so good.

'But mark what happened. Sir Neil and he went south to Edinburgh together, the Jesuit very probably in disguise. Why they went no one knows. Poor Scotland was honeycombed with plots and counterplots. It may be that Sir Neil had some private end, some favour or royal pardon, to seek. I should not be surprised if our respected ancestor had blood on his muzzle, like the rest of the Gordons.'

'How do you know they went south?' I asked.

'From the Valini MSS. in part.' He took up another document, 'And also from this. It is addressed to no one, but, on the face of it, it

is from Sir Neil, and intended for some trusted and dear friend or relative.'

I looked over his shoulder as he read it. One or two words were illegible, but the meaning was plain. It ran thus:

'Now, seeing Fr. Hamilton or myself may fall on oure journie into fause handis, concernin ye thinge yow wot of, ye haill are siccarlie hid. Fr. H. and I do know ryte wel ye places and deepneses but in ye troubles abote us thoct it [better to] sett a secriit wrytyng [marking!] quhair yt is Fr. H. wrytyng yt in ye Latin tonge: So I do leavee ane hauf of thys secriit with yow, and Fr. H. and I do holde ye ither twa likeas he holdes ane and mee ane of ye samin. So I doe gyf yow farewel with ryt heavie hearte.'

'His spelling is a trifle out of it, but his meaning is as clear as daylight. A canny Scot!' I remarked. 'The cipher had evidently been cut in two, one half left at Uglass, and two copies of the other half taken away, one in the keeping of Sir Neil and the other of Father Hugo.'

'Exactly. But Sir Neil's caution availed the poor man nothing. He never was seen again after a certain day in Edinburgh when he had an interview with the Queen. The Lord High Constable in these dark days sometimes neglected to observe the formality of issuing a warrant. The half of the cipher left is along with the letter. See! Here it is.'

CHAPTER II.

HE unwound the modern tissue-paper wrapped round the precious piece of parchment. On the back of it, in Father Hamilton's writing, was as follows:

'In a great haste, as we are starting from the Castle of Uglass, June 1563.

'Let this not be shown, under the pains you are aware of, to any externs whomsoever. There are false brethren in sheep's clothing, inwardly ravening wolves. The heretics, wiser than the children of light, do have spies everywhere.'

The cipher itself had been cut in two cleanly. It was not serrated, and had not been torn or divided at haphazard, although its shape was peculiar. Indeed, care had been taken not to dismember a word. The words were, of course, unintelligible to me, but my uncle read it easily.

'The key to the cipher was discovered long ago,' he explained. 'It was a simple one, written in Latin, and evidently concocted in a hurry.'

He flattened out the little faded slip. It is not necessary for this narrative to show the actual form of the cryptogram; but this is its

shape and size, and the English solution of its Latin cipher:

*corner of the castle of Uglass wall
yards River of Spey
curves twice very swift and deep
1565, five great crosses of emeralds
line east to the Great Forest
fourteen twenty ten twelve fifteen*

How often I have puzzled over these few words since!

Now, I am neither a romantic nor an antiquary. On the contrary, I am a stockbroker. Enough said. The story seemed to me to hold the possibility, a good sporting chance, of there being, in the potent phrase, 'money in it.'

I stared at my uncle, who was smoking serenely.

'Do you mean to say that there's all this "boodle" hidden somewhere round here?' I said.

'Don't excite yourself, young man. Your eyes are jumping out of your head,' quoth he. 'You know as much as I do about the "boodle," as you call it. The cipher, and Pope Pius the Fourth's and Sir Neil's letters, have been known to the family for over eighty years. They were found when the east wing of the old house was being rebuilt. Father Hamilton's letter to the General of the Jesuits was discovered by me among the Valini MSS. through a friend at the Scots College at Rome.'

'And the other half of the cryptogram?'

'Ah! here is where Fate has the laugh. It has been lost for a long time—to be exact, for three hundred and twenty-eight years.'

'But surely, my dear uncle, it is plain that the casket has been hidden near here.'

'I think that it was. Probably it is near here still. Granted that. But "near here" is in this case a pathetic example of "so near and yet so far." Sir Neil of the home-made spelling and mysterious end left the half of the cryptogram that we see before us. Father Hamilton and he took away one copy each of the other half of the cipher. They evidently did not relish the idea of carrying the whole secret with them. They may have feared the probability of being watched, followed, trapped. The times held devilish terrors for the minority, politically or in Church matters, and the secret of the casket may have leaked out. There were spies at Rome. That has been proved since. Well, the likeliest archives of Rome, England, Scotland, and France have been searched. Nothing has been left undone, but no trace of the precious other half has been got, not so much as the scrape of a quill.'

'To split the cipher was a cunning dodge.'

'Simple, but effective. It was common enough then, I fancy; but it means that we are now

facing a blank wall. Father Hamilton has, of course, been gathered to his fathers long ago. Sir Neil vanished, and with each of them the missing half.'

I took up the translation of the half of the cipher again, and looked at it.

The old gentleman smiled. 'I know it by heart, my boy. I know what you're going to say. There are obvious suggestions in the wording on the little scrap of paper. Every one tells me that the jewels must be so many yards from the house, so many yards from a spot where probably the Spey makes a couple of bends and flows swiftly; that the casket contains at least the emeralds mentioned—a fortune in themselves; and that the last line probably indicates the depth where they are buried. But no one has hit on the direction or the number of yards. The cipher might as well have referred to somewhere in the moon as this place.'

'I should think those clues in the cipher ought to be worth something. Isn't it a pity not to make further efforts?' I said. 'A hundred thousand sovereigns! Phew!'

'Well, Jim, I take a long time to come to a decision,' said my uncle; 'but when I do arrive at it, although I say it myself, it is usually a sound one.'

I had expectations from the dear old boy. I inclined my head, diffusing, I hoped, from look, gesture, and a murmured 'Er—er—quite so,' an atmosphere of inferior mentality slightly redeemed by veneration. At the same time, my uncle's estimate of his powers of discernment was a little out of focus. It was true that he took a long time to arrive at a judgment; but this—as in the case of not a few judges—was more through lethargy than an excess of deliberation. I mentally resolved to speed him to a further search.

'Everything has been tried for years,' he went on; 'and my forebears and I have failed. Unless I dig up the whole of the estate, I can do no more. I shiver when I think of the account of the expenditure on record-hunting, excavating, and expert advice. I've done with the whole boiling of 'em! I'm not going to spend any more money over the accursed thing—not a cent! The proverbial needle in the haystack isn't "in it." My successors may fool away any spare cash they get. That's their lookout. I wish 'em joy! Now you know as much about it as I do, and I'll put the papers away again. Time for bed, if you want to do any good on the hill to-morrow. Good-night!'

I dreamed that night of crosses of emeralds, of shining clusters of jewels that glowed and vanished, of dazzling eyes of rare gems that burned and faded, and reappeared and beamed and mocked, and beckoned and fled.

Next day I got a copy of the translation. Every moment of my spare time of that week was devoted to composing sentences to fit in

with the half of the cryptogram; and though my Latin was rusty, and the wheels of my imagination, if possible, rustier, the thing became an absorption with me, haunting my days and disturbing my sleep.

My uncle noticed my mood, I think, and was good-naturedly sympathetic. One evening when he was in a high good temper I ventured to suggest the formation of a syndicate to begin anew the search for the casket. He shrugged his shoulders at the idea, but I could see that it had lodged with him. In the end, after two or three days, he agreed to it. His terms were liberal, but not a shilling would he put into the concern, and he made a half-jocular condition that we should christen the venture 'The Needle-and-Haystack Syndicate.'

Three wealthy and enterprising friends of mine found the major part of the capital. I put in as much as I could afford. A young Oxford man helped us, on strictly commercial terms. He was, however, keen, and knew his work, turning out scores of ingenious solutions in Latin, one of which, with extraordinary fatuity, we hoped might be the complement of our half of the cryptogram.

Digging, however, not the framing of ciphers, was the syndicate's main policy. Suitable plant

was bought; a gang of workmen engaged at sixpence an hour each; a story set afloat that the excavations were for the purpose of unearthing antiquarian remains, and work was begun. We burrowed and bored and trenched until the place looked like an army of giant molehills. We even dragged the river where it showed the slightest signs, in the words of the cipher, of curving 'very swiftly.' Young Oxford supervised the operations for a month, and I spent another month on the like duty.

At the end of these two months I reported to my companions in adversity that the amount the syndicate had spent was seven hundred and twenty-two pounds six shillings and twopence; that we had found nothing but an eighteenth century ploughshare, valued at two shillings; and that the amount of wages paid was increasing alarmingly in inverse ratio to the amount of work done. On the receipt of this non-dividend report my joint-adventurers promptly telegraphed, 'Wind the show up,' and wound up it was.

'At any rate,' said my uncle, as I gave him *au revoir* before going south, 'if your Needle-and-Haystack Syndicate hasn't justified its existence, it has earned its name—handsomely.'

(Continued on page 441.)

DR SUN YAT SEN AND THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

By JOSEPH MEDE.

THE names of many great men occur to one who thinks of the events of yesterday and to-day; but to the present writer, impressed as he is by some of the giants of modern days, there seems to be none greater than Sun Yat Sen. Sun overthrew a remarkably well-entrenched dynasty, carrying with him in this formidable task four hundred and twenty-five millions of people who were transformed from an empire into a republic, and he did this with a minimum of bloodshed unparalleled in the history of revolutions. Compare the man and his work with two men undeniably great. Napoleon had a giant intellect, but its chief result was the deluging of a continent with streams of blood and the draining of virile strength from his own country to such an extent that to this day it has not recovered. Gladstone was also a man of gigantic intellect, which he applied to making for peace; but even he could not bring about a settlement of the woes of a little island in the northern seas. Sun Yat Sen, less than twelve months ago, raised a five-striped banner, gathering as one nation five peoples under that banner, and starting them from beneath its folds upon a new era with a claim to take part in the comity of the world's nations along a pathway of progress, education, and freedom interdicted by the displaced rulers.

Who and what manner of man is this to have done such a mighty deed, which, moreover, he prepared so silently that few in the outside world knew that anything was being attempted until it was accomplished, and few who knew that something was being done knew the man who was doing it?

Dr Sun Yat Sen is a son of the people, born not amongst the ruling class of China, but in comparatively humble circumstances. A native of Kuantung, not far from Canton, he was born in 1867, so that, as age goes, he is still a young man. His father was a convert to Christianity, who was sometimes employed amongst his fellow-Chinese as a missionary agent by the London Missionary Society. An English lady interested herself in the son of the Chinese missionary agent, and by her help Sun, when a youth, was well grounded in a knowledge of English.

At the age of eighteen Sun Yat Sen proceeded to an Anglo-American Mission in Canton, where he was attached to the hospital in some insignificant capacity. Two years later he went to the first college of medicine established in Hongkong, where he, the first graduate of the college, obtained his diploma to practise medicine and surgery after five years' study. He commenced practice in the Portuguese colony of Macao, where he took up surgical work, and showed

himself full of skill, coolness of judgment, and dexterity.

While at Macao he first heard of the Young China Party, in which he soon became so prominent that he found little time for any other work. At the attempt by this party to capture Canton, Sun was the only one of the prominent reformers who escaped alive. He then went through Hong-kong to Honolulu, and thence to London, and subsequently to America, North and South. During all this time he was not idle, but in every way was spreading his gospel with such a result that in 1896, while in London, he was decoyed into the Chinese Embassy in October of that year. By a well-recognised law, an embassy from a foreign country is regarded as being on its own territory in the country to which it is sent; so that the house of the Chinese Ambassador in London, under international law, was part of China, not subject to the King of Great Britain or to his Britannic Majesty's writ. This made the position complicated, and it is understood that the intention was to get Sun Yat Sen out of England on the pretext that he was a lunatic, and send him to China, where he would soon have been minus his head. For ten days he remained a prisoner in the house of the Chinese Ambassador; and ultimately it was only by the clever diplomacy of the then Prime Minister, the great Lord Salisbury, that he was liberated.

The story of Sun's capture and release is as exciting as any detective yarn over which people gloat to-day. A servant-maid told off to wait upon Sun in the upper room in which he was imprisoned got her husband, who was employed as a waiter in the Ambassador's rooms downstairs, to take a note, to which she did not dare sign her name, to Dr Cantlie, the lifelong friend of Sun. At midnight Dr Cantlie heard his door-bell ring, and on going down found no one at the door, but observed and picked up a piece of paper which had been pushed underneath. He went post-haste to the local police without any result, and from there to Scotland Yard, where he was told it was not the business of the police, nor his, and that he should go home and keep quiet. In the morning Dr Cantlie got in touch with a friend on the clerical staff at the Foreign Office; and not till that influence was felt did Scotland Yard deign to pay any attention to the matter. One can imagine Dr Cantlie's feelings when, coming in the daylight under the ægis of the Foreign Office, he was received politely, and told by the police inspector that a man who was drunk or a lunatic had been there the previous midnight with the same story. Dr Sun Yat Sen was liberated within twenty-four hours of the time for him to be shipped away to China. The history of the world might have been different from what it is and will be had that unsigned piece of paper not reached Dr Cantlie.

This was not the only one of Sun Yat Sen's

many hairbreadth escapes, so numerous that much space would be required to detail them. Once, at Nanking, a man entered his cabin on board a junk and announced that he had been offered a large sum to capture him. Sun reasoned with his visitor, with the result that the man fell at his feet and implored pardon. What was the mystery by which Sun, unarmed, conquered his captor? Personality alone supplies the answer. Sad to say, so overcome was the visitor with shame at having even thought of betraying Sun that he went away, like another in history, and hanged himself.

On another occasion two Government officials, attended by a dozen soldiers, entered Sun's room in Canton late at night. The position was desperate, and again Sun's personality triumphed. He took up one of the sacred books on his table and commenced to read aloud; then the officers entered into conversation with him, and within two hours departed, leaving their intended victim as happy as they expressed themselves to be at the failure of their enterprise. Spies watched him in almost every country, including England and America. Frequently hired assassins entered the room he occupied. As much as one hundred thousand pounds was offered by the Manchu authorities for his capture. At all these attempts Sun only smiled. In the early stages of the movement he said his death would have been a misfortune; but in the later stages he declared that the campaign would not be ruined by his death, as the whole scheme had been worked out in detail, generals and leaders appointed, soldiers made ready, and all possible plans laid.

His other adventures are as fascinating a story as his escapes. In various disguises he travelled, on foot and in junks, over the vast territory of the Chinese Empire amongst the peasant people, mingling with the soldiers and discoursing with the highest officials, sometimes as a spectacled peddler, at other times as a Japanese dressed in the height of English fashion; but in whatever guise he was ubiquitous. The Powers of Europe and their Chancelleries knew him as a familiar face. In North and South America he visited every place where his countrymen were to be found. The financiers of the world yielded to his persuading tones, and placed at his disposal the great sum of money necessary for his campaign.

If so modest a man can be persuaded to write his biography, the most thrilling story the world has known will be unfolded. All this planning came to an end in September 1911, when the train was fired, beginning with the province of Szechwan, and within an incredibly short space of time half of China was ablaze. By the middle of October the Manchus were beginning to feel that a great crisis was at hand, and the Regent was compelled to recall Yuan Shih-Kai, who had been summarily dismissed two years before because of his leaning towards reform. Decrees

were now issued in the name of the baby Emperor, and one concession after another was promised, but all alike proved futile. The story at this stage reads like a plot in a romance worthy of a great novelist, and yet it is sober fact. In November 1911 a cablegram was sent from Canton addressed to 'Sun Wen, London,' rather a vague address; but the Post-Office of London—which delivered a letter addressed 'Brother Bob, London,' to Robert Radclyffe Dolling, Esq., Maidman Street, Commercial Road—was not to be outdone, and wrote across the envelope, 'Try Chinese Legation.' The Chinese authorities there were delighted at the opportunity afforded, as they had been vainly trying to obtain news of Sun Yat Sen's whereabouts for some time past. They sent a messenger to Mrs Cantlie, with the telegram in his hand, to see if she knew anything about the person to whom it was addressed. She very cleverly made a copy of it, including the Chinese characters which were written on the cablegram, and told the messenger that Sun Wen was not with her. This was apparently the Manchus' last chance of capturing, if possible, the head of the revolution. Two hours after the messenger had left, Sun called upon Mrs Cantlie, and found scores of telegrams and letters awaiting him. With them Mrs Cantlie handed him her copy of the cable; he read it, smiled, and without a word put it in his pocket. Next day Mrs Cantlie, being naturally curious about the cablegram, mentioned it to him in the hope of getting some information, saying that, if it were anything secret, of course she did not expect him to tell her, and his reply was, 'Oh no. Didn't I tell you? It was asking me to be president of the new republic.'

At once Sun left for China, and on New Year's Day 1912 entered the republic's capital, Nanking, being received by a salute of twenty-one guns. He assumed the presidency of the Provisional Government, swearing allegiance to the people, and taking an oath to destroy the Manchu dynasty, restore peace, and establish a Government based upon the people's will. He voluntarily made a declaration that he was prepared to resign his office when these objects were accomplished, so as to enable the people to elect a president of united China. Within five days he issued a manifesto to the nations of the world too long to print here, but promising that all treaties entered into by the Manchus up to that date would be carried out; foreign loans and enterprises negotiated by the Manchus acknowledged; concessions granted to nations respected, together with the persons and property of foreigners; that the laws of China would be remodelled, and religious toleration ensured. The declaration concluded with an expression of the desire for admission into the family of nations to share its rights and responsibilities, and of the intention to co-operate in the great and noble design of building up the civilisation of the world. Then

the Manchu Dragon flag was displaced, and the Republican flag of five coloured stripes, yellow, red, blue, white, and black, hoisted; and the removal of the curse of Manchu domination was emphasised by three cheers for Sun Yat Sen, which were carried miles away by thousands of assembled troops, and mingled with the booming of distant guns which, with the soldiery, had been under Manchu control until that moment.

Born, as has been said, of humble parentage, educated by the charity of Christian people, he accomplished a work greater than any the world has known save Christianity itself. Though he was brought up in a Christian atmosphere and amongst Christian people, his acceptance of Christianity was a definite act of his young manhood. From the point of view of Chinese history, his adoption of a faith foreign to the four hundred millions who followed his leadership should have proved an obstacle; but can it be doubted that the Christian belief held by Sun Yat Sen and the Christian qualities exhibited by him are at the very foundation of his immense influence and triumph? The first impression Sun makes upon a visitor is that of a modest and affable scholar. He, as his heart is revealed, is found full of those virtues known amongst Christians as faith, hope, and charity—faith in the belief that is in his heart, hope for the speedy regeneration of his country, charity even towards enemies of his people. Charity in the highest sense of the word is his chief characteristic, and an unkind thought, much more an unkind action, is foreign to his nature. A kind heart for the feelings of others makes itself felt in every word and deed; even the English servants, so impassive as a rule towards their masters' guests, show their love for Sun. His unselfishness exhibits itself in a degree unusual amongst modern men; in a word, his life is a living example of the Sermon on the Mount. Transparently honest in his burning patriotism, full of simplicity of character, as is proved by his abdication of the presidency and his insistence that Yuan Shih-Kai should be the first president, he showed an unselfish self-abnegation almost without parallel in the world's history.

Notwithstanding the success which has attended him, his humility leads him to say that other men will complete the work better than he. Persecuted as he has been, imprisoned, a price set on his head, stamped as an idealist, turned out of home and country, refused protection by one nation and another, until the whole world seemed to afford no place of refuge—neither in fact nor in fiction nor in the ideals of romance has any author dared to endow the heroes of his creation with such a character, experiences, and success as Sun Yat Sen's. The inner heart of his religion has never been revealed by him, but it may be gathered from a published statement of his own made just before he assumed the presidency: 'Our greatest hope is to make the Bible and education, as we have come to know them by residence in America

and Europe, the means of conveying to our unhappy fellow-countrymen what blessings may lie in the way of just laws, and what relief from their sufferings may be found through civilisation.'

There are a few points worth adding to the foregoing article in an interview which Mr H. W. Mabie had with Sun Yat Sen, entitled 'The China of To-day,' printed in the *New York Outlook* of 5th April 1913. Dr Sun, late provisional president of the Chinese Republic, who showed such a fine example of patriotism in giving way to the presidency of Yuan Shih-Kai, received the compliment in the National Assembly that 'such an example of purity of purpose and self-sacrifice is unparalleled in history.' Under the old régime Dr Sun says China was always in disorder; now the country is more united, and there has been a development of the newspaper and the telegraph. Since the revolution there have sprung up something like one thousand daily newspapers as against forty or fifty previously. The people are hungry for news not only of their own country but of the world. The average man in China

to-day is interested in politics, and there seems to be a real awakening all over the country. Their greater unity is proved by the strength of the anti-opium movement. The Chinese are eager for education; the traditional education has gone out, and every child that has any chance at all to go to school does so. The feeling towards the foreigner is more than friendly, and the people are looking for foreign traders and teachers.

In the opinion of Dr Sun Yat Sen the prospects of Christianity are much better, and there are a good many Christian men in the Government. China will become a great nation through the development of her people under popular institutions. She may be expected to remain peaceful unless forced to war by the Powers. It seems likely that Russia may try to take the very heart of China away. The 'yellow peril' is created by the Western nations, and there will be no 'yellow peril' unless the West creates it. Dr Sun expects the popular movement to make steady progress towards a complete reorganisation of all parts of China on republican lines.

AN EXPERIMENT.

By FRANCIS VIPOND, Author of *The Depths Beneath*, &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE Blackport estate office, at which Charles Carr presented himself shortly before nine-thirty the following morning, is a handsome building faced with red sandstone. On the ground floor are the offices (including the sanctum of Mr Johnson, out of which opens a burglar-proof and fireproof strong-room) and also the caretaker's premises. On the floor above are the apartments dedicated to Mr Johnson's pupils, for the instruction of whom in the profession of land and estate agency that gentleman receives some three hundred pounds per annum each. The clerks do not reside upon the premises.

Carr pushed open a heavy swing-door, and, seeing another door to his left labelled 'Office,' he walked in, an unwonted sensation of nervousness quickening his pulses. Three young gentlemen, all attired after the same pattern in knickerbocker breeches of exaggerated cut and gaiters or field-boots, were lounging at as many desks. At other two desks sat two pale-faced, shabby young men industriously engrossing musty deeds on vellum. Charles rightly concluded that the former were the pupils, the latter the paid clerks, of Mr Johnson, and to the ranks of the latter he knew he belonged on sufferance. All five gazed at him in an embarrassing silence which had fallen on the company at his entrance. He pulled himself together and addressed no one in particular.

'My name is Carr,' he said. 'Mr Johnson told me to be here at half-past nine this morning.'

One of the pupils, a common-looking, pasty-faced young fellow, arrayed in garments of a violent shepherd's-plaid check, lounged slowly off his stool and came up to him. 'The new clerk, aren't you?' he drawled, looking Carr up and down rather contemptuously. 'Mr Johnson is not here this morning—gone to Carlisle on business, I believe; and the managing clerk hasn't come yet. That is your desk.'

He pointed to an empty desk with its accompanying high stool, and, evidently feeling he had done all that could be required of him, returned to his own occupation of rolling cigarettes and storing them as he made them in a gorgeous silver case. Then, to the great relief of Carr, the door opened and a little, wizened man of somewhere about sixty years of age came in. He was a very thin man, dressed in an old-world style which almost brought a smile to Carr's solemn face. Kerseymere trousers of tight cut were strapped over his boots, and he wore a black broadcloth coat and an old-fashioned stock tie of fine white cambric. His face was more like a skull with parchment stretched over it than a normal human countenance save for his gimlet, twinkling black eyes. Carr knew by instinct that this was Angus Christian, the managing clerk, about whom Jean had told him the night before. Mr Christian eyed his new underling with distaste. 'I suppose you're Carr?' he said in a thin, biting voice. 'Glad to see you are punctual, anyway. Can you use a typewriter?'

'Only very slowly, sir,' said Carr humbly. 'I've only been able to have one lesson, but I think I can soon pick it up.'

Mr Christian grunted and pushed a bundle of papers into his hands, nodding as he did so in the direction of a corner where stood two tables and two typewriters. 'Type those, and see you don't make mistakes,' he said shortly; and, without vouchsafing more attention to the young man, he began giving instructions, mingled with scathing and sarcastic reproofs, to the other five, who meekly said, 'Yes, sir,' and 'Sorry, sir,' as occasion demanded.

Carr found, to his intense relief, that the typewriter was of the same make as Jean Lawton's, and that he had not forgotten her instructions of the night before. More than a little he blessed her for her happy thought in explaining so lucidly its mechanism as he spread out the papers, which were written in a cramped and not too legible hand, and started industriously at his task of transcribing them in typescript.

Mr Christian, after scourging his assistants impartially all round with his vitriolic tongue, giving a quick glance at Carr, departed, and there was an audible sigh of relief as the door closed.

'Thank the Lord!' ejaculated the youth in the shepherd's-plaid clothes, whose name, Carr gathered, was Bob Carter. 'Old Fireworks has got cut of bed the wrong way this morning with a vengeance. I'd fifty times rather have Johnson in a rage, calling down fire from heaven on me and all my ways and works, than that old mummy, with his withering sarcasm.'

'You had better buck up with those plans,' said another of the pupils significantly, 'or you will have some more of his pleasant conversation, Bob. You are such an ass that you always manage to start him off, and then we all get it. Get on with your work for goodness' sake, and shut up!'

Mr Carter, thus strongly urged, subsided into gloomy silence, and commenced as requested to make a tracing of a plan which he unearthed from his desk.

Carr plodded on laboriously with his typing; little by little he got quicker and more sure, and the pile of papers beside him decreased. He was neat and accurate by nature; his work for a beginner was very good, and, considering his want of practice, he had made exceptional progress when a quarter to one chimed from the Town Hall clock hard by. The clerks were allowed from one to two for lunch, Dr Lawton had told him, and he was glad, for the unaccustomed work had wearied him, well as he had got on with it, and he felt he should be glad of the hour's break.

Just as the clock struck the door opened again, not to admit Mr Christian, as they all expected, but a short, strongly built, sandy-haired young man dressed in well-worn cord breeches and a shabby Norfolk jacket of rough Lovat tweed. He had dark, keen brown eyes, in rather striking contrast to his red hair, and

his plain face was both strong and humorous. 'Mr Johnson in?' he asked in a pleasant voice. 'I want to see him about those new pumps.'

'Away for the day,' returned Carter. 'Our beloved Vinegar Bottle is on the spot, though, if he is any use to you. He's been pouring balm on us this morning, I tell you.'

'Whist, man!' cautioned one of the others; 'speak of the Old Gentleman!'

Mr Christian indeed came into the office as the warning was uttered. His beady eyes, with malevolence in their gaze, glared round the industrious party gathered there. Seclusion in his own office did not seem to have improved his frame of mind.

'Mr Lawton wants to see Mr Johnson,' said Bob Carter hastily.

'Mr Johnson is away for the day on business,' said the managing clerk slowly, taking no further notice of the new-comer.—'Have you done that typing, Carr? Let me see.'

Carr gathered the sheets together and showed his morning's work. Mr Christian peered closely at each paper, and finally grunted; whilst Carr shook in his shoes with nervousness. 'I've seen worse,' the managing clerk remarked at last. 'Better go and get your lunch. Mind you are back in good time.'

He turned and went out without vouchsafing any attention to the others, to their exceeding relief; and Carr was putting the cover carefully over the typewriter, when Lawton touched him on the shoulder.

'I say, you are the chap who is with my people, are you not?' he asked. 'I'm a mining engineer, as I dare say they may have told you; one of Johnson's despised minions, too. Come out and have lunch with me, will you? I don't expect you know the place. I can show you where to get a good and cheap lunch, which is something these hard times.'

Carr assented gratefully, and after he had got his hat, the two young men ran down the steps together. Tom Lawton, he saw at a glance, was a very different type of man from Mr Johnson's promising pupils; he liked his straight, open face, and the impression of strength and kindness in his ugly features. 'It is awfully decent of you, Mr Lawton,' he said as they turned into a confectioner's old-fashioned shop, where respectful greeting was given to Tom Lawton by a superior-looking woman in charge. 'You seem to be a family of good Samaritans. I can't tell you how good your people have been to me—even Janet.'

Tom Lawton laughed. 'If you've got into Janet's good books you are all right,' he said, as they sat down at a spotless damask-covered table in a quiet upstairs room, and a trim waitress brought them beautifully cooked roast-beef and vegetables. 'Heavy was her hand on me in the days of my godless youth. Not had this place, is it? You get meat, vegetables, bread, butter, and cheese for a shilling.'

Carr opened his eyes. A decent lunch for that modest outlay was a revelation to him.

Lawton saw his expression, and silently drew his own conclusions. As the excellent cheese replaced the meat he looked quickly at his companion. 'Your place closes at one to-morrow,' he said. 'You've a half-holiday, as it is Saturday, you know. Are you doing anything?'

'No,' returned Carr. 'Nothing to do.'

'Well, how would you like to see over the iron-ore mine which is my cross in life just now? If you want to learn land agency, all those things come in useful. Look here, I must come over in the morning and see Johnson, so I'll bring the side-car for my motor bicycle, and take you back with me to Scale Fell. Then we will come back together in the evening. I always spend Sunday with my folks when I can manage it, you know. How will that suit you?'

'Thanks awfully,' said Carr boyishly. 'I shall enjoy it above everything. I've often wanted to see an iron-mine. My father began life as an iron-ore miner, you know.'

'Did he?' said Lawton, his keen eyes on Carr's face, his mental reflection being that Carr senior had certainly not ended his career in that capacity. 'Well, then, I will be on the lookout for you at one o'clock to-morrow.'

'There goes the quarter to,' said Carr. 'I must be getting back to the office. Thank you again, Mr Lawton.'

CHAPTER VI.

CARR made excellent progress with his work the following morning, and Mr Christian kept him busy till the clock chimed the hour of release. Mr Johnson he had not yet seen, and it was with a sinking heart that just as he was preparing for departure he received a message from that gentleman saying that he wished to see the new clerk in his private office. Carr hung up the cap which he had just taken off its peg, and followed the boy who had summoned him to a door bearing the legend 'Private' painted in large white letters across its panels.

'Knock,' said the youth briefly, and vanished, whistling, leaving Carr stranded on the mat.

He knocked obediently, and on receiving a shout 'Come in,' he walked into his chief's sanctum. The agent sat at a leather-topped large writing-table littered with innumerable papers. He nodded pleasantly at the young man; and Carr, on his side, noticed the intelligence of his thin, dark face, and a certain harassed expression in the pale-gray eyes. Johnson looked anything but a happy man.

'Glad to hear that you are getting on well, Carr,' said the agent curtly. 'Mr Christian tells me that though you are completely ignorant of the simplest rudiments of business, yet you are neat, accurate, and apparently industrious,

and also willing and quick to learn. I hope you will continue as you have begun.'

Carr flushed scarlet with surprise and gratification. Mr Christian's forbidding manner had certainly not given him the impression that he had earned any sort of approbation from that gentleman. 'I'm very glad to hear that Mr Christian thinks that, sir,' he said. 'I'll do my best to get on and be of more use as quickly as I can.'

Johnson looked kindly at him. 'If you are willing to learn,' he said, unlocking a drawer in the table at which he sat, and taking therefrom some loose silver, 'you will find Mr Christian is able and willing to teach you well in spite of his sharp tongue. His bark is worse than his bite. Now, here is your salary for the two days you have been in the office—seven shillings.'

Carr took the money, stammering his thanks. It had never occurred to him that he would receive any salary for the first few days, and an odd sensation of pride thrilled him as he slipped the first money he had ever earned into his pocket. Johnson nodded his dismissal; and Carr, already belated, hurried out to the street, to find Lawton, true to his promise, waiting for him with a motor cycle and a side-car. 'Sorry to keep you waiting,' he said as Lawton hailed him cheerily. 'I got kept just as I was coming away.'

'I know,' returned Lawton. 'Geordie told me the chief had sent for you. We'll have lunch first, and then get off at once. We have to go twenty miles, you know. Luckily the police in this neighbourhood have something better to do than sit in the hedge with a stop-watch and waylay harmless motorists.'

They had their lunch at the same confectioner's as the day before, and then set forth. Lawton was an expert motor-cyclist, and Carr thoroughly enjoyed the run. At first the road was uninteresting, for it lay amongst streets of houses all built to the same pattern. Then came blast-furnaces and collieries, and then at the top of a steep hill they reached the open country, and the road ran on a high tableland. Carr drew a long breath of sheer admiration. Line upon line of purple-blue mountain-peaks lay before them half-veiled in a shimmering haze of heat. A river whose waters were ruddy and turbid with iron swirled its way in sinuous curves to the sea behind them. Far ahead came a silver gleam amongst a belt of trees, at which Lawton pointed.

'That is Bleng Water, the nearest lake to Blackport,' he said. 'That fell rising at the other end of it is Scale Fell. We have to go right round the lake to get to it. Farther along there those two big mountains are Scaw Fell and Scaw Fell Pike. That horrid chasm between them is Mickledore. Decent country, isn't it?'

'It is simply beautiful,' returned Carr, turning in his seat and looking behind him over the

gleaming sea. Far away, the Isle of Man lay like a fairy isle on the horizon, and north of it more mountains proclaimed Scotland. The road was now descending in sharp curves into the valley, and the lake in all its summer beauty lay before them. One or two anglers drifted idly about in small boats.

'Might as well fish at home in comfort in the wash-tub,' said Lawton. 'Care for a day's fishing? I can lend you a rod and tackle.'

'Yes, rather,' returned Carr, who threw a light line. 'What is that house over there, on the slope just above the end of the lake where the boathouse is?' He pointed to a long, low, gray stone house which stood at the edge of a small pine-wood at the end of the lake. Its blinds were all down, and it wore a decidedly deserted air.

'Scale Hall,' said Lawton. 'It isn't Blackport property, though Lord Blackport, of course, is lord of the manor all round here. It belongs to an old chap who can't endure it. He wants to let it furnished, I believe; but though it is very cheap, no one will take it. They say it is full of dust and rats and ghosts and armour; and the drains are all wrong, too. We are nearly there now. We've made good time. The roads are good going to-day.'

The cycle was now humming along a wide, level road beside the lake. So close was the water to the road, indeed, that in winter, when gales were blowing, it made traffic impossible. They skirted close to the lake for some three miles, then over a bridge spanning a river, and into a village composed of rough-cast cottages.

'Scale Beck,' said Lawton. 'The mine is just at the other end of it.'

Carr looked round eagerly for the winding-gear of the shaft, but, to his surprise, saw no tall chimney, no staging rising into the summer sky. Save for the red stains of iron on the roads they might have been many miles from any great industry; yet Scale Fell, he had already learned, was a productive and rich mine, producing large quantities of hæmatite ore of good quality. They slowed down and passed carefully through

the straggling village, where a few men in iron-stained clothes and rude clogs lounged idly outside the wretched cottages.

From an open doorway of one came the strains of a melodeon; from another a harsh-voiced woman scolded some dirty children playing in the dusty road.

Scale Beck was a sordid spot to find in the midst of the beauty surrounding it. Round a corner, as they left the village behind, they came upon a wagon-way where a fussy little shunting-engine was hauling a long train of trucks full of blood-red ore. Lawton dexterously swung round another corner into a narrow lane running parallel to the wagon-way, leading straight up to the side of Scale Fell apparently, for ahead of them the bleak mountain-side towered inhospitably.

Suddenly Lawton shut off the engine and jumped off the cycle.

'Here we are,' he said, and led the way into a busy human hive. The clang of blacksmiths' hammers rang out noisily; men, stained blood-red from head to foot, moved incessantly to and fro like ants on a disturbed ant-heap; great mounds of reddish sludge—so it looked to Carr's bewildered eyes—were being shovelled from a kind of terrace on the fellside into long lines of trucks drawn up beneath. On the terrace itself endless trains of tubs appeared from somewhere and tipped out fresh heaps of this red sludge.

'Iron ore,' said Lawton, nodding at the heaps. 'Good stuff, too; nearly 40 per cent. of iron and soft gangue. Some of the mines hereabouts have plenty of good ore, but it is refractory to work, it is so mixed into granite. Here, this is my place. Come and get into some overalls.' He housed his cycle in a shed, and led Carr into a barely furnished office. From a cupboard he took out two suits of red-stained dungaree overalls such as mechanics wear, and giving his companion one, proceeded to get into the other himself. 'Now we are ready,' he said. 'Come along.'

(Continued on page 426.)

SIDELIGHTS ON SOCIAL LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

By Sir HENRY LUCY.

IN TWO FLASHES.—FLASH I.

DURING a recent visit to the United States,

I, as was natural to 'a struggling journalist,' was specially interested in the newspapers. I found in them the most striking and faithful representation of the buzzing, bubbling life that palpitates in New York and other great cities. An Englishman may have his morning newspaper; an American must. Many New Yorkers take a course of newspaper throughout the day, begin-

ning with breakfast, and buying the latest edition of the evening paper as they leave the theatre, going on to sup at Delmonico's or Sherrie's. In the majority of cases no exhaustive call is made upon their capacity for assimilating and digesting nutritive fare. An English newspaper, in spite of modern innovations, is in the main all sirloin of beef. The typical New York paper is composed of *hors-d'œuvres* and savouries.

There is nothing in common between the Press of the two countries, except it be the London *Daily Mail*, which tries to make the best of both worlds. The British daily paper, steeped in old traditions, takes itself seriously as a recorder of current events. It deals with parliamentary debate at considerable length, supplemented by verbatim reports of the platform speeches of eminent statesmen. It devotes, if necessary, a page to law courts, and has foreign telegrams from the ends of the earth. Some of the New York papers allot so much of their available space to Broddingnagian headlines that they have little room left for the Lilliput of mere facts.

Congress and the Senate, making much talk at Washington, are disposed of on the average of a column; and this does not record the luminous sayings of Parliament men, but is the paraphrase of a staff correspondent. Speeches delivered in the country by peripatetic politicians are severely treated in brief summary. *Per contra*, if on tour the President kisses a chance baby, or if a senator of a certain age marries a lady who might be his granddaughter, a column, one-third of the space being headlines, is generously bestowed upon the incident. By reason of its frequency, the marriage of an English peer with the daughter of an American millionaire is beginning to pall on a sensitive public palate; but if the bridegroom be a duke, two columns will shoulder into a back page the scanty paragraph about yesterday's debate in Congress. One respect in which American newspapers present an example British contemporaries might do well to follow is the extreme reticence with which they deal with cases such as come before our Divorce Court or in various phases crop up in the police courts. These are never exploited, and in such summary report as is given objectionable references are rigorously excluded.

American Sunday papers are unique in the journalism of the world. They are marvels of enterprise, organisation, and liberality of expenditure. The quantity of matter given away for five cents (twopence halfpenny) is equal to many of our six shilling novels. In the quality of readability they often exceed them. Few British shilling magazines, prepared for sale with the leisure of a lunar month, exceed the amount of matter provided by a New York Sunday paper. Nor is this modern growth of journalism confined to the metropolis. I found in all moderate-sized towns through which I travelled Sunday papers based on the model of the New York journals. The phenomenon is the more striking to the Britisher since we have nothing approaching a parallel. Some years ago the *New York Herald*, to whom nothing is sacred—not even the British Sabbath—attempted to introduce a Sunday paper for the benefit of benighted Britishers. Two rival London papers, resolved to have no foreign crowing on their dunghill, followed suit. One, having a Nonconformist conscience and the bulk

of its circulation among chapel people, published its Sunday edition on Saturday at midday. Even that quaint device did not save the situation. After a feeble, fluttering existence, involving the proprietors in the loss of large sums, the *Sunday Herald*, the *Sunday Telegraph*, and the *Sunday Daily News* (the last-named guaranteed to be written and printed on a Saturday) were dropped.

One reason for this state of things is that we have in Great Britain, least of all in London, no means of distributing papers on Sunday. The great monopolist of the railway bookstalls puts up his shutters on a Saturday night. A few tobacconists and small retail newsgents open their shops for an hour or so on a Sunday morning for the sale of the old-established penny weeklies; but the running newspaper boy, with his shrill cry of 'Speshul,' 'All the Winners,' ceases from troubling, and the ordinary newspaper reader is at rest.

Next to the whirl of the newspaper, the rush of street traffic in New York gives pause even to the Londoner long familiar with the crush in Fleet Street and the Strand, the murmur of the multitude round the Mansion House, and the recurrent block of the illimitable tide of traffic in Piccadilly. Compared with the effort of crossing Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, with an elevated car going up-town, another dashing down-town, streams of surface cars passing east and west, the battlefield is a place of comparative safety. When I was in New York I was informed that the death-rate in the streets consequent on the traffic movement was three a day. That is an infinitesimal proportion of a population of three millions and a half. Still, one mangled body makes a hole in a humble household.

Men get used to any condition of life—working in a coal-mine, stoking a steamer in the Red Sea, eating blubber fat on Greenland's icy mountains, or strolling half-dressed on India's coral strand. Thus hard-working men and women in New York count as naught the 'rush time' of the outward or homeward bound surface cars, the morning and evening battle by Brooklyn Bridge. But it must tell upon temperaments, howsoever stolid. Taken in conjunction with the incessant roar of the Elevated Railway, the manœuvring necessary safely to cross a road between an up and a down car, it is mentally and physically a wearing process.

* * *

Voyaging from Liverpool to New York in the *Lucania*, a patriotic New Yorker, sniffing the air as we crossed the Banks of Newfoundland, enthusiastically said, 'Ah, this air reminds me of home. It is like drinking champagne.' It was a bleak day, and I thought the champagne was perhaps a little overiced. That is a detail. It is only the new-comer or the citizen returning after long absence who fully appreciates the exhilarating air of New York. I do not specially

mean in the neighbourhood of the Bowery, being more familiar with the up-town district. I arrived after a laborious London season and session. It is hard to say which is the more laborious. Certainly the combination makes heavy calls on one's stamina. I was in the States on a sort of holiday, and, with design to keep up the dissimulation, went on a week's visit to a charming house in New Jersey, some fifteen miles outside New York. Immediate, irresistible, was the influence of the atmosphere and surroundings on the wearied Londoner.

I straightway got to work, accomplishing a morning's literary task with ease and swiftness unknown at Westminster. If I were engaged upon an important work involving close attention and sustained effort I should emigrate to New York State, and find a quiet resting-place in New Jersey or Long Island. On my mentioning to Henry Irving (at the time playing at a Broadway theatre) the recreative influence of New York air, he said, 'Yes, I feel it too. Only at first—only at first,' he repeated with a far-away look, brushing his forehead with his hand as if Hamlet saw his mother dallying with the usurping king and wanted to sweep away the hateful vision.

It is probably true that the physical and mental effect of the magical atmosphere that environs New York is, like the influence of the champagne to which it has been likened, evanescent—may even, like an overdose of champagne, ultimately lead to headache. But there it is day and night, and to its influence I trace the peculiar characteristics of the New Yorker—his restlessness, his pushfulness, his inventiveness, and his energy. Presumably he sleeps sometimes. Like the weasel, it is uncommonly hard to happen upon him in that condition. Seen through the pure atmosphere of his homeland, all things loom large. His places of business affront the heavens to a height of twenty storeys. If he hankers after a palace for a homestead, he buys a block or so in the most highly rented quarter, pulls down the tenements, and builds his soul a lordly dwelling-house that shall be the envy of his friend and neighbour who last embarked on similar enterprise. If he is concerned in a particular line of trade, he does not rest till he has linked all competing firms in a gigantic Trust. If he is director of a railway, he rests nor night nor day till he has amalgamated other lines with his own. If incidentally he turns his attention upon hotel property, he creates and magnificently furnishes an edifice capable of homing the population of an average hamlet. Having daily to traverse the length of Manhattan Island on business bent, he is not satisfied with the ordinary method of locomotion along street-levels. He flies by the Elevated Railway, races by the surface cars; and, there being no convenient waters under the earth affording means of locomotion, he has now builded himself an underground railway.

How is this pace kept up? Is the average life of the New Yorker as long as that of his brother in London, Dundee, Dunfermline, or other comparatively slow-going place? Envious English sisters, whilst admitting the prettiness and style of the American girl or the young matron, hint that it does not last. American women, they more than whisper, rapidly fade, becoming old, even haggard, before their time. Women will say anything about each other, more especially when there rolls between them the broad barrier of safety represented by the Atlantic. I shrink from recording observation on so delicate a subject. But if American women do not prematurely wear themselves out, their preservation of freshness is marvellous testimony to the durability of the material. During the London season we have some *grandes dames*, young and—and otherwise, who slave through a long day with energy and tirelessness that shame the grumbling navvy with his eight hours day. There is nothing in London society equal to the tremendous efforts an American woman with a recognised position in society puts into a day's work. New York society women—like St Paul, I speak as a fool—are more in evidence than their London sisters. More self-reliant they are, less dependent upon fathers and husbands. They pitch their voices higher in conversation. They are not so studious in the effort to obtain quiet effect in dress. They are not the rose, but they live near it. They are not men, but that is no reason why they should not wear men's hats, high collars, sailor-knots, horsey breastpins, gay waistcoats, and coats cut away into tails so as not to obscure well-rounded hips.

* * *

It was written by one of old time, 'Good Americans when they die go to Paris.' To-day, more especially during the Horse Show Week, fair American women will die if they don't go to the Waldorf Hotel. Living, as I chanced to do through the festive week, in that vast hostelry is wholesome discipline for mere man. What with bazaars in the morning, long lunches in a land where it seems always afternoon, five o'clock tea, dinner, the Horse Show, back to supper, and all the time the endless stream of elaborately appressed women in morning or evening dress flooding the promenades, men, swept away to the smoke-room, the billiard-room, or draughty corners of the corridors, begin to understand their true position.

Making occasional commentary on the dearness of things in the United States, I was sometimes met by the rejoinder that Americans visiting London suffered similar experience. Special complaint was made of the charges at the hotels. If they exceed those imposed upon me in New York, Washington, and above all Boston, American visitors to London have my sincere sympathy. Of the three towns it is only fair to

say that whilst charges were pretty stiff at the Waldorf in New York and the Shoreham at Washington, one got something handsome in return. There were well-appointed bedrooms, with bath *en suite*, excellent cuisine, luxurious coffee-rooms, drawing-rooms, and smoke-rooms. At the Boston hotel boomed by unsophisticated Baedeker as a large and sumptuously equipped house, we paid for a dingy attic room without a bath only a dollar and a half less per day than we were charged for the perfection of accommodation at the avowedly costly Waldorf.

One extravagance common to all the hotels is grape fruit. The finest specimens offered in the streets at a charge of fivepence cost at the breakfast or dinner table half-a-crown. Another luxury a limited income permitted me to enjoy only once. Leaving my shoes out over night to be cleaned, I found in my bill an item of thirty cents (one shilling and threepence) for the service. That imposition, as Dr Johnson confessed when a lady asked him why he had spoken of a horse's pastern as its knee, was due to 'Ignorance, Madam; pure ignorance.' Americans dwelling in hotels don't put their shoes outside to be cleaned, nor do they to appreciable extent avail themselves of the shoos found in the bedrooms of some modern hotels which deliver the boots and shoes of guests in the bootblack's study. They walk out to the nearest stand, or to the lowest floor, where bootblacks hold their court, and get a shine at the minimum price of five cents.

Five cents is practically, for visitors at least, the lowest coin current in the United States. There are cents, value one halfpenny, and there are even newspapers priced at that figure. Inspired by fraternal desire to further the prosperity of a newspaper, I bought in the streets of Washington a copy of the *New York Times*, a sheet which contains more matter than our London penny papers, and is priced at a halfpenny. The boy gave me a copy of the paper. I gave him a nickel (twopence halfpenny), and waited for the change. I am still waiting. The same experience befell me in buying on a car a copy of the *World*, also priced one halfpenny. Bang went a nickel, the hurried news-vendor slaying me with a silent stare when I hesitatingly mentioned a difference of four cents presumably due to me. I suppose New Yorkers do not suffer this imposition, which, if universal, effectually spoils the game of enterprising proprietors who almost give their paper away in the race for big circulation. I speak only of what I know.

* * *

One morning in New York I deposited a limited number of dollars in the hands of a lady addicted to lavish shopping in London, and begged her to go forth to a draper's shop and see what the coins would fetch. As we may live to see protective duties levied in this country, it seemed interesting to ascertain how housekeepers

in New York fare when they want small supplies of haberdashery and the like. The establishment chosen for the experiment was a colossal building known all over the States for its bold advertisements of the exceptional cheapness of its wares. My emissary returned with a scared countenance and an exceedingly limited assortment of tapes, ribbons, shoe-laces, hair-pins, and one tooth-brush. But she had no dollars and very few cents. In no case were her small purchases completed on a scale less than double London charges, whilst in some instances affecting the commonest necessities of household existence the price was three times what would be charged in a similar establishment in London. She reported that the place was crowded with customers, a circumstance which indicated that the claim of comparative cheapness was admitted by the class best qualified to know the facts.

These are the experiences of a flying visit. The resident American to the manner born bears the burden uncomplainingly. It is nothing compared with others of serious import—house-rent and servants' wages, to wit. High rents are the inevitable corollary of the geographical position of New York. Built as it is on a narrow tongue of land running out to the sea, the area of building sites is arbitrarily circumscribed. In London, Paris, and other great capitals a growing population may swarm out in search of residences over a circle indefinitely enlarged. God made Manhattan Island, and man, even the New Yorker, cannot laterally extend its building sites. The difficulty is met in characteristic manner. As there is no room, save at prohibitive cost, to spread out on the surface, American builders soar upwards towards the heavens. Happily no ground-rent is leviable upon altitude. Accordingly business premises, tenements, offices, are built from twelve to twenty storeys high, with innumerable lifts, some going right away to loftiest heights without stopping, others of the parliamentary train order, stopping at every station.

For well-to-do gentlemen like Mr Carnegie, who bought on Fifth Avenue several blocks of tenements, razed them to the ground, and built his soul a lordly mansion-house, it is possible to live in comfort up-town. Down-town huge blocks of buildings like the monstrosity known as the Flat Iron rear their loveless heads to the height of twenty-one storeys. For the professional man in a small way of business, the city clerk, or the shopkeeper's assistant the struggle for life in lodgings is grievous. In London citizens of this class can find within easy approach to their place of business snug little houses, often with Lilliputian gardens, at rentals varying from twenty pounds to thirty pounds a year. There is no such domestic elysium for Brixton's brother or Camberwell's cousin living in New York.

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SOME POST-OFFICE RULES.

By R. S. SMYTH.

THE experience gained in the working of the post-office has rendered it necessary for the postal authorities to make certain rules from time to time, and to impose certain restrictions. Of at least some of these the public generally are not aware. Those persons who happen to have unwittingly broken them, and in consequence borne the penalty, of course know of their existence; but they are comparatively few. Possibly the rules or restrictions may by some be considered unnecessary and perhaps irritating. In justification of their adoption, however, it may be stated that there is certainly no desire on the part of the postal authorities to give trouble without sufficient reason; and it is believed that impartial consideration not merely of what the rules are designed to prevent, but of the objects they are intended to secure, will show that they are not only desirable but necessary.

The object of the first I shall refer to is to prevent deception as to the place of posting. It not infrequently happens that, probably for some improper reason, the sender of a letter wishes the addressee to believe it was posted at another place than that from which it was really sent. He concludes that for this purpose all that he requires to do is to enclose the letter to the postmaster of the place whence the addressee is to suppose it came, with a request that it be posted there. His request will be complied with, but not until the following endorsement has been written on the cover: 'Posted at — [the place from which received] under cover to the postmaster of —.' The attempt to deceive the addressee is thus defeated.

When writing to postmasters about official matters that concern perhaps only themselves—the redirection of letters, for instance—many persons consider that they need not prepay the postage; some, indeed, improperly inscribe the letters O.H.M.S., imagining that this will cause the letters to pass free. But it will not; they are liable to charge, and it should therefore be understood that a postmaster is not bound to accept any letter addressed to him on which a surcharge for non-payment or insufficient payment of postage has been raised.

The regulations for the redirection of letters properly require that all requests for redirection shall be signed by the persons to whom the letters are addressed—they alone being held to have the right to give such instructions. It sometimes happens, however, that when two or more persons are travelling together, and moving from place to place, one will write an instruction directing that the letters for all the members of the party (whose names he furnishes) shall be sent on. He signs it himself, but from ignorance of the rule does not get it signed by the others.

Strictly the instruction should be, and as a rule is, acted on only as regards his own letters; but occasionally a postmaster will send those for the other members of the party under cover to the postmaster at the new address, forwarding at the same time the imperfect instruction, and requesting that, if correct, it shall be authenticated by the addressees and the letters delivered to them. This, however, postmasters are not required to do, and neglect of the rule sometimes causes much disappointment and annoyance. It would obviously be undesirable that the forwarding of letters under such circumstances should become general, as the practice would facilitate attempts by unscrupulous persons, by personation or other means, at the new address, to obtain letters that did not belong to them.

As evidence of the care exercised by the post-office for the protection of the public, it may be interesting to know that as regards ordinary requests for redirection purporting to be signed by the addressees, it is the practice, even when there is no reason to doubt their genuineness, to send them, with such letters as may be on hand at the time, under cover to the postmaster at the new address for verification. Letters that may arrive pending their return are also forwarded under cover, but after the requests have been returned duly authenticated letters are no longer enclosed. These precautions have been found to be necessary. Only by a strict observance of the rule can the rights of the addressees as to the disposal of their letters be safeguarded. It may be mentioned here, as regards redirection, that postmasters are not bound to redirect letters for a person temporarily leaving his house, unless the house is left uninhabited; nor is he under any obligation to redirect letters addressed to clubs, hotels, boarding-houses, or lodgings.

Extraordinary applications are sometimes made to postmasters. A very common request, however, is for information as to the character, standing, or respectability of persons and firms, and the postmaster is, as a rule, assured that his reply will be treated as strictly confidential. Compliance with such requests would obviously impose a very important and delicate duty on postmasters, and would sometimes place them in an awkward position. It should be unnecessary to say that no such request will be complied with.

With reference to letters which pass through the post-office, it may be stated that no information regarding them will be given to any person or persons other than those to whom they are addressed.

It is desirable that persons travelling who may find it necessary to tender bank-notes at a post-office should, if possible, provide themselves with

gold instead. This will appear from the following enactment: 'A Bank of England note is a legal tender in England and Wales only when presented in payment of an amount equal to its nominal value, or in payment of a larger sum. No bank-note is a legal tender in Scotland or Ireland, but it will generally be accepted if there is no reason to suspect its genuineness.' Postmasters have been informed accordingly, so that should they exercise a discretion and accept bank-notes under other conditions than those here stated, they do so at their own risk. Some postmasters, indeed, especially when bank-notes are presented by strangers, will not accept any risk, and the persons tendering them occasionally meet with disappointment.

Until a comparatively recent date cash was given at post-offices for small quantities of postage stamps—a small deduction being made—but the practice has now ceased. If, however, not less than twenty shillings' worth be tendered by one person, he will be required to fill up a form, and will be told that payment for the value, less $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., will be made by post-office order, to be issued by the chief office of the country—London, Dublin, or Edinburgh—which will be sent by post to his address. Stamps cannot now, under any circumstances, be exchanged for cash at the post-office counter.

As regards the use of the post-office or *poste restante* as an address, it may be mentioned that only travellers and strangers have the right so to use it, and obtain their letters on calling. Persons living within an official delivery have not that right, and should it be found that they make a practice of using the post-office in this way, their letters will be sent out by postmen. It may be stated in this connection that letters addressed to initials, to fictitious names, or to a Christian name without a surname will not be

delivered, but will be sent to the Returned Letter Office.

The practice of having on the outside of half-penny packets (circulars) and newspapers, and on the front of post-cards, the name and address of the sender, with a request for their return in case of non-delivery, has become very general. The request will be complied with if delivery cannot be effected; but it is not generally known that such compliance will involve a charge of a halfpenny for such article, which will be demanded on the return of the article, and its payment is compulsory. The return is regarded as a second transmission; hence the charge.

The post-office protects the public from annoyance by prohibiting the sending by post of any grossly offensive communication or any indecent print, photo, &c. The official rule is directly authorised by an Act of Parliament, from which the following is an extract: 'It is enacted by the Post-Office Protection Act, amongst other things, that any person who encloses any indecent or obscene print, painting, or photo, book, or card, or any indecent or obscene article, whether similar to the above or not, or has in such packet or on the cover thereof any words, marks, or designs of an indecent, obscene, or grossly offensive character, shall be held guilty of a misdemeanour, and shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding ten pounds.'

There is a restriction, also, in the interest of the public, as regards the use of private boxes. A private box at a post-office can be rented, if for a legitimate purpose, on payment of one guinea or two guineas a year according to circumstances; but the privilege will not be granted to any person who may be reasonably suspected of requiring the box for an improper purpose, nor will a box be let to any person who may intend to use it under an assumed name.

AN ENT DOVECOTS.

A STRANGER to the Lothians of Scotland and the ancient kingdom of Fife cannot but be impressed, and have his curiosity aroused, by one most outstanding and arresting feature of the landscape. Dotted all over these counties are quaint structures, sometimes standing alone, sometimes beside an ancient keep, or again towering above and dwarfing some little red-roofed cottage or farm-steading. These are dovecots, doocots, or pigeon-houses. They are quite large, solid stone structures, on one side appearing like a square stone wall, on the opposite side like the back-view of a cottage, while in section the shape is roughly that of the rudder or helm of a ship. The square, blank face, it is to be noted, almost always looks to the north, the opposite face with sloping roof looks to the south, and the inclined part is pierced with numerous holes or pigeon-doors. Within easy

walking distance of Edinburgh three notably good specimens are to be seen—one at Nether Liberton, on the Dalkeith Road, one on the Braid Hills Road, in a particularly picturesque little nook, and another on the north face of the hill at Craiglockhart.

At one time no estate or lairdship in the east midlands of Scotland was complete without its dovecot. These little edifices appear to have been peculiarly prized by the owners of the land, and the reason for this is a little difficult to find. Three explanations may be hazarded—that they existed for the prosaic purpose of providing dainty fresh food, or for sporting purposes (perhaps as an archery test, akin to the 'popinjay' of *Old Mortality* fame), or, again, because of a quasi-religious superstition that the dove was specially worthy of protection as a symbol of heavenly

love, peace, and prosperity. Some colour is lent to the last of these conjectures by the further existence of an old belief that if a dovecot were destroyed the lady of the family would meet her death within the year, and also by the fact that a dovecot is now often to be found standing long after the manor, keep, or castle to which it was once attached has disappeared. It is more probable, however, that the dietetic explanation is the correct one, more especially when one considers that in Scotland, in the time when dovecots flourished, living was a stern, dreary, unappetising business, and that consequently any means of improving upon the monotonous régime of mutton, greens, pease and oat porridge would be gladly welcomed.

Whatever the real reason for the universal maintenance of these structures, they certainly had a great part in the life of their time, and there was undoubtedly some strong consideration of public policy—it may, as already indicated, have been religious in its connection—which held them in respect. In an Act of James the Fourth, passed in 1503, dealing also with the laws of venery, there are classed together 'steallers of pykes out of stancks, breakers of Dowcattes, Orchardes, or Zairds, or stealers of hives or breakers thereof,' as persons guilty of crimes which are 'to be a point of dittay in time to cum'—that is, felonies. The Act further provides that if these acts are done by children under age, their parents or guardians must pay a fine or deliver up the children to be 'leisched, scourget, and dung according to the falt.'

By the time of the union of the Crowns, it appears that considerations of public policy in regard to the dovecots had to some extent given way to private interest. Perhaps by this time, under Reformation influences, any superstitious value the dovecots possessed may have disappeared, giving place to utilitarian considerations. However that may be, the privilege of building and maintaining a dovecot was one which was most jealously guarded by its owner. It must have been a great consolation to many a small laird, whose hereditary predatory instincts had been checked by the march of order and civilisation, to have within his estate a sort of robber stronghold for his pigeons, from which they could sally forth to plunder the crops on his neighbours' lands, and return again to pay their tribute to the feudal lord and master in the shape of succulent pigeon-pie.

Such keen competition in the building of dovecots soon came to be regarded as an abuse, and it was successfully checked by an Act of James the Sixth of Scotland in 1617, 'Anent Dowcatis.' The Act is quoted here at length because of its quaint old Scotch phrasing and still quaint spelling. Apparently people in those days did not worry much about the presence or absence of an odd letter here and there:

'Our Sovereane Lord, with aduyse and consent

of the estaittis of this present Parliament, Considering the gryit inconveniences sustenit by the Liegis of this realme throw the frequent building of doucattis by all maner of persounes in all the pairtis thairroff, Statutis, declaris, and ordanis that heirefter no persoun or persounes sal have power libertie or priviledge to build a doucat upoun oun landis within this realme, nather within Burght nor in the Cuntrie, except that persoun, buildar of the doucatt, have lands and teyndis pertening to him extending in yeirlie rent to ten chalderis victuell nixt adjacent to the said doucatt, at the least lying within tua myllis to the same; And als declairis that it sall nowayis be lauchfull to the persoun foirsaid worthe in yeirlie rent the foirsaidis ten chalderis victuel to builde moe doucattis upoun and within the boundis foirsaidis except one doucate onlye.'

This piece of legislation was by no means a dead letter. We find not a few cases reported as having been decided before the Lords of Council and Session in connection with this privilege and its statutory limitations. Many names typical of Scottish lairddom appear as litigants—Durie of Grange, Kinloch of Conland, the Lord Lyon, Gordon of Gordonstoun in the parish of Kinneddar—and the vexed question appears to have been whether, according to the reading of the Act, it meant one sufficient estate one 'doucatt,' or one 'doucatt' to every ten chalders victual rental of land.

The history of the dovecots throws some light upon domestic life in Scotland before and after the Reformation, and they are interesting relics of that hardy era. The dovecots are still here and there all over the country, but the lairds and their houses have in many instances gone, and all that remains besides to mark the memory of the old litigious days is the somewhat famous definition of the Fife laird: 'A wee pickle land, a hantle o' pride, and a doucat;' and, it might be added, 'a guid-gaun plea.'

AD MONTES.

THE marsh-fowl's lonely cry I hear,
I see the mill's dark sails asleep.
The placid pool, the slumb'rous mere,
The lane aflood with sleep.

But to the hills leaps my desire,
I thirst to tread the trackless moor;
Her magic stirs the imprison'd fire,
A shrine, her purple floor.

I burn to feel the breath divine,
The inspiration of the height;
To catch the murmur of the pine,
Voice of the Infinite.

Regretful reverie is vain!
Mine, halting hours and exile lone;
No sun-bathed summits, pensive plain—
Life a drear monotone.

H. G. TUNNICLIFF.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SIDELIGHTS ON SOCIAL LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

By Sir HENRY LUCY.

FLASH II.

NEXT to the burden of house-rent, perhaps even beyond it in degree of temperature, the burning question of domestic life in the United States is that of servants. It is not unfamiliar in Great Britain; but the lot of the British housewife is a happy one compared with that of her suffering sister in the opulent United States. The foundation of this angularity of the social structure goes down as deep as the Declaration of Independence. 'All men are equal,' declared that historical document. 'And so are women' is the supplementary assertion that has grown up with the accumulation of the years. If the dictum be well founded and generally accepted, where does the domestic servant come in? To tell the truth, it is very hard to get her to come in at all; and when she is there, it is she, not the nominal mistress, who rules the roast. Of course in America there are no such things as domestic servants. There are 'helps,' a phrase which, literally construed, means that they help themselves to as much as they can get in the way of wages, food, and the comforts of other people's homes, and give as little as possible in the way of service.

During a visit to a country house some twenty miles distant from New York I caught a fleeting glimpse of a new parlour-maid, a young lady with spectacles and fuzzy hair unrestrained by cap, who, arriving on a Friday evening, departed on the following Monday morning. Her sole grievance was that there was no electric light in her bedroom. Every other luxury an English parlour-maid's heart could desire was admittedly at hand—a beautiful house, high wages, a liberal table, a staff of fellow-servants indoors; outside (within reasonable distance for conversational purposes) a cluster of cottages for coachmen, grooms, and gardeners. Not least essential, a mistress who knew her place, and did not insist upon display of badge of service in the way of caps or aprons. But Angelina was condemned to array, disrobe, and read in bed by candlelight, or at best with a paraffin-lamp dimly burning. The mistress's rooms and the guests' chambers had electric light by the dressing-table, with one conveniently fixed at the back of the bed. If you call that Equality, Angelina didn't. So, having, as I said, come on

a Friday, she went on the Monday following, her last moments embittered by the reflection that the so-called 'lady' of the house had declined to place the carriage at her disposal to reconduct her to the station.

I dwell on the case of Angelina because I chanced to be staying in the house where the comedy was played. I noted the significant fact that the host and hostess did not appear to regard the episode with surprise or resentment. Whence the stranger gathered that it was nothing much out of the usual way.

Later I had the opportunity of studying the rules of a trade union of comparatively recent birth, but, I was assured, of established prosperity. It was called the Household Employés' Union. 'Household employé' is good, more sonorous than the already vulgarised 'help.' There were five points in this new charter. The first decreed 'that the actual working day shall not be longer than eight hours, and shall end when the dishes are washed and put away.' There is a delightful vagueness about this time-limit, which, it will be observed, leaves the household employé—the word is, regardless of sex, so spelled throughout the charter—in command of the situation. She can wash and put away the dishes at speed or at leisure according to her ulterior purpose. When it is done there is the end of the working day. The bells may go a-ringing for Sarah. She cometh not, she said.

The second point insists 'that employés shall be allowed one afternoon and evening in each week in addition to the Sunday hours from nine A.M. to twelve P.M. No work shall be done on Sunday after three P.M.' This generously leaves a little time, not much, for earning wages through the week. On the subject of wages the charter is peremptory. The 'question of wages,' so it orders, 'shall be settled at time of employment, and no reduction allowed. All complaints shall be made to the agent of the union.' This simplifies matters. If a household employé unduly lies abed in the morning, wantonly breaks dishes, is impertinent in manner, or uncertain in returning home after her one afternoon and evening in each week, she is not to be disturbed by direct remonstrance. The mistress fleetly

drives down to the office of the union, takes her turn with others awaiting in a back-parlour the convenience of the agent, and may then state her case.

The charter throws light on the question of the scale of wages paid for this fragmentary service. It will be useful for comparison with the experience of British householders. Cooks are to receive a minimum wage of five dollars a week, equivalent in English money to a trifle over fifty-four pounds a year. This, of course, does not apply to masters or mistresses of the art. The class thus appraised is on the average akin to the cook-general of humble English households, who, I am told, regard twenty pounds a year as handsome pay. Chamber-maids and nurse-girls must not accept less than sixteen shillings and eightpence a week; whilst a numerous class, whose infirmity is delicately alluded to by reference to 'inexperienced maids or apprentices,' are inhibited from serving for less than twelve shillings and sixpence a week. 'Cooks,' it is written, 'are not permitted to wash or iron; laundresses are not permitted to cook.'

That the charter was, in spite of the use of the term 'employé,' drawn up by a woman appears in the fifth point. It is the postscript to the woman's letter, the pith and point of the epistle. There is something sublime in the severity of its brevity. 'Gentlemen friends shall not be barred from the kitchen or back-door.'

This charter has certain delicious flashes of unconscious humour unattainable by the grosser nature of man; but in the general spirit of his servitude the employé is exceedingly like the employée. Circumstances compel him to enter service in its various grades and developments; but he takes care to let whomsoever he comes in contact with understand that he is there only because, out of benevolent eccentricity, he likes it, and is prepared to leave on the slightest presumption either on the part of his employer or of guests permitted temporarily to reside under his roof. In England I have several treasured acquaintances in the persons of family butlers whom, as a recurrent guest, I have known in their places for twenty years or more. Their welcome on my arrival, though quieter, is as warm as their master's, their personal attention throughout a visit unfailing in thoughtfulness and true courtesy. During a series of visits to country houses in the state of New York I came across only one butler who had anything approaching this manner. I was so struck by the distinction that I mentioned it to my host, who in response explained the mystery. The butler was an Englishman, recommended to his present employer by an old friend in Hampshire. For the rest, the born American butler makes week-enders and members of other house-parties know and keep their place.

The same spirit of effusive, not to say offensive, independence animates what, for want of a better

word, may be called the servitor class throughout the States. Omnibus conductor or restaurant waiter, train conductor and the coloured gentleman who makes your bed on the sleeping-car, policeman, cabman, shoeblack, they are all one in their unconcealed conviction that America is a free country, and that it would be unpatriotic for any of its sons to let it down by urbanity of manner displayed towards those with whom they come in contact.

* * *

One or two minor matters in connection with daily life at the dinner-table may be mentioned. In an English hotel or restaurant it is almost the exception to see a man, or for the matter of that a woman, lunching or dining without taking wine or its equivalent. In the United States the exception is the other way about. At an hotel *table-d'hôte* in New York, if you see a party taking wine, whisky-and-soda, or lager beer with their meal, you are pretty safe in assuming that they are not Americans. Of course, if it is an arranged luncheon-party or dinner-party, whether at an hotel, restaurant, or at home, wine is forthcoming with British freedom. I am speaking of the personal habits of the American citizen. In the case of men, compensation is commonly found in the ante-prandial cocktail. At his meals, beginning with breakfast, the New Yorker, breathing the dry, exhilarating atmosphere of Manhattan Island, copiously drinks water abundantly iced.

Another hotel habit common throughout the States, much esteemed by newspaper-owners, is that every guest buys his own paper. In British hotels there is provided *pro bono publico* a limited number of morning and evening journals, taken in turn by the guests. In big hotels in America a bookstall is set up in the entrance-hall, a custom I observe cultivated in their counterparts among the new hotels in this country. Guests making their way towards the breakfast-room buy their favourite paper, often paying a cent or two more than is asked for it in the street.

In private houses neither dressing-bell nor dinner-bell is rung. Dinner is served at a named hour, and guests are assumed to be able to present themselves in due time properly arrayed. Another thing that goes to the heart—because the condiment does not reach the stomach—of the patriotic Britisher is the infrequency of the appearance of mustard on the table. An Englishman served with a plate of roast-beef instinctively gasps when he finds the accustomed mustard withheld. I remember that on one of my earliest country-house visits, when a slice of cold beef was served at luncheon, I thoughtlessly asked an authoritative person in plain clothes who stood behind my chair if he would hand me the mustard. Never shall I forget the look with which he scathed me. Finally, the bill-of-fare, which we English mincingly call the menu, is

in America foreign to the dinner-table whether in town or country houses. In a wide and varied experience among the most hospitable people on the face of the earth, only once did I see a bill-of-fare provided, and that was placed immediately in front of the hostess, who from other sources of information knew what she was to expect. At an English dinner-table the proportion of one to every two or three guests is habitually maintained.

* * *

Differing from our own, the American Treasury is lavish in the expenditure of money where dissemination of information is the object sought. What we call Blue Books, and charge for by avoidupois weight, are in the United States distributed freely to whosoever asks for them. In Washington there is established a Bureau of Labour, whose business it is to acquire from the uttermost ends of the earth any scraps of information that may be useful to American working men, whether as individuals or organisations. A written application will bring post-free a copy of any report or document desired. It is the same with the Weather Bureau. Its forecasting is conducted with infinite skill and care. The country is mapped out into centres, the aggregate reaching in number the days of the year. When a farmer thinks the time is at hand when he should be cutting his corn or making his hay, he places himself in communication with the Weather Bureau, and, without money and without price, receives a forecast of the probable weather. In the busy season, something like fifty thousand messages are sent out to as many farms, bestowing incalculable benefit.

Another aid to agriculture is found in the establishment of agricultural colleges, nurtured by the State department. These are found in every state of the Union. In some tuition, which runs a course of four years, is free, board being paid for at somewhere about cost price. The late Mr Whitelaw Reid, long time American Ambassador to this country, had a charming country house within convenient distance of New York. Ophir Farm it is modestly called, though in proportions and architectural style it singularly resembles Windsor Castle. During my stay the host, with pardonable pride, showed me his dairy, a clean little palace where butter is made every morning with the aid of the latest resources of civilisation. Everything is done by machinery, the whole worked by a single hand. What struck me most in the inspection of the premises was a certificate displayed on the wall bearing the seal of the State College, which set forth the qualifications of the dairyman, recording the degrees he had won by hard study. In this country the dairymen's daughter would not know her parent if she found such a document, neatly framed, hanging in his dairy.

These agricultural colleges do not limit their attention to the comparatively young. Lectures

are given which are attended by men who have spent the greater part of their lives tilling the land. They run through courses up to a dozen, farmers trooping in from a radius of thirty miles, and carrying back with them many valuable practical hints. An American is never satisfied with what he has. He is always experimenting in the effort of finding new material to work upon or better means of dealing with the old. Under the auspices of the Agricultural Department, what are called Experiment Stations are established all over the country. Plots are treated with divers manures, and the result carefully recorded. Working farmers watch the process and apply it to their own land, frequently with the result that two blades of grass grow where formerly only one flourished.

This sane, wholesome striving after something new animates all trades. Workmen are encouraged to find out better ways of accomplishing their daily task. If a new idea flashes upon them, they have free access to their employer, who welcomes them with encouraging word. If there seems anything in it, the man may use his master's time and the materials of the factory in working it out. Of course the employer looks to his profit, but the vested interests of the inventor are respected. In some of the largest and most prosperous works prizes amounting to one hundred pounds are offered for suggestions of doing particular bits of work in improved fashion.

Here again the State comes in with wise paternal assistance. As far as the attitude of the British Patent Office is concerned, a man had much better slay his mother-in-law than be guilty of inventing any labour-saving process. The chief, if not the sole, concern of the Patent Office is to pocket fees. These are so high as to be practically prohibitive, for genius is apt to be born with a beggarly pittance. It adds to the discouragement of the inventor that nothing is done in the way of providing guidance or information. He may spend his hardly earned fifty or one hundred pounds, obtain his patent, and thereafter discover that he has been forestalled, probably years before. In the States not only are the patent fees small, averaging something like five pounds, but the fullest information is at the free disposal of applicants. They are, indeed, saved the trouble of research. On particulars of their alleged discovery being lodged, a register describing all patents granted not only in America but throughout Europe is consulted, and a patent issued only if the invention be actually new. Thus, while invention in this country is deliberately discouraged as if it were a form of petty larceny, in America it is carefully nurtured, reaping rich reward not only to individuals but to the State.

* * *

Some years ago we in this country gained experience, received not without a shock, of

the forms of American advertising. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* was brought to Printing House Square by an enterprising Yankee who had previously made a fortune by taking in hand and pushing into circulation a dictionary which till he appeared on the scene had a small and failing circulation. All those screaming advertisements which a dozen years ago shocked sedate readers of the *Times* by buttonholing them at their very breakfast-table were written by Americans who compose advertisements as some of us write leading articles or prize poems, and, I regret to say, are much better paid. I heard of one big establishment in New York, a sort of Universal Provider, where the leader of the staff of advertisement writers commands a salary equal to two thousand pounds a year.

* * *

Perhaps I may be permitted to conclude these random notes with a personal one relating to the newly elected President of the United States. Though of late years Governor of New Jersey, Dr Woodrow Wilson was so little known throughout the States that, as a preliminary to his campaign for the Presidency, it was found expedient to have written in popular form and widely circulated the story of his life. In the course of the narrative it was stated that whilst still a student at Princeton College young Wilson came upon a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in 1874, containing a series of articles entitled 'Men and Manner in Parliament, by the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds.'

The author of the biography, William Bayard Hale, continues: 'From that moment his life-plan was fixed. The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds, in intimate daily familiarity with the parliamentary scene and its actors, wrote in a style of delicious charm, the leisurely style of good-humoured banter and elegant trifling, his

chatter nevertheless affording withal a picture of unsurpassed vividness, vivacity, and verity. Safe behind his anonymity, there was no personality, no measure, no method, upon which the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds hesitated to turn his keen, discerning eye. The *Gentleman's Magazine* contributor was Henry Lucy, who later created for *Punch* the character of Toby, M.P., and was knighted by King Edward. Nothing could have better served to awaken in a young reader a sense of the picturesqueness and dramatic interest of politics. Mr Wilson has said to the author of this biography that no one circumstance did more to make public life the purpose of his existence, or to determine the first cast of his political ideas. His mind was now settled definitely upon a public career. The impulse received from the *Gentleman's Magazine* has been decisive.'

Lord Northcliffe, sending me a copy of the book, the first intimation I had of its publication, wrote: 'This is very interesting. You may well be proud of having, by your early writing, influenced the career of a man who, if he lives, is certain to become President of the United States.'

I bear my responsibility with full absence of anxiety. The *Daily Mail* printed an editorial note outlining the story. I sent a copy of the paper to Dr Wilson, still on the war-path. A fortnight after his triumphant return to the White House I received the following letter:

'MY DEAR MR LUCY,—Thank you sincerely for letting me see the newspaper. I read the passage with real interest. I am glad to have this occasion to thank you for the interest you many years ago stirred in my breast with regard to the action of public affairs in Great Britain.

'I shall always think of you as one of my instructors.—Cordially yours,

'WOODROW WILSON.'

AN EXPERIMENT.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM LAWTON led the way along the wide terrace amongst a network of tram-rails on which the tubs of ore ran.

Carr followed him, puzzled, for it was all so different from what he had imagined an iron-ore mine to be like. 'Where is your shaft?' he asked at last, as they stepped aside to allow a train of red-splashed tubs to pass them.

Lawton laughed. 'Oh, we haven't any,' he answered. 'We just walk into the side of the fell. We are unique, you know, for all the other mines have shafts—deep ones, too, some of 'em; but we have what is called an adit, just a passage driven straight into the mountain-side. Here is the manager; he's a rough chap, but very capable, and a good-hearted fellow.'

A tall, powerful man in overalls appeared from

behind the tubs. He had the thin, refined features common amongst Cumbrians, though his face was so stained and splashed with the red of the iron that little of it could be distinguished.

'This is Mr Carr I told you of,' went on Lawton. 'He was asking where the shaft is.—Carr, this is Mr Tyson.'

'Eh, lad,' said the manager, 'this is no' the common kind o' pit. Ye just gang in by a kind o' front-door like.—Yon pump is workin' mair sweetly the noo,' he added to Lawton, as he turned and walked beside the two young men.

'I'm glad to hear it,' said Lawton. 'I only hope we shall get no rain at present, or there will be trouble.—This pit is a wet one,' he added to Carr. 'It is full of springs, and when we get heavy rain it is like working in a waterfall, and it

is all we can do to keep it pumped. We've got one great Siemens pump, a big electric concern; and we badly want another, but I can't get it out of Johnson. He needn't grudge the cost; this mine is simply minting money. He might give us electric light too, for there is power enough to light a town in the stream that drives our turbine; but I suppose he considers that an unnecessary luxury. There is the turbine-house, and the dynamo-shed is next it. The tubs are hauled electrically, you know. That saves time and labour, so he's let me install that.'

A soft, panting sound came from the sheds he pointed out to Carr. There the great wheel harnessed a turbulent mountain torrent to the service of man, and the electric current used for pumping and hauling was generated and stored in great accumulators.

'Here we are,' said Lawton as they reached the grim mouth of a yawning tunnel driven into the fell, which Carr noticed was living rock, hard granite. The passage was low, but wide enough to permit of a double line of tram-rails for the passage of the tubs. 'Keep clear of the haulage-cables, and walk on the planks, or you'll get your feet wet. Here's your light.'

Carr expected the usual safety-lamps; but Tyson, to his amazement, handed him a tallow dip stuck in a lump of clay.

'She's no' fiery like a coal-pit,' said the manager. 'Wet as she is, she doesna pester ye wi' fire-damp an' such-like devilments, an' blaw ye to kingdom come.'

He went forward into the mine, the two young men at his heels. It was very cold there, in the heart of the mountain. There was a cool, fresh current of air blowing against their faces, and at the side of the plank pathway on which they walked in single file ran a gurgling stream. Shores of steel and wood supported the roof, from which water dripped out of the rock, and their footsteps echoed uncannily. The three tallow dips, too, merely made the dense blackness visible as they walked on into the heart of the great conical mountain, every now and again stepping aside to allow laden or empty trains of tubs to pass.

'It is a quarter of a mile to where they are working,' said Lawton. 'Jolly cold, isn't it?'

'It is well ventilated, anyway,' said Carr, who found the greatest difficulty in keeping his primitive illumination alight; for there is a certain knack, which has to be acquired, of carrying a dip in a lump of clay so that it does not go out. Like most things, it is quite easy when you know how, and becomes a matter of habit.

'Where are your fans and things?'

'Don't want any,' returned Lawton. 'The air is perfectly good all through the workings. There must be cracks and chinks and rents all over the place in this mountain. This current of air comes from a sort of natural shaft you'll see presently, which with the adit forms a perfect

natural ventilating circuit of air. Look, we are coming to the first bay on the face of the lode where they are working.'

Out of the blackness ahead many tiny pin-points of light winked like stars on a dark, clear night. Above their heads a gentle, rushing sound became louder, and Carr asked what it was.

Tyson held his light above his head, showing a great pipe fully a foot in diameter carried along the roof of the tunnel.

'It's t' water in t' pump,' he said. 'It gangs in yon girt pipe to t' beck outside. Noo, lad, yon's No. 12 bay.'

They had reached a kind of bay or siding, and Carr saw that men, shadowy and unreal in the feeble light, were picking and shovelling at what at first glance he took to be the face of the rock, but which, on looking closer, he found to be a seam of soft stuff sandwiched into the granite. Their only light was the candles which were stuck about, by means of the usual lumps of clay, against convenient spots of the wall of the mine or on the waiting tubs which were being so rapidly loaded.

'Yon's nobbut a girt pocket; a fault i' t' lode ends it oop here,' said Tyson; 'but it gangs on again doon below. Ye'll see t' later i' t' low level.'

'Yes,' said Lawton; 'but it is a grand lode in this mine in spite of the faults and pockets. Red hæmatite ore is a curiously local thing,' he added to Carr as they moved away. 'You know Cumberland is the only part of England where it is found at all; it ends abruptly just south of Ulverston, in north Lonsdale. You can almost draw a line from the sea to there, too, where the lodes of ore lie. It isn't by any means all over Cumberland. Here is a good bit of typical red hæmatite kidney ore. Grand stuff our ore! It goes to our own blast-furnaces, you know, where it is cast into pig-iron. Then it goes on to the steel place, where they turn it into steel and make girders and rails and all kinds of things. Everything is done within twenty miles, so carriage is at a minimum and fuel all handy. Now here is a kind of natural shaft where the ore has been worked out of a vertical or nearly vertical seam or lode, as we call it. The men call it "Jacob's Ladder," and if you climb up there a couple of hundred feet you get to a level above where they are still working.'

Carr gazed, awed, up the steeply sloping shaft. A rude wooden ladder, clamped to its rocky sides sure enough, vanished into the blackness, and Tyson, with his light, climbed up it a little way to show the formation of the natural shaft.

'We won't go up to-day,' said Lawton. 'It takes a long time unless you are in training; and I want to show you the new low-level working, which is about twenty fathoms below where we are now.—Come along, Tyson.'

They went some hundred yards or so beyond 'Jacob's Ladder;' then, as they came round a corner, Carr blinked in what seemed a sudden

blaze of light, for busy men were working in the glare of a big arc lamp. Another great curved section of the pump vanished into a chasm protected by iron railings, inside which a cage laden with two loaded tubs suddenly shot into view, and gates in the railings swung open to allow men to push them out and on to the haulage-track.

'We will go down now,' said Lawton, and the three took their places on the platform beside a stolid, silent cage-man. An electric bell whirled shrilly, and the cage descended smoothly and swiftly into the black pit out of which it came.

'It is worked by electricity,' said Lawton. 'An American patent, of course. We are trying it, and it does very well so far. Here we are. Out you go.'

The cage stopped as quietly as it had started, and Carr found that he was in a much loftier tunnel than the one above, which they had just left. It was, Lawton explained, a great natural cavern in the rock. From one end of it the working sloped steeply upward, becoming a narrow passage again, at the end of which, four or five hundred yards from the foot of the shaft, men worked busily as before at the face of the lode, which here reappeared again suddenly, even richer than above.

'It is here I want an extra pump put on,' said Lawton. 'Some fine day, if we don't, we shall get flooded out. It is an awfully wet spot. Johnson won't see it. He says we've got on all right so far, and there is no earthly reason why we shouldn't go on all right without the expense; but he'll find out his mistake.'

'He will, an' a' that,' said Tyson grimly; 'an' when yon day dawns there'll be t' deil to pay an' a'. It's a gey awkward spot hereabouts to get flooded.'

They watched the loading of the tubs for a little, then turned and retraced their steps; for, as Lawton said, they had no time to spare if they wanted to be back in time for dinner.

Carr blinked owlishly when they reached daylight again. 'It is a hard life,' he said as he got out of his damp overalls, 'working in wet and semi-darkness like that.'

'It's better nor a coal-pit,' said Tyson, who had tried both. 'Noo, sir, here is Mr Lawton an' his deil's contraption. I'd rather work a' ma days in t' mine than ride yance in yon,' he added as Carr settled himself, laughing, in the side-car. 'Good-night to ye baith.'

'Good-night,' they chorused, and the motorcycle throbbed its fussey way down the red-stained lane.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE days at Blackport passed quickly for Carr, who often wondered at the new interest he found in life. He improved rapidly at his work. Mr Christian snarled and growled at him, as his

manner was; but though, of course, he did not tell the young man so, he came by degrees to learn that Carr could be depended upon, and was a most reliable worker. He had books to keep now, and innumerable letters to draft and write. Johnson, too, occasionally gave him outside work at outlying farms and villages, as well as at Scale Fell, where, along with Tom Lawton and Tyson, he rapidly grew familiar with the mine and its workings, in which he was intensely interested. 'You've got mining in you,' said Lawton to him one day; 'you ought to have been a mining engineer.'

Jean Lawton and he were firm friends, and he often told her he owed all his success to her first teaching; and Mrs Lawton gradually grew to treat him more as a son of the house than a stranger within her gates, as indeed did the doctor. It was a simple, wholesome life. Sometimes, on Saturday afternoons or holidays, Tom Lawton, Jean, and Carr would hire a boat and go deep-sea fishing in the Solway estuary, or they would go forth on Bleng Water fly-fishing or trolling for the trout that gave such excellent sport when they did succeed in catching them.

Carr got on quite comfortably, too, with the pupils and his fellow-clerks. He was always pleasant to them, and would often do little odd jobs for them that one or other might get away earlier on a Saturday or perhaps have a day off. Stella wrote occasionally, though she did not know where he actually was, for he had letters forwarded to him through his London bankers, who received them from the office of the lawyers. Her letters were simple, friendly little epistles, telling him of her round of society duties. Her last one had said that they were going to take a house somewhere in the country for the autumn, and perhaps the winter; she did not know where, but her mother said it must be somewhere cheap and nasty.

One Saturday Mr Johnson called Carr into his office. 'You've been here three months, Carr,' he said, as the young man shut the door behind him.

'It doesn't seem as long as that, sir,' said Carr, smiling.

'You like your work, then?' continued the agent. 'Mr Christian is very well satisfied with you, I find; as indeed I am myself. I therefore intend, commencing from to-day, to raise your salary ten shillings a week.'

Carr stammered his thanks; he was extremely surprised. He took his salary, and was preparing to leave the office, when a man entered. He was well known by sight to the young man, for he was the principal of the firm of lawyers who were employed on the Blackport estate legal matters. This man, Davis by name, was the nephew of the old lawyer in London who had given Carr the introduction to Johnson. He was a well-dressed, keen-faced, sharp-spoken man of about five-and-forty, and he and Mr Johnson had frequent

business together. They were, besides, brothers-in-law, for Mr Johnson's wife was Davis's sister—a smart woman, caring for nothing but society, and openly expressing her contempt for Blackport and its dull inhabitants. She spent a good deal of time—and report said money also—in London or abroad with her one pretty daughter. He nodded carelessly to the clerk as he went out, and Carr noticed again how worn and troubled the agent looked. Davis always seemed to have the knack of bringing that look to his face.

Carr, Jean, and Tom Lawton were going to spend the afternoon at Bleng Water. A dirty local train took them to the nearest station, Bleng Howe, and from there they walked a couple of miles to the lake. The last train—trains were very few and far between on that line—would bring them back in time for dinner.

It was a bright September day, and Bleng Water looked its best; its blue waters were dancing in the sunshine, the trees were already beginning to take on their autumn tints of red and yellow, and the glorious purple of the heather on the slope of the mountain rising sheer from the lake contrasted vividly with the russet of the bracken and the gray of the boulders and crags. Here and there patches of sphagnum moss showed in splashes of vivid yellow-green. It was a brilliant wealth of colour.

Trout-fishing, of course, was long over, but the three young people nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed strolling around the lake, and ate a stupendous tea at a little inn which did much business during the fishing season. It also reaped a rich harvest on the rare occasions when Bleng Water froze sufficiently to make skating safe.

'I wish there were a later train,' said Jean as they chose the least dirty carriage they could find. 'Oh Tommy, how I have enjoyed this afternoon!'

Carr looked at her. Her delicate colour rose under the expression in his eyes. 'So have I,' he said in a low voice. 'I enjoy anything when you are there.'

Jean turned white now, then tried to laugh. She thought of the photograph on his mantelpiece—a beautiful picture in a massive silver frame of a sweet-faced, exquisitely gowned young lady. Doubtless Carr loved this girl who had been with him in that wider life he had led before things had gone wrong with him. Jean had often envied the girl of the picture when, during his absence at the office, she went into his room to see if Janet had everything comfortable for him. Some day perhaps, she thought, things would come right and he would be able to marry her.

'When I make my fortune,' said Tom, 'I'm going to buy Scale Hall—that is, if it hasn't fallen in from decay by then.'

'By the way,' said Jean, recovering herself, 'the landlady at the inn told me that it is let at last for six months to some "grand foak fro' Lonnon." I hope they will enjoy it. The last people that

had it stayed exactly five days. I forget whether it was the rats or the ghosts that finished them.'

'I believe it was the drains,' said Tom, as the train crawled into Blackport station.—'I wish it were always Saturday afternoon! Don't you, Carr?'

Carr laughed as he helped Jean—who didn't in the least require his aid—down from the carriage.

'Hallo! there is some one in trouble!' said Tom, alighting with a bang on the platform.

Carr turned with a sudden exclamation. Three or four sympathetic porters were all explaining at once to a daintily gowned, fair-haired girl and a respectable elderly woman, evidently a maid, that the train which they had relied on to take them back to Bleng Howe station did not run except on a Tuesday, the market-day. The girl appeared to be in great distress.

'But what are we to do?' she said piteously to the stationmaster, who hurried to the fray.

'Sure, miss,' returned that gentleman compassionately (he, like many inhabitants of Blackport, hailed from the Emerald Isle, and was a staunch Orangeman from Ulster), 'and yourself is not the first to be deceived in that same train. There's more folks want to go by it the days it doesn't run than the Tuesday it does.'

'That's so,' said the foreman porter, scratching his head in an endeavour to think of some suggestion for the young lady's consolation.

'Stella!' said a familiar voice, 'what on earth are you doing here?'

She turned quickly, a rosy flush of sheer joy on her face, then put both of her perfectly gloved hands in the young man's.

'Oh Charles!' she cried, 'have you dropped from the clouds to rescue me? What am I to do? There is no train back to-night, they tell me, to Bleng Howe.'

'Nor to-morrow neither,' said the foreman porter.

'They don't encourage Sunday travelling on this line,' said Carr. 'But, Stella, why on earth do you want to go to Bleng Howe? I'm all in a fog about you.'

'Daddy has taken Scale Hall, near there, for six months,' returned the girl. 'It was all settled in such a hurry. He said we must retrench. He lost a lot of money in some horrid company that failed, so both our own houses are let, and this lonely house is very, very cheap. He and mother have gone abroad for six weeks or two months, and Aunt Anne is coming on Monday to look after me. I wanted to get some things, and Morton and I came in by train this morning. What can we do about getting back?'

'Send a wire to the other servants to say you'll be back on Monday,' said Charles, 'and go to the hotel here for a couple of nights. I don't see what else is to be done. Stella dear, will you remember'—he lowered his voice as he spoke, so that only she could hear what he said

—'that here I am just Charles Carr? No one knows I am Blackport. Tell Morton to hold her tongue.'

Stella nodded quick comprehension, and said a few words to the bewildered but discreet maid; while Carr called to Tom Lawton and his sister, who were gazing in astonishment at the scene, to join in the consultation.

'Now, which is the best of the hotels here?' he asked, after explaining the situation in which his young friend had found herself.

'There isn't any best; they are all bad,' said Jean before her brother could reply. 'Look here, Mr Carr, I am sure mother can put them up for a couple of nights. You go with her to the post-office and send the wire, and Tom and I will go on ahead and arrange. Be as quick as you can.'

Her heart seemed very heavy, for she recognised at once the original of the photograph. She had seen the greeting between Carr and this pretty, beautifully dressed young girl. No wonder he cared for her! she thought. As for Tom, he could not talk of anything else but 'Carr's pal' all the way back to South Street.

'She is the sweetest, prettiest, daintiest little thing I've ever seen,' he said. 'I expect she and Carr are engaged or something by the way she put her hands in his. I wish she would look at me as she did at him. That hat of hers is a perfect dream, Jean; and that simple, inexpensive white gown'—

'You are a dear, simple old thing,' said Jean, laughing, 'if you think that gown was inexpen-

sive. What that one cost would keep me in gowns for a year probably.'

'Who is that delightful girl?' asked Stella, as she and Carr, with Morton respectfully tramping behind them, made their way to South Street. 'You know mother has never let me make friends; but I should like a friend like that, she has such a good, strong face; and she is very nice-looking, too, and so awfully kind.'

Carr told her all about Jean and her father and mother, and how good they all were to him.

'I've never really had a home before,' he wound up, 'or real friends like this, only dozens of acquaintances, don't you know. I'm awfully glad you got into this mess, Stella, if it means getting to know the Lawtons well. They are people in a million.'

'So am I glad,' said Stella; 'though I don't know what mother would say. Isn't it lucky Aunt Anne hasn't come yet? But I don't think she will really mind. She is rather a dear. You don't know her, do you?'

'No,' said Carr, as Janet opened the door for them, and Morton was consigned to her charge. 'Now, here is Mrs Lawton, Stella.'

Mrs Lawton received her unexpected guest with words of warm welcome. Tom was behind her, his plain, strong face radiant. Stella, shy and timid, all of a sudden began to feel strangely at home. She hoped, as she nestled into her lavender-scented sheets that night, that Charles's friends were going to be her friends. Life for her, as for him, began to seem more worth living.

(Continued on page 451.)

AN ADVENTURE AT VERSAILLES.

By REGINALD B. SPAN.

SOME strange and remarkable experiences happened to two English ladies at Versailles twelve years ago, an account of which was published in a book by Messrs Macmillan & Company under the title of *An Adventure*. A new edition of the book was issued this year, with appendix and maps, and a note by Professor Sir W. F. Barrett. The publishers, in a preface, guarantee the authenticity and veracity of the account, and the absolute integrity of the two ladies who wrote it.

These ladies, who do not disclose their real names, but write under the signatures of 'Elizabeth Morison' and 'Frances Lamont,' were on a visit to Paris in the year 1901, and one afternoon in August went by train to Versailles. They had rather hazy ideas about what was to be seen there, but thought it would be a pleasant outing. On arrival they paid a visit to the palace, and strolled through the rooms and galleries. They regretted that their very limited knowledge of French history prevented their thorough appreciation of the charm of the place.

After 'doing' the palace they decided to have a look at the Petit Trianon, and for that purpose consulted a Baedeker's map, which showed them the direction they should take. They had an enjoyable walk through the palace grounds, both of them feeling particularly well and vigorous, and in full possession of their senses and wits. It is important to note this in the light of the extraordinary events which took place later. They were strong-minded, healthy, practical, well-educated women, not at all imaginative or subject to hallucinations. After passing the Grand Trianon they came to a broad green drive perfectly deserted. They crossed the drive and went up a lane, chatting as they went about England and common acquaintances. At the end of the lane they came to some buildings where they noticed a woman shaking a cloth out of one of the windows. Then, following a narrow path, they met two men whom they took to be gardeners, though they had a very dignified bearing, and were dressed in long, grayish-green coats and three-cornered hats, and each carried a

long staff in his hand. They asked the men the way, and were directed to go straight on.

They walked briskly forward, talking as before; but after leaving the lane they both felt an extraordinary sensation of depression and unreality creeping over them, for which there was absolutely no reason. Farther on they came to a wood in which there was a garden kiosk, by which a man was sitting. They there felt a sudden increase of the eerie, oppressive sensations. Everything looked unreal. The trees behind the kiosk seemed to have become flat and lifeless like a wood worked in tapestry, and everything was intensely still. The man by the kiosk, who wore a cloak and large shady hat, turned his head and looked at them, displaying a most repulsive, horrible face.

They hurried past him, and farther on they heard the sound of some one running in great haste, and suddenly a young man, who appeared to be greatly excited, walked by their side. His face was glowing red, as if from great exertion, and he called out excitedly that they were not to go that way, but round by the house, and then completely vanished. He was dressed in an old-fashioned costume such as was worn a hundred years ago. Where he went was a mystery—he simply disappeared.

They continued their way in silence, greatly mystified and oppressed with an uncanny feeling as if they were walking in a dream. They crossed a ravine by a rustic bridge, following the pathway beneath trees, and then across a meadow, and came to a square, solidly built house, the long windows of which were shuttered. On a terrace in front of the house a lady was sitting, apparently engaged in sketching. She saw them, and when they passed turned and looked at them. It was not a young face, but rather pretty. She had on a shady white hat perched on a good deal of fair hair that fluffed round her forehead. Her dress was very old-fashioned and of the style worn before the French Revolution. From pictures and written descriptions of Marie Antoinette afterwards obtained, they found that this lady was the exact counterpart of the unfortunate Queen who had lived in that place more than a hundred years before. Her dress puzzled them at the time, but they put her down as a tourist with rather eccentric ideas about clothes.

They crossed the terrace to the south-west

corner; then, seeing that one of the windows was unshuttered, turned to go towards it, but were interrupted by a young man suddenly coming out of a door, which he banged noisily behind him. He called out to them that the way into the house was by the Cour d'Honneur, and offered to show the way. He looked inquisitively amused as he walked by them till they came to an entrance in the front drive.

In the front entrance-hall they met a French wedding-party, who walked arm-in-arm in a procession round the rooms. Here the creepy, uncanny feeling which had haunted them all the afternoon left them as suddenly as it had come, and they felt quite lively again. Coming out of the Cour d'Honneur, they took a carriage which was standing there, and drove back to Versailles and had tea.

The strange and remarkable part of it all is that the scenes they saw, the people they met, the places they passed through—with the exception of the Petit Trianon—did not really exist. This was conclusively proved later. Researches, extending over several years, showed them that the scenes they saw and the persons they met had existed at the time of the French Revolution more than a hundred years before. They visited Versailles many times afterwards, and were never able to find the places they had passed through that afternoon; everything was quite different from what they had then seen. The men they had met and spoken to belonged to a long-past age. The lady they saw was the ghost of Marie Antoinette. Even the young man who had come out of a door in the Petit Trianon and shown them the way was a ghost. They happened to find that door again, but it had not been opened for more than fifty years, and there was no flooring inside the building, showing that it was quite impossible for any one to have come through even if the door could have been opened.

[In this connection, it may be worth recalling the suggested solution of the mystery which was offered by Miss M. McIntyre Wilson in the article in our January issue on 'Ancestral Memory and Dreams.' She there points out that a namesake of one of the ladies was prominent in Paris during the Revolution, and that it is not impossible that an ancestor of the other was employed about the Trianon at the same time. This writer thinks 'ancestral memory' might meet the situation at every point.]

THE NEEDLE-AND-HAYSTACK SYNDICATE.

CHAPTER III.

FOR months afterwards the riddle of the divided cipher abode with me. Although I am a fairly busy man, my habit is to get as much of the open air as possible; but, looking back to the period immediately after I returned

to London from the North, I can with truth say that I lived practically without outdoor exercise. The whole of my spare time was devoted to the maddening process of laboriously framing combinations of words that might fit the incom-

plete clue to the whereabouts of the buried casket, if such a thing existed. It was a hopeless task from the beginning, one chance in a million; but I laboured like a galley slave, sitting up night after night, until the words became blurred and my tired brain refused to obey orders.

I knew that, if I survived him, I should be the chief inheritor of my uncle's worldly goods. One hundred thousand pounds was an alluring prize to work for; but, apart from the hope of ultimate material benefit, the extrication of the matter challenged a certain amount of Scotch 'dourness' in me, the strangeness of the story of the vanished years appealing to some hidden springs of romance under my surface.

The thing became an obsession. When I was not literally working at it I was thinking about it. I would lie awake staring at its image. Green eyes of emeralds blinked at me in the dark. When I slept I dreamed about it. When I awoke it was by my pillow. I put together hundreds of solutions. One may serve as a sample of Heaven knows how many similar futilities:

'One hundred yards from the north-east corner of the castle of Uglass wall. Thence north to fifty yards of the River of Spey, opposite a point where it curves twice very swift and deep. Hidden on . . . 1563, five great crosses of emeralds with the rest one hundred yards in a line east to the Great Forest. Depths as follows . . . fourteen, twenty, ten, twelve, fifteen'—

The hosts of my attempted solutions were sheer guesswork; the position complicated by the fact that all the likely spots had already been dug out and searched by our hapless syndicate some months previously.

I got a large scale map of the estate, and for use by future search-parties actually began to work out on it, as mathematically as I could, a survey so thorough that no corner of the place was left unmarked if its features so much as hinted at, however remotely, the meagre indications of the cipher. In a week the map was covered with lines and crosses, until there was no room for more, and the map itself looked like a sketch of a gigantic cobweb.

I wrote scores of letters to my uncle on the subject. I must say that he was exceedingly interested; but I read between the lines of his replies that he regarded me as one possessed of *une idée fixe*—if, indeed, he did not suspect actual monomania, a King Charles's head clogging my mind's mechanism.

Six months passed. My profession demanded a large amount of responsibility and attention to detail. To incur the extra worry, the additional hours of labour, in trying to complete the cipher was a foolish and dangerous task. I soon began to feel strangely fagged and irritable. I believe that the mental exercise, the ingenuity and

patience, called forth in my attempts to worm the heart out of the secret would, in moderation, have been excellent brain-tonics. I say 'in moderation'; but a 'boom' in the City suddenly gave me more work than I bargained for or was able to do. The partition between hard work and overwork had been worn thin. I worked double tides, with the result that, to my astonishment and anger, I broke down. When I come to think of it, and to count the hours, in addition to those necessarily devoted to my own business, that I sweated over the cipher, I can now estimate my own folly.

My doctor counselled a change. The season was propitious. It was the month of May. I had a standing invitation to my uncle's, and got a telegram in reply to mine, telling me to come as soon as I liked. I overhauled my angling gear and book of flies, rejoicing in the thought that I should soon be able to exchange the top-hatted tyranny of town garb for beloved old tweeds and hob-nailed boots, tread springing turf instead of weary pavements, breathe clean Highland air instead of London's, and wander alone amidst the early heather on the moors above Speyside. Exultation lay in the thought. Rarely has the Scotch express carried a more grateful passenger than I was on that May morning.

My uncle welcomed me, and for a day or two I loafed in blessed content. I thought that I had thrown off the clutch of the casket cipher; but I soon became horribly conscious, as I again wandered round the house above the Spey, that the accursed thing was still alive and with me. The river, the surroundings, the mocking reminders of the syndicate's barren labour, the inscrutable forests, the whole environment, conspired to suggest an atmosphere of mystery challenging a solution. I caught myself brooding on the cipher again and again, and for a day or two I shook off the thought with a vigorous mental effort; but it returned, and pursued me like my shadow.

Naturally, conversation with my uncle veered round to the Needle-and-Haystack Syndicate, and I confessed to him that the whole business had been engrossing me so much that it had contributed, if it did not actually bring about, my temporary breakdown.

'More fool you, Jim. Take my advice and dismiss the thought of it. You have an unsuspected strain of imagination in you. You are young. So was I once, and I felt certain things keenly—this casket business, for instance, out of all proportion to its importance in life. That's the way when one is young. But as one grows older wider vision and experience come. One feels more *sanely*. You follow me? One becomes invested with a larger view about not one thing, but all. Joys, sorrows, regrets, lost opportunities, become adjusted to their true values. The wise years synthesise the emotions. But you're not

here to hear me prosing. You must get some colour into your cheeks. I'll warrant the open air will be a blither medicine than tons of homilies.'

So he and I tramped the hills, and fished the river and the hill lochs, and felt that life was good; for May was running out, and the end of May in Morayshire, rich in sunshine, foliage, and luxuriant blossom, is one of the chief charms of that fair province.

One evening I set out, intent on trying my luck on night-fishing. My only companion was Cù Math, a sable collie, middle-aged, the time when a dog is at his best, his wits neither mercurial from youth nor sluggish from age.

It was on the threshold of night, the air very still, so still that I thought when I heard a faint sound that it was an echo of my foot-falls thrown back from the woods flanking the road. I stopped to light a cigarette. The faint sound continued. It was no echo, but a footstep coming nearer in a slow and shuffling movement.

I turned a corner of the road, and saw the bent figure of an old man trudging up the brae towards me. He did not see me in the dusk until he was close to me, when he looked up and started back so suddenly that I apologised. The dog growled, and the man drew back in apprehension, an appeal in his eyes. Poor old soul! he looked as if the world had used him hardly. There he stood saying nothing, his head at a deprecating angle. Hostile faces and growling dogs were evidently no unusual incidents in his humble, precarious round.

He was old, gray-haired, his skin wrinkled and swarthy, tanned by exposure. His eyes were large, deep brown, southern, full and mild as a spaniel's. He wore ear-rings, and tucked under one arm was a melodeon. Like most of his breed, my dog Cù Math was a born snob, and sniffed superciliously at the old man's shabby clothes. I called him off. The wayfarer smiled, showing a gleam of white teeth at this little sign of friendliness, and took off a ragged slouch-hat with a grace that was never captured in Morayshire.

'Italian?' I asked.

'Si, signore,' he replied.

'You are late on the road, like myself,' I said.

'If the signore pleases, it is cooler to tramp by night, is it not?'

The signore, although not claiming expert knowledge of the ways of the road, agreed. Through idle curiosity and perhaps a touch of human interest in the picturesque old waif, I asked him a few questions.

He spoke fairly good English. He was from Naples, but had not seen Italy, ah! for years. Some day he might return, but he was getting old. He sighed.

He played at fairs round the countryside, from Inverness as far as Forfarshire. The people

were sometimes kind. He often slept in the barns or the haylofts. It saved a lot of money. That was, of course, in summer.

'And in winter?'

He shrugged his lean shoulders, and I did not press the question. Perhaps he starved in winter.

He was going to Inverness, he said. He would reach there in two days.

I noticed, hanging from a thin cord round his neck, a yellow medallion.

'What is that?' I asked, and pointed to it.

He looked up at me quickly. 'The signore does not wish it! I should not like—I could not part with it. It is a charm. See!' He took the cord from his neck, and showed me the yellow circlet. It was brass, with some indecipherable marks or inscriptions on it, and in the centre was set a tiny pink substance.

'It is for the evil eye, signore,' the old man said. 'The coral keeps one safe. One knows that the evil eye is everywhere.' He gave a swift glance around.

I knew of the curious superstitions that exist concerning the dreaded *jettatura*, the evil eye, even among educated Southerners, and forbore to smile. He replaced the 'charm,' as he called it, round his neck.

'The signore will have good sport, I hope, since he has looked on the little charm.' He wished me a polite good-night.

I gave him a half-crown, and was well repaid by his pathetic joy. I was promoted to 'Excellency' on the spot. It was, he said, as much as he might sometimes get in a week. I made off to escape his thanks, his voice following me invoking the blessings of the saints on the Excellency, and when I looked round, he was still standing looking after me intently.

CHAPTER IV.

IN an hour I reached my destination, and began to fish. I had creeled good trout in the past from the little loch, and to-night my luck held. The fish took the 'Coachman' fly I selected, and in three hours I had a fair basketful. The May night was not very dark; the sport was to my mind; so I fished on, in great content, until close on four o'clock in the morning. Then I reeled up, for I had some miles between me and home.

I felt pleasantly tired, and lighting a cigarette, sat down, resting my back against the bole of a tree. The physical output involved in seven hours' fishing meant nothing to me; but the unusual time of day, and the break in my regular sleep, made me enjoy sitting still, relaxing my muscles, and smoking in complacence after my performance on the lochan.

The place was off the beaten track; the lochan a lost-looking sheet of water, little more than

a hill-tarn sleeping in a hollow in the heart of the moors, a spot touching the extremity of loneliness. A disused foot-track curving round one end of a little pine-wood, and a line of grouse butts climbing the undulation of a dun hillside, were the only suggestions of human neighbourhood.

The sun ought to have been up, but the morning was discoloured and inhospitable. Dull leaden blotches defaced the sky. The very clouds were featureless, no trenchancy of outline marking them or the meeting of the selvae of the moor and the hills; nothing clean-cut or defined; the whole effect one of amorphous mournful distances. No life stirred, except where a couple of great black-backed gulls were quartering a corner of the moor for nests. I watched the pirates at their murderous hunt, and caught myself thinking that the solitary place, its quiet and the sky's sombre curtain, might suggest some secret tragic note.

Presently a faint light began to gather in the east. The morning was breaking, but I never witnessed a more half-hearted sunrise. On the horizon, where the hills joined the sky, a tiny lemon-coloured spark crept along the ridge. It smouldered slowly, struggling here and there through the ragged interstices of the morning banks of mist, to die away again, leaving the grayness unscathed. A minute more, and the spark grew to a gleam, unsteady, even fitful, but more vivid than before. Ruddier tongues of flame leaped suddenly into life, to glimmer for a moment or two, touching the naked moors with crimson, and then the face of the sky darkened again, and the promise of the day vanished. It seemed to me as though something tremendous, a duel between powers of light and darkness, was working to an end behind the arras of the mists. The silence was intense. It acted on my spirits to a singular degree.

I am not given to mysticism. I can only suppose that I am of the breed on whom externals, the mutable face and manifestations of Nature, impose a compelling interest; but as I sat and watched the sky's movements and the slow entrance of the day, a sinister and dominating thought clutched me. I cannot give it a name. It conjured some unseen Thing present, a watching, lurking Evil.

Sometimes the sun showed a bloodshot eye, only to retreat before a press of clouds. Then the whole of the sky would become dark and stubborn, except at the horizon where a pencilling of light stretched faint and inconsiderable, or a sudden leap of the sun wrought burning fringes on the clouds. It was more like a sunrise in February than in May. There was something almost exotic in it all; an effect as of a huge chromatic error in the sky. The suggestion of something evil and minatory knocked at my heart.

The silence was rippled only by the sound of a hill-burn. The morning was windless. Indeed, not a breath stirred the grasses, the air hanging balanced and motionless.

I was conscious of a growing feeling of lassitude. Remember, I had been out on the loch fishing for seven hours. It was time to return, I thought, if I wished a couple of hours' sleep before breakfast. I would give myself another five minutes' rest and then start homeward.

Just then Cù Math sat up and cocked his ears, staring at the wood opposite. There was a movement amidst the trees, and the old Italian wanderer came out, and stood looking at me. The dog recognised him, and looked up at me, with 'Your shabby friend of the melodeon again, sir,' plainly readable in his eye. The poor old man was certainly very early afoot, I thought. I was instantly struck by the change in his gait. He stood more erect. His shuffling gait had given way to a step and carriage that touched dignity. He walked up the little slope of ground between me and the wood straight towards me, and without taking his eyes off me signalled by a wave of his hand to the left. My eyes followed the signal, to see another man coming towards me. I put him down to be another tramp hopeful of charity; but he hurried forward, and something in the two men's silence and their direct advance on me roused a feeling at first of curiosity, then of vague uneasiness. The second man was also swarthy, with black locks and a hairy face. When they came within ten yards of me I saw that the second man was much younger than the other. His face advertised a mixture of bestial cunning and brutality rarely seen in a human countenance. Protruding teeth, an animal jowl, and small piggyish eyes were but incidents in the general effect of his forbidding aspect.

'What do you want?' I asked, as peremptorily as I could, looking at the older man.

'Nothing that you cannot give,' he said. His subserviency had vanished. He had dropped the 'signore,' and his tone verged on insolence. I was about to give the ungrateful rascal a piece of my mind, when he nodded gravely over my head. I looked round, and there stood a third man, of middle age, tall, lean, with a clean-cut, clean-shaven face, gaunt to asceticism, pale as a corpse, with thin, straight lips and a cruel eye.

'Is this he, Luigi?' he said in excellent English to the old man, motioning towards me.

'It is, *maestro*,' was the reply.

'You have done well,' answered the tall man.

'What do you want?' I repeated angrily. The tall man smiled, the coldest, cruellest smile I have seen, a smile without the eyes.

'It is needless to raise your voice. I do not allow it. Further, this is a lonely place, and no one can hear you,' said he.

The man's assurance took my breath away.

'Let us not waste time. Search him,' he said, and before I could move, the two other men seized me. I saw the glitter of a knife in the tall man's hand. '*Con permesso*,' he bowed.

There was nothing in my pockets but a few shillings and a Waterbury watch. I made no resistance. After all, the three Italians were mere vulgar robbers, and I could have them clapped in jail in a day or less. But I was wrong in my summing up of them, for the strange thing was that they showed no professional interest in the money or the watch. On the contrary, the man addressed as Luigi replaced them in my pockets. They seized my pocket-book, opened it eagerly, and, to their palpable disappointment, found that it contained nothing more than trout-flies. Their tongues were active in Italian, and although I caught a word or two I could not follow their rapid speech. I cast my eyes about in case any gillie or shepherd might be astir, but the moor was as naked as a desert. The tall man, evidently the leader, saw me.

'It is right that I should tell you that we desire to do you no bodily harm; but if you attempt to escape, or call out, we shall tie and gag you.'

I expostulated hotly, but to no purpose.

He held up his hand. 'All argument is useless. I am—I was—an Englishman,' he said. 'And I understand your resentment. It is natural. But I am now an Italian citizen. Perhaps you know the saying: *Inglese Italianizzato, Diavolo incarnato*—"An Englishman Italianised is the devil incarnate." Listen.' He bent over me; looked into my eyes; and for a horrid moment I felt that I was in the presence of some power stronger than my own. '*Where is the half of the casket cipher?*'

The complete unexpectedness of the question and the whispered ferocity in his tone made me blench, and a moment or two passed before I spoke.

'I do not understand,' I said boldly.

'We waste time, and the morning is close on us. You have held the thing we want in your hand. You have hunted for the casket. You know where the other half of the cipher is. It is in your possession, or your uncle's. For years we have tracked and planned. We never fail. You and others have been watched by the brethren of the Mala Vita!'

(Continued on page 454.)

TOMMY: A SKETCH.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir HENRY SMITH, K.C.B.

A WRITER to the Signet was in the past and is in the present a solicitor of high standing, superior professionally and socially to other solicitors. Writers to His Majesty's Signet are to be found all over Scotland; but the vast majority, virtually the whole body, are resident in Edinburgh, where the Court sits, and where they may be seen walking the Parliament House instructing the advocates retained in cases to be heard before the Lords of Session. Many of them are men of wealth and landed proprietors; many of them succeed to partnerships in houses founded by their fathers, grandfathers, or ancestors of even more remote descent. All of them, with very few exceptions, are men of undoubted integrity, in whom noble dukes and belted earls repose most absolute confidence, and who guard their clients' interests as jealously as they would their own. The W.S., like the brook, goes on for ever. The cabman, on the contrary, is played out. He is nearing his end. In less than a decade Modern Athens will know him no more, for his occupation will be gone.

What has the W.S. to do with the cabman or the cabman with the W.S.? Why is it they are found together *dans cette galère*? 'Wait and see.'

Half-a-century ago there lived in the capital of Scotland—that fair city, fairer even than that in which Simon Glover dwelt with his

lovely daughter—a member of the honourable Society which I have attempted to portray, Mr Macintosh let us call him, dubbed by his intimates 'Tommy.' Four or five days a week Tommy, known to every one, lawyers, shopkeepers, coach-drivers, and cabmen, would make his way eastwards along Princes Street about nine forty-five in the morning, turning when he reached the Mound up one of the side-streets leading to the north, and timing himself to arrive at his destination at ten A.M. to the minute. In those prehistoric and barbarous times 'from ten to four and from seven to nine in the evening' were recognised as business hours both by Tommy and Tommy's papa. The 'chambers,' consisting of two large rooms opening into each other, were well furnished and most comfortable, with six or eight clerks within call. Young Tommy was a sportsman to his finger-tips, and when sport wooed him he was never coy. The old man had to do quill-driving alone, for Tommy was off in winter with the hounds, in summer to the St Andrew Boat Club, and in autumn to his beloved Caithness. Tommy rode over sixteen stone; but he had horses that could carry him. One big chestnut with four white socks I well remember. Tommy hunted with the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire or with 'The Duke;' and when business permitted, it was his wont to give the followers of those celebrated packs an excellent view of his coat-tails.

On the sparkling and pellucid waters of the Union Canal, where the scent is to the full as strong, though possibly not as fragrant, as Jockey Club or White Rose, Tommy would wield the sculls, his broad back swinging as a pendulum like unto that of Renforth or Harry Kelley of Fulham, or he would 'stroke' a 'four' good enough to win at Henley; for, although they knew it not, they could have held their own with that Cambridge 'four,' Beaumont, Collings, Ingham, and Holland, who vanquished the London Rowing Club by a short foot or ten inches.

But, keen as he was to be leading over a country with a pack which a sheet could have covered, racing for blood, or to run into the 'garrison four' on a summer afternoon before they got round the turn at Hermiston, he was keener far to be out in the Caithness Forest. Few men can bring a stalk to a successful termination without the aid of a stalker or gillie. Tommy would start from the lodge in the early morning, glass over his shoulder, rifle in hand, and small case with ten or twelve bullets in his pocket, spend the whole day among the rocks and heather, find his stag, stalk him, shoot him, and gralloch him, all off his own bat. Every sportsman knows the pungent aromatic smell, partly attractive, partly repellent, of the entrails of a deer. I have slit the wessand of many a beast myself, but gralloching I never attempted. 'Man,' I recollect Tommy saying to me, 'off with your coat, up with your shirt-sleeves, get your arms well round his entrails; nothing like that to warm you on a cold October night!'

'But how about the cabmen?' Patience; we are coming to them.

One July morning Tommy was making his way to his office—thinking, doubtless, that his foot would soon be on his native heath, and that his name, though not Macgregor, was near enough to it for all practical purposes—when he descried an empty four-wheeler approaching from the east. Seeing Mr Macintosh and scenting a fare, the cabman slashed at his horse, pulled at the poor beast's mouth, and landed himself on the kerb. 'What the blank do you mean, you blooming idiot, by pulling your horse's mouth like that?' shouted Tommy. 'He wadna gang a yaird, Mr Macintosh, if Ah didna pull at him.' 'Sit quiet and be d—d to you!' said Tommy, pushing the man unceremoniously over to the near side, mounting the box, and taking the reins in his hand. 'I must admit I never had such a job in my life,' he told me afterwards. 'The horse was an old one; he had been accustomed for years to have his mouth constantly jerked at, and wouldn't raise a trot without the accustomed jerk.' At last Tommy, drawing the whip gently over the horse's quarters, worked him up to his bit, and the poor quadruped went along smoothly and quietly, wondering, no

doubt, at the unexpected and pleasant change in his mode of progression. Jumping down when he reached 'the four lamps,' Tommy gave back the reins to the driver. 'You deserve nothing,' he said, 'but there's a shilling for you. Don't let me catch you ill-using that poor beast again. I've taught you how to drive.' 'Thank ye, Mr Macintosh,' said the man, and started off with the same bell-pull action as of old. 'I don't believe the brute was conscious of what he was doing,' said Tommy, as he told me the story.

Nothing drove Tommy so wild as anything approaching to cruelty to animals, especially to horses. One broiling summer day he was making his way through the Grassmarket to the Arches Hall, for Tommy added the art of Robin Hood to his many accomplishments, when about half-way up Candlemaker Row he came upon two carters in charge of a lorry, attached to which was one horse, the load being quite enough for two. The poor animal had done his best, but could not drag his load one yard farther. Just as Tommy arrived on the scene one of the men, losing his temper, hit the horse savagely on the head with a heavy stick he had in his hand, flooring him as effectually as a slaughterer pole-axes an ox, while his companion brutally kicked the unlucky and practically insensible quadruped in the effort to get him on his legs again. Tommy, catching one of them by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his trousers, threw him mercilessly down on the pavement, turning just in time to face the other, who, seeing Tommy's gigantic proportions, promptly elevated the sponge and lowered his stick, in token of defeat. Beckoning to a constable—who, for once in a way, was exactly in the place he was wanted—Tommy, furious and profane, handed the case over to him, promising to attend before the Sheriff and give evidence. Next day, or the day after, the hero of our tale was in the witness-box. Before he had time to give details of what had happened, one of the ruffians exclaimed, 'Me fell ma horse wi' a rackpin! A' a lee. Ca' way, Jock;' and seized his pal by the arm, apparently with the intention of leaving the dock. But the Sheriff refused to recognise this method of summary jurisdiction by one of the accused, and, to Tommy's great delight, passed a sentence of imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Many years after Tommy's successful encounter with the carters I paid a visit to Edinburgh, and met him at the club, a perfect wreck, thin, shrunken, and hollow-cheeked, a mere shadow of his former self. 'You will come and dine to-night?' he said, with his usual hospitality. 'Can't possibly,' I replied. 'I am going south by the ten-thirty.' 'Do come; we'll dine as early as you like, and have a talk of old times.' At six-thirty I found myself in his dining-room, with everything a hungry and thirsty man could

wish for, and we had that talk of the good old days long gone by, hunting, rowing, grouse-shooting, and deer-stalking. At ten I rose most reluctantly. Following me out to the hall, Tommy helped me on with my greatcoat; then looking at his watch and taking a big walking-stick from the umbrella-stand, he ejaculated, 'You've five minutes yet; I would like to show you how I killed him.'

Returning to the dining-room, he quickly pushed an arm-chair towards one window, another chair in rear of it; then seizing the stick to play the part of the rifle, he got on his knees behind the table, raising his head with the utmost caution and throwing up some filbert

husks to see how the wind was blowing. 'Where I was,' he explained, 'I could see only the tips of his horns, but the stalk was a safe one; no danger from the wind, and I knew if I got here'—suiting the action to the word, and crawling up behind the arm-chair—'I could get him broad-side on at ninety yards.' Off went his improvised rifle, and after one hearty grip of the hand away I went. 'I shall never see him again,' I said to myself—for I had a dismal foreboding of what was coming. A week later he went south, to return in his coffin.

Rough in looks and rough in speech he was, but a warmer or kinder heart never beat beneath Harris homespun. Such was Tommy!

THE ROMANCE OF THE EEL.

By A. TYSILIO JOHNSON.

TO most people the common eel must appear one of the least interesting and certainly one of the least romantic of the inhabitants of the globe. Its very name brings to our minds memory-pictures of juvenile anglers indulging in that elementary sport known to some as 'bobbing for anigs' in the unclean waters of abandoned brick-pits and other oozy quarters in which this mud-loving fish delights. As an article of commerce, the eel is associated with the most unwholesome streets and alleys of our cities, and we instinctively dislike the whole species because of the sinister appearance and likeness of its members to the common enemy and begetter of all evil—the serpent. But in the light of modern research this unlovely fish has become imbued with a new interest; and its life-story, even though we still only know a portion of it, is one that can equal in mystery and romance anything which biological science has unfolded for us in recent years. It is a story which outstrips one's imagination, and which once again substantiates that threadbare but convenient epigram, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.'

The history of the eel had not until a few years ago consisted of more than a few disconnected facts. We knew, for example, that so long as the eels remained in our rivers and ponds they did not spawn or produce young, notwithstanding the fact that specimens had been kept under close observation for the best part of half-a-century. That an annual migration seawards of the largest eels took place every autumn had also long been known. But whither these old ones went, and whence came the baby eels, and how, were a few of the problems which remained unexplained until a comparatively recent date, when it was discovered that the eels' spawning-beds were hidden in the dark abysses of the Atlantic Ocean. For many generations ichthyologists had been acquainted with a small,

flat, transparent, fish-like creature which they called *Leptocephalus*, and which lived in the very deep seas. But little further was known of its life until one which was kept in an aquarium gradually changed its form and became a tiny eel or elver. So far, then, the secret of the eel's origin was out, and the discovery that the various forms of *Leptocephali* were none other than the young of different species of eels cast a flood of light upon a problem which had for so long baffled the scientific world.

Briefly, the romantic story of this interesting fish's life, in so far as we understand it, may be related thus. Every autumn, usually at night in stormy weather, all the largest eels of horse-pond, river, and lake set out on their migration to the sea. So intense are they in their desire to reach their far-off destination that they will endeavour to overcome any obstacle that stands in their course. The unseen force which spurs them onward, and that unknown power which shows them the way, are so all-absorbing and insistent that it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for these eels to leave their own element, and, with a snake-like motion, cross over dry land with the object of taking a straighter path to the sea. While this migration is in progress a remarkable change is taking place in their appearance. The eyes grow larger and rounder; their skins lose their dark colour, gradually assuming a silvery tint; and the reproductory organs of both sexes, which have up to this stage been entirely rudimentary, begin to develop. What further transformation takes place by the time these curious creatures have reached their destination in the unknown depths of the ocean we cannot say; but we do know that they never return. Once in a lifetime they make the long journey from fresh water to meet their mates in the darkness of those deep valleys which lie beneath, perhaps, three thousand feet of ocean water. Whether they die when the supreme

moment of their life's mission has been attained, or whether they settle down into an easy-going middle age with the goodly hosts of eels which for unnumbered generations have gathered there, is a problem which still awaits investigation. But the extraordinary facts remain that the eel must seek enormous depths, not less than five to six hundred fathoms, before it can reproduce its kind, and that it is in those 'dark, unfathomed caves of ocean' that the tiny, glass-like *Leptocephali* undergo their metamorphosis and prepare themselves for the life which lies before them. But what the earliest stages of these strange little creatures' lives are like, and from what manner of parents they were begotten, are dark secrets which the ocean has not yet given up.

The actual spawning of the eels would appear to take place in midwinter, and the *Leptocephali*, during their sojourn in the ocean deeps, which is supposed to last for about a year, pass through a graduated series of changes from flat, opaque creatures of two or three inches in length until they assume the cylindrical form and become young eels or elvers. As soon as they have attained that state, they prepare to leave their nursery home and set forth on their long and tedious journey to the rivers and ponds of the far-off country. And here opens perhaps the most wonderful page of all in the story of the eel's life. Hundreds of miles lie between the elvers' birthplace and their journey's end. There is no power which we can comprehend that can direct their course, yet a common impulse stirs within them at the appointed time, and shoals of countless millions turn their heads towards their destinations in the distant and unknown waters of the land.

Standing by a shallow brook in early spring, an observer may be fortunate enough to see the final stage of this migration of elvers. On some occasions the numbers are greater than upon others; but it is no uncommon sight to witness hundreds of thousands of these tiny creatures threading their way up-stream, battling with the current, overcoming obstacles such as waterfalls by wriggling up the face of wet and slippery rocks, pressing onward, onward with an unflagging determination to a home which they know not of. At such times we may discover them in the wet footprints of cattle down in the meadows where the marsh marigolds are ablaze, in water-pipes, wells, and farmyard drinking-troughs. There are, indeed, few damp places near a stream where these little travellers, fresh from the far Atlantic, and invested with the profound mysteries of their unknown birth in the eternal darkness of those silent deeps, cannot be found. Migration is always an intensely interesting subject; but it is not easy to point to any other example of the sort, whether in fairy-tale or fact, that can arouse our imagination and wonder to the same extent as does this one.

How the tiny eels find their way through long leagues of trackless ocean and miles of inland seas, fighting the resistance of tides and currents, the heavy flood of mighty rivers, and the tempestuous waters of mountain streams, is beyond our power of conception. They have no parents to lead them, and they can obviously possess nothing in the form of memory as we understand the term. Enormous destruction awaits them by the way, and of the countless millions which pursue their miraculous journey through the waters it cannot be supposed that more than an infinitesimal fraction survive. And here the question may arise as to whether the elvers each return to the old home of their respective parents. It is well known that many other migratory creatures do so, and we have every reason to suppose that the elvers follow the same law. Otherwise would not some rivers—those nearest the spawning-beds—become overstocked? And why, for example, should some elvers pass the estuaries of many rivers and streams, as they must do, before they finally reach that water which some unknown influence tells them is their proper and only destination? Practically every river and pond, streamlet and canal, in Europe has eels, and we know that many miles of ocean lie between the spawning-ground of the species and our extreme western coasts. By what means, then, could the even distribution of elvers over our islands and the entire Continent be maintained were it not that these wonderful little creatures each return to the earlier homes of their parents whom they have left behind in oblivion? It is, of course, impossible to do more than surmise in problems of this sort, for there is no way by which our conclusions can be put to the test and checked. And the deeper one probes into the enchanting story of the eel's life, so much the more is the imagination stirred by those manifold wonders which must yet be hidden behind the mists which enshroud so many of Nature's untraversed ways.

THE SUMMER NIGHT IS SPENT : A SONNET.

Do you know why at the dawn the cock shrills his clarion? It is to remind you by the mirror of morning that a night has slipped from your life, and left you still ignorant.—From the *Quatrains of Omar Khayyâm*.

FAR in the west has sunk the golden sun,
Hissing, beyond the hills, into the sea.
The shadows cast from every rustling tree,
Fleeting and vague, by chasing clouds o'errun.
The clinging tendrils from their branches spun
Athwart the path by insects' industry
Glisten like pearls and sparkle o'er the lea.
The moonbeams softly whisper, 'Night's begun.'
High in the heavens over rustling trees,
And over silent waters, lingering clouds,
Tinged by the moonbeams, white like angels'
shrouds,
Are gently wafted onward by the breeze,
Which whispers that the summer night is spent,
And dawn is breaking. We still ignorant.

PHILIP RANULPH ALSOP.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS.

THE rules of life once submitted to an audience by Sir William Osler were to forget the past, to forget the future; to touch the button that will shut off the past and another that will shut off the future. That was a vaccine that would ensure against all morbid thoughts. 'When the load of to-morrow is added to the load of yesterday, many men fall by the way. The day of man's salvation is to-day. Live earnestly, and make the limit of your life the twenty-four hours of the day.' Sydney Smith's well-known advice to take short views was somewhat similar.

In a recent volume, *Nervous Breakdowns and How to Avoid Them*, by Charles D. Musgrove, M.D. (Arrowsmith), there is much good practical advice, which shows a singularly sound and thorough grip of this subject.

Equally in the work and worry of daily life, and in the mad rush in search of pleasure, lies the liability to nervous breakdowns. The opportunity, therefore, is not to be despised of making an intelligent study of Dr Musgrove's book. Although the cure for 'nerves'—the great pull up—must ultimately depend for its efficacy on the individual himself—his mental and physical condition—yet every chapter of this book, especially those headed 'The Danger Signal' and 'Rewards and Penalties,' will assuredly aid the effort made towards recovery, strengthen the will, and assist in restoring virility to mind and body.

Dr Musgrove's healing message, his balm of Gilead to suffering mankind, comes as a nerve tonic; though the prescription, at first glance, not being written in Latin or abbreviated, may present a somewhat doubtful and untechnical character. The ingredients are as follows: foresight, discipline, work, interest, rest, exercise, and plain diet; with fresh air as a compulsory complement to all those on this list, for the best tonics of all for jaded nerves are sunlight and fresh air.

Dr Musgrove says, 'Breakdowns constitute one of the most momentous problems of the day;' and prescribes attention to 'the fundamental laws of health—health which is a matter that lies in our own hands to a far greater extent than is usually supposed.' And as the doctor says, 'The most wonderful feature of perfect health is its blissful unconsciousness.'

In the hints on the need for exercise we are advised to keep one eye on our work and the

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other on our health. To illustrate this he recalls two men playing golf, both of whom were well known to fame. One was a writer of repute, the other an orator whose name is known far and wide. They played round the golf course with an abandon and zest that was refreshing to witness. What impressed the doctor was a remark made by one of them when they came in. 'My friend and I were anxious to get a game to-day,' he said, 'because we are the principal speakers at two mass meetings to-night, and the people are expecting something special, so we must be prepared to let them have it.' That was why, instead of 'immersing themselves in studious solitude, rehearsing their speeches, they spent the time in playing a game like a couple of schoolboys out for a holiday, with a good tea and a rest to follow. It is a dozen years since that happened; but these two men, who are among the hardest public workers of the day, are as fresh and fit for their duties now as they were then. And this not from any natural strength or stamina, but simply because they have always taken pains to carry out the fundamental laws of health.' A rising Member of Parliament was once asked what quality was most indispensable for success in the House of Commons. His reply was, 'Good bodily health. That is more important than anything else.'

Walking is recommended as the exercise best fitted to eliminate waste products from the system. If it cannot be obtained outside owing to the weather, 'you may obtain it by walking briskly up and down the stairs. The servants will think you have gone mad; but as they probably think that already, this fact need not deter you from this form of invigoration.' Change is rest, and recreation is as indispensable to health as food itself. Therefore a fascinating novel is recommended, a pleasant game, or the pursuit of an absorbing hobby. This gives the wearied brain the necessary relaxation. Due attention to sleep, recreation, and holidays is also enjoined.

Monotony of diet is condemned. A diminishing quantity of butcher's meat is recommended once the period of early manhood is past, and 'it would be to the benefit of all, young and old alike, to take nothing heavier than fish or fowl at least one or two days a week.' Bread, he thinks, though the staff of life, accounts for more dyspepsia than all other causes put together. Bread, as usually made, is more or less moist,

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and consequently the saliva cannot get properly at the starch granules. The hardbake of the colonial, which must be chewed, is easier to assimilate. This is on the side of those who love toasted bread. The remarks on tea and coffee and alcohol are in accordance with common knowledge. Black coffee is condemned, as causing indigestion as well as biliousness.

In regard to the difference between hysteria or hypochondriasis and neurasthenia, the writer is a wise and sympathetic counsellor. This is the clever and subtle distinction he draws: 'It must be understood that neurasthenia is a very different matter from hysteria or hypochondriasis. The hysterical subject craves for sympathy, and will imitate all sorts of ailments in order to secure it. The hypochondriacal imagines he has all manner of diseases, and loves to talk about them to any one who has the patience to listen to his tale of woe. The neurasthenics are the very opposite of this. They are usually people of refined susceptibilities, sensitive about themselves and their feelings. They have, therefore, to bear their burden alone. They see the clouds gathering on their mental horizon, and their sky getting darker and darker. The future becomes laden with foreboding, and all around there is the presentiment of a storm that is about to break. Often they keep their feelings to themselves, until at last these become of such intensity that they can no longer be hidden. Such persons often welcome a definite illness, if only because it gives them something unmistakable to speak about, affording them the opportunity of calling in the medical aid of which—quite wrongly, be it observed—they had previously been ashamed to avail themselves.'

The book does not consist of merely a collection of technical phrases, nor is it the well-worded counsel of a mere *medico*. It is, on the contrary, 'all-round advice,' the natural outcome of psychological thought, the intellectual work of a friend, eager, with the simplicity and the power of truth, to instil into the minds and lives of others the necessity as well as the joy of health, together with the true dignity that is attached to the possession of it, and the growth of unselfishness which physical and mental sanity brings, and must ever bring, in its train.

There is, however, one question which, in argumentative form, has been repeatedly asked concerning 'nerves' and nervous illnesses—namely, 'Wrest from a man in deadly combat with a foe his weapon of defence,' and what possible chance of success has he in the encounter?—a question, indeed, which has received from time to time so many conflicting answers that the most vital of them all seems to have lost itself amidst the multitude. Owing to this fact, it obviously became Dr Musgrove's task, his aim, point, and purpose, to sort it out; claim it as the answer for which he himself was once responsible, and put it promptly down in black

and white for the world to read and derive benefit from.

Nerve power and the right development of that power is undoubtedly the individual's most important weapon of defence against the insidious onslaughts of the enemy—'nerves'; and, as Dr Musgrove proceeds gently but decisively to point out in answer to his innumerable questioners, it should be quite impossible for that weapon to be 'wrested' from the grasp of man or woman. It is admitted that without nerve power the human organism is useless and in peril. It can best be likened to a ship, minus steering-gear and compass, adrift upon the high seas; and the neurasthenics, consequently, are cautioned to avoid a sudden jar or more serious shock—graphically described in the opening chapter of the book—by paying careful heed to the first approach of a breakdown; the premonitory signs including loss of strength and memory, loss of pleasure and zest, change of disposition, worry, and forebodings, 'when'—Dr Musgrove concludes his paragraph by stating—'too often they are assailed by the worst dread of all, the fear that they will lose their reason. For their comfort'—and this I hold to be the sweetest balm he offers—'we may say that, tragic as a breakdown may be, there is a wide gulf between it and insanity.'

It is the careful guarding and wise maintenance of the health that keeps humanity sane and strong; and as it is the strong ones of the earth who can least be spared, and whose collapse, when it comes, is the more complete and crushing, this book should appeal to them in particular. The hardest, perhaps the cruellest, thing that the clever, refined, and sensitive man or woman has too frequently, when failing in health, to bear up against is to be called hysterical—hysteria having really nothing whatever to do with the case. The failure of nerve power, brought on by worry, untoward circumstances, and more often than not by sheer anguish of mind, is torture both inexpressible and humiliating; a state of feeling which the phlegmatic and the ignorant cannot understand.

Anguish of mind—the bitter realisation of having, through nerve failure, lost everything of value in life, conveys no meaning to them; humiliation is a thing unknown. Our mentor says: 'It is the nature of finest fibres which accomplish the most, and it is they who are the most liable to give way beneath the strain. A common mug may fall to the ground unharmed, where a piece of costly china would be smashed to atoms. When a masterpiece of art is lost or stolen the whole nation grieves after it. How much more so when a man of repute, either in great ways or small, is invalidated and his services lost to the world!'

Most clearly, therefore, should it be understood and appreciated to the full that it is not for those persons before mentioned, of cabbage-like tendencies, Dr Musgrove especially writes; not for the phlegmatic and the nerveless, whose

ailments would probably be due alone to over-indulgence or want of intelligence, but for those who, except for their highly strung, intellectual faculties, their strenuous, capable lives, natural strength of will, and the very 'nerves' they suffer from and endeavour to curb, might never experience the misery or the real horrors of a breakdown, the 'danger signals' of which should be imperatively attended to. If they are not, the human organism runs off the line and comes to grief in exactly the same way that an express train would if in the charge of a negligent driver. 'The resemblance between a steam-engine and the human body is a pronounced one,' and the only good that can be said to arise from a sudden shock is the investigation which follows. But a shock, Dr Musgrove asserts throughout his work—and this is the keynote of all his teaching—should not be necessary. Investigation should precede the shock. The driver of the engine (human organism) should carefully and unceasingly observe his danger signals, and thereby avert a breakdown, sometimes a grievous, irrevocable smash.

So, then, especially as it is said the stronger the individual the greater the downfall, let every victim of temporary nerve-failure read Dr Musgrove's book and take comfort. Listen for the divine singing of the skylark and shut your ears to the croaking of frogs. It is for the strong he writes, and writes so ably; for the strong in their hour of need, face to face with impending calamity, eye to eye with themselves, knowing the courage they seem to lack is really theirs, though not then at their command. It is to them, the thinkers, the toilers in high places, of whom much is expected, much required, he entrusts the little 'golden key' of his 'treasure house'; hardening, tightening their grip upon the chief weapon of defence each individual has in the march of life—nerve power—that gift from the Beginner and the Completer, not surely of what the poet of Persia calls 'a sorry scheme of things,' but of a wondrous life-plan perfected; the Potter who has moulded us, alas! of perishable clay, but of whose undying spirit we nevertheless are part—nerve power wherewith to live, to fight, to overcome, to will, to accomplish.

AN EXPERIMENT.

CHAPTER IX.

'I'm afraid, my dear,' said Mrs Lawton to her guest the next morning at breakfast, 'that you will find it very dull here to-day.'

'Dull!' echoed Stella, her flower-like face merry and full of young life as Carr had never seen it before. 'Whatever it is, it couldn't be as dull as Scale Hall all by myself, with its rats and its ghosts and all that frowzy armour.'

They all laughed at this somewhat back-handed compliment to their capacity for entertaining her.

'Yes, really,' went on the girl as the good-natured laughter at her expense subsided. 'Do you know, the second night after we came, George, the footman, and the chauffeur sat on the kitchen table after the other servants went to bed, back to back so that they didn't hit each other, and shot rats with air-guns as they came out.'

'Joys of the country!' said the doctor, looking up, with a smile, from a note-book he was studying. 'Now, you good people, unless somebody is suddenly smitten with serious illness and requires my services, I have a slack day. I can get all my work done while you are at church, and when you get back we will take the motor and go for a motor lunch and tea out in the country. Tom can drive, so that the chauffeur can have a half-day off, which, poor lad! he doesn't often get. Doctors' chauffeurs have to work as hard for their living as their masters,' added Dr Lawton with his boyish laugh.

Stella drew a deep breath of sheer delighted

anticipation. 'Oh, that will be nice!' she said, and there was no mistaking the sincerity of her words; 'even going to church. I've never been to church since I left school in Vienna eighteen months ago. You see,' she added to Mrs Lawton, 'in our house no one is ever up in time to go in the morning, and I am not allowed to go alone; and in the evening there is dinner and bridge and things in the way.'

'And you play bridge too?' asked Mrs Lawton gently.

'No, thank goodness!' said Stella, bubbling again with mirth at the recollection. 'Mother tried to teach me, but I'm so stupid I couldn't learn; I just did everything I shouldn't do, and I do loathe cards so! I trumped my partner's tricks and forgot about returning leads, and then I thought no trumps was a kind of misery hand where you had to get as little as you can, you know. So daddy said I had a kink in the mathematical end of my brain, and now mother says she doesn't approve of young girls playing bridge.'

They made their way soon after to the fine old church. Every one who has been in that neighbourhood knows Blackport parish church, for it is almost a cathedral. It is very old, with fine, delicate-pointed Gothic arches and slender pillars supporting its seven aisles. In its tower hangs a peal of ancient mellow bells peculiar in the possession of a minor seventh, which gives an inexpressible air of melancholy as the notes of the bells ring out over hill and dale and

far out to sea. The ringers are justly proud of their ringing, and are the possessors of many shields and pieces of plate; for they are the champion team of bell-ringers in the country where good bell-ringing is the rule rather than the exception.

As Stella followed Mrs Lawton up the centre aisle to a great black oak carved pew behind the stalls of the choir in the chancel she drew a deep breath of sheer admiration. Here and there were square tombs on which lay alabaster warriors, some with wives and families, some without. The Lawtons' pew was really a kind of chantry, with a large tomb in it railed round, and tablets with quaint inscriptions thick upon the old walls behind. Hanging above the choir stalls were the tattered colours of a former celebrated regiment, now absorbed into some other, its glories almost forgotten, its traditions becoming dim.

'I believe this is really Lord Blackport's pew,' said Tom in a whisper to Stella as he carefully stowed his hat under the seat; 'but as he never favours this place with his society, we stick to it. These old Johnnies, you know, were my father's ancestors, not his; he hasn't any that I know of.'

He indicated the great tomb on which lay a Crusader, his crossed feet against a crouching lion; and Stella, with a quick glance at Carr, noticed that the tomb indeed bore an inscription recording that it was that of one Johannes Lawton and Gunhilda, his wife. The tablets on the walls, of all dates, also recorded that 'near this place' many Lawtons lay sleeping their last long sleep.

'They got into trouble in the days of the Jacobites,' Jean, on Stella's other side, whispered as she saw the girl's interested eyes studying the tablets, 'and went to Ireland till it blew over. Then dad in his young days came here as assistant to an old doctor, and afterwards got the practice. Isn't the organ beautiful?'

Stella nodded as the jangle of the mournful peal in the tower above stopped, and the great organ woke to life with a thrilling mellow diapason note. It was played by a master-hand; and the girl, who was passionately fond of music, listened, entranced, to the simple, exquisitely played voluntary as the white-robed choir filed into their places in front of them.

The service was a beautiful one—simple, well-known chants and hymns, but almost perfectly sung by good voices exceptionally well trained and balanced. It was a short service, with a sermon certainly not more than seven minutes in length, telling, neatly put, impressive. It was no wonder that the great church was filled with people of all grades—the pitman in his Sunday 'blacks' alongside the well-to-do tradesman and his smartly gowned wife.

'How beautifully they sing!' said the girl to Mrs Lawton as they walked home after the

service was over. 'Both boys and men have such sweet voices.'

'The men are pitmen, most of them,' said Tom, taking his mother's Prayer Book to carry for her. 'As for the boys, they were street-arabs, larrikins of the local hooligan tribe of Ishmael, till this vicar came a year or so ago. The organist is his brother, and they have started a Boy Scout movement, and done no end of good, as well as recruited that first-rate choir. The vicar says there are rookeries here equal to anything in a big town. Awful tenements there are in those squalid courts and alleys. He wants to have a heart-to-heart talk with Lord Blackport when he can get hold of that young waster.'

Stella glanced mischievously at Carr's face, which looked very grim.

'Why Lord Blackport?' said the young man.

'What has it got to do with him?'

'It belongs to him, that is all,' said Tom. 'He takes the rents and employs the people. I tell you, Carr, the name of Blackport, in the good expressive old phrase, stinks in the nostrils of the folks here.'

'Tom!' reproved his mother.

'Well, mother,' said Tom hotly, 'isn't it all true? You know what dad said when we had that last epidemic of typhus here four years ago.'

'Yes,' said Jean almost as sternly, 'morally Lord Blackport is responsible for much of the poverty and misery and sickness of this place. It is certainly true.'

'I haven't been about the town,' said Carr; 'I've only done estate work in the outlying country districts, as you know. I didn't know all this. Why didn't some one point it out to Lord Blackport years ago?'

'Who could?' Johnson, who'd get the sack if he did?' said Tom contemptuously. 'If you wrote and told him, he would probably chuck the letter into the fire without reading it. I've heard something of the useless sort of rotter he is.'

'Some people footle through life because it never came their way to do anything else,' said Carr quietly, as they turned into South Street, and found the doctor and the motor (in which Janet and her nephew the chauffeur had packed a plentiful luncheon and tea) waiting for them.

'My dear boy,' said Mrs Lawton to her son as they waited in the hall whilst Stella and Carr got motor-coats and wraps, 'did you forget that probably both Mr Carr and Miss Saxton are friends of Lord Blackport?'

Tom coloured, but his square jaw set obstinately. 'Yes, mother,' he said, 'I did clean forget; but, anyway, I'm glad I spoke so plainly. They may hand it on to him. Carr is a very straight-spoken chap. He won't call a spade an agricultural implement if you get him roused, I'll bet.—Now then, are you people ready?

What a time you do take, to be sure! Who is coming to sit by me in front!'

'I am, please, if I may,' said Stella promptly. 'I love to see what is happening to the engines.'

'If you may!' said Tom in a low voice as he tucked the rugs round her, and the wild-rose colour bloomed quickly in the girl's delicate face.

(Continued on page 463.)

THE DIRIGIBLE.

By BREECH SCREW.

FOR some time past it has been very difficult to make people think in anything but terms of Dreadnoughts and Super-Dreadnoughts. Now, however, the topic of thought, so to speak, is slowly but perceptibly veering, and we are beginning to think in terms of dirigibles. Almost every paper that comes to hand has an article in it pointing out the great value of the rigid airship, and the necessity for building a large number of this type of aerial craft. There can be no doubt as to our need of this class of air-vessel; but few persons realise the extreme costliness of building the rigid dirigible, and keeping it in an efficient state. The price of a Zeppelin is about fifty thousand pounds sterling, and a hangar to hold two of these vessels costs about eighty thousand pounds; then there are repairs, gas, wages, and a hundred and one other things which necessitate a large running account to meet them.

To build a fleet of forty dirigibles, which we should have to do to enable us to get on even terms with the aerial squadrons of other countries, would cost us about two million pounds; and then hangars must be provided for all of these airships, which means the expenditure of another two millions at least.

Where these air-vessels are to be built, and how long they would take to construct, are also matters of importance, seeing that we have not as yet turned out any really satisfactory airships of large size. Arrangements, too, have been completed in Germany whereby the sale of Zeppelin and Schutte-Lanz dirigibles to foreign Governments is prohibited.

Then, even supposing that we could purchase forty of those aerial cruisers in the space of a year, we should find considerable difficulty in obtaining pilots qualified to sail them. The official list published by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale shows that, up to the 31st of December 1912, thirty-two aeronaut's (balloons) and eleven airship pilot's certificates were granted to persons in Great Britain.

There is no gainsaying the fact that, as compared with any other kind of aerial craft, the rigid dirigible is the air-vessel of to-day. In carrying capacity and radius of action, in its powers of remaining steady in the air and flying noiselessly aided by the wind, the rigid airship has no rival. It has, of course, its disadvantages—its immense bulk, which makes it a very noticeable object

in the sky, and its unwieldiness, which necessitates a host of attendants to grapple with it when it leaves the earth and when it alights. The Zeppelin airships, too, are extremely heavy. The lifting capacity of Zeppelin L. 1 is twenty-seven tons; but owing to its own great weight its useful load is only some seven tons.

As regards the construction of the rigid airship, in this type of air-vessel the shape of its envelope is not dependent on internal gas-pressure. A huge framework, made of aluminium in the case of Zeppelins, is provided with from seventeen to twenty separate gas-chambers. Attached to the framework is a keel which, in addition to serving other purposes, affords communication between the two cars. The latter carry the motors, guns, bomb-dropping appliances, &c. The propellers, of which there are four, are fixed to the frame above the cars. The framework is covered with a rubbered cloth. The Schutte-Lanz dirigible has a wooden framework, as has also the French rigid Le Spiess.

The bomb-dropping arrangements carried by the Zeppelins are known to be accurately sighted. Quite recently the Hansa made excellent practice at comparatively small targets on the ground from a height of over five thousand feet in the air. It is well known, too, that for attacking other air-craft the Zeppelins carry five guns, probably machine-guns or weapons of small calibre. Two of these guns are carried in each of the cars, and the fifth is mounted on a specially constructed platform on top of the airship's envelope. This platform is surrounded by netting, and is twelve feet square. A ladder leads from the keel through the framework to its rather airy position. The object of a gun so situated is to shoot at air-vessels flying immediately above the Zeppelin, as the fire of the four guns in the cars is masked by the protruding sides of this airship's hull.

All kinds of methods have been devised for attacking the rigid dirigible. It is said that the pilots of certain French aeroplanes are quite prepared, when war breaks out, to fly into the rudders and elevators of rigid airships, and thus disable these vessels. Whether this can be accomplished or not remains to be seen; it means certain death for the crew, and sure destruction for the ramming aeroplane. No doubt some safer and more certain mode of attack will soon make its appearance. The

advent of the flying torpedo seems to be at hand. A weapon fashioned on the lines of the steerable Brennan torpedo, leaving a smoke-trail or spark after it, would meet the case.

It can be stated with some certainty that the action of the rigid dirigible will be mainly confined to night-work in war. The aerial torpedo must, therefore, carry within it some kind of composition which will become lighted on discharge, and cause a spark or flame-trail to appear, which will enable those using it to see its course through the air. The rigid airship will, of course, be used for reconnaissance duties by day; it will seldom come within the range of any gun, because the occupants of the vessel can see such vast distances by merely going straight up into the sky; but at night the dirigible will be the master of the situation.

Almost all rigids carry powerful searchlights; but it seems doubtful if these would be often used, because the showing of these lights must necessarily give away their positions. The same statement, too, applies to battleships. A crew that keeps sweeping the skies or the seas with their searchlights, looking out for aerial craft and torpedo craft, acts very foolishly.

Any one who has a knowledge of heavier-than-air vessels knows that in normal weather conditions they are always heard before they are seen. This is one of the great disadvantages of the aeroplane for war requirements. But the dirigible, once it has discovered the position of a fleet, can, by manœuvring to windward of the point of attack, approach the ships and float over them without making any sound, and bring into action its bomb-dropping arrangements. When its explosives have been discharged, it can quickly get out of range of the ship's guns by its engines being started.

The question is, however, is it possible for the dirigible to discover the whereabouts of battle squadrons at night? If naval warfare

be likely to take place in narrow waters, such as the North Sea, the answer must be in the affirmative.

A country that, like Germany, possesses some twelve or more rigid airships must be expected to make good use of them in maritime warfare. The Zeppelins are so constructed that they can come to rest on the sea, but they require special moorings. With even five of these airships searching specified areas from low or medium altitudes in the air, it is difficult to see how the battleship can remain undiscovered. The new rigids being built in Germany will, it is reported, have a speed of nearly sixty miles per hour, and a scope of action of thirteen hundred miles, so that one of these vessels would itself be quite capable of exploring a very large extent of sea and coast-line. These aerial cruisers are to carry no less than eight tons of explosives and improved bomb-dropping appliances.

The moral effect of the dirigible in sea-warfare of the future is bound to be very great. One can well imagine what an outcry there would be were a Dreadnought to be put out of action by the bombs of an airship, and yet such an occurrence is by no means impossible. The man in the battleship has already an anxious time of it, knowing as he does that he has to avoid the attentions of the submarine, the mine, and the torpedo. But now that the airship has been added to all those terrors, the extra strain that will be thrown upon the sailor's nerves will be almost unbearable. War generally, and war at sea particularly, has become a terrible undertaking, and as the day for turning swords into ploughshares has not yet arrived, it behoves us to acquire such proved weapons of destruction that other Powers will think twice before they venture to war with us.

Perhaps the holiday in warship construction, if there is to be a holiday, will mean that we shall have a strenuous term of building airships.

THE NEEDLE-AND-HAYSTACK SYNDICATE.

CHAPTER V.

THE Mala Vita! I had heard of the dread Italian brotherhood, their cold-blooded, devilish ingenuity, their contempt of the law, their secrecy, swiftness, and daring. The other two stood beside me motionless as statues, but watching me intently.

'What you say may be true,' I began.

'Is true,' interjected the leader.

'But if I refuse to answer?'

He shrugged his shoulders. "*È un mal giuoco.*" 'Tis a sorry game where nobody wins. I may as well tell you that we have the one half. You know where the other half of the cipher is, and you must tell us.'

I lost my temper. 'Never,' I said. 'I'll see you hanged first!'

'So be it. In my heart I believe I admire your British attitude. I could almost have liked you. As it is, I am very sorry for you,' he said with his cruel, dead smile.—'Luigi, the charm.'

The old man stepped forward, took from his neck the yellow disc, and handed it to the leader. The tall man came back again to my side, placed the disc in the palm of his left hand, held it out, and looked me again straight in the eyes.

'Look at the charm!'

I resented his tone of command, but curiosity

bade me glance at the little yellow circle in his hand. I looked at it for an instant, and then at him.

His eyes never left mine. He came a step nearer. 'Look again,' he said. '*Sleep!*' and in a flash I divined his object. The Mala Vita had many methods, medieval and modern. Hypnotism was one of them, and this was to be an attempt to hypnotise me. I burst into a laugh, but the leader never moved a muscle of face or body. The yellow eye in his hand caught mine again. My first feeling was a natural one of amused defiance. Was I a child to fear a transparent ruse? I would put the charlatan out of countenance. So I looked with a contemptuous smile at the yellow circlet and began to hum a tune. But even as I did so I could almost have sworn to a sudden fit of drowsiness. The figures of the three men swung half-round me and back again with a jerk. Their shapes seemed to waver and dissolve, suddenly spring into definition again, and grow into monstrous and commanding shadows.

'*Sleep!*' said the voice. '*Sleep!*' I summoned all my resolution, and tried to look away from the yellow circlet; but wherever I looked I saw it. I closed my eyes, and instantly felt a delicious restfulness steal over me. Something akin to soft music sounded, and ran through my veins. I was bathed in pleasant languor. I felt my head nodding.

'*Sleep!*' said the voice. . . . '*Sleep!*' Then, as from very far away, but clear and distinct, came the words: 'Tell me the hiding-place of the half of the casket cipher.'

The voice came from above me, and I thought I saw the gaunt figure of my inquisitor towering over me, his whole frame magnified, the incarnation of authority; his eyes burning, reading, as I imagined, my every thought. I knew that the huge dominating presence was an illusion; knew that I was probably half-hypnotised, and that the shape in front of me was an ordinary scoundrel. Nevertheless, a sickening sense of impotence clutched me. I strove to rally my sagging wits, to speak, to shout defiance, to strike out at the black watchers beside me; but sounds, other than pitiful gibberings, refused to come. I opened my eyes, and put up my hands to my face to shut out the yellow disc. The sweat froze on my spine. My breath came at long intervals, in stertorous, choking gasps; a sledge-hammer beat in my brain. My arms felt like lead. My hands gradually dropped, and my glance fell again to the shining yellow thing. Something snapped in my brain like the breaking of a taut violin-string. My breathing became easier and more regular, and again the sense of drowsiness, with its blessed sense of relief, crept over me. I stared at the thing in the man's hand, and the more I stared the more placid I felt. The tumult in my brain and the awful sense of choking passed.

Again the voice rose, this time soothing and confident. 'You have peace now, brother! You are one of us. You shall tell me what you know. No harm can come to you.'

The inexorable yellow disc held my eyes, and another voice—I knew that it was my own—whispered and whispered to me, 'Say the words. Tell where the casket cipher is.' . . . I remember saying very slowly and distinctly, 'The—halved—cipher—is'—when the three men bent forward simultaneously, so suddenly that I looked up, and each face was so lined with greed and cruelty that I came to myself, and my drowsy, facile mood vanished as though a cold douche had been thrown over me. I put one hand over my eyes, shutting the accursed charm from my sight, and with the other struck a vicious blow at the gaunt leader's hand. The yellow disc flew into the air, and fell among the heather some yards away.

The man Luigi ran after it with a hoarse cry, the other two watching him until he found it.

The leader's face was livid with rage, his thin lips drawn back over his teeth like a savage beast's. 'So,' he hissed, 'you defy us!'

'Let me consider,' I said. I had found my voice, and was determined to cause as much delay as possible, in the faint hope of some one coming by chance to the lonely spot.

'Consider with speed, then,' said the spokesman. 'I give you sixty seconds.'

'Suppose I do tell you the contents of the half of the cipher, what then? Do you propose to steal the whole of the casket's contents?'

'The Mala Vita never bargain,' he made answer.

'In this case a bargain is the obvious solution,' said I, with as much assumption of coolness as I could muster. 'Let us review the position. You have something valuable to me, and useless to you, and *vice versa*.'

My eye must have betrayed me. I had given a swift, anxious look around the moor.

'Fool! there is no help near. The time is up. You would not listen to gentle persuasion. Now'—he finished with his awful smile—'*Luigi!*'

Luigi left my side, and produced two or three articles from his satchel.

'Have you any choice?' the leader asked.

'The "match" or the "boot"?'

I had read as a boy of those medieval tortures, and at the thought, not fear, but a blind rage surged over me. I flung myself at Luigi; but on the instant the tall leader seized my wrists in a grip of steel, and the hairy ruffian had me by the throat. I was choking, and opened my mouth to gasp. In a trice I was gagged and bound and thrown to the ground.

'The "match" is the quicker medicine. See to it,' said the leader; and the two men swiftly tied the fingers of my right hand together. Then Luigi produced a fuse made of tow, and passed it through between my first and second

fingers. I was pushed to a sitting posture, my back against a tree. The leader struck a match, lit the fuse, and stood watching me.

'You think that you have courage. Ah, the pity of it! I have seen so many mistaken in their knowledge of themselves—so many.'

I looked at my hand. The smouldering fuse was very near my fingers. Already I could feel its heat. A lark began to sing somewhere, its voice and the tinkle of the hill-burn very loud in the stillness.

The leader watched me in silence. The two others took their place one on each side of me. Then the burning fuse reached my finger. I bit my lip to keep back the tears.

'You must tell us now,' said the tall man. 'Nod your head twice when you consent.'

The fuse bit my fingers cruelly. I moaned in agony, and the shaggy ruffian beside me whined in mockery, drowning my voice. I could have strangled him. The pain was intense—beyond human endurance. I tried to scream, but the gag smothered my voice. All that came was an inarticulate mouthing, and all the time the black-hearted fiend smiled and leered, and the devil at my side kept up a continual flouting and moaning in my ears.

The leader bent down and blew gently on the fuse. The place swam round. I writhed in agony, until one of my torturers sat on my legs, and kept my wretched body still. I think I must have fainted. For a time there was darkness and oblivion. Again came the voice, 'You must tell us now!'

I gave in. Call it what you will—cowardice, or bodily weakness, or both. I swear that I could not have stood another second of the excruciating agony if I had been promised Golconda. I nodded my head feebly twice.

At once the pain lessened. My gag was loosened. At the instant I saw a figure moving down the slope behind the three men. Thank God! here was a chance.

I took a moment to steady my breathing and fill my lungs, my enemies watching me, and suddenly gave a long, despairing yell: 'Help! Oh! Help!'

Then I woke up, cold with sweat. I had fallen asleep with my back to the tree! Poor Oh Math was half-lying across me, whining in

a frantic attempt to awaken me, his hairy face close to mine. My cigarette had burned down, and the smouldering paper and tobacco had made a scar on my fingers! A couple of shaggy Highland cattle were browsing peacefully fifty yards away.

In front of me, curiosity and astonishment in his gaze, was my friend the old Italian with his yellow 'charm' and his melodeon. He doffed his tattered hat. 'Did the Excellency call?' He went on to say that he had set out early on his day's journey, and in his short cut over the moor had at that moment heard a voice call, a voice of one in distress.

I looked at the scar on my fingers, then at the yellow charm hanging from the old man's neck, and began to laugh, silently at first, then louder and louder.—But there must have been very little mirth in my cachinnation or in my face, for the old gangrel gave me an open-mouthed stare, perplexity and alarm in his velvet eyes. He crossed himself, shuffled swiftly down the brae, and broke into a run near its foot.

I rose, wiped my clammy brow, and went as swiftly home.

Some day the secret of the casket cipher may be solved, but I doubt if it will be in mine. The years have passed. My uncle is now an old man, no longer able for long days on the hill or the river. Wise man, he prefers to wait for the sunset gun in peace, and the jewels—if they exist—trouble him less than the county rates.

As for myself, marriage and increased business responsibilities leave me no time for any syndicates save conventional commercial propositions, for the hunt for treasure is as absorbing in the City as in any romance. Now and then, I admit, the vision of Father Hamilton's casket flickers near my workaday road like a will-o'-the-wisp. But I am taking no short cuts. It shall not wile me from that workaday road where I am travelling hopefully.—After all, to travel hopefully is, we are told, better than to arrive.

However, money, leisure, or chance brings about strange things. Who knows? It may be written that the jewels shall sparkle in the sun again, and if that day comes in my time I shall tell the story.

THE END.

CAPTAIN BURT.

By R. H. COATS, M.A., B.D.

WHEN General Wade was appointed commander-in-chief of His Majesty's forces in Scotland in the year 1724, and was instructed to discover the strength and resources of that country, and reconnoitre it with a view to possible Jacobite risings in the north, he took with him

into the Highlands a certain Edward Burt. Very little is known of this gentleman's personal history. He has generally been styled 'Captain' Burt; but he held no officer's rank in the army, and seems rather to have been attached to the contract and commissariat department. He also rendered

service in the making of the well-known military road which was to be Wade's principal means of penetrating the Highlands and connecting their remotest fastnesses with Edinburgh and the south. This highway ran northwards for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from Crieff through Glenalmond to Dunkeld, Blair-Athole, and Dalwhinnie, whence it branched off to Inverness, Fort William, and Fort Augustus. Five hundred soldiers were employed in the construction of it for a period of three years, and sixpence a day extra was paid them for their work. So great a reputation did Wade earn for himself by the success of this undertaking that he came to be spoken of in the district as 'the highwayman,' and a humorous rhymed bull concerning him passed rapidly into circulation :

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General
Wade!

The *magnum opus* of the whole enterprise was the building of a bridge across the Tay. This structure spanned that wild and rapid river in fifteen arches, the longest of which extended to fifty feet. It was built of ashlar stone, and bore on its central point a Latin inscription penned by no less a person than the headmaster of Westminster School, which was designed to carry Wade's fame to the remotest ages, and which rose to the following exultant climax :

Ecoe quam valeant
Regis GEORGH SECUNDI auspacia.

General Wade now lies in Westminster Abbey, buried beneath a heavy monument by Roubillac. If he could rise from his grave at the present day and see the mighty girders which span the Firth of Forth, it is possible he might form a more modest estimate of his own achievements; but at least he accomplished a feat which was noteworthy in his time, and he could boast, before he died, of being able to gallop for miles into the Highlands where formerly he had been obliged to dismount every few yards.

Fortunately for us, this Captain Burt, whom he took with him, devoted himself not only to the making of the roads and keeping of accounts, but also to the writing of a remarkable series of letters which describe the Highlands as he saw them in 1726. Burt made it a rule to put nothing into these letters which he had not observed for himself, or at any rate learned from reliable sources of information, and he sat down to pen them in a genial, expansive frame of mind, determined to write colloquially of whatever might come his way. He was evidently a man with a whimsical vein in him, and given to simple and innocent delights. 'You might have seen me,' he writes, 'throwing haddocks' and whittings' heads into the river from the parapet of the bridge at Inverness, only to see the eels turn up their silver bellies in striving one with another for the prey. At other times they might

tell you they saw me letting feathers fly in the wind for the swallows that build under the arches to make their circuits in the air and contend for them to carry to their nests. I have been jestingly reproached by them, *en passant*, for both these amusements, as being too juvenile for me. This I have returned in their own way by telling them I thought myself at least as well employed as they when tumbling over and over a little cube made out of a bone, and making every black spot on the faces of it a subject of their fear and hope.'

There are one or two references scattered throughout the letters which assist us in placing them, as we read, in their historical setting. Witches, we find, were then still tortured to death in pitch-barrels, and the recent union of the kingdoms was bitterly resented everywhere in Scotland. Burt tells us that he met an old laird somewhere who remembered the stirring times of Oliver Cromwell, and recollected the day when his standard floated in the breeze from the castle of Inverness, with the word 'IMMANUEL' written all over it in letters of bright gold. Indeed, the terror of the Protector's name was still held threateningly over the intractable and disobedient youngsters of the Highlands in the eighteenth century, although it was grudgingly admitted that the pure and beautiful English spoken at Inverness was introduced in the first instance by Cromwell's soldiers.

By the year 1726, when Burt was in Scotland, the country was hotly Jacobite. 'Being in a church in Aberdeen one Sunday morning, with another English gentleman, when the minister came to that part of the litany where the king is prayed for by name, the people all rose up as one in contempt of it, and men and women set themselves about some trivial action, as taking snuff, &c., to show their dislike, and signify to each other they were all of one mind. And when the responsal should have been pronounced, though they had been loud in all that preceded, to our amazement there was not one single voice to be heard but our own, so suddenly and entirely were we dropped.' Of the Glasgow of those days Burt tells us it was 'the prettiest and most uniform town he had ever seen.' Edinburgh he admired for the glory of its appearance and situation; but he threaded its wynds and closes with trembling and apprehension, fearful lest the throwing up of a window-sash should expose him at any moment to a shower of filth. He was led by a guide who called out incessantly, 'Haud your haund,' in order to give warning and prevent his discomfiture and disgrace.

Burt's duties, however, took him not to the cities of the south, but to the remote glens and mountains of the north, which, as he himself said, were less known to the Englishmen of his day than the East Indies, and were seldom approached but by those who had been devout enough to make their testament beforehand. To

the travelling road-surveyor from England these mountains were objects that could only be described as 'monstrous excrescences,' especially if one chanced to observe them looking from east to west. 'Then the eye penetrates far among them, and sees more particularly their stupendous bulk, frightful irregularity, and horrid gloom, made yet more sombrous by the shades and faint reflections which they communicate one to another.' Ben Nevis, which Burt understood to be three-quarters of a mile high, was attacked, he tells us, by a group of English officers, who made every effort to reach the top. 'But they could not attain to it for bogs and huge precipitous rocks; and when they were got as high as they could go they found a vast change in the quality of the air, saw nothing but the tops of other mountains, and altogether a prospect of one tremendous heath, with here and there some spots of crags and snow.' In addition to these awful deterrents there were the pitiless rains. 'At Fort William I have heard the people talk as familiarly of a shower (as they call it) of nine or ten weeks as they would of anything else that was not out of the ordinary course.'

It was hardly to be wondered at that in such a country the grain should be scanty and the crops poor. Burt could find nothing but oats and barley in the north. A field of wheat, he wrote, would be 'as great a rarity as a nightingale in any part of Scotland or a cat-o'-mountain in Middlesex.' Once only did he come across a patch of real corn which, by favour of an extraordinary year, had been grown in the county of Ross. But 'the owner made so much parade of it that the stack stood in his courtyard till the rats had almost devoured it.' In many parts the ploughs, spades, and other agricultural implements in use were constructed entirely of wood, and the ploughman might be seen walking backwards in front of his horses, guiding them to avoid the rocks, the share or harrow being in some cases attached to the wretched animals' tails, without the relief of harness of any kind. Even when the harvests did ripen in those high altitudes, they were almost certain to be gathered wet because of the heavy rains, when the only chance of their ever being dried again was from the free passage of the wind through the tumble-down barns in which they were stored. Of these damp oats a few ears would be roasted daily by the starving natives. The straw and husks were thus burned away and the remaining sooty grains ground and made into bannocks as the needs of the family required.

Burt willingly testified that he found every available inch of arable land thus cultivated by the Highlanders, and even, so far as possible, improved. The great lack everywhere was a supply of fertilising manure. Women might often be observed carrying in their creels the dung from the garrison at Fort William, and then spreading it out on the land with their own

hands, 'even breaking the balls so that every part might have its due proportion.' In a country of such barrenness and extremes of poverty one may readily sympathise with the feelings of an English officer of whom Burt gives us an account. He had ridden with a certain laird over several miles of waste moorland, when his companion turned and said to him with some pride, 'Now, sir, all the ground we have hitherto gone over is my property.' 'By G—!' exclaimed the other, 'I have an apple-tree in Herefordshire which I would not swop with you for it all!' On another occasion Burt himself, who had ordered his servant to use some lemons in preparing him a bowl of whisky punch, was asked by a native if these were apples which his servant was engaged in squeezing. 'And, indeed,' adds the writer, with feelings of silent pity, 'there are as many lemon-trees as there are apple-trees in that country. The only fruit the natives have are bilberries.'

Bleak, barren, and inhospitable, however, though the open country was, it was sometimes even to be preferred to the wretched dwellings. The hovels which Burt met with in various parts of the Highlands could only be likened to 'fuming dunghills, removed and fresh piled up again, and pretty near the same in colour, size, and shape.' Outside those filthy huts there would be a group of children, naked and overrun with vermin; and inside a company of old people crouching over the smoke of a smouldering peat-fire till their eyes were blinded and their feet scorched. 'This long continuance in smoke makes them almost as black as chimney-sweepers; and when the huts are not watertight, the rain that comes through the roof and mixes with the sootiness of the inside, where all sticks look like charcoal, falls in drops like ink.' The excuse for all this, of course, was that the smoke kept the people warm, and cleanliness was a luxury they could not afford. How was it possible for a crofter to invest in scrubbing-brushes and towels and a bar of soap when even in Inverness the domestic servants counted themselves rich if they received three half-crowns a year, in addition to a peck of oatmeal every week?

The inns of the country were little better than the houses. The heart of Captain Burt was warmed within him, on the first night of his sojourn in Scotland, when the landlady made the suggestion that his supper might consist of a dish of potted pigeons. But, alas! the cloth they were served on was so greasy, and the pigeons themselves floated in such a mess of rancid butter, that the wayfarer was thankful to exchange them for a crust of bread. Burt informs us that the Scotsmen of his time looked upon the Englishmen as 'pock-puddings,' and in one place he good-humouredly interjects the remark, 'And now, methinks, I hear one of this country say, "A true Englishman! He is always talking of eating." But even a pock-pudding

may surely feel justified in objecting to a cook who places a large lump of butter on the smoky chimneypiece, and then rakes out what she may want of it for the saucepan with her fingers !

Better fare than this, however, was sometimes to be had. Burt was often surfeited in the Highlands with what would have been esteemed in London the rarest delicacies ; and grouse, trout, and partridges were common articles of diet. Especially was he fed to repletion on salmon, which could be bought in the market at twopence a pound ; while beef and mutton would be sold in the autumn at half that price. It was always possible, moreover, to wash down these viands with a cup of good claret or excellent French brandy. But the true glory of the country was a drink called by the natives 'usky,' 'which, though a strong spirit, is to them as water.' Sometimes three or four quarts of this would be drunk by one person at a single sitting ; and Burt was informed by the collector of the Customs in Stornoway that about one hundred and twenty families in the island of Lewis alone consumed every year as many as four thousand gallons of that spirit. As for the honey of the district, being gathered from the heather, it was 'in every respect as good as that of Minorca.' Lowlanders might talk to their hearts' content of a 'land o' cakes.' The Highlanders could boast of a 'land of milk and honey.'

Of the manners of the people Burt had much to say to his English correspondent. He was evidently vastly entertained with the ceremony of a 'penny wedding,' at which the bride must go round and kiss every gentleman in the room, and a collection would be taken among the company assembled sufficient not only to pay the fiddler and cover the expenses of the feast, but also to enable the young couple to start comfortably in life. The funeral customs were even more remarkable. 'The friends of the deceased usually meet at the house of mourning the day before the funeral, where they sit a good while like Quakers at a silent meeting, in dumb show of sorrow ; but in time the bottle is introduced and the ceremony quite reversed. The company are invited to walk into a room where there are usually pyramids of plumcake, sweetmeats, and several dishes, with pipes and tobacco. The last is according to an old custom, for it is very rare to see anybody smoke in Scotland. . . . When the company return to the house all sorrow seems immediately to be banished, and the wine is filled about as fast as it can go round, till there is hardly a sober person among them. In the conclusion some of the sweetmeats are put into your hat or thrust into your pocket, which enables you to make a great compliment to the women of your acquaintance.' At funerals of a better class there would be dancing, a coronach, and the shrieking of hired mourners,

till all ended at last in a confusion of drunkenness and bloody broils.

The women of Scotland were objects of great interest to our observer. He commended their industry in spinning wedding linen, and confessed that they were far more thrifty and well-set-up in these matters than their sisters in England who belonged to the same rank. A woman on getting married, he found, immediately began to spin her winding-sheet, and woe to the husband who ever dreamed of selling or sending to the pawn so sacred a household treasure ! This, of course, was reasonable enough ; but Burt could not get over his astonishment when he saw Scotswomen tucking their skirts about their waists in order to tramp washtube and even carry their husbands ashore from their fishing-boats. If anything could surprise him more than this, it was probably to find himself kissed quite frankly and ingenuously by well-bred hostesses on his bidding them farewell. 'The two young ladies, on my saluting them at parting, did me a favour which with you would be thought the utmost invitation ; but it is purely innocent with them, and a mark of the highest esteem for their guest. This was no great surprise to me, having received the same compliment several times before in the Highlands, and even from married women, who, I may be sure, had no further design in it. But I am not singular, for several officers in the army have told me they received the same courtesy from other females in the hills.' A watchful eye, however, was kept on all such liberties by the Kirk. 'The ministers here in Scotland would have the ladies come to church in their plaids, which hid any loose dress, and their faces too, if they could be persuaded, in order to prevent the wandering thoughts of a young fellow, and perhaps some old ones too ; for the minister looks upon a well-dressed woman to be an object unfit to be seen in the time of divine service, especially if she be handsome.'

As for the preaching of the ministers themselves, Burt thought that it savoured too much of dogma and too little of morality. 'The subjects of their sermons are for the most part grace, freewill, predestination, and other topics hardly ever to be determined. They might as well talk Hebrew to the common people, and I think to everybody else. But *thou shalt do no manner of work* they urge with very great success.'

Of the Highlander himself Burt entertained a high opinion, and he felt the greatest respect and awe for the magnificence of a clan chieftain. Such a potentate in those days would not dream of visiting a brother-chieftain without taking with him a retinue which included a bard, a spokesman, a baggage-man, a piper, a piper's gillie, a man to carry his broadsword, and another to carry himself bodily across the fords. The common people, however, seemed to Burt stunted

in appearance; 'nor is it likely that by being half-starved in the womb and never afterwards well fed they should by that means be rendered larger than other people. How often had I heard them described in London as almost giants in size.' The truth is that probably the Highlanders to be seen in the streets of London were the giants of the race, who had gone to the Metropolis to seek their fortune; for Burt could not but notice that the tide of emigration had already begun to set southwards. 'When a young fellow finds he has a genius for his trade or business, and has anything of spirit, he generally lays hold of the first occasion to remove to England or some other country where he hopes for better encouragement. Hence, I take it, arose a kind of proverb that "there never came a fool out of Scotland."'

At the same time even those who remained were splendid specimens of humanity. Burt was especially impressed with their erect carriage. 'The Highlanders walk nimbly and uprightly, so that you will never see in any, the meanest of them, in the most remote parts, the clumsy, stooping gait of the French *payans* or our own country fellows, but, on the contrary, a kind of stateliness in the midst of their poverty.' Two causes, it seemed, contributed to this result. For one thing, the Highlander wore brogues which enabled him to skip lightly from rock to rock, and did not have to drag heavy clouted shoes over ploughed clay-lands, as in the south. For another thing, the free swing of his movements was much assisted by the kilt. How would it have been possible for him to climb mountains, or wade through rivers, or cross bogs with dignity if clad in the unseemly impediments of breeches? Still more admirable for its purpose was the Highland plaid. It was a cloak by day and bedding by night, and effectually concealed the wearer when out upon the heather intent on robberies and depredations. What Burt could not understand, however, was the endurance that enabled the natives to sleep out of doors on a cold night in a plaid that not only was not dry, but was deliberately wetted. He was told that the cloth, when thus moistened, both kept in the warmth and kept out the wind. But indeed there was no limit to the hardihood of Highlanders. 'The Laird of Keppoch, chieftain of a branch of the Macdonalds, once gave orders for the rolling of a snowball to lay under his head at night; whereupon one of his followers murmured, saying, "Now we despair of victory, since our leader has become so effeminate he cannot sleep without a pillow."'

Two things, finally, Captain Burt noticed in a Highlandman. He was thrifty, and he was proud. If a man stopped in the streets of Inverness to give a halfpenny to a beggar, he would wait to get back a plack or two bodles by way of change. The same man would consider

it an indignity that a member of his pure, unmixed race should marry a Lowlander. If such a thing were ever to be permitted, a goldsmith of Edinburgh might consider himself well matched to be allied to a blacksmith of Lochaber. And of all fine fellows, the finest by far was the piper. When one of the great players had roused the spirit of his clan by a strathspey or a reel, he would disdainfully throw down his bagpipes on the ground. A gillie must come forward and do the carrying for him. Burt tells of the fury of a certain piper belonging to a Highland regiment when he heard that the place of priority had been given to a drummer. The contention waxed so hot between them that the captain had to call both combatants into his presence, and after hearing all the arguments on both sides, he decided in favour of the drummer. 'Wuds, sir!' said the piper, 'shall a rascal that beats upon a sheepskin take the right hand of me that am a musician?'

There remains the vexed question of the morality of cattle-lifting. Can it, or can it not, be described as thieving? Let an acquaintance of Captain Burt provide the answer. Being charged with stealing cattle and acting as a common thief, the man lost all patience, and indignantly exclaimed, 'Common tief! common tief! Steal ane cow, twa cow, dat be common tief. But lift hundred cow, dat be shentilman trovers!' Burt at least could bear testimony that, so far as his own experience went, robberies in the Highlands were unknown. 'I rode to Edinburgh from the remotest Highlands carrying five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, with no apprehension of robberies by the way, though in my sleep any one with ease might have thrust a sword from outside through the wall of the hut and my body together. I wish I could say I were as safe going from London to Highgate.'

Captain Burt deserved to reach Edinburgh without molestation. He rendered good service to Scotland in many ways, and he had every justification for speaking, in his last letter, with a touch of modest pride of what he had done. 'Whereas formerly there were none but squalid huts of turf for hundreds of miles, there are now houses with chimneys, built with stone and lime, and ten or twelve miles distant from one another. Another thing is, there are pillars set up at the end of every five miles, mostly upon eminences, which may not only amuse the passer-by and relieve the tediousness of the way, but also prevent his being deceived in point of time in rain, snowdrift, or the approach of night.' For these and other services we may be truly grateful. Alas that men's gratitude should have done so little for him in his lifetime! Burt's later years were clouded with misfortune, and he died in abject poverty and distress in 1755.

À VENDRE OU À LOUER.

By GRIFFITH LENNY.

TOURISTS who read the notice on the board, painted in large letters, idly wonder why the beautiful château is to be sold or let; but the peasants passing by cross themselves furtively, and romantic young girls offer up a hasty, illogical prayer for the repose of a soul self-slain, adding an *ave* for the sinfulness of praying for one beyond all hope.

On an arm jutting out upon the river it stands, a massive gray pile of Gothic architecture. A wide terrace gives on to a green lawn sloping to the water's edge, and beyond this is a glorious view of wooded hills and verdant valleys backed by a wide range of mountain peaks, on the higher of which lie the eternal snows. Above stretches the sky of sapphire blue in this sunny land where all nature seems to smile in perpetuity. Behind the château gently rise the pleasure-grounds and flower gardens laid out with all the skill that human ingenuity and genuine artistic instincts can devise—here a quaint and prim Dutch garden, there a rambling wilderness of bright blossoms and unkempt bushes growing in luxuriant confusion, but fostered by the careful hand of an expert. Shady paths and sheltered bowers are here; the scent of the flowers is borne on the air; peace, serenity, and a spirit of delicious repose is in the very atmosphere of the place: *à vendre ou à louer*.

As I stepped across the wide portal an icy blast of wind greeted me, as it were in derision; from the sunshine without I passed into shadow, repellingly cold and desolate. The caretaker looked at me a little curiously as I shivered.

'Monsieur feels the cold? It is that the château is long unoccupied, and the rooms are large. See, when the shutters are thrown open the sun enters.'

She unfastened the venetians as she spoke, and at the same moment I both heard and *felt* beside me a long-drawn sigh. I am not an imaginative man, but a conviction of something supernatural about the place entered my mind and refused to be displaced. There was a 'something' in the air, something melancholy, deplorable, perhaps sinister; something strongly in contrast to the beautiful surroundings and atmosphere of well-being conveyed by the grounds of the château outside; a 'something' of which the caretaker was no doubt fully aware, but which would cause her to endanger her immortal soul with any number of lies before she would be prevailed upon to reveal it. For before all things the property was *à vendre ou à louer*.

'Why?' I inquired. 'For what reason is it that the château is available?'

'It is that Madame la Marquise finds it here

too sad,' replied the caretaker, with an admirable mixture of simplicity and sorrow in her tones. 'Madame prefers Paris. Here it is not so gay, but it is very beautiful.' And, parrot-wise, she recommenced the recital of the many advantages the château offered. These included all kinds of modern luxuries fitted up by order of madame, especially for her own use.

'And yet she will part with the place for a comparatively trifling sum!' I said thoughtfully.

'The money is not fixed; it can be arranged to suit a purchaser,' said the caretaker quickly. 'See you, monsieur, it is not the money Madame la Marquise needs; it is but to have the château occupied, and be no more troubled with it.'

'And the furniture?' I asked.

'All as it is,' was the reply; and then, seeing my glance at many obviously personal belongings of the late master of the house, she added, half-confidentially, 'These things have pain for madame. You know that Monsieur le Marquis died here of disease of the heart, from which he long suffered.'

In the room where we were stood a fine organ; between it and the windows was a grand piano, and on this lay a violin-case. Monsieur le Marquis was, then, a musician; for this, I understood, was his private room, adjoining a bedroom and study. Between us, therefore, was a strong bond of brotherhood; for I too am a follower of the divine muse. I seated myself at the piano, and opened it. Evidently it had been kept in good order, for there was not a particle of dust upon the keys, and as I ran my fingers over them the notes sounded sweet and clear. The caretaker looked a little frightened; a protest seemed to be upon her lips. I supposed that one of her family must be musical, and practised on this piano, and remarked to that effect. The woman's ruddy face seemed to pale; she feared perhaps that I might disclose the presumption to Madame la Marquise. So I reassured her, but she seemed none the less uneasy.

I played on; for once I am at a piano the material things of life have a way of slipping from me, and are of small account. Outside, from the garden, a man's voice called loudly on 'Annette.' With an effort I ceased, to find the caretaker imploring monsieur to excuse her absence while she ran to give her husband, the gardener, his dinner. I did excuse her with much pleasure, promising myself the joy of this beautiful instrument for another half-hour in consequence. And in the land of music I became quickly absorbed, forgetting that I, Maximilian von Ballusen, was travelling in France, and sitting at the piano of a deserted château *à vendre ou à louer*.

The spell of Wagner was upon me, the surging chant of the pilgrim monks as they climb the rugged mountain path, and the mocking laugh of the hours as the strains, separate, yet entwined, rose and fell in harmonious discord, while evil struggled frantically for victory over goodness and purity pursuing its righteous way in calm perseverance. Then from the untrammelled passions of the gilded Venusberg I fell into the soothing prayer of Elsa, calm and virginal after the previous emotional orgie. As I passed from Wagner to Chopin, the pathos of a nocturne grew beneath my fingers; and it was then I became conscious of an extraordinary sensation. It was as though a force outside my own will took possession of me whether I would or no, and the music was the expression of it, through the compositions of Chopin. From nocturne I passed to prelude, from prelude to valse, but always Chopin; and I knew that in some strange way, connected with the musical bond between us, the life-history of the Marquis de Valletort and the tragedy of the château were being re-enacted before my consciousness.

In the pride and grace of early manhood he appeared, descendant of an ancient house of France. A tall, slight figure, of dignified bearing, with chestnut hair and fair complexion. His features were regular, and eyes blue, deep-set; but the mouth revealed lines of extreme sensitiveness, and the expression was one of melancholy. A dreamy, poetic nature, with a grave temperament, caring nothing for the frivolities of life, but bent on study, worshipping art and the glories of nature amid which he was born, and believing in fulfilling the serious destiny intended for him as Marquis de Valletort.

Perhaps it was the strong influence of his priestly tutor at Stonyhurst, whose ardent disciple he was, which deepened the serious character of the youth, and strengthened his early resolve to devote himself to the study of science and art, the education and welfare of his people, and the fostering of individual talent. His tenants adored him; there was no one in the world the equal of the young master. His mother and sisters scoffed at his aspirations; their own were bounded by society and the gay world. They assured themselves that when he came to manhood these absurd ideas of his would fly away, and he would order his life in the same way as other young men of his rank. Their hopes were frustrated. Youth blossomed into manhood; the promise of the boy was fulfilled in the man; the aims and objects dear to him grew perhaps all the stronger because they were thrust back upon themselves, with no sympathy from his own relations. Even his music, the passionate outpourings of his very soul, they scoffed at, and wondered that he, who had not to work for his living as a musician, should devote so much study and energy to it. After that taunt he had erected heavy, sound-proof doors, shutting off his

private suite of apartments from the main part of the château.

At this time there came into his life a woman who seemed to him as good as she was beautiful. A young widow, left with little but her own *dot*, she marked the Marquis de Valletort as victim to her ambitions. Her woman's wit showed her the weapons to use successfully, and thus the inexperienced young man, craving for a sympathy and understanding denied him all his life by his mother and sisters, fell an easy prey. At her feet he poured forth the pent-up devotion of an ardent temperament; he crowned her in imagination with a crown of ideal womanhood; the world seemed too small to contain his happiness. Only in music could it be adequately expressed; and, seated at his organ or piano, he gave vent to rapture upon rapture, while she beside him affected to listen and appreciate. In reality she was thinking of the changes and improvements she would make in this sombre old château once she became Marquise de Valletort.

They were married. Never were greater rejoicings. The tenants of the estate were feasted and entertained right royally—through the mad whirling of a valse I saw the merry scene, and heard the joyous music of the band; peasants, in the national dress of their province, danced the old country-dances in the great hall. The children had a special fête for themselves, receiving each a packet of bon-bons and a new franc-piece. Privately, Madame la Marquise thought all this a deplorable waste of money; but she smiled her angel-smile, and said nothing, for her time was not yet. In the future she meant to see but little of the Valletort château; the family *hôtel* in Paris was more to her mind, so let the tenants have their valediction!

Long before the *lune de miel* was over, the Marquise de Valletort laid aside the disguise which had captivated and captured the simple-minded young man. The horrible truth was not borne in upon him slowly; with a ruthless hand the veil was torn from his eyes. The woman gloried in her deceit; with merciless directness she laid bare the true reasons for her marrying him; she scoffed at his adoration for her, mocked at his despair, and avowed herself free, under the protection of his name, to live as she chose. The crown of perfection with which he had crowned her she deliberately tore from her head and trampled under her feet. Shamefully disillusioned, his highest hopes shattered, the young husband received his death-blow. Of what use to struggle against an inexorable fate! At twenty-four years of age, his idol destroyed, and all ideals crushed beneath that one, the vista of years to come stretched before him as a dead level of bitterness, an impossible outlook.

From the boudoir of the marquise he walked to his own suite of rooms, carefully closing the sound-proof doors behind him. The French windows of his music-room opened on to the

terrace—I saw them standing open as I played—and the gardener's little boy and girl were picking a bunch of violets from a bed close by. Every day, it seems, these children picked him a buttonhole. They remembered afterwards that as he took the flowers he smiled with a sad smile, and laid his hands upon their heads, looking long upon their upturned faces, but said no word. Then, with a long, slow sigh—and as I heard this repeated I knew then what that former 'something' was—he turned back into the room, and sat down before his open piano, letting his fingers fall on the keys, yet making neither sound nor movement. Hours seemed to pass. Then slowly, solemnly, with piercing sweetness and increasing majesty, came the haunting melody of Chopin's Funeral March. In mighty volume it surged, filling the whole atmosphere with a poignant sorrow and woe indescribable; and I, Maximilian von Ballusen, knew, as I listened spell-bound, that I played the requiem of the Marquis de Valletort. As the last chord yet trembled on the air, a shot rang out, clear, decisive; and, turning slightly, I saw distinctly, lying by the open window, the prostrate body of the young marquis, a revolver on the ground beside him. And I saw no more; for with a crashing discord I fell forward, across the piano-keys, senseless.

Two white and rather anxious faces bent over me.

'Monsieur recovers. It was the heat of a room long closed. Did I not tell thee so, Annette?' and I saw a glance of warning pass from the gardener to his wife.

'Undoubtedly so,' I said, rising a little shakily to my feet. Then, as I prepared to leave, and

pressed some silver into the willing palm of Annette, 'The château is very beautiful. Has it no history of special interest, no legend, or, say, a tragedy?'

A mask, as of stolid stupidity, spread over the face of the gardener; but his wife, with an expression of round-eyed innocence, replied volubly, 'But assuredly no, monsieur! There is most certainly the history of the family, who have owned the castle from all time; it is the same as other histories of great families, I suppose. But of tragedy there is but the sad death of the late marquis'—here she crossed herself rapidly—'who, as all the world knows, died, after long suffering, from disease of the heart.'

'Yes, that is true,' I assented, and wondered if she really knew how true.

She watched me thoughtfully as I passed along the terrace; then, as I raised my hat, 'Monsieur,' she called, 'you will remember that the château is *à vendre ou à louer*, it matters not which.'

But down in the village they tell me that the château will never sell, and never be occupied again; for who could live under the shadow of a thing so awful as that which happened there, when their well-loved marquis took his own life? Is it not a well-known fact that any one passing the château after sundown hears the Funeral March of Chopin played on the piano, and that this is followed by a single shot from a revolver, and the same thing repeated day after day? Why did he do it? Ah, who can say! These things are in the blood. One cannot tell. As for madame, she was beautiful as an angel, and heart-broken. She can no more endure the château; therefore it says upon the board '*à vendre ou à louer*.'

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GUIDE-BOOK.

By F. G. AFLALO.

THE first guide-book printed in the English language (after it had appeared in Latin and then in French) was Sir John Mandeville's account of his travels. That the worthy knight never lived, and in consequence never travelled, matters little. The authorship may be obscure, but the book remains a monument to the colossal impudence of some person or persons unknown. Between that farrago of fiction, which owes little less to a fertile imagination than the admitted allegories of More and Harrington, and the coldly precise handbooks bearing the name of Beedeker, there is a gap as vast as the change that has come over the popular taste in such literature during the six centuries that lie between Mandeville and Murray.

The whole art of using guide-books is to use them as little as possible. Thus only can the tourist get the best of them without coming under

their tyranny; for every guide-book is a good servant, but may be a bad master. Those who, with Philip Sidney, feel at times 'a certain tickling humour' for travel, cannot, particularly if their taste be for cities of historic interest, wholly dispense with these silent friends; but they should always remember the immense advantage which they present by comparison with more loquacious guides of their own species. The cicerone in Italian galleries and the dragoman in Eastern bazaars are like Tennyson's brook, and must be endured; but the printed word can always, fortunately, be shut up when desired. Nothing stamps the comic side of the tourist more indelibly, nothing contributes more suggestively to his confusion with the genus tripper, than the ludicrous habit of shuffling through churches and museums with the tall-tale red volume ever under his nose. If he must slake his thirst for

detail on the spot, if he cannot either prime himself beforehand or wait until he is back at his hotel, let him who would avoid this cachet of ovine commonplace snatch his guide-book furtively from a capacious pocket, and, having hurriedly satisfied his curiosity in the friendly shelter of some pillar or other cover, consign it once more to its hiding-place.

This kind of literature has undergone remarkable changes since the pioneer days afore-mentioned. It was not, indeed, until the fifteenth century that an actual English guide-book first made its appearance, and this, designed for pious folk who made the pilgrimage to the holiest shrine in Spain, was entitled *The Way from the Land of Engeland unto Sent James in Galiz*. Two centuries later, when the 'grand tour' was in its infancy, a number of aids to travel in European countries came from the publishers, and of these passing mention may be made of Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, Misson's *Instructions for Travellers*, and Mariana Starke's more famous *Guide for Travellers on the Continent*. These, with contemporary imitations, differed somewhat from the almost wholly topographical aims of the modern guide-book, for they included general advice to the tourist, and even to the more serious traveller, in primitive anticipation of such modern works on the first principles of travel as that by Galton or the two volumes issued by the Royal Geographical Society. These excursions into what may be called tourist philosophy are for the most part sternly avoided in the pages of Murray, Baedeker, or Black, the object of these being rather to act as cicerone to the castles, churches, galleries, and other buildings of interest in Continental cities. With this end in view, the element of history is, as might be expected, much in evidence; and one of the very best existing series, combining equal regard for the present and the past—uniting, in fact, the practical and the picturesque—is that known throughout France as the *Guides Joanne*, and hitherto published only in that language, though now, I believe, in course of translation into English. It is a curious fact that the Baedeker volume on Russia has not, so far, been available in any language other than French or German; and, indeed, the first guide-book to that country published in English made its appearance only last autumn.

There are guide-books and guide-books. Intrinsically, a railway time-table is a guide-book reduced to its lowest terms, and there are so-called guide-books little more attractive. Indeed, though the literary qualities of Bradshaw may be exiguous, some of the 'folders' which our own and Continental companies have lately produced on the American and Canadian model are, with their vivid letterpress and frequent illustrations, quite tolerable companions on a journey. At the other extreme, infinitely more attractive than the guide-book self-confessed, are those intimate books of

travel which, under an alluring guise of narrative and reminiscence, convey little less information. Mr Stopford Brooke's *Sea Charm of Venice* and Miss Lowthian Bell's *Amurath to Amurath*, delightful companions even in a fireside arm-chair, should be read for fullest enjoyment amid the scenes they describe. This virtue is the more remarkable in Miss Bell's admirable book, because it deals with a region which some may consider outside the province of the ordinary guide-book. In those wild places the traveller usually considers himself safe without such literature in his luggage, since the ordinary kind can tell him nothing more than he can see for himself. Yet I venture to say, after having glimpsed the fringe of the ground covered by its gifted authoress, without the advantage of her company, that such a journey would be infinitely more enjoyable were a copy of the book available in the tent after each day's ride was done. Elsewhere in the wilderness the traveller may dispense with such aids. With his caravan of grumbling camels he may ride for days over the stony plains of southern Morocco, and in his birchbark canoe he may paddle or pole down a hundred miles of Canadian rivers in the shadow of the backwoods, and the earth itself and the sky above it will be all the guide-book he wants. There is no doubt that the profusion of guide-books is responsible for the monotonous sameness in the pattern of tourists all the world over, or if not their number, then, at any rate, the slavish spirit in which they are used. What they should offer as advice is taken as instruction, and they mould not alone the daily procedure of the tourist, but actually his faculty of observation on a homogeneous plan fatal to originality. Told beforehand what to look for, he exercises no intelligence of perception. The average tourist is, at his best, not clever to a fault; but once he is crammed with the superficial knowledge of guide-books, he becomes no more than a walking gramophone, ready to reel off, without understanding the half of it, such unimportant dates and facts as he may have absorbed from that overrated source of information.

NATURE'S SCHOOL.

AH, Nature's children well may happy be
From all the pains of education free—
The toils, the cares, the sorrows and the tears
Which darken human children's precious years.
The thrush her food can find, her nest can build
With skill no long curriculum could yield;
The mole displays a wisdom and a knowledge
That could not be acquired at any college.
These learn not by a process hard and slow,
But know untaught all that they need to know.
In Nature's school there is no force, no haste,
No misdirected labour, and no waste;
And, last, there is no dullard and no fool
In any class or grade of Nature's school.

R. H. CALDER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

A CHANGE in the price of a newspaper which is regarded as the foremost journal of the country, and not that only, but as the foremost journal of the world, is a matter of some account, and not less interesting for the circumstance that the journal has always been very reluctant to make a change of any kind whatsoever in what might be termed its own personal affairs, its ordering of its own arrangements, its habit, its complexion. Better in some ways the *Times* is now than it used to be. As the world has gone on, and changes and improvements have been made, so the *Times* has necessarily been altered also. It is bigger than it once was; in some respects it is more thorough. Yet, journalistically, while it has never failed in enterprise, it has always been Conservative. It has never lost its perfect dignity. And now it is twopenny, and a new era in its history has begun, just as there was one only a little while since when the old proprietorship of the journal was somewhat disturbed. The change takes place at a time which looks like the beginning of a new era in Fleet Street generally. The present is a time of crisis and doubt. The people in this Street of Wonder and of Magic know that it is one of much unsettlement. The form and character of newspapers are changing as they have not changed since the days of the great transformation in Fleet Street, the upheaving days of fifteen years ago, when the half-penny papers, with their new ideas and their new ways of doing everything, came into the arena; the days of the beginning of the New Journalism which has been no inconspicuous feature of the quickening pace of the world in recent times, and perhaps has had no small influence on it. At present many of the papers are finding it harder to live than they used to do. There are amalgamations. There are few new ventures. Nobody with less than a quarter of a million of money need come along into the street of great adventure now and hope to make a new morning and evening newspaper which will establish itself; and if he would be fairly sure of doing so, he had better bring half a million with him and spend it freely from the beginning, as if his object were to spend it quickly.

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There are rumours of the possible increase in price of some of the halfpenny papers. The people may value them more then. The halfpenny paper! It is supposed to be the antithesis of the penny, twopenny, or threepenny, but it is not so much so as you may think. There are even yet some old conservatives who will speak of it with a curl of the lip and a sort of sneer. To do so is to be self-condemned, for no person of any capacity and penetration can fail to see and partly to understand the real excellence of the cheaper newspapers of to-day as feats of clever and organised achievement. Without a doubt the popular paper is one of the most extraordinary productions of these spinning times, something which seems to make us admire the genius and enterprise of man more than we had been disposed to do, and something which only a generation back would have seemed quite impossible. Those who are among the scornors to whom I have referred do not apparently realise that the cheaper newspaper is not produced for what is charged for it, or anything like it. If they knew the enormous cost they would admire and praise it. I believe that one of them ranks as one of the most expensive journalistic productions in the world, irrespective of price. Only its advertisements and the high prices received for them in consequence of the large circulation enable it to be published at a profit. In its production money is in the most absolute sense a matter that is not considered. If a special article or a paragraph of news is wanted it is written for and obtained, and the cost is paid afterwards without hesitation or consideration, whatever it may be. I do not exaggerate when I say that thousands of pounds may be paid for a piece of news. As much news and as many articles as would fill the paper a hundred times over come into the office every day and every night. The selection of the fittest and most suitable, the choice of features, the construction of the scheme of the paper for the day, is a matter for settlement at the daily council of the heads of editorial departments; and the carrying out of the scheme afterwards, the production of the new matter that is wanted over and above the hundred times too much that has been poured in, and the display of every-

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thing to the best advantage and effect, all within a period of time that is as exactly defined and as incapable of prolongation as the length of the solar day itself, is a work at the same time of art and science such as makes even the old newspaper worker gleam on it with eyes of admiration in two or three spare moments of a racking lifetime when he may have time or inclination to stop for such thinking at all. No Cabinet has ever sat at Westminster that has been so prompt and thorough as the newspaper cabinet of a modern newspaper; no Government department has ever been so quick and efficient as an editorial department of such a newspaper. Here there are no limits of hours, no old-age pensions to wait hungrily for, no comfortable and convenient red tape, no droning pleasures and satisfactions of an easy life; but only life itself, hot, burning, quick, as it is, I verily believe, in no other occupation in the world except that of the soldier in the midst of battle, and of such others on sea and land as come out to meet attacking death. In the Street we go out to meet attacking life, and there is very little difference; and no Foreign Office has ever had its ambassadorial organisation more thorough and efficient than the great newspaper of to-day has its staff of foreign representatives arranged.

* * *

'Sensations' are not sought for now as once they were. Editors know as well as other people that the readers have become tired of the old kind, and the new brand is of a more legitimate sort. In the feverish days of what I have called the transformation of Fleet Street, fifteen years gone, when the penny Press of the old-fashioned sort was first shaken up and the new papers came forth, the great period which no writer who lived and worked through it will ever forget, for no period in newspaper history can ever be so exciting, momentous 'scoops' and 'beats'—the Street's words for exclusive news and articles such as other journals could not or did not get, and which were made the most of—were longed for as nothing else under heaven. Men often enough risked life for them. They are acceptable still, of course, but not in the same way. The little world of the Press has settled down. The men who worked through that tremendous time are a little older now than they were then. Their pulses beat less quickly; their enthusiasms are less easily stirred. And the newer generation that is coming on never went through that crashing time of change and glory, and they do not know what it was or how men's minds were stirred at that time or to what extent. They cannot be taught to do and act as the men of the transformation did. Thus it happens that the mode of the present time is a little easier, less exciting and romanceful, perhaps, as some would suggest on a fair examination of results, a little

more respectable and dignified. But there is less life, less blood, less fire, less of the whole heart and soul of a man in the paper now than there used to be. Fifteen years ago, I think, I knew one particular man who would have died for the paper he was working for if it had been really necessary; others belonging to it did. But now he might not die for it unless the circumstances were very exceptional, because a result quite as satisfactory and less personally ruinous might be obtained by other means. We of the present are appreciated none the less because the time when we would die like that has gone by. Some people will look upon journalism as a preparation for 'doing something better,' and perhaps a means of getting it to do. They cannot think of it as something great in itself, and it is thought to be no excuse for those who want to stay in it that it is far and away the most interesting, enthralling occupation in the world, since its material is the world and all the life that it contains. No real journalist who has risen from the ranks in London—and it is often dull work in those ranks—would ever think of 'retiring;' and he is never happy when resting on holidays. His work is his life; without it he sickens, and in mind and body he droops wearily. He who does not feel like this had indeed better move on to something else, as his friends will wisely tell him he should do; but the man who feels the electric sensations of the true journalist knows that his life's work is settled, and it is a splendid work.

* * *

I wonder if it is realised what art and science and workers' experience are comprised in the preparation of a column special article in one of the daily papers now. To the outsider who reads it through with a simple comfort and satisfaction, and without any comment, it may seem just as if the man who wrote it had 'written something' and 'put it in the paper' in just the same way as anything might be written by anybody. There are no grammatical mistakes, and nothing of consequence appears to be omitted. But this article satisfies, and it satisfies whatever artistic sense there is in the reader as well as his news sense. If he had read instead an article on the same subject as it might have been done—at the hundredth attempt and after a week of preparation—by an unpractised and uninspired writer, or even as it would always have been done in the early days of journalism, there would have been no satisfaction, but an almost intolerable irritation. Only in this way can the pampered reader to-day be brought to understand the riches upon which he feeds. A thousand rules and systems have to be obeyed in the production of the modern article. There must be no windy preamble as there used to be, and there must be no gradual development of the scheme, with the climax at

the end, because the busy reader might become tired and decide not to go on, and thus miss the point. Instead, the reader must be gripped in the first sentence; he must be made to understand that he must go on, that he cannot help it. As much of the full truth as is good for him, or as is necessary, is told him at the beginning. If it is felt desirable, the whole truth, condensed under enormous pressure, is given to him in that first paragraph, and then the master-writer has the pretty difficulty set him of keeping the reader faithful to that column to the end—which he does satisfactorily after all. If he cannot do it his article is not printed. Every word has to be valued, every sentence balanced, every flat passage to be obliterated. Form and balance, construction and rhythm, variation of opening and phrase have to be considered nearly as much as if a poem of a fine sort were in the writing. What is commonplace will never do. There is a little of prose, a little of poetry, much of dramatic construction, and a considerable application of scientific and mechanical genius and the business ways of the trader who knows how to display his goods, in the writing of the modern newspaper article. How to do it cannot be taught. Nor yet could all people ever do it. The instinct must be there at the beginning, and years and years of experience must be devoted to training it. Now and then a man may get a few articles printed without the years of experience, but his position is unstable; he will never last, and he will never live well by his pen. This fine work, artistically and scientifically done, is well paid for. Only the other day twenty-five guineas were being paid for each of three short articles, any one of which might have been written in an hour or so—with much thinking beforehand. Ten and twelve guineas for such short work is a frequent payment; three is the minimum to a capable writer who can be depended upon. There is not a writer of books or poetry in the land who is not glad to write for these papers when invited to do so—glad indeed!

* * *

Some people will say that it were well if the successful journalist should turn his attention and energies to some 'higher form' of literary labour; that he should, in fact, write books instead of his daily columns and weekly pages. By books is generally meant fiction. Why do men who write columns not write books—except in their spare time, if they have any? Because by so doing they miss the pulsing life and action which is the food of their hearts and minds, because they have known the joy of being important to the world's scheme of things, because they have known what it is to sit at a typewriter at eight o'clock in the evening and understand that at eight in the morning half-a-million people or more will be reading, and reading again, every

word that they now write, and that often enough it will be telegraphed to the ends of the earth. I, too, have written knowing that on the morrow every word that I wrote would be telegraphed to every chancellery in Europe. The higher journalist is a man of the time; he matters; he has a place in society which is equal to that of the statesman, and is often better. He himself is a statesman, and he is an artist and a scientist too; and above all he is the official observer and recorder of the world. The writing of fiction was once a magnificent occupation; it is so still in certain ways; but the glamour is for the time being spoiled by the circumstances of the market. Too much publishing has been done, and too much of it done according to a system by which the writer either gets nothing at all for his work or actually pays for it being published. I said *his* work, but it would have been more generally accurate if I had said *her* work, for most of this kind of publishing is done by young ladies who have saved a little. With the market in this state merit is not certain to tell; far from it. The rewards of really splendid work are meagre, and a man may often go without the *succes d'estime* which would have been reward enough. For the sake of his pocket the successful higher journalist cannot afford to place himself in competition with the schoolgirls who write fiction, or for the sake of his dignity either. There is far less art, far less literature, in the average novel of to-day than there is in a first-class newspaper column of original matter. The author of such a novel has no editors and sub-editors over his head, no jealous rivals fighting him down, no enormous half-million public to consider. He has just himself or herself, and fifteen hundred perusers who are often sorry that he and they have ever become acquainted.

* * *

I sometimes wish that my friends of the public could see the authors who, in their mistaken vanity, think that they can come to work in Fleet Street because they have published a book or two. How they fail! How they go away again, frightened, humiliated! I believe that there are one million people at least in these islands who could write novels as good as the average novel that is published, and, what is more, could get them published on the same terms—which commonly demand either no seeking for profit or the investment of fifty pounds or so in the venture. On the other hand, the newspapers which can find anything or anybody that is lost cannot find men or women who can do this work instead of the writers who are doing it. There are none. Strangers often write asking what they shall do to become accepted writers. They send a little sample of their work, and it is usually a pathetic matter for consideration. The best answer to be given them is that

it often happens that for every one of the column articles that one sees in a popular paper there have been a hundred rejected for that day's paper, and the writers of the rejected number among them the most eminent authors and persons of distinction in many walks of life. The only article that was good enough, that served the purpose, was that which was bought as a pig in the poke, ordered by the editor from one of those craftsmen who put his journalistic heart and soul and brain and body into the work, and produced the proper thing. It would be easier for such a writer to perform a difficult surgical operation than it would be for the surgeon to do the writer's work. These are matters that should be understood at a time of crisis and change like this. The Press of a nation is a big piece of that nation itself. We in Britain are in the habit of speaking too lightly

of the quality of our own Press, just as we do of other of our attributes and possessions. They do not do so abroad; but they take our own things at our own valuation, and in this matter as in others the traveller finds that the foreigner has a very wrong conception of the British Press, and then it happens that when there are troubles and dangers about, the Press is blamed for what it does not deserve. The other day Lord Rosebery was speaking to a little gathering in London, and he hinted—surely wrongly—that it was the last speech of the kind he would ever make in public. He devoted it largely to a tribute to the Press of this country; and he, who is one of a great and thorough experience, and one well qualified to be judge, declared the simple truth that there is nothing like it, nothing half so good, in the rest of the whole big world.

AN EXPERIMENT.

CHAPTER X.

'I'M going to take you to Derwentwater,' said Tom, as the motor purred up the hill out of Blackport. 'We shall get there in time for lunch, about a quarter to two or so, if we buck up. Then we might go and camp by Thirlmere for tea.'

'Tom,' said Mrs Lawton from behind, 'you are not to go faster than twenty-five miles an hour.'

Tom grinned as he changed the gear for the long, level tableland above Bleng Water. 'Dad would look well appearing before his brother magistrates, wouldn't he?' he remarked. 'Hallo! who is this? They seem to know us.'

A car, sedately proceeding towards Blackport, suddenly drew up as it passed them. Its occupant waved an arresting hand as she saw the passengers in the doctor's car. She was a middle-aged woman of unmistakably aristocratic appearance, well but exceedingly quietly dressed. She had keen, kindly dark eyes, a still brilliant complexion, and plentiful masses of waving gray hair. Tom, puzzled but prompt, immediately stopped, and the lady got out of her car and walked back to them.

'Stella,' she cried, 'what on earth are you doing here?'

'Aunt Anne!' exclaimed Stella. 'Good gracious!'

The elder woman began to laugh at the unconcealed dismay in the girl's voice. 'Yes,' she said with dignity; 'I came last night instead of to-morrow, and instead of you to greet me I found a telegram to say you had missed the last train at Blackport and could not get back till Monday, but you were all right. As you gave

no address I could not send the car for you. Why did you not wire for it?'

'I never thought of that,' admitted the culprit. 'You see, auntie, I knew Mr Carr very well in London, and his friends came to the rescue; and it has been so jolly!' she wound up incoherently. Then turning to Mrs Lawton, 'Aunt Anne,' she said, 'this is Mrs Lawton, who has been so awfully good to me.—This is my aunt, Lady Anne Saxton, Mrs Lawton.—Then, auntie, there is Dr Lawton and Miss Lawton and Mr Carr and Mr Tom Lawton, and we are going to lunch at Derwentwater.'

'Oh, are you?' said Lady Anne dryly. 'I was just on the way to Blackport station to see if I could find out where you had bestowed yourself.'

'Will you not join us?' asked Mrs Lawton, who saw how the girl's face had fallen at the idea of being carried off home with her aunt. 'I think we might make room for you.'

Lady Anne laughed. 'Suppose, Mrs Lawton, you come here with me,' she suggested. 'This car can follow yours, and we can talk comfortably. I want to thank you for your kindness to my waif.'

Mrs Lawton, nothing loath, descended from her husband's car and entered Lady Anne's, which turned round and followed the other.

'Poor child!' said Lady Anne to her companion as they swept easily down the long hill to Blengdale, 'let her get what pleasure out of life she may while she can. I suppose that when he comes back from big-game shooting, or wherever he has gone off to, her mother will see to it that she marries Lord Blackport. I don't know the man myself, but I hear on all sides that it is

looked upon as a settled thing. My sister-in-law told me as much, in fact, just after he left. He may be all right; but these idle, loafing men don't as a rule make model husbands. I believe in the gospel of work.'

'So do I,' laughed Mrs Lawton. 'I've had ample experience of *that*, Lady Anne. As to Lord Blackport, he is lord of the manor for the whole of this neighbourhood; but no one here has ever set eyes on him. He is a typical absentee landlord. From what my son tells us, I fancy he will get an unpleasantly warm reception if ever he does come to these parts. There is great irritation at the mismanagement of things all round. Tom was saying only this morning that the slums in Blackport are a disgrace; and he told me last night that he could not get proper material for props and shores for the mine where he is employed. Dear boy, I feel very anxious at times. So your niece is going to marry our boggy-man. Poor child!'

She thought of the photograph in Carr's room, and the obvious friendship between the two. If the girl cared for Carr, and was forced into a marriage with Lord Blackport, it was 'poor child' indeed to her simple, kindly mind; and Lady Anne, she found to her surprise, agreed with her.

'I don't remember hearing of Mr Carr before,' Lady Anne said candidly; 'but he is obviously a gentleman and a pleasant-mannered young fellow. Well, Mrs Lawton, while she is under my care she will have as good a time as is possible. I call it inhuman of Isobel, my sister-in-law, to leave a young girl like that in a rat-warren of a hole like Scale Hall. It is the old story of extravagance and retrenchment. Poor Henry!'

'Auntie and your mother are as thick as thieves already,' remarked the unconscious Stella, after a glance or two at the car behind. 'I was in an awful funk for a minute or two lest she was going to take me home in disgrace.'

'So was I,' said Tom. 'I say, do you think she will let me come and see you occasionally at Scale Hall?'

'Oh yes; she's really quite a decent sort,' said the girl. 'She is very kind to me always, and when she sees how nice you are'—

'I say, do you mean that?' asked Tom, shaving a corner rather narrowly.

'Yes, of course I do,' replied Stella naïvely. 'No one has ever been half as nice to me as your people, except auntie and Lord Blackport.'

Tom mentally anathematised Lord Blackport. 'Well, it is a good job somebody has a good word for the chap,' he said sourly. 'Now here we are at the Portinscale Hotel, worse luck! We will leave the cars at the garage and walk down to the lake. Carr and I will get lunch ready, and carry the things.'

All too soon the time passed, and it seemed to arrive magically at seven o'clock as they reached the gates of Scale Hall, where they were to part from Lady Anne.

Stella had implored to be allowed to return to Blackport with the Lawtons.

'Well,' said Lady Anne, as she bade them good-night, 'I shall be over about twelve for you. Morton can come by train.—Mrs Lawton, will you and your son and daughter come back with us and lunch with me? I suppose it is no use asking the doctor or Mr Carr?'

'I wish it were; but it isn't, as far as I am concerned,' said Carr. 'I dare not ask Mr Christian for a day off thus early in my career. He would probably sack me on the spot.'

'I am awfully sorry I can't either,' said Jean. 'I do dad's dispensing right up till lunch-time, and I know he will have a heavy day to-morrow after his outing to-day.'

'I am sorry,' said Lady Anne, in her simple, sincere way. 'You two must come another time when you can get away easily.—I will bring you back in the evening, Mrs Lawton, after tea. Your son, I know, lodges at Scale Fell village. Good-bye till to-morrow.'

'Jean,' said Mrs Lawton to her daughter as she bade her good-night, 'Lady Anne tells me that Miss Saxton is going to marry Lord Blackport. I fancy from what she said it is quite a settled thing. Poor Mr Carr!'

'Oh mother,' Jean said, 'I am sorry for him! I wonder if he knows about it. I rather think it is going to be "poor Tom" too,' she added, with a rueful laugh. 'Good-night, mother.'

(Continued on page 487.)

SOME ASPECTS OF FEUDAL LAW IN SCOTLAND AT THE PRESENT DAY.

By J. G. HAMILTON-GRIERSON.

AT what precise date and under what circumstances the feudal system was first introduced into Scotland is a matter of controversy amongst jurists; but it is generally agreed that its adoption into this country could not have been later than the middle of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century, since the

earliest feudal deeds preserved to us are of the reign of David the First (1124-1153); and as writing was no common accomplishment in those days, we may perhaps infer that the system had been established for some time before we have manuscript evidence of its existence.

Though statute has in many ways modified

feudal law, the principles still prevail in Scotland to this day. It is not, however, within the scope of these pages to give a detailed account of the feudal system; but, before proceeding to our subject proper, it is necessary to make clear the general principles upon which it is based, and these have been nowhere set forth more concisely and lucidly than by Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, better known to succeeding generations as 'Bluidy Mackenzie,' in his *Institutions of the Law of Scotland*. 'Our heritable rights,' he says, 'are regulated by the feudal law, by which feudum, which we call a feu, was defined to be a free and gratuitous right to lands made to one for service to be performed by him. He who grants this feu is in our law called the superior, and he to whom it is granted is called the vassal; the superior's right to the fee is called *dominium directum*, and the vassal's right is called *dominium utile*; and if that vassal disposes the land to be holden of himself, then that other person who receives that feu is called the subvassal, whereas the vassal who granted the feu becomes the immediate superior to this subvassal, and the vassal's superior becomes the subvassal's mediate superior, and is so called because there is another superior interjected betwixt him and the subvassal.'

The deed by which the superior, in whatever degree, grants lands to his vassal is the charter, which specifies the tenure—that is, the kind of feudal right which the vassal is to enjoy; and the disposition is the deed by which the vassal sells his right to another. The superior, while thus disposing of the lands, retains a certain interest in them, for in the charter he stipulates that the vassal and his successors shall make an annual payment to him, called a feu-duty, and the right to exact this sum pertains to the superior and all who succeed him in the superiority. One other term—'casualty'—requires explanation.

In the earliest stages of feudal law grants of land were purely personal, and did not descend to the vassal's heir, so that on his death the lands reverted to the superior. When, in course of time, it was recognised that this was beneficial to neither party, it became customary to allow the heir of a deceased vassal to succeed in his place on making a payment called 'relief-duty,' amounting to double the yearly feu-duty. This was called a 'casualty.' Originally, also, a vassal could not dispose of his lands to a singular successor (a stranger) without the superior's consent. The disadvantage was first removed by statute, when, in 1469, an Act of Parliament was passed permitting creditors of vassals to take possession of lands which had been mortgaged to them, on payment of a year's rent. But it was not till the reign of George the Second that all strangers were entitled, on making this payment, called a 'composition,' to obtain what is technically called 'an entry with the superior'—that is, to gain true feudal possession.

Accordingly, in later times, when a superior granted a charter he stipulated that the vassal's heir should only be accepted in his place on payment of relief-duty, and a stranger on payment of a composition. These are the two chief 'casualties of superiority' with which we shall deal.

In addition to this tenure of feu, there were formerly several other tenures, such as socage, mortification, where lands were given to a religious institution, a monastery, or a church, which, being a corporation, could never be said to die, and as the superior thus lost his power of exacting casualties, such grants were said to be 'to a dead hand'—*ad manum mortuum* (mortmain); and ward, probably the most ancient of all tenures, where the return was military services.

Certain peculiar casualties attached to this holding. There were 'ward,' by which the superior drew the whole profits of his deceased vassal's estate until the heir attained majority; 'recognition,' whereby a vassal who, without his superior's consent, alienated more than one-half of his lands forfeited the whole of his property; and 'marriage,' perhaps the most burdensome of all, which entitled the superior to a sum of money, called an 'avail,' unless his vassal married the spouse whom the superior had selected for him. There are many curious instances in the old law reports of the hardship of this casualty. Originally the superior was entitled both to the selection and the avail; but later his approval of his vassal's marriage was considered a renunciation of the money-payment. Professor Bell states that he had actually seen an instrument, written in 1614, setting forth that the vassal had been ordered to appear at the superior's house within four days to confer with the lady and her father about the wedding, and thereafter to present himself at the parish church before noon on a certain day, and there have the marriage solemnised.

In consequence of the rising of the '15, when the great Scottish chiefs made full use of their powerful position as feudal lords, summoning their vassals, who were bound to follow them in war, to support the Stuart cause, an Act was passed in 1717 making it illegal for a superior to demand the personal attendance of a vassal; and by the Clan Act of 1747, following the '45, ward-holding, with all its casualties, was abolished. But these Acts did not prevent the superior from exacting services not of a military nature; for in 1762 a vassal was held bound to maintain a boat and uphold the mansion-house for the reception of the superior; and the same point was dealt with in the recent case of the Duke of Argyll against Campbell of Dunstaffnage, decided in February 1912.

The only forms of tenure, besides feu, now existing are burgage, where the lands are within a royal burgh; booking, which applies only to

the burgh of Paisley; and blench, where the vassal pays only a nominal consideration. Cosmo Innes, in his book on *Legal Antiquities*, quotes several interesting examples of blench-duty: for the barony of Penicuik, six blasts on the horn when the king went hunting; and for the barony of Carnwath, 'two pairs of shoes, each containing half-an-ell of English cloth, were to be given on midsummer-day to the man who ran fastest from the east end of Carnwath to the Tallow Cross.'

In 1874 the Conveyancing Act was passed, making many important changes in the application of the feudal system to the law of Scotland. Several of its provisions aimed at lessening the hardships arising from casualties. The statute made it illegal for a superior to stipulate for casualties of uncertain amounts, payable at uncertain periods, so that the payment of a composition cannot be a condition of a feu created after 1874; but the Act left the law on this point just as it was before with regard to casualties stipulated for in charters granted before the passing of the Act.

Many apparent hardships arise at the present day from this state of the law, but every seeming inequity is referable to some well-established principle of feudal law.

There are two chief ways in which a charter dated before 1874 might stipulate for a composition: on the death of a vassal, or on each transfer of the lands as well as on the death of a vassal. If the casualty be taxed—that is to say, of a fixed amount—the proprietor knows beforehand what sum may be claimed from him—usually a sum equal to the amount of the yearly feu-duty; but if it be untaxed he is liable to pay a whole year's rent.

Suppose that a charter, with untaxed casualties exigible on the death of the vassal, had been granted to one, who sells to another, who in turn sells to a third person, who again disposes of his right to a fourth party, who is the present proprietor; a casualty of a year's rent is suddenly demanded from him, and on inquiry he finds that the reason of the demand is that the first vassal, who has had no connection with the lands for forty or fifty years, has died, and, in terms of the charter, a composition is due on the death of the last-entered vassal. This to one unacquainted with law cannot but appear a hardship; but there is a further apparent anomaly. The lands when originally granted may have been of little real value; but after the first vassal had parted with them, one of his successors may have erected valuable buildings on the ground, thus raising the rental from a few pounds to several hundreds of pounds. If the first vassal had died before the buildings were erected, the composition payable by the vassal then in possession would have amounted to, say, twenty pounds; but since he died after the ground had been built upon, the composition amounts

to five hundred pounds. This is hard on the vassal; but if the opposite had happened, if the buildings had meantime fallen into disrepair and become of little value, instead of a large casualty the superior would only get a very small payment.

In this connection there is another point worth mentioning. In estimating the amount of an untaxed casualty due from lands which have been let for shooting purposes, the amount of the casualty is determined by the rent under the lease. This may seem out of keeping with feudal principles, since a shooting rent nowadays is often a mere 'fancy price,' rising and falling according as it is or is not the fashion for people from the south to take moors in Scotland. The basis of the calculation is the amount of rent for which the lands have been let. The statute which introduced this casualty no doubt contemplated agricultural rent; but by a series of decisions in the Court of Session it has now become a well-established principle that no matter for what purpose the lands may be let, the amount of the actual rent must be taken into consideration. As early as 1771 it was decided as to a composition due in respect of grass-lands and salmon-fishings that the average value for the last seven years should be taken; and in 1878, in the case of *Allan's Trustees against the Duke of Hamilton*, it was finally settled as regards minerals. The case of *Stewart against Bulloch*, three years later, went even further, when Lord President Inglis gave judgment to the effect that 'when shootings are of such a value that they might bring a rent if let, their value must be taken in computing "the year's mail of the lands as set for the time," payable as a composition on the entry of a vassal under the Act 1469, chapter 36.' This again may seem somewhat incompatible with feudal law; but it must be remembered that a composition is not truly an incident of feudal tenure, but a result of statutory enactment; and the superior's point of view must also be considered, for if this principle were not enforced a vassal might escape ever paying a casualty at all in the case of lands let as moors or deer-forests, where no agricultural rent is paid.

Yet, although it is the actual rent for which the lands are let that is considered, it was settled by the case of *Campbell in 1884* that if the vassal lets his lands to one who in turn sublets them to another, it is the rent under the lease, not the sublease, which fixes the amount of the casualty; and, again, if one who has taken lands on lease purchases them, his lease is extinguished (for a man cannot let his own lands to himself), and when a casualty becomes due on his entry, it is calculated not on the rent for which he had leased the ground, but its annual value. This was determined in *Lord Blantyre's case in 1858*.

Difficult questions have sometimes arisen as

to the amount of a composition due by a vassal who has himself subfeued to a subvassal. In the case of the Governors of George Heriot's Hospital against Paton's Trustees, argued before seven judges in June 1912, the whole law on the matter is set forth. The superiors had here feued ground to a vassal, who in turn had subfeued to another for a feu-duty of twenty pounds, which at the time the subfeu was given out was the true annual value of the lands; thereafter the subvassal, as permitted by his charter, redeemed his feu-duty to the extent of nineteen pounds fifteen shillings, leaving the feu-duty standing at five shillings. The superiors claimed a casualty from the mid-superior, who was their vassal, of a year's rent, amounting to nine hundred and thirty-one pounds, arguing that as the feu-duty now payable was only five shillings, that could not be the value of the lands. The mid-superior maintained that the value of the lands had been fixed when the subfeu was created, and that the superior's claim was limited, therefore, to the original amount of the feu-duty—namely, twenty pounds; and this plea was upheld by the unanimous opinion of the Court.

It is always stated, and has now become a well-settled rule, that a casualty is not due until it is demanded. This may seem curious, when a charter stipulates that a casualty shall be paid by the vassal on entry; but it is explained in this way. Whenever the last vassal who paid a casualty is dead, the superior has a claim against the then proprietor of the lands for a casualty; but this claim does not form a debt against the vassal, and can only be enforced by a statutory form of action; though in practice, if the casualty is obviously due, the vassal pays, as it is cheaper to do so than to defend an action which he is bound to lose. 'Demand,' in this sense, therefore, means judicial demand in a court of law. This was determined in the judgment delivered in an action raised by the Governors of Heriot's Hospital against one of their vassals in 1904. Now a corporation, as has been said, can never be said to die, and before 1874, if such a body of persons became proprietors of a feu, the superior could never claim a casualty after entry had been obtained and the first casualty paid. The grounds of decision in this case are lucidly set forth by Lord Moncrieff, who delivered the leading opinion: 'The defenders' author was Robert Matheson, who disposed the lands to them in 1866 and 1868. Matheson, who was duly entered with the superiors, died on 5th March 1877, at which date the defenders were entered with the superiors by force of the Act of 1874, and the superiors might then, if they thought fit, have demanded payment of a casualty. The demand, however, was not made until the year 1900, and on 16th May 1900 a composition was paid by the defenders to the pursuers. . . . The defence, which the Lord Ordinary has sustained, is that the action is premature,

because the defenders, who are a corporation, paid a first composition so late as 16th May 1900, and therefore the defenders maintain a second composition will not be demandable until 1925. The pursuers' demand is made under the fifth section of the Conveyancing Act of 1874. It provides that, unless otherwise stipulated, corporations shall pay "at the date at which the first composition would have been payable if this Act had not been passed, and every twenty-fifth year thereafter, a sum equal to what, but for the passing of this Act, would have been payable on entry by a singular successor." It seems to me that these words by themselves are decisive against the pursuers, because previously to the passing of the Act of 1874 a composition would not have been payable by a singular successor until the superior demanded it, and enforced payment by an action.'

If a superior does not claim a feu-duty for forty years, he can never claim it; but this rule applies only to the particular year the feu-duty of which he did not collect. The actual right to exact payment never prescribes, as it is so inherent a condition of the feu that it can never cease to exist so long as the feu remains. The application of the law of prescription to casualties is very doubtful; but it seems to be settled that a superior can only claim one casualty from the same vassal, so that if he has neglected to exact payment of former casualties which fell due, he cannot demand them from the proprietor in possession, who has paid a casualty in respect of his own entry. But this is not founded on the law of prescription; it is a feudal principle established by a series of decisions in the courts. But the fact that a superior has neglected to exact a casualty need not result in a loss to him, but may have the very opposite effect. This is illustrated by a recent case, that of Sutherland against Tait's Trustees in 1902, where a vassal died, leaving an heir who succeeded him, but omitted to pay the relief-duty of one penny Scots. Thereafter he sold the property to another, whereupon the superior claimed a composition. Now, if the heir had paid the relief-duty, the next casualty would not have become due until his death; and if, before his death, his donee had sold the lands, he would have avoided paying a casualty altogether; but merely because of this slight omission on the part of the heir to pay, and the superior to exact, one penny Scots, a composition of a whole year's rent became exigible.

All these hardships have tended to lead proprietors to discover some way of avoiding payment of casualties; and there is one method, and *only* one method, of doing this, assuming, of course, that the casualties have not been redeemed and discharged, as provided by the Conveyancing Act of 1874. The owner of lands, instead of entering with the superior, may be satisfied with possession on a personal title. When the last vassal who paid a casualty dies, in place of having

his disposition registered, and so becoming liable to the payment of a composition, the proprietor may continue unentered, and agree with the heir of the last vassal to enter with the superior, who must accept him on payment of relief-duty. This may merely seem a clever scheme to avoid the law; but the point actually arose in 1883 in the case of the Duke of Hamilton against Guild. The cause had been heard in the Outer House, where the Lord Ordinary decided in favour of the proprietor; and, on appeal to the Inner House, his decision was upheld as 'a sound view of the law of Scotland.'

It must appear, then, from what has been said, that there is an urgent need for the reform of the law relating to heritable property in Scotland. Holders of real property in England are not oppressed in this way, and there is no reason why Scottish landholders should not be relieved of these onerous burdens, which tend to hinder the transfer of land, and so impede the internal financial progress of the country. Most open-minded persons, lawyers as well as laymen, favour the amendment of the Scottish land-laws, the ultimate desire being that heritable and movable property should be transferable with equal ease; but this can never be effected so long as such

encumbrances are imposed upon the ownership of land.

The whole of the feudal system as it now exists is merely an anachronism; it is out of joint with the times, and some scheme must be devised to set it right. Estates of superiority are of no real advantage except as a form of investment, and nowadays money may be invested with greater profit in stocks and shares, the income of which is easily collected, than in feu-duties and casualties, the ingathering of which involves difficulty and expense, in addition to being a grievous burden upon the vassal.

Even from the historical point of view, there is little excuse for retaining feudal law. The primary objects for which the system was originally established have been gradually removed, and we are left with the dry bones of a skeleton which needs only to be placed in the sepulchre that awaits it.

A commission has lately been appointed to inquire into the whole matter, and one can only hope that its report will result in a Bill being brought before Parliament abolishing tenure and substituting therefor some system more in keeping with modern progress and the requirements of present-day life.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By A. G. B. S.

I.

HAFIZ ULLAH was sixteen years of age, and a well-grown, handsome lad, judged by the standard of his clan, a branch of the great Orakzai tribe. As he was nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, straight-limbed, with clear complexion and features of the best-bred Pathan type, his appearance, as he strolled under the shade of the paternal walnut-trees, was such as to captivate the heart of every village maiden peeping from behind barred windows. Some years before, his father, Umar Khan, had quitted this troubled life in the abrupt manner so common in the wild borderland; in fact, he had been shot dead in the early morning as he ventured down from his tower to draw water for the day's use. There had been no need for the son to take up the 'blood-feud'; unfortunately, as he considered, that had been settled by his uncle, who had pursued the murderer with a posse of relatives, and finally wiped away the stain, gaining thereby not only increased respect among his own folk, but a new rifle, some rounds of precious ammunition, and the undying hatred of the murderer's wife.

The latter, unable through poverty and other causes to interest any of her connections sufficiently in the affair, pondered long and deeply without seeing a way to her cherished revenge; but fate, as we shall see later, offered the chance which hate had been unable to compass.

At the time this tale commences, Hafiz Ullah had just come from paying a visit of ceremony to his mother. Though he was her only son—daughters hardly counted with her—she maintained a strict reserve toward him, as having inherited the authority of his dead parent; and the lad himself was quite unaware of the deep, fanatical devotion with which she really regarded him. He was her world, the living reincarnation of her dead lord, who, with all his savage characteristics, had loved her, and fought bravely to win her, in the now buried past. She longed passionately to see her boy take his place at the head of the clan, and come to man's estate by some deed of daring; though at the same time the thought of risk to her darling's life made her very heart freeze.

That morning he had been all impatience. She had before this put him off time after time—now with a gift of new clothes to go courting in, now with an errand for his uncle, or with a task of husbandry to employ his redundant energy, tire his young muscles, and quiet the longing for adventurous action. But the wild-hawk blood ran strong in his veins. That morning he broke in on her excuses, saying, 'My mother, the corn is harvested, the fruit is garnered; there is no more man's work in this little valley. Give me money for a horse and a sword, and let me go

down to the Great River, to the border towns. I will see the world, buy me a rifle, and, if God permits, perchance kill one of the accursed Infidels!

'My son, thou speakest as a fool,' quickly answered the old dame. 'Thy money would soon be gone. Are there not sons of Satan—ay, and daughters too—waiting for young lads such as thee? When thine uncle goes down, next year, with the deputation to Peshawar, thou shalt go. And as to the slaying of Infidels, though the holy Mullahs enjoin it as a duty, I never heard that any of them took a hand at the slaying. It is a fool's game! Was not Amir Khan hanged, only a year gone, for stabbing a *sahib* who did not even die of the wound? Now go; and, foolish one, do not forget my words about the daughter of Malik Mohammed Ali. She will be well dowered. Am I not to hold thy children on my knees ere these old eyes grow too dim to see them?'

Hafiz Ullah was very thoughtful all that day—not, indeed, about the Malik's daughter, for as yet he cared nothing for maids; but his mind revolved again and again the prospect of the long, dull winter in his native glen, and contrasted it with the glittering vision of life in the great world whose distant plains could, on fine evenings, be seen from the terraced fields above his home. The longing to get away grew as the days went on and winter began to settle down on the surrounding hills. Seeking distraction of any kind, he seized eagerly on the offer to accompany his uncle on a journey to a neighbouring valley; and one morning, having got arms and a mount from his relative, he set off in his company.

The journey was uneventful, but ended, as chance arranged, at the very village where dwelt the widow of his father's murderer.

While his uncle transacted business, Hafiz Ullah swaggered about the village, chatted to one or two young men of about his own age, and soon, with the loquacity of youth, told them his history, his prospects, and longings. Secure, as he was, even in this village of potential foes, by reason of the armed strength of his uncle's escort, the usual caution ingrained by habit in his race forsook him. His listeners were not slow to identify him as the son of that Umar Khan whose murder for blood-feud by one of their people was still remembered. One of the group stole away to pass the news to the widow's household. On his return he was wearing a curious smile on a countenance that nature had already stamped as mean and treacherous. The widow had prompted him, with all the art that implacable malice could exercise, to pick a quarrel with the boy, to humiliate him, and perhaps, she hoped, make new enemies for him and his uncle, placed hitherto securely out of reach of her revenge. She had found an apt conspirator.

Approaching Hafiz Ullah, who was patronisingly explaining to his audience some particular in which he considered his own folk superior to theirs, the widow's accomplice began in this wise: 'Oh chief, is it true that the mothers of thy clan do not permit their sons to use arms till they are at least twenty-five years of age?'

'Whoever told thee so lied,' retorted Hafiz Ullah, a little nettled at the tone of the query. 'In our clan there are few *men* of sixteen who have not one life to their credit!'

The audience grinned derisively, seeing the gist of the remarks, and prepared to join in the fun.

'Also, is it true that the young men of thy clan are not allowed to cross the Great River for fear of the police? Or is it for fear of the white *sahibs*, or that a horse is a terrible animal to ride? We are told that the maidens in thy village—'

But the infuriated Hafiz Ullah could stand no more, and dealt the wag a stunning blow. Surrounded by foes, it was with difficulty that he was rescued by the burly retainers of his uncle, aided by some graybeards of the village. With his turban awry, his flowing white trousers covered with mud, and a gash on his forearm, Hafiz Ullah stood panting and glaring murder at his assailants, while his uncle collected his bodyguard and mounted for the return home.

On the way he questioned his nephew closely about the fracas; in a country of easily created and long-enduring blood-feuds the smallest quarrel was a matter of great importance. When he learned the details he imagined it to be only a case of hurt vanity on his nephew's part. The malicious prompting of the attack was, of course, hidden from both. But the uncle voiced his own opinion: 'Thy mother keeps thee too close. Thou art a man now; at thy age I had seen the world—and well, too,' he added, with a grim chuckle. 'I will speak to her on thy behalf.' And with this promise his nephew recovered his spirits, laughed at his late adventure, and parted from his uncle in high good-humour.

A few days later the interview between his mother and his uncle took place, and reluctantly her consent was given for the boy to take a month's holiday and go to Peshawar. The uncle promised to arrange for his reception there at the house of a distant relation, and to procure a suitable horse and arms.

Hafiz Ullah was in the Seventh Heaven of bliss. To while away the days before departure he even attempted a serenade for the benefit of the Malik's daughter. Custom allowed this if permission from the parents were duly obtained; the young scapegrace, dispensing with this formality, however, came off not without hurt from an encounter with the night watchman and a savage dog.

The day of departure came at length. Having endured the lamentations of his old mother—to him so very unnecessary—he mounted a young and spirited horse, the gift of his uncle, and, arrayed in his best, with sword and pistols, went carolling down the glen. In the clear morning air the wide rim of far-off India shone before him like the edge of another world; and, without a backward glance, the young knight-errant rode forward into the Unknown.

II.

The Mullah, Fir Mohammed, sat in the doorway of the dirty, tumble-down little mosque which was his headquarters. He was a crooked, wrinkled old man, whose fierce but almost sightless red eyes peered from beneath shaggy brows, seeking to know the passers-by. Few, however, had the hardihood to pass him by without offering or salutation. Men whispered that he could see not only the outside but the very souls of those he looked at. His reputation in his own country was great. One by one his serious rivals in sanctity had either died a violent death or sickened of some mysterious but fatal malady. All such tribal affairs as called for weighty counsel of the elders were sooner or later referred to him; more than one Jihad or Holy War against the Infidels had been preached by the old firebrand, the disastrous and expensive results of which seemed never to be laid at his door. The Government of the said Infidels, long as its arm was, had not been able to touch him yet; though he was marked up in the long 'black list' as being the instigator of most of the trouble on that section of the frontier for the last five-and-twenty years.

To such a counsellor fate led Hafiz Ullah as he neared the end of his first day's march. Dismounting from his horse, he approached the old man reverently, feeling the influence of those terrible, blurred eyes turned full upon him.

'Oh Holy One, the peace of God be upon thee!' he murmured, abashed, as he bowed before the old priest.

The dim eyes continued to search, as the youth fully believed, his inmost being; and then, in a harsh, high-pitched, croaking voice, the question came: 'Who art thou, young fledgling from the nest?'

'Holy father, I am Hafiz Ullah, son of Umar Khan—on whom be peace!—and I go to foreign parts, where the accursed white Infidels rule, that I may see their great cities, and perchance learn wisdom, so that in the councils of my clan I need no longer sit dumb amongst beardless youths!'

So spoke the young man, not without a note of vanity, which the old man was quick to detect.

'Thy wisdom is like to be dearly bought, youth!' he growled. 'Six months gone three such as thee went this road. The accursed

Infidels hold them all! One is in the jail at Peshawar, and doubtless drags his leg-irons about with him—good walking for a free son of these mountains! Another—may his father's grave be dishonoured!—has become a trooper in their cavalry, and herds with Sikh pigs and other scum of Hindustan. The third, I am told, has crossed the Black Water—not of freewill—to those islands from which few return; he did but offer to relieve a fat *banniah* of his money, and would doubtless have taken it peaceably!—Here the old man's voice died away as he sat meditating on the fat toll that he might have levied on the returning thief.

'My father,' inquired Hafiz Ullah after a while, 'is there, then, much oppression of our people who venture into the country of the accursed Infidels?'

The face of the Mullah worked nervously, and the shaggy brows knit together. This was starting on a theme that to him spelt madness. A torrent of abuse and invective, mixed with threats and stories of real or imagined wrongs, poured forth; till at last Hafiz Ullah was dismissed with this exhortation ringing in his ears: 'Go forth, my son! The sword of God is in thy hand; prove thyself worthy to bear it, worthy to be the leader of thy clan! Should the Almighty send thee the chance, strike and spare not the accursed unbeliever!'

If the young man had ventured to return at the hour of evening prayer he would doubtless have received some sounder and more prudent advice. The old man looked anxiously for him; a cold fit was on the Mullah, and he realised that perhaps the young hot-head would be rash, and only add one more to the list of those who never came back across the border. But far away, his head full of the holy man's words, his childish mind puzzling over their meaning, and remembering the taunts of his enemies a few days before, Hafiz Ullah lay sleepless, far into the night, in the friendly shelter of a travellers' small rest-house. At length the healthy slumber of youth put an end to his meditations, till the dawn of another day summoned him to the golden road.

The morning of that eventful day broke clear and cold, with a delightful crispness of early winter. A touch of frost was in the air that set the blood of both steed and rider dancing. The mare sniffed the breeze, whinnied and arched her neck, and set off along the now level and widening road. The hills were being left behind on either hand; the broad plains lay before.

Away in the distance the solitary figure of another horseman could be seen by Hafiz Ullah as he pressed forward. Something unfamiliar in the aspect of this figure struck a strange thrill in his heart. As he drew nearer he saw that the rider wore outlandish garments and—undoubted mark of an Infidel and outcast—a hat. There was soon no doubt in his mind that this was

indeed a sahib when he saw the pale face and fair hair of the horseman.

Something in the air and bearing of this sahib stopped the rude inquiry that rose to Hafiz Ullah's lips; and, reverting to the customary greeting of his own people, he exclaimed, 'Mayest thou never grow tired!' and smiled graciously. He was not surprised at being answered in his own tongue—he had forgotten that there were other tongues—and before long he was conversing amicably with the stranger.

Lieutenant Charles Edwards had no business to be where he then was—namely, inside the debatable land that fringes the border, where law is in abeyance and every man moves at his own risk. His work had taken him close up to this No Man's Land; and, being well mounted on a sturdy little Arab, and anxious to see for himself the lie of the land, he had embarked on what was meant to be but a short excursion. But the country, seemingly so flat, proved to hide some formidable dry watercourses; so that the morning was well advanced ere he struck the highway that led back to the nearest border post.

The lieutenant regarded Hafiz Ullah with careful suspicion at first; but, finding him apparently a frank and friendly youth, he dismissed his doubts, and laid himself out to study his companion's character. The latter's talk ran on horses.

Hafiz Ullah eyed the Arab, the first he had ever seen, rather contemptuously. At length he said patronisingly, 'I will wager my sword that my mare is faster than thy long-tailed pony.'

'I'll race you to that rock for five rupees!' exclaimed Edwards, his sporting instincts at once aroused.

After a few preliminaries a good start was made, and in the event the Arab pony finished with some lengths to spare.

Hafiz Ullah's mare, with the bit in her teeth, carried her infuriated master half a mile farther down the road before he could pull her up. Edwards laughed good-naturedly, and chaffingly held out his hand for the sword.

The youth's face darkened. 'The distance was too short,' he said curtly. 'See, I will race thee to that tree;' and he pointed to one far ahead.

Away went the pair again; but the Arab, hard held, kept an easy lead. At length Edwards turned to look at his opponent, pulling up his pony at the same time. He had a sudden vague glimpse of something flashing above his head, and the wild, staring eyes of the young Pathan; then a shock as of red-hot iron smote his neck and shoulder. The earth and sky reeled as he fell with a heavy crash, senseless, to the ground. With a terrified snort, the little Arab was off at a bound, and soon vanished in the direction of home.

Hafiz Ullah sat his horse and stared at the limp form beneath him. A dark pool of blood slowly spread across the dusty track.

Two hours later Hafiz Ullah, whom a glimmering of caution had induced to make a wide detour from the main road, approached by a cart-track a small police post marking the edge of the realms of law and order. Here visitors from across the border were expected to give up their firearms—a regulation often easily evaded. Unconscious of any such difficulty, Hafiz Ullah rode boldly on. Outside the high, loopholed mud walls of the post, in the shade of some mulberry-trees, lolled about or squatted three or four unwashed and unkempt police sepoy. One of them hailed the passer-by in his own tongue, with no great show of courtesy: 'Oh Prince! whither ridest thou? Doth not thy Highness know that here there is an order that firearms must be handed over?'

A rupee or two, well placed, would perhaps have settled this matter; but the young man, ignorant of the world, tried another line. 'Who gave thee authority to address thy betters about orders? Stand back in the ditch, the proper place for such as thee!' And he strove to push his horse past the man.

Instantly his bridle was seized and a cry raised for the *havildar*, who was reposing on a string bed inside the walled enclosure.

Roused from his nap in no amicable frame of mind, the *havildar*, a portly Punjabi Mussulman, made short work. 'Son of a hill-fox,' he screamed, 'descend from thy perch and hand over thy pistols, or I'll lodge thee in the lock-up!'

But on the first hint from their officer, the policemen had dragged the young man from his saddle, and, despite his desperate struggles, disarmed him. Curses on his part only brought kicks from the *havildar* and blows from his men.

Hafiz Ullah at length lay still, grinding his teeth, while experienced hands went over him, extracted his little hoard of money, and removed his sword and pistols. The *havildar*, content with most of the money, was about to dismiss his victim with a caution. An exclamation from one of the sepoys prevented him.

'See, see, oh *havildar*! this is indeed a criminal that our zeal hath secured! Doubtless our reward will be great, and thine more so!' and he drew the sword from its sheath.

One glance at the fresh red smear that dulled its blade was enough—enough, too, to bring to Hafiz Ullah the sense of deadly peril. Like lightning he sprang from the ground, dashed his captors on one side, and rushed toward his horse, standing with bridle looped round a tree-trunk. Scared by the leaping figure, the half-tamed brute backed wildly, broke the poor leather of the reins, and took to the fields. Hafiz Ullah

attempted to follow; but a bullet from one of his own pistols, steadily aimed by the *havildar*, struck him a sickening blow on the leg, and he fell, groaning, to the earth.

A rough but agonising bandage having been applied, and handcuffs placed on his wrists, the wretched boy was left on the floor of the courtyard, while a sepoy leisurely walked the four miles to town to report the capture of a supposed dangerous criminal.

III.

The passage of chained and handcuffed malefactors down the streets of Peshawar city was of such common occurrence as hardly to excite remark. But on this morning there was a pleasing stir of excitement. It was known to all in the bazaar that a sahib had been killed—or nearly so, as the less hopeful said; and that the meritorious doer of the deed, with incredible folly, instead of returning home to boast of it, had put his head in the lion's mouth by crossing the border at Sadozai Thana. Also, that the young 'Ghazi' was to be tried for his life that morning, and would doubtless be hanged, possibly in a pig's skin, after the manner approved by custom in such cases.

The crowd near the court grew denser, its ruffianly elements only overawed by a strong force of burly Sikh policemen. There was no doubt which way popular sympathy would lie; and when at length the prisoner and his escort appeared there were all the elements of a likely rescue. But the police officers knew their work well.

Bareheaded, handcuffed, haggard, wild of eye, and supported by two warders, the wretched Hafiz Ullah limped toward the dread tribunal. The sea of faces terrified him, the narrow streets seemed like passages through Hell, and the dark archway of the court-house the very Gate of Death. Strange languages sounded inhuman in his unaccustomed ears as he was half-dragged, half-pushed into the magistrate's presence. A terrible vision this latter, with pale, wrinkled face, scanty white hair, and piercing gray eyes—a wizard with some awful power that all these lesser and darker-skinned men bowed down to.

After a time Hafiz Ullah became aware that he was being addressed, in his native Pushtu, by this Arbiter of Destiny. No thought of answering anything but the truth seemed possible with those steady eyes upon him. Slowly the pitiful story was unfolded: his youth, his aspirations, his mother's grudging consent to his travels; then his conversation with the Mullah—at mention of whose name heads were wisely nodded in court; then his childish anger at being twice defeated by the young sahib on the Arab pony, and his sudden thought that revenge and a deed acceptable to God might be accomplished at one blow. So, haltingly, the confession ended.

The magistrate passed a thin hand across his brow and stared at his papers; silence fell on all. At length, with a countenance devoid of colour, and in a strained voice, the judge pronounced on Hafiz Ullah the last penalty of the law, to be summarily carried out that evening.

The dingy courtyard of the jail was warm with afternoon sunshine and echoed with the busy hum of the great city outside its walls. Some restless pigeons fluttered here and there, and perched even on the grim structure that stood apart ready for its victim. Two or three native officials awaited the arrival of the British officer told off to see the law carried into effect. The prisoner had not yet been brought out, but remained closely guarded in his cell. Fate had moved so fast with him that he was stunned by the sudden rush of events. He, a few days ago a free man, with all life before him, now condemned to a dog's death, amongst strangers, far from help by his own folk. In vain his troubled brain sought an explanation of this mystery—this seeming injustice of the Mullah's God, who rejoiced in the slaying of Infidels. The last grains in the hour-glass of his short life ran out, and the final summons came.

The officer, himself little more than a boy, stood booted and spurred, looking curiously at Hafiz Ullah as he was led forth limping painfully on his wounded leg. Pity for his youth and misguided mind prompted him to ask if the condemned man had any last wish or any request to make.

The question was repeated to Hafiz Ullah as he was being pinioned. He stared vaguely at his questioner, and then muttered, 'The young sahib—is he dead?'

'He is likely to live, thank God!' said the police officer, curtly enough as he remembered the terrible injury that kept his bosom friend hovering between life and death, and signed to the officials to complete their work.

A despairing cry escaped the condemned man, whose assured hope of Paradise seemed to vanish at these words. 'The sword of God! the sword of God!' he murmured as the gag closed his lips and he stepped into eternity.

Far off, in the quiet valley amongst the pine-clad hills, the mother of Hafiz Ullah waits and watches for the return of her son. None has dared to tell her the truth; to her, he lives and moves, forgetful and careless no doubt, in that strange world toward whose distant plains her eager eyes are so often strained. Her daughters come of age, are mated, and leave their mother to the solitude of an empty home. But hope lives with her always, and the day seems ever close at hand when the wanderer will return, a bearded man, worthy to take his father's place, the acknowledged head of his clan.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE hath her victims no less renowned than war. This fact has been brought home very forcibly by the unfortunate accident which has befallen the indefatigable Swedish investigator Gustaf Dalén. Humanity owes a debt to this scientist which cannot be estimated for his experiments in light phenomena, which have culminated in the flasher and the sun-valve, revolutionising the task of lighting dangerous coasts and lonely waters for the protection of those who go down to the sea in ships. For many years he wrestled with the baffling problems connected with these inventions, and despite the prejudice which had to be overcome he succeeded in forcing them, from their sheer merit alone, upon the various maritime nations. His system of lighting to-day guards inhospitable shores from Pole to Pole; the mariner picking his way through the lonely waters of the Baltic or rounding the cruel shores of Tierra del Fuego is guided by the Dalén flashing lamp, which lights and extinguishes itself at dusk and dawn respectively, continuing the alternating operations for months on end without the intervention of human hands. It is only now that the far-reaching value of this invention has become appreciated. All nations are embracing the idea, since the claims of reliability, serviceability, and efficiency have been established. The Panamá Canal, for instance, is to be lighted from end to end by these automatic lights. Recently the practicability of adapting the flashing light to railway signalling so as to secure a greater measure of safety in connection with express train working has attracted widespread attention. This scientist's labours received complete recognition by the bestowal of the last Nobel Physics Prize, as we mentioned in the paper on the 'Progress of the Gas Industry' in our April issue. Then, just as honours were being showered thickly upon him and he was earning the just reward of his years of patient experiment, he has been stricken down. He was engaged upon some investigations concerning compressed gases for illumination purposes, and the reservoir in which they were stored was being tested to destruction. Dalén and his companions were outside the chamber in which the cylinder was being tested, carefully following the indications on the pressure-gauge. The pressure had risen to a high degree, and the party waited for a time to see what would happen; but, observing the gauge-hand to be travelling backward, they deemed it safe to enter the chamber. Scarcely had they reached the cylinder when it burst with a terrific report. Dalén received the full force of the explosion. One eye was torn out completely, and the other

was so seriously injured that it is a moot point whether its sight will be restored. Seeing that this scientist is only in the early forties, and the investigation of light phenomena is his one passion, blindness to him will be a mortal blow. To those who are inclined to superstition it may be mentioned that the test was made on a Friday, there were thirteen in the party, and in walking to the laboratory they passed three funerals!

TWO INGENUOUS NOVELTIES.

The blotting-paper on the busy man's desk is an elusive article. Somehow or other it is always missing when wanted, and has a peculiar habit of becoming mixed up with letters and documents. In order to mitigate the inconvenience and delay, not to say loss of temper, arising from this cause, an ingenious spring-roller blotter has been perfected. It is a clever device, occupying small space and always at hand. It comprises a small metal stand about seven inches long, on which is mounted a spring roller. The principle is that of the spring-roller blind, with the sheet of blotting-paper, about six inches wide, taking the place of the blind. The paper is secured to the roller by a clip, and is fitted with a stout pull-piece at the opposite end. All that is required is to pull the free end-piece out to its full extent. When the letter or document is dried the handle is released, and the paper immediately flies back into the rolled position. Owing to the roller being on a swivel the blotter can be swung round to be used on any part of the desk. Moreover, the blotting-paper is kept clean, neat, and tidy; while there is no waste. The second invention is a letter-copyer and file made up in the form of the ordinary travelling letter-case. It consists of several sheets of carbon-paper bound together, an aluminium plate, and patent clip. The clip holds the writing-paper in position. The letter is written in the usual way with a pen or pencil, and a clear carbon copy thereof is secured. When a sheet of carbon-paper is worn it is simply torn out, leaving the succeeding sheet in position. In addition there is an A, B, C file attached to the case, so that letters can be filed directly they have been answered. Seeing that during a journey it is generally difficult to make a copy of correspondence, this case and copier are a distinct acquisition to a business man's travelling equipment; while all letters can be kept in their relative places on the file.

AN ELECTRIC SWITCH INDICATOR.

Entering a room at night and groping for the electric switch is often an irritating task, and if one is a stranger may require the aid of a match. A novel means of indicating the situation of the switch in the dark has been devised. This com-

prises a small cardboard star, the face of which is treated with Dr Balmain's luminous paint. In this 'cold light' no phosphorus whatever is employed, the paint being prepared from phosphorescent compounds such as sulphide of calcium, or any of the luminous sulphides of metals such as zinc, barium, uranium, magnesium, and strontium. Exposed to daylight, the phosphorescent compound becomes energised, so that it emits a soft glow at night. Several interesting applications of this cold light have been made. Some years ago it was used for painting life-buoys, so that they might be easily seen in the water on a dark night. It was also recommended for painting life-ladders; but the invention was only indifferently entertained by marine interests. Recently, however, its luminosity has been increased as a result of further experiment, and the Government has circularised all the harbours round the coast recommending its adoption. A later development, however, appears to have a far wider scope. This is its use for indicating the exit notices in cinema theatres and other places of public assembly, so that should the electric and flame lights go out the luminous exit notice is visible, thereby guiding the audience into the street, and tending to allay all danger of a panic in the darkness. The application may be carried out in many ways, such as the painting of the exterior surface of electric globes and gas or oil lanterns. The possibilities in this field are illimitable, and the authorities are so impressed with its utility that they are now advocating the use of the paint for this particular purpose.

INGENIOUS REAR LIGHT FOR CYCLISTS.

The dangers attending cyclists while riding along dark country roads in these days of motor-ing are recognised very fully. To guard against being run down from behind every devotee of the wheel should provide himself with a back light. Fortunately in these days of fertile ingenuity and inventiveness this is not an insurmountable difficulty. Indeed, it has met with complete solution in the voltalite self-generating electric cycle lamp, which makes its own light, no batteries being necessary. There is a small generator, weighing a few ounces, fitted with a rubber pulley. The generator is mounted upon the front fork in such a way that the pulley engages with the rim of the front wheel. A constant engagement and pressure is ensured by the method of mounting, while all inequalities on the surface of the rim are overcome. From this generator a wire leads to the front head-lamp, which is fitted with an eight volt bulb and a parabolic reflector. The arrangement and system, indeed, are very similar to those adopted in connection with the pocket flash-lamp. The rear light comprises a small metal filament lamp fitted inside an efficient reflector which throws the light rearwards through a ruby glass lens two and a

half inches in diameter. Consequently the light, which is attached to the back fork, can be seen plainly from every angle. Current is generated by the same device as feeds the front lamp, a second wire being provided for this purpose. The device is simple, compact, and cheap. There is no dirt or grease, as with oil or acetylene lamps, and there is an enhanced degree of reliability and serviceability. It is almost impossible for the generator to break down. The only mishap likely to occur is the failure of the electric lamp; but this can be replaced by an efficient lamp, as the attachment is very simple, and the change can be effected in a few moments, as it requires no special skill or knowledge. If a rear light only is desired it can be obtained by means of a small dry battery similar to that of the pocket flash-lamp. As the light is not required in well-illuminated thoroughfares, it can be switched off there, whereby the life of the battery is extended. The system is cheaper than the first-named generating method, and is altogether preferable, as batteries are liable to give out at the time they are most urgently needed. Cyclists, in the interest of their own safety, may be compelled to carry a rear light. At all events, none more completely meeting the situation than the above has yet been devised.

A SILENT FLUSHING CISTERN.

While the siphon discharge is conceded to be the most effective system for flushing purposes, it suffers from one serious disadvantage. This is the disagreeable sucking noise which is caused by the final emptying of the cistern, and which arises from the inrushing air meeting and disturbing the water falling back in the siphon, and consequently setting up a noisy agitation. Efforts to minimise this drawback have frequently been made, but only with partial success. The most common practice is to carry a small tube from the neck of the siphon to the bottom of the cistern. But this method is not completely successful. The water falling back still fights with the entering air, thereby creating a noise. An ingenious inventor, however, has now overcome the difficulty very effectively, so that the cistern works without noise. This end has been achieved by separating the air from the water by letting the fall-back water drop into an elongated receptacle at the bottom of the cistern. Consequently the inrushing air passes over this water, with the result that the pressure in the main siphon is eased and reduced gradually without noise. The introduction into lavatories of this silent discharge is being greatly appreciated. The same inventor has patented a fireclay cistern which is superior to the cast-iron appliance, the features of which are rapid discharge and sensitiveness, while it is frost-proof and inexpensive. As it is fitted with the patent silent siphonic discharge system, it constitutes an excellent

equipment for public buildings, asylums, factories, and even private residences.

A SIMPLE SUCTION-CLEANER.

These are the days of vacuum cleaning, and many interesting devices have been contrived to meet the requirements of the home, and at a wide range of prices to suit all pockets. One of the latest of these is particularly noticeable, inasmuch as it is characterised by many interesting features. It is electrically operated, and so simple and light that it can be used by one servant. There is a shaft similar to a broom-handle, upon which is looped the length of flexible wire and a plug which is inserted in the ordinary lampholder or wall-plug. This handle is made to operate the switch. At the lower end there is a fork in which is mounted the tiny electric motor, and below which is the elongated nozzle. The device is not mounted on wheels, but merely moved over the surface to be cleaned. The bag in which the dust is collected is attached to the handle, from which it can be removed in an instant. The handle is also fitted with a small observation glass through which the passage of the dirt to the bag may be seen, so that one is always able to ascertain whether the cleaner is working satisfactorily. If desired, the fork can be locked in any desired position for special work. Moreover, in the nozzle a revolving brush is fitted, which is driven by an air-blast issuing from an outlet in front of the nozzle. By this arrangement a combination of blast, brush, and suction is secured, and this is claimed to be three times more effective than mere suction alone as practised in the ordinary vacuum cleaner. The metal parts being made of aluminium, strength with the minimum of weight is secured, the complete cleaner weighing only nine pounds. Seeing that the usual attachments are provided, this cleaner can be used for all classes of work—carpets, bedding, curtains, walls, ledges, and crevices.

AN ELECTRIC MOTOR-DRIVEN STREET-REFUSE COLLECTING CART.

The city of Berlin has recently adopted a new type of dust-collecting cart which is driven by electricity. It is mounted upon three wheels and has a small tip-up body. Power is furnished from a battery of twenty one hundred and fifty ampere hour-cells driving a motor built into the front leading wheel, through reducing gear. The machine can be driven either forward or backward, the battery current being reversed by means of a special switch. The vehicle has a travelling speed varying from fifteen to nineteen miles an hour, and can cover ninety miles on a single battery charge. As the body is made detachable, the vehicle, after its street-refuse collecting duties are completed, can be used for other work. The vehicle is also fitted with a sanding device, the distribution being carried

out by a second small motor driven by the main battery. The results of the vehicle's operations are being followed with great interest, as it is a smaller, more compact, and lighter vehicle than those generally employed in such work.

QUEBRACHO.

Quebracho ('break-axe'), one of the hardest, heaviest, and most durable woods known, is found in several countries in South America, where it is largely used for railway sleepers and for the manufacture of tannin. The largest trees, and those richest in tannin, are found in Argentina. The tree takes one hundred years to come to maturity; its full height is eighty feet, and the trunk may be about thirty inches in diameter. For the tannin extract, the logs are split into boards and then placed in boilers, where they are subjected to a cooking process. The result is then purified and placed in a vacuum apparatus, where the extract is hardened. Later, when dissolved in water, it is found to contain 65 per cent. of tannin. The Forestal Land Company at Guillermina, in the Eastern Chaco, Argentina, turns out twenty-four thousand tons of extract annually. There are three varieties of this valuable tree: the true quebracho, the red, and the white. The red strongly resembles red marble when cut; the heart-wood of the white is strong, hard, and heavy, and may be employed as a substitute for boxwood. The total possible yield of this valuable wood has been calculated at one hundred and sixty-eight million tons, and as the annual consumption is only one million tons, there seems slight fear of its early exhaustion.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

MOTHER-SONG.

NOT pearls, my sweet, your little throat to deck,
Not gold or silver chain nor coral cold;
God sent the daisies for your pretty neck.
Ah, daisies are the only wear for babies!
There are daisies on the world.

Not silk, my sweet, to hide your silk-soft skin,
No foolish stuffs to hide your grace from me;
God sent the sunshine, dear, to dress you in!
Ah, sunshine is the only wear for babies!
And there's sunshine on the lea.

JAY E. FOREST.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

MAJOR PENGETHLIN'S SECRET.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

'THERE'S nothing of consequence by this morning's post,' were young Bowerby's first words as his uncle entered the office in the Tolsworthy High Street one autumn morning punctually on the stroke of nine-thirty. 'But here's a note addressed to you, and marked "Private," which was dropped into the letter-box a few minutes ago.'

The elder man took the note, and after glancing at the superscription, remarked, 'From Major Pengethlin or I'm much mistaken.' Then he crossed to his chair, sat down, perched his glasses astride his nose, slit open the envelope, and extracted the contents. 'Yes, it's from the major,' he said a minute later. 'He writes that he would like me to call upon him in the course of the day, if convenient to me. Polite as always, even on his sickbed. I suppose, now he's had this seizure, which I'm sorry to hear has partially deprived him of the use of his lower extremities, that he has decided to have his will drawn up without further delay, and be no longer satisfied with merely talking about it.'

'You'll take the trap, of course, on this sweltering morning. It's uphill nearly every foot of the way to Paston Lodge.'

No man in Tolsworthy was more widely known or more highly respected than Mr Samuel Bowerby, the one solicitor of whom that small but thriving north Devon town could boast. Having reached the comfortable age of fifty-five, he was inclined to take life easily and leave the drudgery to his nephew and partner, who was thirty years his junior. He was a well-set-up man, with iron-gray hair, closely cropped whiskers, shrewd but not unkindly eyes, and a manner which in some subtle way seemed to invite your confidence.

'How long is it since you made the major's acquaintance?' queried the younger Bowerby.

'It's five years since he called upon me one morning and introduced himself. At that time he had rented Paston Lodge for a couple of years, and what he wanted me to do was to negotiate the purchase of the property with the owner; but the latter declined to sell, and nothing came of the affair. Since then I've

acted for the major in a number of other matters of no great importance.'

'I drove past the Lodge the other day on my way back from Melcombe Regis. Hidden as it is in a hollow on the fringe of the moors, shut in by trees on three sides, and with no other house within a couple of miles, I should go melancholy mad if I were compelled to live there.'

'If of your own choice you led the life of a recluse, as my client does, you would think differently. With the exception of the vicar of the parish, who is an adept at chess, I believe the major is not on what may be called intimate terms with any of his neighbours. He makes a hobby of his garden, and he is something of a bibliophile, having gradually accumulated a collection of the first issues of the works of the Elizabethan dramatists and of the voyages and travels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which I fancy few private libraries could match.'

'Is he a rich man?'

'That I'm unable to say. As he lives alone and leads such a secluded life, there's no need for him to keep up more than a very modest establishment. He goes out riding on most days, but he keeps no carriage. He's a tall, thin, handsome man, with high-bred features, reddish-gray hair, and bushy eyebrows to match. In point of age I take him to be about a dozen years younger than myself. No man could be more suavely polite than he is, yet one feels instinctively that to presume upon it in the way of taking the slightest liberty would not be an advisable thing to do. His reserve of manner seems a part of himself, and is not in the slightest degree offensive, but he entrenches himself behind it.'

'You like him?'

The lawyer smiled. 'Well, for one thing, he interests me as none of my other clients do. I've sometimes wondered whether any one else sees in his face what I seem to read there. To me it is a secretive face, that of a man who carries something about with him which he is ever on the alert to keep hidden from the world. But that may be merely fancy on my part.' He

glanced at the clock on the chimneypiece. 'So now for a run through the morning's letters; after which I must be off.'

CHAPTER II.

IT was close upon noon when Mr Bowerby alighted from his dogcart at the main entrance to Paston Lodge. A stable-boy, who might have been on the lookout for him, took charge of his horse and trap, and the big oak door was opened by a servant in livery before he had time to ring the bell.

'The master is expecting you, sir,' said the man; 'will you please to come this way?' and so preceded the lawyer upstairs and ushered him into a bedroom on the first floor, both windows of which stood wide open.

'Delighted to see you, my dear sir,' said Major Pengethlin, proffering a thin white hand. 'How does this tropical weather suit you? To me, after my long sojourn in the East, it feels merely pleasantly warm. I am sure you will find that cane chair cooler than the cushioned one.'

He lay on the bed propped up with pillows, and although his long, thin face was lined and sunken, and he looked half-a-dozen years older than when his visitor had seen him last, his eyes were bright and steady under their sandy brows, and throughout what he presently had to tell the quiet, even tones of his voice hardly varied.

After expressing a hope that the major was well on the road to recovery, Mr Bowerby took the chair indicated, which faced the bed a couple of yards away.

'Yes,' resumed the invalid, 'my medico assures me that I am getting along famously; but the attack has been a warning to me, and one which I cannot afford to neglect. Consequently I have determined no longer to delay taking a step which, weakly as I am now convinced, I have kept putting off from time to time. This means that I shall have a very strange confession to make, and a confidential commission to entrust you with which I sincerely hope you will not refuse to entertain.'

'I need hardly assure you, sir, that anything you may choose to confide to me will be regarded as sacred, and will not pass my lips to a soul.'

'On that point, my dear Bowerby, I am fully convinced.' The major lay back for a little space with closed eyes as if collecting his thoughts.

'A man of your profession and varied experience,' he presently continued, 'must almost of necessity have had brought under his notice from time to time some of the peculiar and abnormal failings which betray their presence in some persons, and of which they seem wholly unable to rid themselves. Possibly you have

not failed to observe how in a family here and there one member will develop traits and propensities altogether at variance with anything discernible in any of his kindred, and such as might well make people wonder how he could possibly be a scion of the same stock. In some cases this trait of moral degeneracy takes the form of alcoholism, in others of gaming and those other failings in which it impels its unhappy victim into courses of which the law takes cognisance. In my case my infirmity took the form of kleptomania.

'Yes, my dear Bowerby, you may well look amazed. I was born with an all but irresistible propensity to appropriate other people's property. Not, mind you, that I cared in the least for the article, whatever it might be, when once I had secured it, and I always contrived that it should ultimately be restored to its rightful owner. I've no doubt that I began my nefarious career in the nursery by temporarily annexing my play-mates' toys; but the first instance that lives clearly in my recollection is of filching my aunt Agatha's watch off her dressing-table. On that occasion detection followed, together with a sound castigation. But in those days when I was growing up no amount of punishment would have availed to break me of a habit which had for me a magnetism I was powerless to withstand. Not always, however, was I possessed by what in my case seemed a veritable demon urging me on the downward path. There were intervals of months, which became more frequent as I came to man's estate, when the temptation never assailed me, or, when it did, I was enabled, after a short, sharp struggle, in nearly every instance to overmaster it. If, therefore, when a couple of years had passed without my having stumbled by the way, I congratulated myself on having finally overcome my besetting infirmity, who shall blame me? But how wretchedly I was mistaken in so thinking you shall presently be told. Here comes my nurse, punctual to the minute, with my *bouillon*. You will excuse me, will you not? Meanwhile, my dear Bowerby, oblige me by sampling that box of cigars on the side-table. *Pour moi*, I'm limited to two a day just now. Hard lines, is it not?'

After a few minutes the invalid was ready to resume his narrative, while his listener, intent upon every word, slowly inhaled the aroma of his cigar.

'I now come to the unhappy incident in my career which has influenced my life far more than any other either before or since. Till to-day it has remained a secret known to only one person besides myself; but at length the time has come when the step which I have long meditated must be taken, for I have now, so to speak, been brought face to face with the Arch-Enemy, and no more time must be lost.

'I was in my twenty-eighth year, and had

recently been gazetted captain in the Ninetieth Dragoons. It was at a time when there was trouble in the Soudan, and from day to day we were expecting to receive sailing orders. I had not long been engaged to a charming girl, Emmeline Ivory by name, when on a certain day I found myself in London on leave of absence, and on my way from Colchester to Wainmote, a house in the Midlands where Miss Ivory and her mother were on a visit, and to which I had been invited in order to meet them. My intention was to break my journey in town in order to lunch with my old schoolmate Trevor, who happened to be up from his north-country home; after which I would take train in time to reach Wainmote before the dinner-hour. I was aflame with a lover's impatience to meet Emmeline.

'It was close upon noon when I alighted at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where my friend was putting up. In response to my inquiry for him, the hall porter directed me to room No. 23, on the second floor, or what I took to be such. But I either misunderstood the man, or he gave me the wrong number; because when, after tapping at the door of No. 23, I turned the handle and entered, no Trevor was there, while various articles of feminine apparel scattered about proclaimed its occupancy by a woman. After a glance around I was on the point of beating a hurried retreat, when my gaze fastened on a rope of matched pearls on the centre table. I stared at them like one fascinated, as, indeed, I was—fatally fascinated. The old temptation which I had persuaded myself into believing I had scotched for ever gripped me with a force that strangled my powers of resistance. A vertigo took me. I had a sensation as if the walls of the room were slowly collapsing. For me just then there was only one thought, one object in the world. Without being aware that I had stirred, I found myself close to the table. I drew a gasping breath, and my hand went out without any conscious volition and clutched the pearls. Five seconds later I was out of the room and softly shut the door behind me.

'I had no longer a thought about Trevor; all I wanted was to get away undetected. In the corridor I encountered a woman, apparently a domestic, who seemed to regard me suspiciously. In the hall were four persons only—the door-keeper, the hotel clerk, and a couple of foreigners puzzling over a time-table. I passed out unchallenged, and my heart gave a bound as the double doors swung together behind me. Two minutes later I was on my way to Liverpool Street Station, where I redeemed my traps from the cloak-room; after which another hansom took me to the northern terminus, whence I should have to book for the remainder of my journey. I lunched at the refreshment-room, and then paced the platform with a cigar till my train was ready to start. All this time the rope of pearls

lay closely buttoned up in an inner pocket of my Norfolk jacket.

'But already I bitterly regretted my act of insensate folly. Gladly would I have sacrificed half of all I was worth if I could thereby have put back the pearls where I had found them, without the risk of detection. But that was an impossibility. Doubtless the robbery had already been discovered and reported to the police, and by now the entire staff of the hotel would be on the *qui vive*. That I should keep the pearls was the last thought in my mind. Never heretofore had I failed to return to their owners through one channel or another every article on which I had laid surreptitious hands, and that I should do the like in the present instance was a foregone conclusion. But not till I was pacing the platform did it occur to me that I knew no more than the man in the moon to whom the pearls belonged. Very likely they were the property of some casual visitor at the hotel. I must perforce wait till the robbery was reported in the newspapers, when the name and some particulars of the owner would almost certainly be given.

'I felt as if I were the sport of some mocking imp, who, after permitting me to remain untampered for more than a couple of years, and so flattering me into the belief that I had finally overcome my besetting sin, had proved to me in the course of one brief minute that I was still the same weak fool I had ever been. With this shameful experience staring me in the face, how could I ever feel sure of myself in time to come? Never had I felt so humiliated; never before had I held myself in such utter contempt. Was I a fit associate for my comrades of the mess-room? Above all, was I worthy of the love of a pure and beautiful girl like Emmeline Ivory?

'There were not many passengers by the train, and I secured a compartment to myself. Hardly were we clear of the suburbs before I opened and emptied my kit-bag, which was provided with an artfully contrived false bottom, forming a convenient receptacle in which I usually kept my private papers. With these I now deposited the rope of pearls, the lustrous loveliness of which now appealed to me in vain. The sight of them was hateful to me, and I hastened to lock them up.

'I had been looking forward to my meeting with Emmeline with the joyful anticipation of an ardent lover; but the knowledge of the shameful deed of which I was guilty clouded the prospect and made me feel as if she could hardly fail to read in my face some damning evidence of my turpitude.

'It is not a long run to Salsden, and at the end of an hour the train began to slow down. I had just risen to my feet in order to take down my suit-case from the rack, when, following on three warning shrieks from the engine, there

came a tremendous impact with what afterwards proved to be a derailed mineral train. I was in the front carriage next the guard's van, and the shock flung me to the opposite side of the compartment and then dashed me back. There was a horrible grinding and rending noise, and the

carriage collapsed and doubled up like so much matchwood. I was conscious of a crashing blow on the head, which caused a million fiery sparks to flash for an instant before my eyes; after which all was darkness.'

(Continued on page 504.)

FACTS AND GOSSIP.

By ZENO.

PART I.

I DON'T guarantee the exact truth of everything I am going to tell. What I say I have seen, I have seen. What I say I have heard, I have heard. But what I have heard, though it was told by truthful and reliable persons, may have been second-hand information, and therefore not perfectly accurate. For that I cannot answer, and I shall willingly admit any authorised contradiction.

When I first went to the United States Mr Cleveland was President and Mr Richard Olney was Secretary of State, which corresponds to our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Mr Cleveland was a bulky gentleman and a strong man—physically, intellectually, and morally—who knew his own mind, and did not care particularly for other people's minds. He was authoritative and conservative, with a large store of suppressed force which gave him great prestige with his own party and with the nation at large, without resorting to feats of political acrobaticism or demagogic rhetorics. He was helped in his social duties by his beautiful and charming wife, who was about thirty years younger than the President. Mrs Cleveland loved and honoured her husband in the old-fashioned way, and she was one of the most popular hostesses in the White House. A lady friend of mine told me a story that goes to show the tact and winning ways of Mrs Cleveland. Two negro maid-servants of my friend asked for leave to go to the President's reception. She let them go on condition that they should not be late. In those receptions the President and his wife stand at the door of the drawing-room shaking hands with every single guest that comes in. It is an excellent, if not always pleasant, exercise for the biceps of the host and hostess, which I should strongly recommend to Mr Sandow. With all their mistress's recommendations, it was past midnight when the dusky and loyal maids came home. My friend rebuked them, and they explained in their negro drawl, 'Well, mum, we passed the first time and shook hands with the President and Mrs Cleveland, and Mrs Cleveland seemed so pleased to see us that we thought it would be kind to pass and shake hands again, so we had to come out and wait for another turn at the end of the file.'

Mr Olney was a thick-set man, with honest eyes in a bull-dog face, short, lean, and square-shouldered, with a little stoop. He was a very able lawyer, and a mighty tennis-player before the Lord. He knew little and cared nothing for diplomatic subtleties, and went straight to the point. Mrs Olney was a kind and cheerful little lady, of the old-fashioned English pattern, with gray hair parted in the middle and flat bandeaux. I cannot help mentioning the ladies, for in the United States they are essential in a public man's life. They do the housekeeping and the social part of the business, so that on them depends to a great extent the popularity of the man. Every public man must have a lady in the house—his wife, naturally, if he is married; if not, a sister or a cousin, or any sort of peg for a petticoat.

It was at the end of Mr Cleveland's second and last administration that the Cuban question became acute and the relations between the United States and Spain first threatened to become strained. There was a party inside and outside the Congress that urged the Government to interfere in the Cuban question. The Cuban insurrection had lasted for some time, and the insurgents, albeit powerless to drive away the Spaniards, could not be subdued. The war party in the States appealed to the Monroe doctrine as if it were an indisputable principle of international law. The Monroe doctrine, quite modest and unobtrusive as it was first expounded by its author, has been stretched to such lengths that it is really beginning to be a nuisance. It has become 'America for the Americans' (why not for the Indians?), it is trying to be 'the Pacific for the Americans,' and if Providence helps them it will soon be 'the whole world for the same Americans.' Mr Cleveland, on the other hand, stood unflinchingly for the principle of non-intervention. Once, when the Congress discussed, as it did now and then, the expediency of recognising the Cubans as belligerents, following in that the precedent of the European Governments that recognised the Southern states during the War of Secession, I asked Mr Olney what the President would do if a joint resolution in that sense came to be adopted by the Senate and the House of Repre-

sentatives. Mr Olney told me that the President would deem such a resolution unconstitutional, on the ground that the direction of foreign affairs belonged entirely to him, with, in certain cases, the confirmation of the Senate, and would not carry it out. I remember later on, a short time before the Easter recess in 1897, a similar resolution was introduced into the Senate. Next morning I met a young attaché to the Spanish Legation, who asked me with great excitement what I thought of it. I simply showed him the telegram that I was going to send to a big European concern that at the time I represented in America. The telegram was this: 'Such resolution introduced yesterday in Senate. Means nothing.' My young friend wanted to know my reasons, but I could not satisfy his legitimate desire. The fact was that I trusted, without the slightest hesitation, Mr Olney's loyalty, Mr Cleveland's stubbornness, and some private information that I had. The resolution was largely discussed, and was strenuously opposed by Senator Hale, and the recess came before a division was taken. When Congress met again not a word was uttered on the subject. Gossip spoke of millions made in the meantime on the Stock Exchange. But gossip is always malevolent.

As long as Mr Cleveland was in office the war party had no chance whatever. New hopes arose when Mr McKinley entered the White House. Mr McKinley was a portly, dignified gentleman, who bore a strong physical resemblance to Napoleon, a likeness that was largely exploited by cartoonists at that time. Morally, however, the American President was entirely different from the French Emperor. He was an honest, straightforward, and well-meaning man. Though he had shown his physical bravery as a soldier during the Civil War, he lacked the moral energy and backbone of his predecessor. He was extremely popular, which is always a sign of weakness. The public mind dislikes strong men, even though it admires and follows them. Mr McKinley was one of the kindest men I have ever met. It was touching to see the tender care, not to say the womanly solicitude, he constantly showed to his invalid wife, however worried he might be by the heavy responsibilities of his charge in the troublesome times that fell to his lot. During the Spanish-American War, when he received the news of the first killed in battle, it was reported that he wept. As he had proved himself to be a courageous soldier it only showed the kindness of his heart, though it is of no more use crying over spilt blood than over spilt milk.

The Secretary of State in the McKinley administration was nominally the veteran Senator Sherman, a brother of the famous General, who had been appointed to the post to leave a vacancy in the Senate for Mr Hanna, the chairman of the National Convention that had nominated Mr

McKinley for the Presidency. The real man was the Assistant Secretary of State, Judge William Day, who very soon succeeded Mr Sherman. Judge Day was a careful, silent, pale, little man, with flaxen hair and a small, drooping moustache, with plenty of brains and a deep, unostentatious cunning. Mr Roosevelt was then only Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and a partisan of intervention. His direct influence in the Cabinet was nil.

Kind Mr McKinley was naturally inclined to peace, but he was not strong enough to master the troublesome Senate or to oppose public opinion. To do him justice, it must be said that he tried his best, and even hoped against hope that Spain would yield, or that some compromise would be found to avoid the coming war. Two mysterious events, however, made war inevitable, and showed how determined and unscrupulous its partisans were.

Señor Canalejas, the late Premier of Spain, was fifteen years ago an influential Radical journalist in Madrid. He decided in the interests of his paper to pay a visit to Cuba and judge the situation *de visu*. He travelled *via* New York, and before leaving for Havana went to Washington to see the Spanish Minister and to interview the most eminent American politicians. After spending a few days in Washington he went to Havana.

The Spanish Minister in Washington at the time was Señor Dupuy de Lôme, a bright, vivacious, talkative Andalusian, yet very clever and tactful. The two Spaniards became excellent friends, and an intimate and confidential correspondence went on between Washington and Havana. One day the capital was startled by the news that one of Señor Dupuy de Lôme's letters to Señor Canalejas had found its way into the American State Department. The letter was published in the papers. It was of an entirely private and confidential nature, though dealing with the political question of the day, and rather uncomplimentary to the leading men of the United States. President McKinley, in especial, was referred to as *un politico*—a low politician, to adopt the translation that was given in the American papers. One can guess even now the sensation that was created by the publication of the letter. What nobody could ever guess, even at the time, was how it found its way to the State Department. No official explanation was given that I can remember. Several versions were suggested. The Cuban rebels certainly had friends in the American Post-Office and in the Spanish Post-Office in Cuba. The letter could have been intercepted in either, or it might have been stolen from Señor Canalejas. I think that it was stolen in Cuba either at the Post-Office or after delivery. The fact, however, remains that the point was never settled. After the publication of the letter nothing remained for Señor Dupuy de Lôme to do but resign his post, which he im-

mediately did. Señor Polo de Bernabe, afterwards Spanish Ambassador in London, now in Berlin, succeeded him.

The other mysterious event was the blowing up of the American battleship *Maine* in Cuban waters while she was anchored off Havana. The officers were ashore when the explosion occurred, and the real cause of the accident was never ascertained. But the war party and the sensational papers took it for granted that the outrage was due to Spanish treachery. As usual, the public at large did not see the absurdity of the assertion, and a strong feeling against Spain arose in the country, and an outcry for prompt action. President McKinley resisted the outcry, but did not deny the report. The American officers were not court-martialled. The Spanish authorities held an inquiry, which decided that the explosion had come from inside the vessel. The American Navy Department held another inquiry, which decided that the explosion had come from outside. But the responsibility was not located. The Spanish Government proposed the appointment of a joint commission, with a neutral chairman; but this the United States Government declined. And to this day the case of the *Maine* remains a mystery, and so it will certainly remain for ever. The wildest suggestions were made on both sides. The war party declared that the *Maine* had been blown up by mines placed at night by Spanish boats, while the peace party suggested that she had been torpedoed by order of some strong partisan of the war, whose name was even mentioned. The most sober-minded people ventured the opinion that the authors of the outrage had been the Cuban insurgents, so that they might precipitate events.

Señor Polo, on his arrival at Washington, had to face an extremely serious situation, of which he was aware. As soon as he arrived he called on an old and trusted friend who represented another European Power, and asked him what he thought of the situation.

'Have you unpacked your things?' the other asked.

'No.'

'Then don't.'

Señor Polo understood, and agreed with the advice. But his was a post of honour for a diplomatist, one he had neither sought nor wished, and that he had accepted at the personal request of the Queen Regent as a loyal soldier accepts a dangerous post in war. I must say that he fulfilled his hopeless mission to perfection. He was always tactful, conciliatory, and dignified. One night the Vice-President gave an At Home, the invitation cards bearing the words, 'The Vice-President and Mrs Hobart.' The Spanish Minister was present at the reception, with all the Diplomatic Corps. Suddenly somebody pointed out to him a guest he did not know, and named him Señor Gonzalo Quesada. Señor Quesada was the representative and agent of the Cuban insurgents in Washington.

He was a small, pale, good-looking young man, with long jet-black hair, a black moustache, and large dark eyes. It was said that he could boast of some feminine successes which he used for political purposes. Señor Polo immediately left the house, and next morning he called at the State Department and protested against the insult he had been subjected to by being asked to an official reception at which the agent of the rebels was present. So firm and dignified was his attitude that in the afternoon the Vice-President called at the Spanish Legation to apologise, explaining that Señor Quesada had been invited as a private friend, and promising that never again would he be asked at the same time as the Spanish Minister.

A short time after that incident the brass plate that indicated the office of the Spanish Legation was torn off at night and thrown into the gutter. Señor Polo paid no attention to the insult; and he was right. I was one of the few persons who knew how it happened. The miscreant was a mischievous schoolboy, who is now a man, but was only fourteen at the time. He did it for fun. His father, a friend of mine, was a very clever, highly respected, and charming man, quite conservative and peaceful. Like most people in the best Washington circles, his sympathies were with Spain against the Cubans. He was worried with the boy's mischief, which might lead to international complications; but he thought it wise to keep quiet for the moment and wait developments that never came, thanks to the *sang froid* and just sense of proportion of the Spanish Minister. Otherwise the practical joke of a mischievous schoolboy might have precipitated a great war.

Neither country was prepared for war; they both knew they were not, and neither knew that the other was not. Spain was, however, politically, if not militarily, wise in losing time. Time was all in favour of the United States, which had a huge population and plenty of money. All they required was time to use the money and to train the men. If Spain had struck a sudden blow, American pride would not have been satisfied without a proportionate revenge, and Spain would have got much harder terms later on. All Spain wanted was to save her honour. After having been so foolishly unpromising for many years, she could not possibly submit to foreign impositions. She asked for the intervention of the Great Powers. The European Powers, in their narrow-minded jealousy of each other, could not see the American peril. Finally, the Queen Regent of Spain personally wrote to Queen Victoria, and the result of all this was a half-hearted communication collectively made by the Ambassadors to the President, expressing a vague hope that war might be averted. The President in return expressed the same hope. But so much hope included very little faith and no charity at all.

Notwithstanding Señor Polo's tact and President McKinley's peaceable disposition, war became inevitable. A resolution was introduced in the House to recognise the independence of Cuba. It was adopted the same day, and sent up to the Senate. Several Senators opposed it, most prominent among whom were Mr Hale, an influential Senator from Maine. The discussion went on during most of the night. The Senate introduced modifications in the resolution that the House would not accept. The resolution went for a time like a tennis-ball from the Senate to the House and from the House to the Senate. A moment came when it was expected that the war, instead of being between the United States and Spain, would be between the two branches of Congress. A joint commission was appointed. In the crowded galleries ladies snored and men swore. Finally, about three in the morning, the commission framed a resolution that was agreeable to both the Senate and the House of Representatives. A special emissary from the Spanish Legation carried the news to the Minister, who was waiting in his study. In the morning a formal note was handed to the Secretary of State in which Señor Polo demanded his passport. War was virtually declared. Two or three days after an American cruiser seized a Spanish merchant-boat. It was the first act of hostility. A fortnight or so before the vote for the recognition of the independence of Cuba the American warships had all been painted gray.

Future warriors will not learn much from the Spanish-American War. Still, one thing was remarkable—the voyage of the Spanish Admiral Cervera across the Atlantic. The Americans only knew that the Spanish squadron had started, but not one American scout could report about it. Yet the voyage had to be slow, Admiral Cervera having no base of supplies, and being obliged to coal at sea. A sort of panic overcame the peaceful Americans. Newport remained a desert that summer. Nobody went to the seaside. The first shot was fired by Commodore Dewey in the Bay of Cavite, in the Philippine Islands, where he destroyed a Spanish squadron

composed of a few old unprotected ships. I was told that the Commodore had commanded the action in a flannel suit (or was it pyjamas?) and a skull-cap. He was made a hero. The President made him an Admiral. Young ladies gave his name to their pet dogs. The nation gave him a house. A rich widow gave him her hand. But when later on he had the ambition to be President of the United States all the politicians rose in arms against the intruder, and nothing more was heard of his heroism.

About a week after the beginning of hostilities Congress decided that a state of war existed between the United States and Spain. This shows once more that according to the practice of recent times a war can begin without any previous declaration, and the indignation of certain righteous people against the Japanese for sinking a few Russian warships without previous warning came from a misconception of the meaning of a declaration of war. There is no chivalrous challenge in international struggles. Every nation must be prepared and make ready for any emergency as soon as there is a probability of an armed conflict. The declaration of war is simply a warning to the country's own subjects and to neutrals, letting them know that a state of war exists, with its legal consequences, such as blockade, right of visit, contraband of war, breaches of neutrality, and so on.

As soon as war was declared, Spain immediately despatched the best fleet she could organise, under the command of Admiral Cervera, who hoisted his pennant on the *Almirante Oquendo*. The United States organised two squadrons under Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley. Sampson was the more popular of the two in the service, while Schley was the favourite of Congress and the daily press. I have never met Admiral Sampson. Admiral Schley, as he was styled after the war, was a very courteous and sweet-mannered gentleman, and a great judge of gentility. I remember his saying once to me, 'I have met most of the European sovereigns, and I have always found them very polite and gentleman-like.'

(Continued on page 487.)

AN EXPERIMENT.

By FRANCIS VIPOND, A

Beneath, &c.

SEPTEMBER passed, and with its going the fine weather. The came d sheets; dabbles in meteor who ke gauges reported with awe suring three inches of rainfall wenty-f the mountain becl ere gorges of the fells in of filling to overflowing a in

Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite swirling inland sea instead of two, Lawton cycled over in a hurry to urge Johnson the crying need for additional Seal mine. shall own out if we don't get arr; 'that will cost a jolt' run than a pump or two

and mind you, all of you here, rub that into Johnson.'

Bob Carter lifted a pallid, worn face, very different from his usual cheery and light-hearted appearance.

'I think he does see it at last, Mr Lawton,' he said in a dull, toneless voice. 'He has sent a long letter this morning to the firm of engineers in Manchester who are the agents for the German people.'

'I only hope it won't be a case of shutting the door on a stolen gee-gee,' said Tom. 'Good gracious, just listen to the rain! I must get back, or I'll have to hire a boat. Come over as soon as you can, Carr.'

He strode cheerily out of the room, and Carr and Carter, who happened to be its only occupants, heard the snorting of his motor-bicycle as he set forth in the deluge.

Carter sat with his head in his hands. Carr did not like the youth, and often mentally dubbed him an awful outsider and a fast, vulgar waster; but a sudden impulse made Carr ask him kindly if he were not well, or if he (Carr) could do anything, for it was plain to see the young man was in trouble of some kind.

He raised a hopeless countenance of woe.

'I'm in the soup, Mr Carr,' he said dully. 'I've been a silly ass, betting, and—and other things. I've got to raise a hundred and fifty pounds before the week-end, or I'm done for, and I can't raise a hundred and fifty pence so far as I can see. I'm stony broke. It'll come to my father's ears, and he'll chuck me out. He's a stern old card, strict Methodist and all that. He fired my eldest brother out for the same game. What an ass I've been!'

'Look here,' said Carr, 'if I raise this cash for you, will you give me your sacred word of honour you'll chuck this silly game and go straight?'

Carter looked at him in blank and stupid amazement. 'You!' he said—'you—a hundred and fifty!'

Carr almost laughed at his face of astonishment.

'I've got good friends, and a nest-egg in the bank,' said Carr. 'Well, is it a deal?'

Carter got up and turned his back on his companion, gazing with misty eyes out of the rain-blurred window. Words and speech for a little while failed him. When he at last spoke his voice was shaking oddly. 'I give you my word of honour I'll never touch a card or back a horse or play the fool again,' he said hoarsely. 'I don't know what to say, Carr. You can't thank a chap decently when you feel things all deep down inside you.'

'I shouldn't try,' said Carr. 'After all, a man's a poor sort of chap if he can't lend another fellow a hand when he is able to do so. Look here, I'll get the money for you from the bank in notes when I go out to lunch directly,

and give it to you when I come back. Will that do?'

Carter gulped and nodded. 'I'll pay you back as I can out of my allowance,' he said at last. 'And about interest, would 5 per cent. do?'

'Oh, hang interest!' Carr said. 'I'm not a blooming Jew, old chap. There goes the clock! I'm off.'

He put on his cap and raincoat, and Carter heard his footfalls splashing down the partly flooded pavement outside.

Meanwhile, at Scale Hall, Lady Anne and Stella pursued the even tenor of their way in great contentment. Tom Lawton, his sister, and Carr were often there. Tom was very useful in coping with the eccentricities of the drains and in devising rat-traps; and Lady Anne, secure in the knowledge of Stella's engagement to the absent Lord Blackport, looked on with amused tolerance at his evident admiration of the girl who spent many happy hours in his cheerful society.

On this eventful day she and her niece proposed, despite the rain, to motor over to tea with Mrs Lawton.

'What a day!' remarked the girl, as the motor squelched through the soft mud of the ill-kept drive, then swung out on to the main road. As it reached the cross-roads leading to the village it stopped suddenly, and both ladies looked out of the window.

The chauffeur got down as Lady Anne asked him what was wrong.

'There's been an accident, m'lady,' he answered. 'It is a dangerous corner this 'ere, with the cross-roads, and there's been a proper mix up.'

Lady Anne, though a high-bred, delicately nurtured woman, was no coward. Moreover, she was kind-hearted and quick-witted. As the man spoke she unearthed an umbrella.

'We must see what we can do,' she said quietly. 'We may be able to help if it is anything serious. This is a lonely road in case of accident. You stay where you are, Stella, till we see what really has happened;' and she stepped gallantly forth into the rain.

Just ahead of her own car lay a young man face downwards on the road, strewn around him a heap of scrap-iron that once had been a motor-bicycle. A yard or two away, with buckled wheels and twisted frame, lay a capsized two-seated runabout motor-car, partly under which, pinned down by it, Lady Anne's horrified gaze espied the form of another man, his head twisted ominously under his shoulders. On the dripping road were ugly scarlet stains and splashes that were not iron ore.

'That 'ere lot's in queer street this journey, m'lady,' said the chauffeur thickly. He felt very sick. 'I'd best go and fetch some 'elp.'

Lady Anne knelt down in the wet beside the

prostrate man nearest to her, and felt for a pulse in the limp wrist.

'This one isn't dead, at any rate,' she said. 'Good heavens, it is Mr Lawton!—Stella,' she continued, keeping her substantial form well between the young girl and that twisted figure that lay so still under the motor, 'take the umbrella and go to the lodge. Send the caretaker's husband here if he's in—he can't garden this weather; then go on to the house and tell George to come at once; also Morton to get a couple of beds ready with warm blankets and hot bottles. Don't come back; you can do nothing.'

'You will catch your death of cold, auntie,' said the girl; but she took the umbrella her aunt thrust into her hand and set off obediently, splashing her way through the thick, sticky mud of the drive to the lodge just inside the gates. The elder woman gave a sigh of relief as her niece disappeared through the rusty wrought-iron gates. Then she turned again to the chauffeur, who, with a countenance which had gone from sickly white to greenish gray, had been more closely examining the man beneath the car.

'This one's dead, m' lady,' he said with chattering teeth. 'Is neck is broke an' 'is 'ead is all bashed in.'

Lady Anne nodded; she had felt certain of that before. In her youth she had seen a man break his neck in the hunting-field.

'We must get Mr Lawton out of the wet as soon as possible,' she said in her quiet, steady voice. 'You take his head and I will take his feet, and we will lift him into the motor.'

The man obeyed. Lady Anne had driven four-in-hand in her time, and was no weakling. Between them they managed to lift the unconscious man into the motor, which the chauffeur turned and drove slowly and cautiously back to the house. Stella had bestirred herself to good purpose, and Morton was ready for them when they arrived.

'I've made up a small bed in the library, m' lady,' she said. 'Miss Stella said the gentleman was badly hurt, and them stairs is awkward to carry up; they're all kinks and corners, like the rest o' this old rat-run. Me and Henry'—she nodded to the chauffeur—'will get him into bed. I've put some o' the master's pyjamas ready. Lor' sakes, it is Mr Lawton!' she wound up as she caught sight of the victim's ashen face.

Stella fell back against the pillar of the portico with a face nearly as colourless as his.

'Yes,' said Lady Anne, with a quick glance at her.—'Stella, go and write out a telegram to Dr Lawton: "Your son injured in motor accident. Have taken him in Scale Hall." Can you remember? Send the boot-boy with it on George's bicycle.'

'Now, I wonder,' she said to herself, as Stella, shaken and evidently upset, went on her new errand, 'what Isobel will say. I wish to good-

ness Lord Blackport would come back! It strikes me forcibly he has been away a good deal too long.'

When Carr arrived at South Street that evening he was greeted by Jean. He was an observant man, and he noticed at once that she looked anxious.

'Anything wrong?' he asked quickly, following her into the dispensary.

'The long-expected disaster has overtaken Tom,' she answered with a smile. 'He was run into by a motor near Scale Hall. Lady Anne, who has apparently enacted the part of good Samaritan and taken him in, wired to dad this afternoon; and he and mother went off at once, so I am afraid you will have to be content with my society this evening.'

'Content!' said Carr in a low voice, and the girl's colour rose quickly. 'I hope Tom is not badly hurt.'

'I had a wire just now,' returned Jean. 'He has concussion, but he is conscious again, and dad thinks he will do well. Now there is a patient, and I must go. Dr Black is kindly taking the evening surgery for dad to-night.'

Carr's eyes followed her with a growing regard in them.

'I'll settle matters with Stella,' he said to himself as he went upstairs to dress for dinner; 'and then'—

CHAPTER XII.

'I SAY,' said Bob Carter as Carr came into the office the following morning, 'have you heard whom Tom Lawton collided with yesterday? Johnson is in a fine old taking over it.'

Carr shook his head. 'No,' he replied as he took up the letters Mr Christian had put on his desk for him to deal with. 'Lady Anne telephoned this morning to say Lawton was going on all right, but she did not give any further news.'

'It was Davis the lawyer,' said Carter. 'He and Lawton must have run into each other at those beastly cross-roads, and Davis was killed, it appears.'

'Good heavens!' ejaculated Carr, greatly shocked. Davis was a man he disliked extremely, but such a death as this swept away all feeling of personal dislike.

'Davis and Johnson were as thick as thieves, as you know,' went on Carter. 'I expect one of the cousins in the London office will take on this business here, so our dear Acid Drop let fall. The news actually gave him a shake up. I've never before known him disturbed by anything. He was quite civil and pleasant this morning. I nearly asked him if he wasn't feeling well, but thought discretion was the better part of valour. Hallo! there goes that infernal telephone again. See what it is, like a good chap.'

'Tyson,' said Carr, holding the receiver to his ear. 'He wants to know something about the Scale Fell pumps. I had better go and dig out Johnson, I suppose, and ask what we are to do. Lawton has chosen an unlucky time to smash himself up.'

He went quickly along the corridor to Mr Johnson's private room, knocking lightly on the door, which he opened. As he crossed the threshold he gave a sudden exclamation, then dashed across the room, slamming the door behind him, and caught at Johnson's hand. There was a dull report, a bullet splashed plaster from the ceiling, and a thin trickle of blood showed red on Johnson's temple.

Carr wrenched a heavy revolver from his employer's hand and locked the door, then came back to him, looking with pity at the livid face, out of which the pale, desperate eyes gazed resentfully at him.

'You fool! you might have got yourself shot,' said Johnson dully. 'Oh, what is the matter? I'm ruined, that is all; and that'—he pointed a shaking finger at the revolver in Carr's hand—'seemed the only solution of the problem. I've been sitting on the edge of a volcano for more years than I like to think of, and now it has blown up. A bullet in one's head is distinctly preferable to a term of penal servitude for embezzlement, Carr. I don't know why I should tell you all this. My head will burst if I don't tell somebody. Davis helped; he had plenty out of it himself. We cooked accounts; we falsified books; we cheated Lord Blackport together. Now Davis has gone, and his uncle is coming to take things over. They will go through everything; they will find it all out. I can't face ruin and disgrace. Give me that revolver, Carr.'

Carr quietly ejected the cartridges and put the weapon into his pocket. 'No,' he said. 'Listen to me, Mr Johnson. You are upset by this tragedy. Things are often not half so black as they look at first. Your nerves have given way a bit. Lord Blackport is—er—a friend of mine, and I'll see to it that he keeps old Davis from prancing round here for a bit till you and I can go into things and see what is best to be done. Do you understand? It will be all right.'

Johnson began to draw little silhouette devils with long tails on the blotting-pad in front of him. 'Yes, I suppose, as you say so, it will be all right,' he said mechanically, as if repeating a lesson. 'I am very tired, Carr; I don't—I don't feel very well.'

'Where's your wife?' asked Carr, his keen eyes on the man's twitching face.

'In Paris, I think. I'm not sure,' said the agent. 'I'm afraid she will want more money soon.'

Carr unlocked the door and shouted, 'Carter!'

Bob appeared at the summons, looking scared.

'Mr Johnson is taken ill,' said Carr quickly.

'He is off his head. Don't take any notice of anything he says, but look after him. See! I'll be back in a jiffy. Remember he is a very sick man, Carter.'

Carter looked curiously at his dreaded master, whose head had sunk upon his folded arms crossed in front of him on the blotting-pad.

'All right,' he said, 'I'll stay here till you come back. Don't be long.'

Carr raced at the top of his speed to South Street, bursting in upon Jean in the dispensary, where she was making up medicines for Dr Black, as her father had not yet returned. She put down the bottle of strychnine from which she was carefully measuring, drop by drop, a portion into a tiny glass, and gazed at him in astonishment.

The shock which Carr had had through his discovery of Mr Johnson's defection had somewhat shaken his mental balance; his love for Jean, which had grown with steady sureness during the months of companionship and friendship, suddenly surged up in him. He forgot Stella; he forgot everything but Jean.

'Jean,' he said, and took her free hand in both his, 'will you marry me? I have loved you ever since I saw you. I didn't intend to spring it on you like this, but Fate has hurried on ahead of me.'

Jean put down the measure on her bench, and the delicate colour rushed to her face. This was indeed an impetuous wooer. Then quite simply she gave him her other hand. She was not the kind of woman who does things by halves. 'Yes, dear,' she said, 'I will. I love you too, Charles.'

He drew her to him and kissed her, and for a few moments forgot his errand; then pulling himself together, and keeping her hand still in his, he told her of Mr Johnson's sudden break-down. 'It is touch and go,' he said. 'His brain will give way altogether if he is not carefully looked after. His wife is away, we can't very well send him to the hospital, and you can't trust those nurses you get from homes, as some are not even trained. What am I to do with the poor chap?'

'Bring him here,' said Jean without hesitation. 'I will look after him till dad gets back.'

Carr kissed her again. 'Thanks!' he said simply. 'I knew you would say that. I'll get a cab and bring him along at once. And, Jean, I have a confession to make.' He paused, looking at her doubtfully.

'Yes?' said Jean, and waited.

'I've been sailing under false pretences. My name isn't Carr—I am Blackport. I wanted to see if I could make my own living, so I came here to learn my own value. It won't make any difference between us, dear, will it?'

Jean laughed. 'No, dear boy, it won't,' she said. 'I thought you were going to tell me some dreadful scrape you had got into—that you were

an escaped convict or something, you looked so woefully guilty. That would have made no difference either. Now go and fetch your patient.'

He kissed her again and again, and then obeyed her. 'God bless you, dear!' he said as he went, leaving her half-dazed with her wholly unlooked-for happiness.

'He has not stirred,' said Carter in a low voice as Carr came back into the office, where Bob kept watch and ward over the collapsed agent. 'Not said a word either. His brain seems to have struck work.'

'I'm going to take him to Miss Lawton to look after,' said Carr. 'Get your cap, there's a good chap, and come with me. We will get him to bed, and Black will give him something to send him to sleep.'

Carter obeyed cheerfully. Under all his vulgarity he was a good-hearted youth. As they helped the silent but perfectly tractable Johnson into the cab, Angus Christian rushed bareheaded down the steps after them.

'Mr Carr,' he exclaimed, 'a telephone message

has just come from Mr Tyson at Scale Fell mine. The water has broken in, and the pumps have failed. Will you go at once? And, Lord save us! what's to do with Mr Johnson? Is he ill?'

'Yes,' said Carr quietly. 'He was taken ill in the office just now. We are taking him to bed. I'll go straight off to Scale Fell, sir.'

'I'll go with you,' said Bob Carter. 'There'll be the devil to pay now. The miners have been getting fed-up with that mine these many weeks past. Now the deluge has come in every sense of the word.—Drive on, cabby, and don't let the horse fall down between here and South Street if you can help it.—Sufficient for the minute is the job thereof,' he added to Carr. 'And our first job is to get our respected chief safely to bye-bye. It strikes me we are going to have a not uneventful day.'

'I believe you are right,' said Carr; but how true were the young man's idle words neither of them guessed.

(Continued on page 500.)

THE QUIET STREAMS OF MOFFATDALE.

By DUNCAN FRASER, Author of *Riverside Rambles, Angling Songs, &c.*

ROD in hand, creel on back, I stand on the summit of the White Coombe, and gaze on the most inspiring sight that an angler can behold in the south-west of Scotland. Nowhere, within a radius of ten miles, can you see so many or such varied streams, all of them well stocked with trout, all of them unpolluted, all of them set amid picturesque surroundings, where the scent of the heather and the broom is untainted.

I had approached the mountain from the north by way of Lochcraig Head. On my left, the dark waters of the Winterhope Burn were passed gliding sluggishly by fall and pool to the junction with the Meggat Water, five miles down the glen; at my feet lay the gray, undulating waters of Loch Skene, the spell of which I cannot shake off, although many years have passed since first I waded round its lonesome shore.

Naturally it may be asked, 'But where is the White Coombe?' Two thousand six hundred and ninety feet above the sea-level, it is one of the three highest hills in the south of Scotland—Broad Law and Dollar Law being its only rivals, with less than thirty feet in height between them. It stands in massive grandeur on the verge of three counties—Selkirk, Peebles, and Dumfries—and gives one of the finest views of the strath of the last-named county, that from Moffat ridge not excepted. Gazing beyond my limit of ten miles, on a clear day you may see the friths of Forth, Clyde, and Solway, and even

catch a glimpse of the Grampians and the Cumbrian hills.

But I do not wish at present to travel beyond a ten-mile radius, and when we have explored the hidden nooks that lie up cleuchs and down glens within that radius, you will be inclined to agree with me that, after all, in spite of motors and aeroplanes, our ancient land has still some spots left where solitude and rest may be found.

It may make my position clear if I say that for many years every stream that lies in the valleys seen from the mountain-top has been known to me like the face of an old friend, and that I have fished each one again and again in storm or shine, disturbed by nothing save the cries of whaup and peewit resenting intrusion upon their haunts. It is, therefore, in the spirit of camaraderie that I now write, so that others may share my inheritance.

It would be bewildering were I to mention all the streams to be seen from the Coombe; but take first the one nearest. Glittering in the sunshine, and flowing out from the high moor that stretches southward, a little stream is seen hastening down the valley on the west familiarly known as Moffatdale. It is larger than a burn, but has not yet reached the dimensions of a river; although, as it nears Craigieburn Wood, so beautifully enshrined in song by Burns, it may safely be called a 'water.' This stream rises in a cleuch, Trowgrain, just behind Birkhill Cottage, that stands at the

parting of the ways between Selkirk and Dumfries. At this point it is quite unworthy of the angler's attention; but after it receives the small tributary that flows from Dobb's Linn—a name to recall Covenanted days—it is fairly large and quite fit to join the Tail Burn flowing from Loch Skene on the right. Here it becomes worthy of the fisher's skill, and many six-ounce trout have I creeled at this spot, and many hundreds of smolt and parr have I returned to the water with feelings not always in keeping with my peaceful surroundings. It is a truthful allegation that the Moffat Water is overstocked with parr. The only remedy I know for escaping these creatures is to use dark flies and avoid all tinsel.

Before proceeding farther down the stream it may be well that we should first examine the fishing in close proximity to the White Coombe. Just below the highest part of this hill, in a crater-like hollow, lies Loch Skene, one thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level. It is a mile long by half a mile broad; but the numerous bays and coves round the margin make it seem much longer to the angler wading every yard. It is difficult to account for the attractions which this lonely loch has for fishers of every age and degree; it cannot be its trout, for they, though numerous, are fickle and rarely large. I hold the record with one just touching a pound in weight, and the record also for twenty-four trout that weighed ten pounds; so it will be seen that, compared even with that of St Mary's Loch, the sport is modest in result. Doubtless, one of the loch's chief attractions lies in its difficulty of access. Twelve miles from the nearest town, which is Moffat, and with stiff hills to climb, and dank moors and treacherous peat-hags to cross, it puts a man on his mettle to win there. Then there is something primeval about its impressive loneliness and silence that speaks to the receptive heart; for all anglers are unconscious poets. I have seen the dark mist stealing down the hollow of the mountain craig settling on the loch and enshrouding all around in a gloomy mantle that chilled and appalled. This is one of Nature's sanctuaries, and should be hedged round by every canon of fair sport to preserve inviolate its immutable charm. Yet, sad to say, seldom a season passes in which poaching 'sportsmen' do not come up from the Moffat direction and rake its waters with the 'otter.'

The outflow of the loch slips through a peaty soil for half a mile, when it joins a larger stream called the Midlaw Burn, which rises on the west side of the White Coombe. There is good fishing in this burn, for many well-grown trout lurk amongst its boulders. One day a friend who grew tired of tempting the fickle beauties in the loch went up this burn, and in three hours he joined me with a creelful of forty-four nice fish which made me blush for the dozen

or so that I had to show for my thrashing of the loch. But these 'bear the gree, and a' that,' for nothing can surpass the shape and colour of Loch Skene trout.

After the junction of these two streams they flow on quietly through green, mossy banks for more than a mile, when suddenly they are precipitated over a high cliff, making a waterfall that, for striking effect, is unrivalled in Scotland—the picturesque Gray Mare's Tail. Tumbling for three hundred feet until it reaches the level of the Moffat Water, its fall is broken by three basins, or pools; but from certain points of view the volume of water seems unbroken, and ere it reaches the lowest pool the spray has so frayed out as to suggest its historic name.

As you gaze up the dark gorge, down through which the water falls, the impressiveness of the scene is intensified when you espy, hovering overhead, a pair of kestrels on motionless wing, or watch a flock of wild goats following their leader in single file along a precipitous ridge on the eastern mountain. Excepting in the lowest pool there are no trout in the fall; but I remember being told by Willie Brown, the famous shepherd of Birkhill, that one day as he was passing the foot of the fall he picked up a three-ounce trout that had evidently been swept over from the burn above. Its tail was broken, its dorsal fin was hanging by a thread, and its nose was crushed. Thinking it was dead, he lifted it and threw it into the deep pool. Two years afterwards, a fisher who was staying at the shepherd's cottage brought home one day amongst his spoil a strangely mutilated trout weighing nearly two pounds. On Willie examining it he had no difficulty in declaring that it was the same trout that had come over the fall two years before! But some large trout lie between the fall and its junction with the Moffat Water. I remember some thrilling stories that were told in the district of a big one that had his home in the fall pool, but who disdained all lures, however tempting. One day I crawled round the 'coward's corner' and tried him with a big 'bluebottle.' True enough, he was there, and came up with a sudden swirl that nearly toppled me off my precarious perch; but he never touched the hook, and for twenty minutes I continued to tempt him, but all in vain; for, as Outram sang, 'That sly scaly buffer lay lauchin' at me.'

Continuing our way down the main stream, we find many spots by pool and deep bank where the bigger trout lie, and there are two or three little burns that might repay a trial if we did not wish to reach Bodsbeck before sunset. There is one stream, however, that will repay us for lingering. The Burn of Polmoodie flows through the most romantic glen in Moffatdale, and has the attraction of being almost free from parr; besides, as you work your way amongst rocks and bushes you catch sight of the splendid peaks of the Hartfell range—Saddle-Yoke, Carnifran,

and other notable mountains, impressive and solitary.

Returning to the main stream, you find it is growing fuller as it flows through the bare pastoral vale; yet with 'woodcock,' 'teal,' or 'spider,' you go on picking out a nice trout here and there, until the strap of your creel begins to bite your shoulder. But it is very lonely, and were it not for the refrain of old ballads souging in your ear, you might be inclined to sigh for more birks by the side of the stream.

The human touch, without which all lonely places were deserts, has been given to Moffatdale by Burns, Scott, and Hogg, and he is no son of the gentle art who does not lilt a song of thankfulness to them.

While resting near a solitary thorn I recall another writer, no less famous than these, who has caught the spirit of the district in a way no one ever gave him credit for. Carlyle, in his *Reminiscences*, when writing of Edward Irving, refers to several walks they had together through this valley when going to or returning from Edinburgh University in the glowing days of their youthful friendship. 'Irving's course and mine was from bonny Yarrow onward by Loch Skene and the Gray Mare's Tail (finest of all cataracts, lonesome, simple, grand, that are now in my memory), down into Moffatdale, where we lodged in a shepherd's cottage. . . . These good

people never once asked us whence, whither, or what are you; but waited till perhaps it voluntarily came, as generally chanced. Moffatdale, with its green holms and hill ranges, Carryfran, Saddle-Yoke—actual quasi-saddle, you can sit astride anywhere, and a stone dropped from either hand will roll and bound a mile—with its pleasant groves and farmsteads, voiceful limpid waters rushing past for Annan, all was very beautiful to us.'

Rising from the boulder on which I sat while these thoughts coursed through my mind, I now saw that the sun was setting behind Hartfell, and the beautiful changing tints of the western sky called upon me to reel up and admire their beauty. I do this the more willingly as there are yet four miles to walk ere I reach the pretty town of Moffat. The sport had become better, for at this point the stream had broadened out, and from beneath the birks and overhanging banks larger fish were met with. The scenery also was more varied, less pastoral and more wooded, especially along the banks of the stream; for it is here that you meet with some 'auld scruntis o' birk' that are said to be survivors of the ancient forest of Caledon. But the gloamin draws on, and I quicken my pace, for even 'a weel-filled creel' cannot banish from the mind the fact that I am passing through the haunts of the Brownie of Bodsbeck.

AERIAL RECONNAISSANCES.

HOW REPORTS ARE COMMUNICATED.

By BRECH SCREW.

THE dirigible and the aeroplane have hardly revolutionised warfare, but they have become indispensable auxiliaries to every fleet and to every army. In future wars the dirigible, assisted by the hydroaeroplane, will be used mainly for naval reconnaissances; the aeroplane for obtaining information on land.

A dirigible like Zeppelin L. 1 is particularly suited for reconnaissance work at sea. This airship, in addition to having a high speed—fifty-two miles per hour—can remain in the air for two and a half days, and carries sufficient fuel for a journey of fifteen hundred miles at reduced speed. Z. 1, the baby of the Zeppelin family, recently made a cruise of five hundred miles over western Germany. This cruise lasted twelve and a half hours, and during the whole of that time the vessel was in communication with Karlsruhe.

Every day the hydroaeroplane is becoming more efficient. The Hydrovol, designed by an officer of the Italian navy, carries three men, in addition to fuel and oil for six and a half hours.

As reconnoitring agents, aircraft have introduced an extraordinary situation into warfare,

for nowadays each commander expects to obtain complete details of his opponent's strength and dispositions from his flying squadrons. Under such circumstances victory will be almost certain to rest with the larger fleet or the biggest battalions. When, however, the opposing forces are of more or less equal size, the advantage must lie with that leader who obtains his information the quicker; in other words, with him whose air-vessels are best equipped with instruments which will ensure the instant reception of messages sent by them. A commander whose aircraft are fitted with wireless installations will receive the reports of his aerial scouts directly they gain the intelligence necessary to furnish such.

Wireless installations, when fitted on aircraft, have, however, certain disadvantages. The sudden variations of electric charges to which a balloon is subjected during a thunderstorm are capable of producing a spark which may ignite the contents of its gas-bag or even the fabric of an aeroplane's wings. Wireless signals are also capable of producing such a spark. On air-vessels generally, and especially on dirigibles of the rigid

type, which have an aluminium framework and from fifteen to twenty separate gas-chambers, arrangements have, therefore, to be made to prevent such occurrences from taking place. Messages are sent in wireless telegraphy by means of the dot and dash of the Morse code. These messages are received on aircraft by the audible method; and it can well be understood how difficult it is to hear such communications owing to the noise made by the engines of air-vessels, so that the provision of a visible method or an ink is very necessary. A trailing wire hung from aircraft gives what is known as 'the ground;' but it is possible to communicate without employing this dangerous attachment. Our own dirigible *Beta* was fitted with a wireless apparatus which weighed one hundred pounds; in suitable weather it was able to communicate over a distance of fifty miles. The German semi-rigid dirigible *Gross the Second* was the first airship to be equipped with wireless. This vessel was employed at the German manoeuvres of 1909, and fully demonstrated then the great value of this method of communicating. The *Telefunken Company*—the German wireless company—lately showed several installations for use on aircraft; they also exhibited an arrangement by means of which an aeroplane could locate its position by receiving synchronous signals sent from two stations. The range of the *Telefunken* instruments fitted to dirigibles is about five hundred miles. The *Telefunken Company* has now five hundred wireless stations all over the world. The French dirigibles are equipped with an apparatus which can send and receive messages over a distance of from four hundred to four hundred and fifty miles.

Almost all military aeroplanes carry two persons, a pilot and an observer. The duty of the latter is to collect information, and it is obvious that he requires constant practice in viewing objects on the ground from varying heights in the sky, so that in time of war he may be able to distinguish men, horses, guns, &c.

Some aeroplanes are fitted with a 'dual control,' which enables either the pilot or the observer to direct the movements of the machine. The wise pilot generally 'cuts out' the observer's control before starting. During the war in Tripoli the Italian pilots carried out reconnaissances unassisted; and in order to increase their field of view some of them substituted a sheet of celluloid for part of the woodwork under the seats of their machines. At Olympia the Aircraft Manufacturing Company showed an instrument called the *roneophone*, a special form of phonograph. The pilot speaks into this machine, and his observations are recorded on small discs which are unbreakable, so that they can be dropped from any height.

In August 1910 an American aviator sent the first wireless message from an aeroplane in flight, the distance being some three or four miles. The

instrument employed on that occasion was only capable of sending messages; it could not receive them. The installations now fitted to American aeroplanes can communicate over a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The weight of the whole apparatus is forty-five pounds. Some of the French heavier-than-air machines carry a wireless equipment which weighs sixty-six pounds; it is run by the machine's motor, and absorbs a half of one horse-power. The range of this instalment is about eighty miles. It is reported from Germany that an aeroplane fitted with wireless was able to receive and transmit messages over a distance of one hundred miles. The aerial wires were hung from the machine, and stretched by a weight.

The most obvious way of reporting information is for the pilot to bring his machine back to the point of departure. It is, of course, useless for an aviator to gain intelligence, and then, owing to some engine trouble, to be forced to come down in hostile territory. Quite recently a Russian airman attached to the Bulgarian army was forced to descend while flying over the Adrianople lines, and was captured. On this account it has been advocated in France that every heavier-than-air machine should carry two motors.

At the French military trials all aeroplanes were required to take a load of six hundred and sixty pounds in addition to their own weight. Taking the weight of the pilot, the observer, and their instruments as four hundred pounds, it will be seen that the machine is still capable of bearing other two hundred and sixty pounds. The weight of the one hundred horse-power *Gnome* engine is only two hundred and twenty pounds.

During the Russian manoeuvres of 1912 the reports were placed in a cylinder to which a flag was attached, and dropped during flight. At the German manoeuvres of last year the messages were enclosed in tubes of cardboard, and let fall from the aeroplane. Carrier-pigeons have been used in France and Germany for bearing communications from dirigibles.

Signalling by Morse code with flag or hooter is extensively employed. In favourable weather conditions the airman can make himself heard by means of a megaphone from an altitude of from five to six hundred feet.

Experiments are being carried out in America with soot as a means of signalling from aeroplanes. The soot is blown from a cylinder in small or large clouds, which represent the dot and dash of the Morse code. It is probable that this method of communicating is not popular amongst American aviators.

The captive balloon and man-lifting kite are in constant communication with the ground by telephone.

Wireless telephony, when it is perfected, will do away with all the difficulties at present experienced in reporting the results of an aerial reconnaissance.

THE MYSTERY OF LITERARY EXPRESSION.

By S. SKETHORN.

THE power, the beauty, the wizardry of literary expression is one of the most wonderful things in the world. It is not only wonderful; it is inexplicable. No plummet can fathom it; no measure can encircle it; no phrase can define it; no philosophy can explain it; no labour can master it; no riches can buy it. Whole libraries have been written on the secret of style; but the secret is as baffling as ever; it bursts out in unexpected places as do wayside flowers. The most learned disquisitions tell us nothing. 'Knowledge is power,' but the key of knowledge does not open this door. The utmost we can say is that 'style' is the secret of choosing words well and in the right order, according to the genius of the language from which they are drawn. But who whispered that secret into the poet's soul or formed that fine faculty of selection no one can tell.

Quite recently a small volume of poems has been published called *Songs of a Factory-Girl*. The author, Ethel Carnie, worked in one of those huge, grimy mills that blacken the face of Lancashire. She would rarely see the blue sky in the busy manufacturing town, for a heavy cloud of smoke often lies over it; she would rarely hear the swallows and the nightingales and the thrushes, for the noise of man drowns the music of God. Day after day she would follow the same dreary routine, rising early in the morning and trudging through the narrow, gray streets, and the outlook would be restricted and the reward in wages comparatively small. In the open country the cherry-trees might be starred with blossom, and the pear-trees in bud, and the beauty of the pink-and-white apple-blossom ready to come out at the call of the sun. But Ethel Carnie could not see these things in the town itself; yet, somehow, she had seen them, and the beauty and marvel of it all had entered into her soul. Otherwise she could not have written this sheaf of sweet songs. Take, for example, the opening lines:

You who have clasped life close, and known
How great it be, despite of wrong,
The cark of care, the pang of pain,
I greet you with this book of song.

That is not great poetry, but it is good poetry. It is the verse of a cultured and thoughtful mind, and we are not accustomed to associate poetry with cotton-mills. Or take this:

My soul hears melody in many things;
For this I thank the gods each hour I live.
Should sorrow shade each joy with brooding wings
All through my life, whilst fate to me shall give
An ear to list the song that Nature old
Has chanted through the ages, I shall say—
Though friends desert, and time turns all the gold
Of love to gray—that it is sweet to stay.

Whence came this music, this command of words,

this culture? It is like a rose-bush growing out of dead bones. How are we to explain it? It is impossible to explain any more than we can explain the light of love in a woman's eye or the wonder in a child's face. These are secrets locked up in the alchemy of Nature. They are not to be known to the curious and vain. They are often hid from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes.

The same mystery attaches to many of the world's greatest masters of creative art—to Shakespeare, Bunyan, Burns, Rousseau, and many more. Their art is an enigma. It has never been explained, and perhaps never will be. Take William Shakespeare. *Love's Labour's Lost* is generally accounted his first play; and he is supposed to have written it when he was quite a young man. Who taught this boy, bred in the Forest of Arden, to use the English tongue as it had never been used before, and as it has never been used since? Who taught him to know nature, philosophy, and the human heart above all men? Who inspired those marvellous lines in *Antony and Cleopatra* where Charmian, one of Cleopatra's attendants, looking with awe upon her dying mistress exclaims, 'O eastern star!' And Cleopatra replies:

Peace! peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

—lines which, as Mr John Masefield truly says, are among the most beautiful things ever written by man. How came such a golden soul to be formed out of such common clay? These are questions which baffle all understanding. As Matthew Arnold put it:

Others abide our question, thou art free!
We ask and ask, thou smilest, and art still
Outtopping knowledge!
And thou, whose head did stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure.
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

Charles Lamb summed it all up in a different way when he once said of Wordsworth, 'Wordsworth says he could write like Shakespeare—if he had the mind.' Exactly. We could all write like Shakespeare if we had the mind. Lamb's rather malicious wit was infinitely wiser than the folly of solemn pedants who say that Shakespeare could not have written *Hamlet* and *King Lear* because he lacked education. Probably Shakespeare did possess the advantage of never having attended a university; but then he had no need. No one could teach him, for no one knew as much as he did. As Sir Sidney Lee says: 'To Shakespeare the intellect of the world, speaking

in divers accents, applies with one accord his own words: "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension how like a god!"

Take, again, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Mr Hilaire Belloc has written a little book on the French Revolution, in which he again shows that it was Rousseau who constructed the democratic theory upon which France in those fateful years attempted to proceed. He did it in a small book of one hundred pages, the *Contrat Social*; yet so lucidly, tersely, accurately—in short, so convincingly and completely—that he said in that little book all that can be said for or against modern democracy; and he did this by means of a most wonderful style, a rare choice of words, and a marvellous way of putting them together that make his book stand out even in French literature a perfect masterpiece of political exposition. Where did Rousseau learn the refined taste, the rich colour and tone, that mark his work? His father was but a poor watchmaker, and the boy was brought up in a most haphazard fashion. His education was desultory to a degree, and at the age of ten he was forsaken by his parents and turned adrift upon the world. Yet from his first fugitive essays he was a lord of language, and he possessed a power of expression that was destined to make kings tremble, and to inflame France with a fever of lust, and passion, and hate, and discontent. What kindled that consuming fire in the heart of this undistinguished and vagrant youth?

Or take Robert Burns—Scotland's immortal glory—who said in the dedication to the second edition of his poems: 'The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.' On another occasion he confessed to owing much 'to an old woman remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry.' What was it that transmuted this raw material into everlasting wealth? How came his unrivalled versatility from such narrow confines? The wit, pathos, humour, satire, imagination, and fancy, the deep human note, the soaring lyric lilt, and the incomparable singing faculty? No man ever lived who saw more beauty in simple, common things, and no writer, not even Shakespeare, puts more meaning into short, simple words. Year after year thousands gravitate to his birthplace and grave to pay homage to the genius of this poet of the plough. What was the secret? Carlyle tried to pierce it, but all he can tell us

is that 'Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy,' which is simply a phrase covering our ignorance. And so we might write of many other men and women of genius, indeed of all men of genius, for all genius is inexplicable; but one more example must suffice.

Three hundred years ago there was a poor, ignorant tinker. He was despised and ridiculed by the villagers because of his religious fervour and strange enthusiasm; and, besides, tinkers in those days were generally regarded as vagrants and pilferers. His Nonconformity led him at last to prison, and there he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a book which has passed through a larger number of editions than any other book except the Bible, and which made his name immortal. Yet Bunyan never owed anything to this world's wisdom. He himself says: 'I never went to school, to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up at my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen.'

So the inquiry with which we commenced this paper follows a circle, and we come back to the point from which we started. The mystery of literary expression is past finding out; it does not disdain the gifts of good fortune and education, but it is independent of them; it does not wantonly outrage the recognised laws of written speech, but it will not be enslaved; it is a law unto itself; it favours no class or creed or sex or station in life; it answers no questions and makes no explanations; it is more elusive than a maiden's love. We know it when it comes, but the mystery of its coming never ceases. The marvel is akin to the mystery of the sacred words, 'Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.'

EVENSONG.

THRUSH, on yonder poplar spray
Singing at the close of day!
In tree and bush
All voices hush,
Only through the fading sky
Rings your master-melody.

Is it yours to feel the power
Of this mystic sunset hour,
The awe that broods
O'er darkened woods;
And does nature bid you sing
For the world's comforting?

'Courage,' thus you seem to say;
'Soon the night will pass away.'

On rested eyes
Will dawn arise
In all its pomp of sun;
Heaven will its fires renew,
The hills again be decked with dew,
And over ocean's boundless blue
The golden ripples run.'

Sing on, cheerful minstrel, sing;
We are with your carolling.
Tell us, on the throne of things,
Light, not dark, is king of kings.
T. P. J.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

FACTS AND GOSSIP.

By ZENO.

PART II.

THE United States, with an army of twenty-five thousand men, could hardly expect to carry on a successful war. Therefore they started reinforcing the regular army with an army of volunteers, and they organised a training-camp. If they had had to deal with a strong enemy close at hand, or even with Spain had she not been hampered by the distance and the weakness of her fleet, such an impromptu army would have made the war a signal failure for the United States. Here I must render homage to the patriotism of the American nation. Thousands of young men rushed to enlist. Rich men, professional men, clerks—all became soldiers. In the case of the clerks, their employers promised to keep their places for them, and they kept their promise. But a nation must trust organisation rather than patriotism. Mr Roosevelt raised a cavalry regiment—the famous Rough Riders. It was composed of the pick of the riders in the States, rich young men of the East accustomed to run with the hounds, and cowboys from the Far West who practically pass from the cradle into the saddle and from the saddle into the grave. Unfortunately it was discovered too late that the vegetation was too high and too thick in Cuba for horses to be of any avail, and they had to go through the campaign on foot. And the Rough Riders were nicknamed the 'Weary Walkers.' Anyhow, they proved themselves to be a sturdy and gallant lot of fellows, as horsemen should be.

The embarkation of troops from the west and their landing in Cuba took place in a happy-go-lucky way. As the troops arrived on the quay they were sent by the quartermasters to whichever ship there was room in. So it was that the guns went in one transport and the artillerymen and the ammunition in another. This I heard from a foreign officer who was present. Nothing would have been easier for the Spaniards than to prevent the landing. Not doing it was one of the many military errors they committed, as to which there is only a psychological or a political explanation.

Another result of this absurd way of sending the troops was that once they were in Cuba they had nothing to eat. A Rough Rider told me

that during the whole campaign he had lived on hard tack, munching grains of coffee because they had nothing to make the coffee in. The fact was that when they saw the horses were useless they sent them back, and with them a ship loaded with forage. Nobody knew that in the hold of that ship, under the forage, were the men's provisions. There was also a rotten story of rotten meat which was never made quite clear. But it seemed at the time that the corruption of the meat had come in some way or other from the corruption of the political atmosphere.

Though there were very good officers in the American army—soldiers of long standing, having spent a great part of their lives engaged in border fights with the Indians—the Government gave the command-in-chief of the American army to a stout civilian, Mr Shafter, who became for the occasion General Shafter. I remember some time after the war I was dining at an American house with the military attaché of a European Power who had been with the general quarters during at least part of the operations. While we were talking over the wine, an American gentleman remarked that General Shafter had conducted the campaign in a brilliant and vigorous way. To that the European officer retorted, 'General Shafter conducted nothing at all. The soldiers on landing inquired where Santiago was, and they rushed towards it, and they took it.' The same officer more than once, talking to me, expressed the highest admiration for the American soldiers, their pluck, their endurance, their dash, their intelligence, if not their discipline. He even once said, 'What used to be called *la furia Francesa* ought now to be called *la furia Americana*.'

We left Admiral Cervera crossing the ocean, followed by his crawling colliers. Finally news came that he was in Cuba, but nobody knew in what port of the island. Commodore Schley tried San Juan, and many shots were fired between his ships and the forts, but with no harm on either side, until finally it was ascertained that the Spanish fleet was in Santiago. The Americans at once sank a ship at the narrow entrance of the harbour, and the whole

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country rejoiced at the news that Cervera was 'bottled-up.' This 'bottling-up' process was later on considered a two-edged tool, for it was quite as difficult for the Spaniards to come out as for the Americans to go in.

The Spaniards offered very little resistance on land, and it was easy for the Americans to enter Santiago. Now the city of Santiago is built on a slope facing the harbour. Nothing could be easier for the Spanish fleet, protected as it was from the American naval guns by the famous bottling-up, than to shell the town, thus rendering it untenable for the American army. But it was said that Admiral Cervera had by order lent his big guns to the fortress to defend it from a naval attack, and he certainly was ordered to leave the harbour and meet the American fleet. Such was the unpardonable mistake he was forced to make, as his forces were far inferior to those of the Americans that had concentrated outside the port. He came out at night, all lights out; and that was another remarkable feat of seamanship considering the difficulties of the mouth of the harbour, increased by the sunken ship that bottled-up nothing at all. But his movements were detected by an American scout, fire was opened on the American side, and it soon became a case of every ship for herself. It was a captain's fight. In a short time all the Spanish ships were stranded or sunk, and the gallant admiral was picked out of the sea, where he was swimming, supported by his son, also a naval officer. The American officers, like good sportsmen, were the first to acknowledge and praise the gallantry of the old sailor. The battle was hardly over when, in the ship where Cervera was now a prisoner of war, the corks popped from the bottles of champagne that were drunk by the victors to the admiral's health and narrow escape. Pacificists don't know that there is nothing like war to bring out whatever good there is in poor human nature.

With the capture of Santiago the war came to an end. France offered her mediation—or, to speak with precise diplomatic correctness, her friendly offices, which were cheerfully accepted by both parties. As a matter of fact, both belligerents had overrated each other's fighting power. Yet Spain had this excuse, that she had to reckon not only with the actual strength of her foe, but also its enormous capacity of resistance and inexhaustible resources. On the other side, the responsible American statesmen apprehended a long, exhaustive war, in which the sober Spanish soldiers, seasoned to the then unhealthy climate of the island and hardened by a long strife with the Cuban insurgents, would keep up a guerilla warfare such as they themselves had had to stand for many years. These apprehensions were, however, groundless, for the Spanish army could not be reinforced and the dead could not be replaced.

From the beginning Spain was utterly demoralised. She knew that she would be beaten. How could she carry on a war against a rich and resourceful foe when she was three thousand miles away from the field of operations, her army and her navy isolated in or around an island with a hostile population, while the enemy was close at hand, drawing supplies and men from the near unthreatened base? All that she wanted was to save her face, so that she could say, like the French king, '*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*' She was quixotic, and she was right. Who should be quixotic if not Spain? Yet the United States were still more so, never realising that they were fighting the windmills.

M. Jules Cambon, the present French Ambassador in Berlin, where he has been deservedly successful, was then serving his diplomatic apprenticeship as ambassador in Washington. No abler man exists in the French diplomatic service than this bureaucratic-looking man, with his quiet, winning ways, and the witty twinkle of his short-sighted eyes hiding behind pince-nez, as immovable as a senator of olden times. He was charged to represent Spain in the preliminary peace negotiations with the United States. The result of these negotiations was embodied in a protocol, by the terms of which Spain recognised the independence of Cuba and ceded Porto Rico to the United States, the fate of the Philippines being left to a commission of Spanish and American plenipotentiaries that was soon to meet in Paris.

To that commission Spain appointed as first plenipotentiary the veteran statesman Señor Montero Rios, while on the American side it was headed by the Secretary of State, Mr. Day. Each of them had, I think, two second plenipotentiaries and military and naval experts. The American naval expert was Admiral Dewey, at that time still the hero of Cavite Bay.

It was not an easy matter for the United States Government to frame the instructions for its plenipotentiaries. 'The Philippines are a white elephant. The President doesn't know what to do with them.' This sentence was uttered by a person who was in the confidence of the President. It was then suggested to that person that the Philippines should be left to Spain, the United States having at all times the right of pre-emption in case of alienation, and a treaty of commerce being made by which the American trade in the archipelago would be placed on the same footing as the Spanish trade. The President's friend remarked, 'There is a great deal of sense in your suggestion; 'adding, 'but we could not leave the Philippine insurgents in the lurch after their having helped us.' The author of the 'sensible suggestion' said that he was sure that Spain would not object to a special clause being inserted in the treaty introducing some political reforms and granting the insurgents full amnesty. After that con-

versation took place the friend of President McKinley had a long interview with him. I don't know whether it was the result of that conversation or mere coincidence, but the fact remains that the suggestion in which there was 'a great deal of sense' was embodied in the instructions given to the American plenipotentiaries. To no purpose, I must say.

I cannot enter into the psychology of Señor Montero Rios and his colleagues; but it seems to me that they had all the time too heavy a sense of their own personal responsibilities. The Spanish statesman was a lawyer rather than a diplomatist, and he argued every point with a lawyer's true sagacity and knowledge, without remembering that political questions are questions of expediency, not of law or right. Besides, he was afraid of being made the scapegoat for the past errors of Spain if he made any concession unless under coercion. I can find no other explanation of his obstinacy in discussing for nearly two months the question of the Cuban debt; a sterile discussion after all, since the United States had made up their mind not to burden themselves or the new-born republic with a heavy debt incurred mostly in defending Spanish interests and fighting the insurgent Cubans.

While this was going on in Paris, a journalistic campaign was started in the United States for the annexation of the Philippines. Admiral Dewey, naturally anxious lest his victory should fall into oblivion, urged the annexation on strategic grounds. Finally the President started on a political tour through the States to reap the laurels of the successful war. As he went farther and farther west he found public opinion more and more in favour of annexation. It is obvious that the western states, like California, whose outlets are in the Pacific, being in closer relations with the Pacific islands, should want to annex them. The pressure of public opinion became such that in the end the wavering President yielded to its entreaties, and new instructions were sent by cable to Paris, ordering the plenipotentiaries to claim the Philippines and the Ladrone Islands in exchange for a financial consideration. Such was the end of the secular Spanish domination in America and in the Pacific. It was the dawning of a new world-Power.

The acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines, and the creation of a subservient, not to say vassal, republic in Cuba, was the beginning of the policy of unlimited expansion for the United States. The recent quarrel between President Taft and Mr Roosevelt brought to light some edifying letters.

The first diplomatic step in the direction of establishing the American hegemony in both Americas was the raising of the United States Legation in Mexico and the Mexican Legation in Washington to the supreme rank of Embassies.

Few people know that until recent years only six European Powers had Ambassadors to represent them in each other's capital; and of these six Turkey was one, because her affairs were almost more important to the others than to herself. The other five constituted a sort of Areopagus to solve, and oftener to entangle, the more important problems of European politics. Spain only had Ambassadors when there was a question of her joining the Triple Alliance, and the United States later on. In the latter's case it was the fancy of a *nouveau riche*. As a matter of fact, neither has ever entered the inner council of European politics. Ambassadors, as a rule, consider themselves a little above the average mortal, and an immeasurable degree above the common herd of the other diplomatists—a kind of high priesthood; and it has been remarked that the less they are at home the more they are abroad. The sensation among their Excellencies can be imagined when the new Mexican Ambassador stepped into the magic circle. There was much wing-flapping and bickering and cackling, much the same as in a coop when you introduce a new hen. Once there was an official religious ceremony—I don't remember what—the diplomatic corps attending in full dress. There were two front pews reserved for the Ambassadors, each of them seated for four persons. The five European Ambassadors squeezed themselves into one of the pews, so that the Mexican Ambassador had to sit in the other in more or less splendid isolation.

The idea of the United States creating an Embassy in Mexico, and later on in Brazil, was that under any circumstances the American representative would be at the head of the diplomatic corps, and any collective representation that might eventually be made to these countries could only be made through him. That enhanced the prestige of the United States. While the Mexican or the Brazilian Ambassador in Washington could only be one of eight, the American Ambassador in Mexico or Rio de Janeiro would be the only ambassadorial specimen. This absorbing policy was emphasised during Mr Roosevelt's administration by his declarations about the United States' police duties in Central and South America, and by the order issued to the United States Embassies and Consulates to adopt the shorter and more significant title of American Embassies and Consulates.

Before his untimely death the good President McKinley received the visit of Prince Albert of Belgium, the present King of the Belgians. These princely visits to the United States are always a source of diplomatic complications. The President of the United States refuses to return any visit but that of the head of a State, be it a king or the president of a republic. That is why Mr Cleveland never returned the Infanta Eulalie's visit when she went to

America to represent the Queen Regent of Spain at the celebration of Columbus's centenary, and a few years later met Mr Dole, the self-elected President of Hawaii at the station, and called at the hotel where he stopped. To avoid trouble, princes have adopted the system of never stopping in Washington. They remain in New York, and from there they pay a flying visit to the President between two trains. They come, have lunch with the President, and drive directly from the White House to the station. It is one of the most brilliant conceptions of the diplomatic brain so fertile in delusions. On the Prince's side it is supposed that the President would have returned his call if he had been given time. On the President's side it is assumed that were the Prince to spend the rest of his life in Washington the President would never return the politeness. From some misunderstanding, however, Prince Albert remained several days in Washington. He had the customary lunch at the White House, after which the President drove him about the town to show him the sights, and finally dropped him at the door of his hotel. A few days later he gave a state dinner in honour of His Royal Highness. The question who should be invited was quite puzzling, especially with reference to the diplomatic corps. Of course the Ambassadors (Mexico and Brazil had only Ministers when that happened) would be asked. But the Ministers in a capital where all the Central and

South American republics are represented, to say nothing of Europe and Asia, are too numerous, and the White House is really very small. A line must be drawn, but where? The Belgian Minister, Count Gontran de Lichtervelde, an able and cautious diplomatist, tactfully suggested that the Ministers of the Courts related to that of Belgium should be invited. As a matter of fact, there was only one, the Portuguese Minister; the others, the English, the Austrian, the German, and the Italian, being Ambassadors. After mature consideration, the answer was that the United States, being a republic and a democracy, knew nothing of Court relationships, and therefore the only diplomatic representative that would be asked besides the Ambassadors would be the doyen of the Ministers. And so it was. The doyen was the Mexican Minister. He happened to have been the public prosecutor in the trial of the Emperor Maximilian, Prince Albert's uncle. There was, after all, a certain Court relationship!

Everybody remembers how President McKinley fell a victim to a dastardly crime. At a public reception, when he tendered his loyal hand to a wretched scoundrel, the creature stabbed him. Such things have happened before and since. They are disgusting. But the greatest cowards are those who dare not even risk their worthless lives, and then glorify the deed. That has also been seen, but, thank God! not so often, and never in the United States.

AN EXPERIMENT.

CHAPTER XIII.

'THERE'S a motor ahead of us going at a tremendous pace,' said Carr, as the two young men emerged on to the long, level stretch of tableland after the climb from Blackport.

Bob Carter grinned. 'There is not much connection between us and a speed limit either,' he remarked. 'If the speedometer is telling the truth, we are crawling at something over thirty miles an hour. You know how to hustle a motor along, Mr Carr. We are overtaking the one in front of us, too. It looks to me like a hire from the Blackport hotel garage.'

The speedometer needle flickered up over the forty, and they rapidly overhauled the shabby and very noisy car ahead of them.

'What a thing!' commented Carter contemptuously, as Carr performed an ear-piercing fantasia on the exhaust-horn of Mr Johnson's car, which they had borrowed to take them over to Scale Fell mine. 'A horn is quite a superfluous luxury for that affair. You can hear it coming miles away like a traction-engine. My sainted aunt!' he wound up, in blank amazement, 'if that isn't our Acid Drop inside!'

Carr crashed on his brakes, and the other car also pulled up.

'Mr Christian!' exclaimed Carr. 'Where are you off to, sir?'

'Scale Fell,' returned that gentleman briefly. 'Mr Johnson being incapacitated by sickness, I felt it only my duty to investigate matters there, so hired this vehicle as being the most speedy means of transit. You are travelling at a most reckless speed, Mr Carr.'

'You'd better get out of that old rattle-trap and come with us,' said Carr. 'I won't break your neck, sir, and you will get there much quicker.'

Mr Christian climbed out of his conveyance. His sharp little nose was blue with cold, and he had tied his tall hat on most ingeniously with a checked silk muffler of enormous dimensions. 'I thank you most sincerely,' he said, as Carr settled him comfortably in the back-seat. 'I used to know Scale Fell mine well at one time, Mr Carr. My father was manager there at the time when the late Lord Blackport worked in it.'

'Lord Blackport! Did he work in Scale Fell

mine?' asked Carr, pausing in great astonishment.

'Yes,' said Mr Christian. 'That mine was the foundation, as you may say, of his vast fortune. He must have been a wonderful man, with a marvellous capacity for business. Would that his son had inherited his talent!'

'Spending the old man's pile seems to be more in his line,' said Bob, as the car leaped forward. 'Lucky beggar I call him!'

'You're right there,' said Carr quietly, as Jean's quiet, strong face suddenly rose before his mental vision. 'He's the luckiest chap I know of.'

The car made short work of the twenty miles to Scale Fell. In the village they found their way blocked by a crowd of sullen, red-splashed men, and a hoarse, threatening growl greeted the appearance of Mr Johnson's well-known car.

'Yon's Johnson,' said a short, square, thick-set man. 'Pull him out and lynch him. It's a pity but what Lord Blackport was here wi' him.'

Carr stopped his engine and stood up on the seat facing the surging, threatening mob of men, who, armed with crowbars, picks, and shovels, formed an ugly enough spectacle. 'Mr Johnson is not here, men,' he said in a quiet but distinct voice; 'he is ill. Mr Lawton also, as you know, has been badly hurt. We have come to see what is the matter and what is best to be done. What has happened?'

Tyson pushed his way through the crowd. 'T' wather's broken in,' he said. 'Something has choked t' pumps i' t' low level, and there's maybe ten or a dozen lads doon yon end o' t' low level caught like rats i' a trap. Cage won't work neither. Her's jammed doon t' shaft.'

Carr got out of the motor, followed by Carter and Mr Christian, and stood beside the manager.

'Now, lads,' said Carr, 'let us pass. We will settle our differences afterwards. The thing now is to try to get at those poor lads down below.'

The crowd hesitated; then, after a tense moment, in which the fate of the three adventurers hung in the balance, the men parted and allowed them to make their way unmolested up to the mine.

'By George!' said Bob Carter, mopping a rather pale face with a gorgeous silk handkerchief, 'that was touch-and-go. I thought we were in for it. Those chaps meant business.'

'Ay, they did so,' said Tyson. 'Ah doot there's nowt to do for them puir lads below, sir.'

'I'm going down that shaft somehow,' said Carr obstinately, as they splashed into the dark tunnel leading into the mine.

A little group of men stood on the cage platform gazing into the dark abyss of the shaft.

'T' cage is jammed nearly at t' bottom,' said Tyson. 'Ye canna gang doon, lad.'

Carr glanced at him. Into the shaft vanished the great pipe of the pump clamped to the wall of living rock by large steel clamps at intervals of about eighteen inches apart.

'I'll climb down that pump,' he said.

'I'm coming with you, then,' said Bob Carter, taking off his mackintosh. 'I must have had second-sight, I think. I've done a good bit of rock-climbing, you know, and I brought along my climbing-rope—why, I don't know; but it struck me it might be useful—and an electric lantern.'

Carr laughed. 'My dear fellow, you are a regular White Knight,' he said.

'Never heard of the Johnny,' replied Bob Carter, whose light reading consisted principally of the sporting press. He unwound the long, thin rope with a red thread running through it, and looked at it with pride.

'I,' said Mr Christian, carefully taking off his top-hat and laying it out of the wet on Bob's mackintosh, 'propose to come with you. Allow me to remind you I know the workings better than you young men. I, too, in my youthful days, have adventured my life on the crags of our adjacent mountains.—Now, Mr Carter, when you are ready we will proceed.'

'Good Lord!' gasped Bob; and, bereft of further speech, he deftly proceeded to rope his party together for their perilous descent. 'I'll go first,' he said; 'I'm heaviest, and if I fell I should knock you other chaps off, I expect.—Mr Christian, you come in the middle, if you don't mind; and, Carr, you bring up the rear. All ready? So long, lads.'

One by one the darkness swallowed the trio. They descended foot by foot in silence, saving their breath for the labour of their downward climb. The steel clamps and the great joints of the pump gave good hand and foot hold, but it was arduous work, and they could only proceed slowly. About twenty feet from the bottom they had to squeeze past the cage. After this all was plain sailing again till at last they stood on the edge of the raised slope of wood up which the tubs were hauled for loading on the cage.

'Thank goodness!' said Bob, pulling the electric lantern from his pocket and switching on the light. 'Great Scott! look at that. Are they drowned, think you?'

Beneath them swirled a sullen lake, filling the great natural cavern in the heart of the mountain into which the shaft descended.

Mr Christian peered into the gloom. 'The shaft is new since my day,' he said at last; 'but we used to work at a lode down here till it petered out. It was just a big pocket. Then there was a fall; and we couldn't get by, so this part of the mine was closed. This great cave lies lower than the workings at the other side of

it, I fancy. Probably the men have been driven back by the rising of the water, and are in the workings beyond.

'I'll go across and see,' said Carr. He stepped down the slope, finding the water far deeper than any of them had expected. 'It means swimming,' he said.

'Let us all stick together,' said Bob—'unless we leave Mr Christian here.'

This, however, Mr Christian firmly negatived. Though he could not swim, it was finally decided that one of the young men would tow him across, whilst the other conveyed their clothes, keeping them as dry as possible, together with the electric lamp, candles, and matches. This plan was carried out, and, sure enough, at the far end of the cave the level of the floor rose and the water became very shallow—not ankle-deep, in fact—so the three adventurers thankfully dressed.

'It is rising,' said Carter gloomily. 'How we are to get back goodness only knows. Look! there are the men, anyway. I see lights ahead.' He gave a shout, and out of the darkness ahead of them, where tiny points of light flickered, came an answering hail from a little group of men standing in the bay where the face of the lode was being worked.

'We canna swim,' said one of the men. 'Ay, we're a' here. We got drove back by t' wather. It broke through all of a sudden, and it's still rising. It's no use; we're done.'

'No, we are not,' said Mr Christian, who had been peering about him curiously.—'Give me that lamp, Carter.'

Carter obeyed, and the old gentleman went a few yards up a side-tunnel till he reached a heavy fall of rock which apparently blocked all farther progress. This he scanned eagerly, then called to the men to come after him. 'See,' he said triumphantly, 'there is just room to squeeze our way through here. Unless there have been fresh falls farther on, we can get right up beyond Jacob's Ladder into the high level. It is worth trying, lads, isn't it?'

'Ay, it's a' that,' chorused the men, hope beginning once more to dawn.—'Coom on, lads.'

Mr Christian proved to be right. Squeezing, cutting themselves, pushing rocks aside, one by one they crawled beyond the barrier, finding a clear, upward-sloping tunnel on the far side.

'Well,' said Carter to Carr as they brought up the rear, 'whoever would have thought our Acid Drop was such a gay old sportsman? I'll never laugh at him again if we get out of this.'

'Poor old boy! I hope he won't catch his death of cold,' said Carr as they stumbled along upwards.

Presently came another block of fallen rock, but it was easily passed, and they found themselves in the upper level and not far off the foot of Jacob's Ladder and the top of the shaft round

which the group of men still stood waiting, hoping against hope that some, at any rate, of the men imprisoned below might be saved.

As the little party emerged from the blackness of the tunnel a cheer rose and warm handshakes were given to the rescued men.

Then Tyson, who had been absent, suddenly appeared amongst the group. His face was full of gloom. 'I doot ye're oot o' t' frying-pan intil t' fire,' he said in a harsh voice. 'There's bin a big fall o' roof betwixt us an' outside. A' them rotten props has given way at last, an' we're fair copped an' corked up, a' the lot o' us.'

There was a moment's dismayed silence; then one of the miners cursed Johnson and Lord Blackport in a low, tense voice. 'What are the lives o' the like o' us to them,' he wound up bitterly, 'so long as they gets t' brass?'

'We'll think of that when we get out of here,' said Carr cheerfully. 'Listen, men! You say you wish Blackport were here to see for himself what mining means. Well, he is here, as I happen to be Lord Blackport. Things are going to be very different in future, I give you my word. I am going to manage my own mines.'

There was a silence of intense astonishment; then Mr Christian, who had resumed his top-hat, spoke. 'Well, well, now,' he said regretfully, 'and I could have made a first-rate clerk out of you in time. You had the makings of a decent worker in you.—Now, lads, there are more ways of killing a cat than hanging it, and also more ways of getting out of this old mine than walking out by the front-door. Where does the air come from?'

'From the upper level, down Jacob's Ladder,' said Tyson.

'Then where the air comes down, we can probably go up,' said the old gentleman; and, setting his hat firmly on his head, he led the way up Jacob's Ladder. When they reached the upper level he noticed carefully by means of the candle-flames which way the air travelled, and, sure enough, a fissure leading upwards was found. Narrower and narrower it grew, and at last soft earth took the place of rock.

'Ah'm oot!' gasped the miner who had taken Mr Christian's place in the van. There was a rattle of loose stones and a rush of air as one by one they squeezed their way on to the fellside and into the pure night-air.

'Eh lads, it's nowt but a fox-bield yon; but we're oot.'

'Here's t' owd path doon t' fell,' said another of the miners. 'Ah never thowt we should see fresh air again.'

Some one swore softly as he barked his shins in the scree-face. 'An' Lord Blackport climbed doon t' shaft,' he wound up. 'T' deil's none that black as foak paint him happen.'

(Continued on page 515.)

OUT OF DOORS IN PANAMÁ.

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

THE Isthmus of Panamá has been a land of adventure for four hundred years. It has seen a hundred episodes, from the taking of San Lorenzo by the buccaneer Morgan, the ill-fated expedition of the English farmers under Mississippi Bubble Law, and the brilliantly fatal *Bogotá* cruise, to the last attempt to establish Utopia. With the completion of the canal the isthmus emerges from mystery and the bright-hued mist of death into the Land of the Out-of-Doors.

Within two years it will be known to the automobilist, the yachtsman, the aviator, and the peaceful hunter; and they will all find it a country full of surprises and enjoyment and fun, with just enough admixture of adventure to make it fascinating.

The canal itself will, of course, soon become an old story. In its execution it is an immense and terrible task. Once done, it will be merely a waterway winding among low hills and threading a many-islanded lake from one ocean to another, fifty miles of pleasant, slow sailing, with only the excitement of the great locks. But Panamá itself, the republic, is worth the time and energy of any lover of sunshine and wild country and adventure.

On the one side of the zone lies the state of Chiriqui, and on the other a land as yet quite unexplored, but reputed to be rich in gold and valuable minerals. Chiriqui, with its rivers and high hills, its plantation lands and jungles, will afford plenty of opportunity for the tourist desirous of seeing the tropics as they are when but half-tamed. The head-hunters in the south will attract those sportsmen who are weary of lions and deer and grizzlies; for of all the expeditions that have sought to discover the secret of the Indians' wealth of gold, but few have ever returned to civilisation to tell the tale of hardship, ambush, and lingering death.

The most that is known of this land has been painfully gathered by some friends of mine, old explorers, who are now in it. Whether they will ever return is in doubt. The highest officials of the republic of Panamá solemnly warned them against attempting to enter this country; but they departed quietly, and their last words to me were that they expected to return. 'If we don't,' said their leader, 'you may be sure nobody else had better try it; for we have even gone so far as to learn something of the language of these savages, and we have the promise of their chief that we shall go unmolested.'

I repeated this to a friend of mine, come of a family in Panamá for centuries. He smiled slightly. 'Any one can go in,' he remarked. 'Many have gone in. None come out.'

'But the gold?'

'It is El Dorado,' he averred. 'I have seen the great nuggets from there, as has my father and my grandfather. But no white man ever comes out. One did emerge after six months. He died gibbering in the street, throwing huge nuggets from his torn pockets.'

But to the man bent on peaceful expeditions Panamá offers plenty of amusement—good, healthy, sound sport. Unlike most of the Central American tropics, the country immediately about the canal is open and accessible for the greater part. It includes immense savannas, or flat plains, easy-rolling hills, with here and there a watercourse. There one can see and enjoy a most marvellous succession of strange trees, shrubs, and flowers, and see an equally interesting variety of birds and small beasts peculiar to these low latitudes.

My notion of an excellent trip is to start from Colon, on the Atlantic side, follow the railway to Gatun Locks, and then skirt the lake on the north side for about ten miles, preferably on mule-back. From here onward one can really pick and choose one's route, with many side excursions up the hills or along small watercourses, usually dry except in the rainy season, and then take the automobile road into Panamá.

Two things are needful for such an expedition: a smattering of Spanish and a good field-glass. With the one you can coax forth plenty to eat, and with the other you can easily be independent of the finger-posts which are not there. Except during the months from May to October the Panamá climate is dry, hot, and fairly healthy. One can see great distances with a good glass, and from two hills look on both oceans at once. Travelling without any Spanish and without binoculars puts one wholly at the mercy of the secretive Panamanian or the wily Indian.

When the new automobile road is completed it will doubtless be the popular thoroughfare across the isthmus; and then one may cross in three hours at leisure, and find time, even in a couple of days, for a trip to Old Panamá, town of mystery and sad centuries, and to the savannas where the Atlantic and Pacific winds brawl across the plain in a continual and noisy tumult unheard in sleepy Panamá. Or one may join a picnic party along the trails, riding through the jungle and experiencing the same hardships as did the pioneers of '49 and '50 to get from Aspinwall to the Pacific side. Or yet again one may take a swim in the Chagres River and know the fun of lying in water fresh but warm as milk.

The first thing the visitor to the isthmus must learn is that he has to rise at dawn or else suffer all day long from an overpowering sense of

lassitude. This is especially important when one contemplates physical exertion during the day. It is very easy to wake, turn over to a cooler portion of the bed, and sleep again; but when one finally wakes it is with little desire to do anything but doze; and the doctors will tell you that those who oversleep are the most liable to the various malarial affections.

The next points to remember are that fruit is not fresh unless it is just off the tree, that fish is poisonous unless practically alive when put in the pan, that meat is heating, and that drinking-water must be carefully filtered.

Clothing should be chosen for lightness and wearing qualities. Silks, pongees, and thin muslins will disappear under the brawny arms of the native washerwoman. Personally, I have found that linen underwear, sleeveless and reaching only to the knee, and a light-weight Scotch woollen shirt, are the best and most comfortable. Linen trousers and jacket, with a soft collar and very thin tie, will complete an easy and serviceable costume. A heavy silk tie around one's neck will spoil the effect of the lightest clothes, and make one perspire to the death.

It is usually the case that the native whites know best what to do in a tropical country. In Panamá the Spanish and other Europeans eat no breakfast until eleven o'clock, taking a cup of coffee and a little fruit at 6 A.M. Then they take dinner at seven, after dark, and feel free to enjoy themselves until midnight. The afternoon siesta, while not a necessity, is excellent. But your siesta must be properly taken. This is the method: Having taken breakfast at eleven, you

choose one-thirty to two o'clock for a cold shower-bath. Then you lie down in your pyjamas in a darkened room for two hours. A second shower wakens you, and you take your time in dressing, thus achieving a cool and clean toilet by four-thirty.

Because so many Americans without knowledge of the tropics have insisted on their own notions of health and comfort, one must be careful to exclude blankets, feather beds, and quilts from one's room. The Panamá hotelkeeper, like all others, tries to cater to his trade. Consequently you are only too likely to have bedclothes thrust upon you which have served their time with other people. My own rule, and the only safe one, is to have nothing on my bed except what is fresh from the laundry. All the good hotels in Panamá—and there are but two—change everything on the bed each day. Of these hotels the Spanish one—the Grand Central—allows you to dictate for yourself whether everything shall be clean every noon, even down to the mattress. The International insists that you allow them entirely to renovate the beds at least once a day, and they will renew them after the siesta if requested.

In Ancon—just across a street from Panamá—the Canal Commission runs the Tivoli Hotel, the largest of several dotted along the zone. The Panamá Railroad Company also manages a hotel in Colon, where excellent service and food may be had very reasonably. Thus the sightseer on the isthmus is assured of good accommodation everywhere, and need take little thought about where he shall sleep and eat.

MAJOR PENGETHLIN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER III.

THUS far had Major Pengethlin progressed with his narrative, when there came a tap at the door, and the nurse entered. 'If you please, sir, the doctor is here,' she said.

'So! Show this gentleman into the dressing-room, and then tell the doctor I'm ready to see him.—You'll excuse me, Bowerby, for a few minutes?'

Ten minutes later the lawyer was back, and the doctor gone.

'Shillitoe is optimistic this morning,' remarked the invalid with a dim smile. 'So pleased is he with the progress I'm making that he's inclined to think the question of my complete recovery is merely a matter of a month or two. But time alone can prove whether he's right or wrong in so thinking. So now to return to what I was telling you about, which I hope has not bored you overmuch. But first help yourself to another weed.' He settled himself among his pillows and picked up the broken thread of his narrative.

'When, after the accident, my brain woke to full consciousness, which was not till a week later, I was told that I was at Wainmote, the house for which I had been bound, and to which I had been conveyed after my extrication from the wrecked carriage. Two of my ribs were fractured and my head was in bandages.

'As my brain cleared I called to mind that it was the expectation of meeting my fiancée that had brought me to Wainmote. "Is Miss Avory still here?" was one of the first questions I asked the professional nurse in whose charge I found myself. "Yes, sir; both she and Mrs Avory are here. The rest of the house-party left three days ago. I may mention, sir, that Miss Avory has helped me a lot with the nursing. For three days you were wandering in your mind. She will be very glad to find you are yourself again. She and Mrs Avory have gone for a drive."

'I should see her, then, and soon! And she had helped to nurse me! My eyes filled with

tears, so physically weak was I. Then all at once my memory leapt back to the Cosmopolitan Hotel and to what had happened there. An involuntary groan, which brought the nurse to my side, escaped me. "I had some articles of luggage with me in the train," I said. "Can you inform me whether they were rescued from the wreck?" "Yes, sir; they are here, safe and sound, and hardly a bit the worse."

'That was satisfactory so far. Nothing had been discovered. Further investigation must be left till I should be stronger.

'Half-an-hour later Emmeline was by my side. It was a hot day, but her hand was chilly to my clasp. She was very pale, and her smile had a grave wistfulness in it that was strange to me; and where was the love-light that I had been wont to see shine in her eyes? I was puzzled and perturbed, but I refrained from questioning her. She told me with a sort of tender seriousness how pleased she was at the change in me which the last few hours had brought about. I was now, she felt sure, well on the road to complete recovery. Then she pressed my hand lingeringly, and went. I have never seen her since.

'Next morning a note from Emmeline was brought me. In it she wrote that all was at an end between us. It appeared that while I lay unconscious and lost to all outward things, as she sat watching by me, my mind went back to the abstraction of the pearls, and that, from my broken and fragmentary mutterings, bit by bit the whole wretched story had gradually forced itself on her reluctant ears. What she thus gathered was supplemented and confirmed by the newspaper reports of the robbery, which published a description of the supposed thief as furnished by three of the hotel employés. That description was applicable to me in every particular. Finally, she wrote that her mother and she were leaving for the Continent in the course of a few hours, and that it would be useless for me to attempt to follow them after my recovery—which she sincerely trusted would be a speedy one—as should we ever meet again it must be as strangers. On one point I might rest assured, that my secret was safe in her keeping, and would remain undivulged to any one.

'Of what I felt and suffered at this crisis of my life I will say nothing. Emmeline was very dear to me, and I have never loved another. The blow pierced me to the heart; yet I could not blame her. After her fatal discovery no other course was open to her; but the fact of her knowing that the man to whom she had given her heart was a thief was indeed a bitter pill for me to swallow. If I had felt humiliated and despicable before, I now felt a hundredfold more so. No thought of following her occurred to me for a moment. Were I to find her I could not stand up and deny my crime. She was lost to me for ever.

'I must hurry over what remains to be told. As soon as I was strong enough I opened my bag, and there, under the false bottom, lay the rope of pearls, untouched since I had put it there. My next proceeding was to ask whether any newspapers of the previous week were still available. What I wanted was to search for any notice of the robbery which they might contain. But it appeared that all papers taken in by my host were passed on to the village reading-room when a couple of days old. There the matter had to rest for the time being.

'I gathered strength rapidly, and eagerly awaited the day when the doctor should pronounce me well enough to leave Wainmote. My host and his wife were kindness personified—which fact, however, in no wise lessened my desire to be gone. But it so fell out that only a couple of days before my arranged departure a summons reached me to rejoin my regiment at once, which was due to sail three days later for the East. I took a hurried farewell of my kind friends, and only halted for a couple of hours on my way through London to make a few purchases. The prospect of active service seemed to breathe new life into me.

'But some means must be found of getting rid of the pearls before sailing, for that I should take them with me was not conceivable. So I procured a small lock-up box of block-tin, in which I deposited them, tightly embedded in cotton-wool, and sewed up the box in canvas, with a double paper wrapping outside, and then forwarded the packet to my bankers, with a request that they would take charge of it during my absence abroad.

'My last act before boarding the troopship at Southampton was to buy several newspapers of that morning's date; but I had no time even to glance at them till some hours later. I had hardly opened the first paper before my eyes were caught by the heading, "Robbery at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Prisoner sentenced." For the next two or three minutes I hardly seemed to breathe. What I now read was an account of the trial at the London Sessions of a man, Oliver Duthin by name, who was charged with the crime in question. His identity was sworn to by three of the hotel employés, who based their evidence on the fact that the thief, as seen by them when leaving the hotel, was a red-haired man, tall and thin, clean-shaven, and of soldierly bearing, and that he was wearing a gray Norfolk jacket and leggings—a description to which, singular to say, the accused corresponded in all the more important particulars.

'The account he gave of himself was not a very convincing one. According to his statement, he had tramped up from the country to London with only money enough for the purchase of the plainest food by the way, his purpose being to find a certain relative who, he

felt sure, would welcome him. The night before entering London he had slept under the lee of a hayrick, and on the night of the robbery among the riff-raff on the Embankment. By that time he had ascertained that his relative had gone away without leaving any address. What to do he knew not, for he was all but penniless. After breakfasting at a coffee-stall he started to walk back to where he had come from.

'That night he slept in a barn, together with several others of the tramping fraternity. The night was a hot one, and he made a pillow of his jacket among the hay; but when he awoke next morning his jacket was gone, and he was alone in the barn. For his own garment an old, out-at-elbows velvet jacket had been substituted. While examining it he felt something hard in one of the pockets, which on investigation proved to be a couple of bright new sovereigns wrapped up in a scrap of newspaper. At the next village inn he ordered breakfast, and tendered one of the sovereigns in payment. Ten minutes later he was charged by the village constable with attempting to pass base coin, and when the second sovereign was found on him he was hauled off to the police station, where he was further identified as answering in nearly every particular to the description of the man wanted for the Cosmopolitan Hotel robbery. Presumably his assertion as to the way the base coins came into his possession was discredited at his trial; and, in view of the judge's summing-up, the jury were not long in arriving at their verdict, with the result that Duthin was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.'

'A verdict which assuredly did not err on the score of leniency,' remarked Mr Bowerby.

'When I had read to the last line the newspaper dropped from my fingers. As the saying goes, you might have knocked me down with a feather. It was a blow which left a rankling wound never wholly to be healed, and it is not too much to say that from that hour I was a changed man in more respects than one. But I could do nothing, nothing whatever, to right the grievous wrong which had condemned an innocent man to suffer for my crime. Every hour was taking me farther from England, which I should not see again for years. But even if by a miracle I could have been transported back to London, what then? Would I have been prepared to confess everything; to forgo my prospects, ambition, social status, and all that made life worth living, and change places with Duthin? I felt very sure that I would not. I lacked the needful moral courage—and I knew it—to make so supreme a sacrifice.

'Another thing the newspaper report told me—that the owner of the pearls was a Mrs Van Huysen, the widow of an American millionaire, who was passing through London on her way to the Continent, and that after giving her evidence

at the police court she had at once left for Paris.

'All was now known to me, and the knowledge settled on my life like a blight from which I could nevermore rid myself. My only relief was in the practice of my profession; and when, after some eventful years in Egypt, my regiment was ordered home, I exchanged into another that had lately come out. I was a lonely man, with no family ties, and the prospect of returning to England was distasteful to me. For years there was hardly a day on which I did not in thought visit Duthin in his cell, and when the term of his imprisonment had come to an end I experienced a sense of relief, almost of gladness. A weight had been lifted off my heart. For him the long night was over; once more he was a free man.

'When, for the second time, I was on the eve of coming home my regiment was ordered to the Cape, where the Boer war had just broken out, and where I had my full share of fighting. At Ladysmith I was shot in the thigh, and after three months in hospital was invalided home, with the D.S.O. in prospect. My military career was at an end.

'A little later I took this house, mainly on account of its secluded situation; and here, from choice, I have since led the life of a recluse. There only remains to explain for what reason I have imposed this tedious confession upon you.

'A consuming desire to make reparation of some sort to the man who suffered in my place has never been absent from me; but seventeen years have elapsed since the expiry of Duthin's sentence, and it seems doubtful whether it would now be possible to find him. From time to time, since my return to England, I have promised myself that I would no longer put off instituting certain inquiries having for their object the tracing of Duthin's present whereabouts should he be still living; but, coward that I am, I have delayed from day to day and month to month in taking the needful preliminary steps, feeling far from sure whether my doing so might not bring to light the fact that I, Roger Pengethlin, was the actual criminal.

'But now, be the consequences to myself whatever they may, a careful search for Duthin must at once be set on foot. Of course, should he be found, there is only one kind of reparation possible, and that is a pecuniary one. I am far from being a rich man; but for the last dozen years I have set aside a hundred pounds per annum in the hope that one day I might be enabled to forward it to him as a gift from an unknown friend. At the present moment the accumulated twelve hundred pounds is, so to speak, standing to his credit at my banker's. Consequently, my one desire is to have Duthin traced and found, and that with as little delay as may be. Further, I am especially wishful

that you, my dear Bowerby, if you will so far consent to put me under a great obligation, should undertake the task in question.' He ceased, and bent anxious eyes on the lawyer.

The latter did not at once reply. Whatever amazement he might have felt at being the recipient of so peculiar a request he was careful to keep to himself. By acceding to the major's wishes he would be winking at a felony, a most reprehensible thing to do, especially for a man of his profession. To be sure, the felony dated back for more than twenty years, and was committed under circumstances so peculiar as almost to remove it from the category of ordinary crimes. All his inclinations urged him to do what was asked of him. He had a liking for the major, and should he succeed in finding Duthin, his client would be enabled to compensate that much-wronged man as far as it was possible to do so after so long a time. It might be both weak and wrong of him to act thus, but his back was broad enough to bear the onus of his doing so.

'I will willingly undertake to institute certain inquiries with the view of tracing Duthin's present whereabouts,' he said, 'and report the result to you at the earliest possible moment.'

'You will make me your debtor for life. That your quest will prove successful is the dearest hope now left me. But there's another matter I want to ask your opinion about. What would you advise should be done with the rope of pearls, which is still in my banker's custody?'

'I would suggest that a cautiously worded advertisement be inserted in the leading London and American newspapers, and that you await the result. Should you wish it, any replies might be addressed to my office, and then submitted to you, every precaution of course being taken to keep your connection with the affair the dead secret it has been for so many years.'

It was a proposition to which Major Pengethlin gave an unqualified assent.

Mr Bowerby lost no time in setting about the task he had taken in hand for Major Pengethlin. He went up to London in the course of next day, and put up at the quiet Bloomsbury hotel which had housed him more than once when business had taken him to the Metropolis. He had with him the address of an ex-detective who, a year or two before, had been employed by him in connection with a 'long firm' case, and of whose abilities he had formed a favourable impression. So next forenoon a taxicab took him to a certain street in Lambeth, where he was fortunate enough to find Mr Dicker at home.

The interview between the two was soon over; after which the lawyer went back to his hotel, where, two days later, he was called upon by Dicker. It had proved a trifling matter to the ex-detective to accomplish the task which had

been set him. The man Duthin, he informed Mr Bowerby, on his release from prison had been met at the gates by a Lady Westray, who was evidently there for that purpose, and had been driven away with her in the brougham she had in waiting, since when nothing more was known about him by the police. So far, so good.

On referring to *Debrett*, Mr Bowerby ascertained that Lady Westray was a widow, and that her address was Bestwood Court, Sunbridge, Staffordshire; and he at once decided to go there. That an ex-convict should be met on his release by a titled lady and whisked off in her brougham was a sufficiently bizarre circumstance, when taken in conjunction with what he had been told by Major Pengethlin, to excite in him a very natural curiosity.

Before leaving town he arranged for a carefully worded advertisement to appear in sundry London and American newspapers, requesting that Mrs Van Huysen of Chicago, who was staying on such a date at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, London (or her legal representative), would at once communicate with Messrs Bowerby and Nephew, solicitors, Tolsworthy, North Devon. That done, he took the train to Sunbridge station, whence a fly conveyed him to Bestwood Court, where he was informed that Lady Westray was on the Continent, and was not expected back for a fortnight. From Sunbridge he returned home in order to report progress.

There was no apparent change in Major Pengethlin's condition. He was still in bed, propped up with pillows. When told of the strange meeting at the prison gates he seemed struck speechless for some seconds. Then he said, 'Lady Westray is she to whom I was engaged when she was Emmeline Avory. Her meeting with Duthin on his release must have been due to an arrangement of her own. But what an extraordinary thing to do! And yet—and yet,' he added musingly, 'I can make a guess at the motive which actuated her.' For a little while he seemed lost in thought.

'All this, however,' he presently resumed, 'amazing as it seems and is, constitutes no reason why Duthin should not be found and reparation made him; and, with the clue we have now obtained, it may possibly prove an easier task than we anticipated. I fervently hope the man is still living.' For all that, the only hope of finding Duthin was through Lady Westray, and Major Pengethlin would infinitely have preferred almost any other way.

Three days later there came a reply to the lawyer's advertisement. Mrs Van Huysen had been dead for some years; but her son, who wrote, and who was on the staff of the American Embassy, would feel obliged by the advertiser communicating further with him. This, by the major's instructions, Mr Bowerby at once proceeded to do, with the result that a meeting in

London was arranged, to which the latter took the rope of pearls, given up to him at the bank on the major's written authority. As it turned out, young Mr Van Huysen, when Mr Bowerby had made it clear that he was not there to answer questions, was too well pleased by the unhopedor recovery of his mother's property, and, it may be added, too well-mannered, to wish to inquire particularly as to the means by which it had come into the lawyer's keeping.

Major Pengethlin breathed a heart-felt sigh of relief when told that he was at last rid of the pearls. 'What a simple matter it has proved to be,' he said; 'and yet for years, like the craven I am, I have shrunk from moving in it! If only you succeed in finding Duthin my content will be complete, the cloud that has so long overshadowed my life will lift and vanish, and I shall have made such reparation for my crime as, after this lapse of time, is possible to me.'

Mr Bowerby let three weeks elapse while awaiting Lady Westray's return. From the Sun-bridge railway officials he ascertained that her ladyship had reached home only the previous afternoon, so he let another day go by before intruding upon her.

Having sent in his card, he was shown into a morning-room, where Lady Westray presently joined him. She was still a very beautiful woman, with a bearing at once dignified and gracious. She had large, velvety eyes, but with a sort of veiled sadness in them, or so her visitor interpreted their expression. She was one of those women to whom children and animals seem instinctively attracted.

'I have taken the liberty of calling upon your ladyship,' said the lawyer with his most courtly bow, 'with the view of ascertaining whether you can furnish me with the present address of a man named Oliver Duthin whom your ladyship befriended under somewhat unusual circumstances a number of years ago.'

For a moment or two she looked startled; then she recovered herself and said composedly, 'To what circumstances do you refer, Mr Bowerby? But pray be seated.' She indicated a chair, and herself sat down.

'To the fact of your ladyship meeting a released

convict at the prison gates, a man who had just undergone a long sentence for an audacious robbery, and to your taking him away with you in your brougham.'

'A man who was wrongfully convicted, and who, as I have sad reason for knowing, was absolutely innocent of any connection with the crime for which he was sentenced. You are here to ascertain what has become of Oliver Duthin?'

'That is the purpose which has brought me here.'

'Possibly you are acquainted with the particulars of his story?'

'I have some knowledge of them.'

'And you are interested in the man?'

'Deeply interested—on behalf of the client for whom I am acting.'

Again the startled look came into Lady Westray's eyes. 'On behalf of some one else!' she murmured, and then bit her lip for a moment, as if a question had nearly escaped her against her will. 'As I happen to know, Duthin has no near relatives or any friends, unless I may count myself one; consequently I trust that any interest your client may have in him will not prove to his detriment in any way.'

'On the contrary, it will prove materially to his benefit.'

'I am glad to hear that, because he is a much-wronged man, one who has suffered grievously for another's crime.'

'Your ladyship holds that some reparation is due to him?'

'Every possible reparation, even after all these years, if it is at the hands of the man in whose stead he suffered. But nothing can compensate for a blighted life.'

'With my client's motives I have nothing to do; but this I will say, that if any wrong was done by him it was absolutely unintentional on his part, and was past being remedied when at length it came to his knowledge.'

Lady Westray flashed a meaning look at the lawyer. In his last words the secret of whose messenger he was stood revealed. A faint flush dyed her cheeks for a few seconds, and then faded.

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THE ARMS OF THE VENUS. HOW THE FAMOUS STATUE WAS MUTILATED.

By WILLIAM A. BOND.

THE mystery of the armless Venus of Milo does not trouble us now. When we visit Paris we no longer stand before the superb marble in the Louvre wondering and conjecturing as to the cause of its mutilation, and trying vainly to imagine the pose of the Venus when

she stood freshly created by the hand of the unknown artist.

Since the glory of the statue was first known to civilised Europe men have pondered and searched and argued. But now, when the discovery has been made, it comes as a slight shock

to find that a minor charm of the Venus has gone—some part, at any rate, of the vague sense of mystery with which she has been invested, heightened indeed by that tender, bewitching—nay, divine smile always on her lips. But as some compensation we have quite a romantic little bit of history, worthy too, in its extraordinary features, of the Venus of Milo herself.

To-day the Venus stands in solitary dignity in the Salle de Venus at the Louvre. For probably two thousand years she stood in the same majestic attitude in the darkness of a subterranean passage in an island of the Greek archipelago. But then the statue was complete, and for the last ninety years scholars, artists, sculptors, historians, have been attracted to the point of fascination by the desire to discover or explain the original pose. Many have been the resulting opinions, some strongly founded, nearly all having some percentage of reasonableness. For guidance there were existent numerous other types of Venus, many famous, many delightful, but none of the vague, irresistible charm of the statue of Milo. So some experts declared that Venus had held in one hand a lance; others declared that she was in the attitude of checking an overimpulsive lover whose advances were becoming distasteful; a further view was that a mirror was held by the left hand; and still another idea was that the statue was unfinished by the artist, who had despaired of completing the work in a manner worthy of its conception and past execution. With regard to the right arm, agreement was fairly general that Venus is here preventing with the right hand the fall of the loose robe which hangs in graceful, negligent folds from the waist.

This latter point is now established. But what of the left arm? In the left hand we now learn, a small sphere not larger than an apple is held. The forearm is extended horizontally and the palm of the hand is upturned. And in this attitude the Venus of Milo was standing until 1820. How we would dearly like to know her ancient history, to learn the name of the man whose wonderful hands fashioned her, whose inspiration made her a marvellous portrait in marble of the most beautiful woman of his imagination! But we have now to be content with her modern story, and that is of an exciting, adventurous kind.

Early in 1820 a peasant of Castro, in the island of Melos, also called and spelt Milo, at the entrance of the Greek Archipelago, was digging over a piece of land which he possessed on a small hillside. He was named Yorgos Bottinis. With him were his son Antonio and one of his nephews. The spade of one of the three broke through some dry débris and revealed beneath their feet a kind of crypt or passage of masonry. Into this the trio cautiously ventured, and then in the dim, gray light they beheld a white figure, the statue of a woman much larger than life-size. It was receiving the first ray of light for perhaps over

two thousand years. The bust was nude, but from the waist descended a drapery retained from above by the right hand, while the left arm, half-bent, was raised, and the hand held a small sphere. The evidence of the three men on this point is vitally important, and it is established beyond doubt.

So the statue was intact at this date; its misfortunes were yet to come. The man Bottinis knew well the value that foreign visitors to the little island placed on the smallest piece of carved marble found by the inhabitants, and he judged quite correctly that his find was of worth to him. So with natural care and fear of loss he decided to hide the statue in his hut, some little distance away. The task was a tremendous one, but it was found that the marble was in two blocks, one posed above the other, and that it would be possible to carry away the upper portion, at once the most fragile and most precious part of the work. Further, it was possible to detach the left arm entirely, as it was fixed to the bust by a shaft or tenon of steel.

So we can see, in imagination, the three peasants, who have waited until nightfall, raising the bust of the beautiful Venus, staggering out into the moonlight with their strange burden, and carefully treading the stony track to the hut. Here the queenly white form finds a curiously inappropriate refuge on the dirty floor, and here she remains for many weeks.

In April of the same year a French naval vessel called at the island of Milo on her way to Constantinople. On board were a young lieutenant named Matterer and a young ensign named Dumont D'Urville, both lovers of art and keen in their search for antique sculpture. They learned here that Bottinis had made a find, and in eager haste visited his hut, and in that strange environment, amid the fumes and dirt, the noble statue of Venus confronted them. Concealing their delight, they hastened to Constantinople, and assailed, in their ecstasy, the French Ambassador, the Marquis de Rivière, to such purpose that the latter instructed his secretary to repair at once to the island and secure the statue. However, the secretary, M. Marcellus, did not reach Milo until 23rd May. He sailed in a small French naval vessel *L'Estafette*, under Commandant Robert; but when anchor was cast they were already too late—or so it appeared.

Near the shore was a Turkish brig ready to sail at any moment, while on the shore was a group of Turkish sailors engaged in towing a large white form towards the waiting vessel. From the bridge Marcellus perceived all this at a glance. It was the Venus of Milo, lost to France for ever, unless—Neither the commandant nor Marcellus wasted words; there was no time for reflection. At the order of Robert, the sailors of *L'Estafette* hurled themselves into the boats, drew to the shore with all

possible speed, and with drawn sabres engaged the abductors of the Venus. The statue had been mounted on a primitive kind of wooden sled and secured to it by ropes. Around this a warm encounter took place, and after a few minutes the French sailors were left in possession. But the position was not secure, and a return of the enemy reinforced from the brig was feared. The task of the sailors was therefore clear, and they bent to it with a will.

Already the sled on which stands the statue—or rather the bust, for only the upper portion is here—is considerably damaged, and as the sailors put their shoulders to the ropes the statue sways ominously and then falls on its back. But there is no time to lose. The sailors seize the ropes binding the statue to the sled and pull with increased vigour. Alas! the result is a tragedy, agonising as one thinks of it. The beautiful white shoulders grind over the sharp stones of the rough path, and portions of the marble are broken off. But the sailors cannot stop for such a detail; they carry out their orders with a brutality only equalled by their courage and promptitude. The broken fragments are hastily picked up, and at last the goddess is on board—without arms, it is true; but there are the fragments also, and they can be restored later. The essential is to have the Venus.

But unfortunately only the bust is gained as yet; the lower part of the statue is already on board the Turkish brig. It is only after

two days of argument, and of money and force alternately, that Marcellus succeeds in obtaining the statue in its entirety. But no, not in its entirety; for on the strand of Milo were left some priceless fragments of marble by the careless sailors. The fragments saved, one arm, one hand, and other unrecognisable portions were just sufficient to give free rein to the imagination, and when the statue, in its mutilated condition, reached the Louvre without explanation, supposition was piled on supposition, hypothesis on hypothesis.

The uncertainty could have been ended by a word from Matherer or D'Urville; but then the whole incident of the island of Milo would have been revealed. And so, in fear of diplomatic difficulties, silence was maintained by all the actors of the little drama. For half-a-century the facts were known only in one Government's Foreign Office; but the facts were committed to paper by Dumont D'Urville, only to be revealed to the riddle-solvers after nearly ninety years.

The two officers maintained, above all, the statement as to the pose of the Venus; and to give the history more credence there is added the testimony of M. Jules Ferry, the French Ambassador to Greece, who in 1872, in knowledge of the incident, visited Milo, and there found still living the son and nephew of Bottinis, who confirmed the story of the discovery of the Venus and the battle on the seashore for her possession.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A CITY.

ON a certain day in January 1873 a man stood staring at a thin blue thread in the face of a mining tunnel twelve hundred feet underground in the state of Nevada. He knew it was a sign that veins of silver—perhaps gold, perhaps both—were somewhere near; but he did not know that beyond that wall of rock was a treasure-vault. He did not know that in a vast chamber seven hundred feet long, five hundred feet high, and from ninety to three hundred and fifty feet wide lay the greatest mass of precious ore ever discovered in a single spot. The huge natural vault was filled with it, so packed with silver and gold ore, so rich in metal, that when the men began to mine it they often had to mix it with poorer ores to facilitate the milling.

James G. Fair was the man who saw the blue thread. He followed it foot by foot, as an Indian follows a trail. Once he became sick; and his miners, lacking his keenness, dropped the clue. When Fair returned to the 'drift' he found his men tunnelling cheerfully away in a barren rock. He found the lost thread again, and patiently followed it. At last it was no longer a thread but a broadening vein. It began an inch wide, a foot, two feet, three, four, five, six, seven feet.

In another month the men were drifting in a lead twelve feet wide, while they had been sinking a shaft to dip the ore bodily, and at the junction the vein was forty feet wide. Then a short drift from the shaft brought the explorers to the 'Big Bonanza,' as it was termed, one of the mining deposits of the world-famed Comstock Lode.

This discovery soon became noised about the country, and fortune-hunters started for the desolate mountain-side even from the states east of the Mississippi River. They rented tents for two pounds a night when they did not build shacks or erect tents. The food, carried on pack-mules fifty miles over the mountain trails to the place, sold at a fabulous price, a pound of beef costing as much as a half-sovereign in British money, a pound loaf of bread two shillings, and bacon the same price per pound. A drink of whisky cost two shillings; sugar, coffee, and tea were costly luxuries, and milk unknown. Day after day the wealth-hunters dug into the rock and earth, and at night slept on the bare ground with gun or pistol by their side, ready to shoot any one who might dare to 'stampede' or take possession of their claim.

Such was the beginning of Virginia City. As more and more people came to it, a city government was organised, material was carted over fifty miles to build houses, stores and warehouses were erected, banks opened for business, and all this before any railway connected it with the rest of the world. But the treasure from the Big Bonanza paid for a route over which trains were moved from the Pacific coast. They came crowded with humanity of all kinds, from the wealth-seeker to the millionaire who would invest in mines. So the city grew, skilled labour of all kinds receiving from two to three pounds sterling a day, and common unskilled labour being paid a sovereign a day in gold for every day in the year. Those engaged in superintendence—that is, the shift-bosses, level-bosses, engineers, foremen, machinists, assayers, mill-bosses, and superintendents—were paid from three pounds a day up to two hundred pounds a month. But all wanted to be near the riches which the earth was yielding in such abundance. Throngs came to get employment, for the wages were so high that the common labourer in the ditches received nearly a pound, estimated in British money, for working ten hours a day. The house-builder and other mechanics were paid up to two pounds daily—more than the salaries of many American bank-managers.

Virginia City being a place where a man's labour was precious, the skilled miner or engineer could name his own price. Why should he not, when the Bonanza Mine, only one of the treasure-beds in the Comstock, was yielding not only silver but gold to the value of over four million pounds in a single year? Until this mine gave out, the total amount of ore extracted from it was smelted into gold and silver bullion that was worth twenty-two million pounds.

There seemed to be no end to the ore from which these metals were extracted, and the wealth created a city of luxury and extravagance. With the steel highway to civilisation came a class of men who were accustomed to comfortable, if not even luxurious, living—mining engineers and graduates of eastern and European schools of mining, assayers, superintendents—and soon these organised themselves into a social club, the famous Washoe Club of the Comstock. Following the completion of the railroad, thousands of visitors came to the town, mining experts, speculators, salesmen, and for their accommodation there was built an hotel which even to-day in a much larger city would justly be rated as first-class. A French caterer opened a restaurant, where he served what he had been accustomed to serve in San Francisco—that is to say, the best meals to be obtained in America. When the population in this sagebrush desert-town found that it could dine there as it was accustomed to dine at the 'Maison Doree' or the 'Poodle Dog' restaurants in San Francisco, it wanted to go to the theatre after

dinner. As a result they built a theatre on the mountain-slope. The land had so steep a grade that the back-wall of the stage was built up for thirty feet or so in a chamber cut out of the rock, and the stage itself was laid over a foundation of this material. The theatre was a costly one; but every one had money, and plenty of it, and the theatre was crowded from the night of its opening. News of this reaching the theatrical managers, they began sending their best players to this new and wonderful mining-camp for a week's profitable business. It is a fact that Edwin Booth's company gave a play here, and a curious incident was the result. The stage-manager was informed that Booth would play *Hamlet* one night at least, so he directed the stage carpenters to cut a space through the stage floor the size of a grave. He then hired some miners, who dug what was probably the first and only real grave ever used by a *Hamlet*. When Booth arrived and the situation was explained to him he was, delighted, and before *Hamlet* jumped into Ophelia's grave he had seen the grave-diggers throw out some shovelfuls of loose natural rock the miners had left when they finished work, thus making the scene indeed realistic.

As in other great mining-camps, gambling was a passion in Virginia City. The leisure time of the miners was spent in playing for money, and for years in nearly all the saloons every known gambling device was in use every hour of the day and night, and always surrounded with money-seekers. There were roulette, 'chuck-a-luck,' keno, three-card monte. The hours of labour explain why these gambling centres were patronised every one of the twenty-four hours. During the 'golden age' fully twenty-five thousand men worked in the mines. They were divided into three shifts. One shift went to work at seven o'clock in the morning, and knocked off at three o'clock in the afternoon; then the second shift went to work until eleven o'clock at night, when the third shift of eight thousand men or so began their eight hours' labour underground. Once in two weeks a shift would work twelve hours at one time; their places were then taken by another shift that worked the same time; and so it came about that, without losing a day in the year, once in two weeks a shift would have twenty-four hours off. Under this arrangement eight thousand men and upwards were released for play. Such was their craze for games of chance that, whatever the hour they ceased work, they would go to their lodgings, put on their best clothes, and then promptly seek a table, and try to add to their honest earnings by dishonest practices; but where the few won the many lost—sometimes their all in a single night, for there was no limit to the betting, and wagers of a hundred pounds were often made on the turn of the roulette-wheel, merely to go into the pockets of its owners.

And the city had its social life. There were

the educated men connected with the mines—that is, the mining engineers, superintendents, assayers, and their wives; and the lawyers, ministers, brokers, merchants, and their wives. The women had their dances and teas and cotillions, fairs and bazaars, their calling-lists, and their riding and driving parties as extensively as in the older cities of the east.

The wonderful wealth in the mountain made the mines a resort for not only noted visitors from the east but for pleasure-seekers, and often parties of ladies went far down into the bowels of the earth to see the virgin gold and silver being taken out in the ore by the grimy, sweating miner. During this time the late Mark Twain, world-known as a wit and humorous writer, was a reporter in a Virginia City newspaper. One of the prominent visitors who had come to see the Golden City and its mines was Robert G. Ingersoll, a noted unbeliever in religion and an atheist. He went down the Ophir Mine with his wife and several ladies, and Mark acted as guide. The story of the adventure as told in Twain's words gives an idea of the lighter and darker side of the underground gold-seekers:

'A little before the night-shift went to work we arrived at the dressing-rooms of the Ophir Mine, and a foreman assigned to conduct the party showed the ladies to their dressing-room, and handed to each of them a long rubber coat. This was not because the Ophir was a wet mine, with water in its passages, but because ladies would find in the dressing-rooms for their use exactly what Mr Ingersoll and I found—a pair of heavy socks and shoes, a pair of jean trousers, a blue woollen shirt, and an oilskin cap. We descended to the fourteen hundred and seventy-five feet level, where the foreman told the ladies they could throw off their rubber coats; and, encouraged by Mr Ingersoll, they did so. Our guide took the party to the various works on that level, the drifts and cross-cuts and the faces of the "stopes," all of which the visitors enjoyed very much; but Mr Ingersoll the while was "jollyng" the foreman about the absence of the terrific heat he had heard would be encountered in the deep workings. Like a boy proud of a sore thumb, the foreman was proud of the fact that the Ophir could show up as great a degree of heat as any other mine in the lode, and this "jollyng" made him a little peevish. We went to the shaft and took a cage down several hundred feet lower. There the foreman whispered to me to detain the ladies on a pretence of showing them the cooling-off room while he attended to the great agnostic. He took him along a blind drift—that is, a drift with no opening with any other workings to give it a draught. The men toiling in the face of the drift were supplied with fresh air which was kept comparatively cool by air-pipes conducted from an air-pump. But when you got into the middle of that drift, half-way between the cross-cut from which it runs and the

face, you were in air so hot that it almost blistered the lips to breathe. Along this drift the foreman, grimly smiling, led his guest until they met a miner hurrying back, his head bowed over his candle to protect his face from the scorching air.

'Ingersoll stopped the man. "Where are you going, Mr Miner?" he asked.

'The miner gruffly replied, "I'm going to hell to cool off," and walked on.

"I think, Mr Foreman," said Ingersoll with a chuckle, "that while that man may not find the place he is looking for, we'd better return and help him to look for it. It must be cooler than this, if there is such a place."

'Then we all went down the incline in a cage called a giraffe several hundred feet farther yet, where we came close to the wet sump, the water in which was hot enough to cook an egg. After seeing what there was to see there, we were carefully stowed away in the giraffe, and the foreman gave three long, steady pulls on the signal-rope.

"What's that for?" Mr Ingersoll asked.

"It's the signal to raise—guests aboard," the foreman replied.

"Well, my handsome young man," Mr Ingersoll said, "if you continue successfully to signal until you get us all safely on to the surface of the earth, I'll write you an obituary that will make the angels turn green with envy."

Two years after Mr Ingersoll had made what he called his trip to the modern Hades came the decline and fall of Virginia City. The squad of drillers in the lowest gallery, while testing the thickness of the vein, suddenly came to a point where it ended. Continuing, they went into a mass of porphyry, or, as the Westerners would call it, 'country rock,' containing not a grain of gold. The richest vein in the world was exhausted, and in five years this city of the mountains was dead. The closing of the mines, of course, stopped the revenue which the city lived on, and the people left it in thousands, with the exception of the few who have remained still in the hope of finding gold.

THE LONGEST DAY!

How brief the longest day!

The glowing sun that seeks the western skies,
The fickle cuckoo calling as she flies,
The shadows lengthening as the bright hours pass,
The dewdrops glistening on the thirsty grass,
The evening breeze that whispers in the grove
That fleet is Time and fleetlier still is Love:
'Take heed, glad heart,' they say;
'Soon dies the longest day!'

How brief the longest day!

Each petal falling to its mossy bed,
The drooping bracken crushed beneath our tread,
The nightingale's refrain when daylight dies,
The darkness deepening 'neath the sombre skies,
The swallows flying low before the rain,
Each lonely soul that wrestles with life's pain:
'Rejoice, sad heart,' they say;
'Soon dies the longest day!'

NORA C. USHER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

MALTA.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IF you look at a map of the Mediterranean you will at once understand the immense importance of Malta to Britain. It has been described as the 'Half-way house of the Mediterranean,' and the position it occupies on the line of our quickest sea-route to India and the Far East makes its possession absolutely indispensable to us. Most people know, then, that it is a great island fortress of supreme strategic value, and protected by a strong garrison and fleet; but few have any intimate knowledge of its two hundred thousand inhabitants, and how they stand in relation to the British Government.

You must never say in the presence of a Maltese that Britain 'conquered' Malta. After successive occupation and domination by Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Romans, Spaniards, the famous Knights of St John of Jerusalem, and the French, Britain finally took over the charge of the island in 1814, pledging herself to preserve the local laws and institutions.

The Maltese—who speak a language which is really a corrupt Arabic dialect, with a strong admixture of Italian and other words—are an exceedingly litigious race. They are passionately attached to their old legal procedure, and are ready to invoke its aid on the slenderest pretext. To be a lawyer is the ambition of the educated youth of Malta. The legal profession is, as a consequence, terribly overcrowded and very poorly paid; but this is no deterrent to its pursuit. Much of the civil and commercial litigation is of a trivial character, which in England would be quickly settled by a county court. If a sum of over five pounds is involved, an appeal lies to the superior court. The court and its precincts are always crowded by eager, interested throngs. The proceedings are cumbersome and dilatory, and a case concerned with a few pounds or a simple issue will often drag out a weary course for weeks. The proceedings are conducted in Italian, although the majority of the litigants are unfamiliar with that language. But this is not felt as a grievance by the Maltese, despite assertions to the contrary; and both Bench and Bar would strongly oppose any change. A British subject is entitled to demand that his case shall be tried in English; but to secure this privilege he must not have been

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born in Malta, and it has happened that a British official's son, born in Malta, has been debarred the use of his own language in one of our own colonies!

Every visitor to Malta is struck by the extraordinary number of priests to be seen. Churches are almost as close together in Valetta as cafés. The people are intensely devoted to the Roman Catholic faith, and are unsparing in their contributions to its upkeep. Malta is indeed a gem in the Pope's crown. There are nearly two thousand Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Malta. 'Modernism' has no foothold there; the people are very superstitious and quite medieval in their religious outlook. The Church owns over one-third of the whole land in Malta, and its influence is paramount.

There is, however, much to admire in the Maltese people. They are a hardy, frugal, and most industrious race. How they preserve their health and strength on their miserable earnings is little short of marvellous. Agricultural labourers are glad to get sixteenpence a day, and a skilled mechanic is rich on half-a-crown. Yet they live and bring up large families. A loaf of bread, weighing about a *rotolo* (twenty-eight ounces), with some oil and vinegar poured into a hole cut in the middle of it, and occasionally a tomato or anchovy, constitutes the mid-day meal of the working people. They have many homely virtues. They are honest; but, like all Mediterranean people, they cannot resist the temptation to get the better of a bargain. One often hears the saying, 'It takes seven Jews to cheat one Maltese.' Certainly Jews are conspicuous by their absence. A few Indian and Japanese traders have recently settled in Valetta; but they are hard put to it to make even the desperate living which satisfies them, and depend in the main upon the casual visitors who land from the steamers.

Malta is now passing through a very bad time. There is a great amount of unemployment, and terrible distress in the *casals*, or villages. Within living memory Malta was the warehouse of the Mediterranean and a great coaling station. It was a regular port of call for the Peninsular and Oriental and other lines; and before Egypt captured the imagination of the winter tourist it was a fashionable refuge from the trials of the

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JULY 19, 1913.

British climate. But the great storehouses of the P. & O. Company, at the top of the harbour, are now empty. Algiers and other Mediterranean ports have diverted the coaling trade, and only a few intermediate steamers now call at Malta. The fashionable winter season is only a memory. Malta deserves better treatment from the traveller and the tourist. The winter climate is magnificent, and Valetta has modern sanitation, lighting, and all the conveniences so dear to our civilisation.

The history of Malta is intensely interesting. Here Carthage and Rome have left undying relics of their vanished empires. The Greeks, the Phœnicians, and the Arabs have all marked their occupation of Malta by imperishable monuments. The Knights Hospitallers ruled for over two hundred years, and their churches and palaces are the glory of the island. The student of history can read in Malta the story of the great empires that have successively dominated the destinies of the Western world in the ancient and middle epochs.

The unification of Italy, and the consequent erection of fiscal barriers, dealt Malta a severe blow years ago. Count Cavour's Italian policy was to force Italy into the front rank of European Powers, and no account of the decline of Maltese trade and importance can be complete without a proper understanding of Italian trade methods. But nothing has been done in Malta to counter Italian policy. The commercial code dates from 1854, and for more than fifty years has never been amended to meet the new conditions. The civil Government is blamed for much of the decline and the present distress; but the civil Government is not truly representative of Malta. The elected members are in a minority, and a military governor is at its head. The dearest wish of the Maltese, constantly formulated in petitions to the Imperial Government, is to have a civilian at the head of the civil administration. They want a constitution more worthy of the name, and a civil governor who would be willing and able to rescue the island from its present economic difficulties. This should be quite possible without sacrificing in any way the strategic value of Malta or its immense importance as a link in the chain of Empire.

Malta has, of course, suffered severely from the gradual reduction of the Imperial garrison, naval and military, since 1902. Whenever the fleet is absent from Malta it is estimated to represent a loss of one thousand pounds a day to the island. The great Admiralty works have been completed, and with the basing of the fleet on Gibraltar a great loss to Malta is inevitable.

The real difficulty in the way of regeneration is the fact that the Maltese have never been a self-supporting people. They have always, and especially during the occupations by the Knights Hospitallers and the British Government, relied on a large expenditure within the island of revenues drawn from outside sources. The results have been deplorable. As every psychologist knows, the highest types have always been evolved from peoples who have depended on their own exertions, and who have forced their way to the front by the surmounting of apparently insuperable difficulties. It is as true of nations as it is of individuals. The Maltese, by the peculiar and imposed conditions of their government for centuries, are almost without initiative. They are a people without leaders. The better classes in Malta have education and money, but they are entirely inert and selfish. There are no captains of industry. They have no commercial enterprise. A French company provides the best passenger service to Malta, an Austrian boat carries the British mails to Syracuse, an English company owns the tramways, and German and Italian vessels have most of the carrying trade. The few industries the island once possessed are dead or dying, or in the hands of people with neither scientific knowledge nor capital. When you confront the Maltese with these facts they do not deny them, but they shift the blame upon the Government. They declare that there are no laws to safeguard capital, that an antiquated commercial code cripples industry, and that all their appeals to the Imperial Government to reform and remedy this state of things have fallen on deaf ears. Above all, the commercial interests of the island have been unduly sacrificed to the military exigencies of the Empire.

It is difficult to disprove these contentions, and it is satisfactory to know that at the present moment the Imperial Government, acting on the report of a recent Royal Commission which inquired into the finances, economic position, and judicial procedure of Malta, are investigating the causes of the present decline with a view to introducing remedial legislation. But mere legislation without a moral awakening in Malta will avail little; it may only mean, under our modern conditions, a few people amassing greater wealth. The Maltese are a fine race, splendid raw material, willing and hard-working labourers. If the leaders are given the opportunity to invest their capital and to develop the resources of the people, Malta may yet witness a return to the prosperity of forty and fifty years ago, but a prosperity based on sounder economic principles and more enduring.



AN EXPERIMENT.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE three adventurers and their bodyguard of miners made their way down the stony fallside to the buildings outside the entrance to the mine. The great terrace was crowded with miners and miners' wives and daughters and sisters; for the news of the fall of roof—due to the disintegrating effect of the long-continued deluge of rain, aided by insufficient shoring of the roof with props—had spread in the village, and it was not known how far it extended or whether all the men imprisoned in the mine thereby had been killed in its descent. All that was certainly known was that the adit was hopelessly blocked by a mass of fallen rock, which it would take many days of hard work to clear.

'Hallo, lad!' called one of the rescued men, slapping a friend heavily on his broad back, 'what art tha staring at?'

The man addressed turned quickly and flashed a lantern he held on the face of the speaker and his companion, then gave a cry to his mates. 'Eh mates, they're a' here!' he shouted.

The crowd cheered crazily in the sudden revulsion of feeling. Tyson worked his way to a tub of ore, on which he climbed and addressed the assemblage. He officiated as preacher on occasions at the local chapel, and was no amateur speaker. The cheering stopped abruptly, and the crowd listened in breathless silence.

'Ay, we're a' here reet eno', said Tyson, a weird figure in the glimmering lantern-light. 'T'owd lad'—he indicated Mr Christian, who stood near the improvised rostrum, his once immaculate top-hat still on his head, but looking now like the ruins of a concertina—'an' them twa o' Johnson's pups went doon t' shaft an' fetched up them we thowt droonded.'

'An' how did they gang doon?' demanded a woman's voice. 'Did they joomp?'

'Nay; they joost slithered doon t' girt pipe o' yon doomed poomp,' replied the orator; 't'owd lad kened t'owd road oop fra t' low level none o' us younger men kened owt o'. He an' t' other twain swum t' flood doon yonder, an' found t' lads an' browt 'em oop till us joost as t' roof fell in ahint us an' corked t' lot o' us oop fair. Then us climbed Jacob's Ladder an' found t' spot where air coomes in by. Joost a fox-earth o' a spot, an' us squeezed oot in t' ghyll on t' fellside. It's lucky Girt Jock'—he pointed to an enormously stout man in the crowd—'wasna within, or he'd never a bin able to squeeze hisself oot, I tell ye. Us is a' lean chaps.'

There was a laugh and more cheering, and under cover of the general confusion Carter touched Carr on the arm. 'I say,' he said in his ear, 'we'd best get out of this. I'm afraid

our old man has got an awful chill; he's shivering fit to rattle the teeth out of his head.'

Carr quickly slipped out of the jostling groups around them, followed by Carter, who had put his strong hand over Mr Christian's shuddering arm.

'We'll get out the motor,' Carr said. 'Dr Lawton is at Scale Hall. We'll run down there and see what he says about Mr Christian—that will be our best plan.'

They soon got under way, and in a very few minutes the car stopped outside Scale Hall.

Carr got out and rang the bell.

As George the footman arrived in answer to his summons, Lady Anne crossed the hall and heard his voice. 'Mr Carr!' she cried, 'we heard you were all imprisoned in the mine. What has happened?'

'We were beautifully corked up,' answered Carr. 'Thanks to Mr Christian, we all got out safely; but I am afraid he's got a bad chill, so we came here to see Dr Lawton on our way home. Is he in, Lady Anne?'

Lady Anne advanced to the doorstep and peered at Mr Christian's face, gray-white in the light of the acetylene lamps.

'Yes, he is in, fortunately,' she answered, deciding matters quickly in her usual capable way; 'and you are none of you going home to-night. You are coming in here. I had beds got ready in case we could do anything. You are all wet through, and no wonder you are catching chills.'

There was indeed small doubt as to Carr, at any rate, being wet through, for his sodden boots squelched as he walked, and a large pool of ruddy water collected round him on the step while he stood. He handed Carter and his charge out of the motor and introduced them to Lady Anne, who handed them over to George with instructions that Mr Christian was to be helped to bed, and the other two provided with dry clothes from her brother-in-law's wardrobe; after which dinner was the next item on the programme.

Carr was the first to arrive in the drawing-room, squeezed into a suit of Lord Henry's many sizes too small for him. Still, it was dry, and he felt that that was all he minded.

Stella was standing alone by the crackling wood-fire as he crossed the long, low room.

'Oh Charles,' she cried, 'how proud we all feel of you! Do tell me all you did!'

'You needn't feel proud of me,' said Charles, laughing. 'All I did was to follow old Christian's lead. He's a game old bird, if you like.'

'We thought you were all drowned or squashed by the roof falling on you,' said the girl with a

shudder. 'It has been a most horrible evening. And, Charles'— She stopped and blushed.

'Well?' said Charles, smiling at her.

'You won't ask me to marry you any more, will you?' she said. 'Yesterday, when Mr Lawton got so hurt, I knew I loved him. I've liked him very much, you know, for a long time; and then I saw him to-day, and—and'—

'I suppose he found that he loved you, too?' wound up Carr for her, as she stopped again.

'Yes; it all came out all of a sudden,' said Stella. 'I'm going to marry him when I'm of age, if I have to run away to Greta Green to do it. He is very poor now; he only has what mother spends a year on my clothes for his whole income; but he is going abroad to make a fortune when he is quite all right.'

'I don't think he will need to do that,' said Charles. 'I've got a confession to make to you too, Stella. I'm going to marry Jean Lawton.'

'Oh Charles!' she cried. 'Oh, I'm so glad—so very, very glad! You *will* be happy.'

'I ought to be,' said Charles. 'Hallo! here's Carter.—Carter, this is Miss Saxton.'

Carter, with a diffidence that sat oddly on him, shook hands with the girl, seeing that it was expected of him. He was agonisingly conscious that there was an unseemly hiatus between the bottoms of Lord Henry's trousers and the tops of Lord Henry's silk socks, and the sleeves of the coat into which George had crammed him with difficulty did not reach very far below his elbow.

'I say, Carr,' he said in a desperate undertone, 'how do I speak to Lady Anne? Do I call her "my lady" or "your ladyship"?' 'Neither,' said Carr; 'just "Lady Anne."'

'It seems so confoundingly familiar,' said the abashed youth. 'Oh, here is the doctor!—How is our old man, sir?'

'Tucked up in hot blankets and sound asleep,' said the doctor, stifling a grin at the sight of the two scarecrows. He looked hard at Carr. 'By the way, I was told at the mine this afternoon that Lord Blackport was inside with the rescue-party. Did you see him?'

Carr blushed crimson. 'I am Lord Blackport,' he said shamefacedly. 'I've been a—a—wolf in sheep's clothing, doctor.'

Stella could contain herself no longer. 'And Jean is going to marry him,' she cried; 'and Tom is going to marry me. We settled it all beautifully when you were up at the mine this afternoon.'

'You surprise me very much!' exclaimed Dr Lawton.

Lady Anne joined the excited group by the fire. 'And what on earth will Isobel say?' she said, smiling at the girl's happy face. 'However, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and I think we will go and have dinner to support us in this shock.—Come along, Dr Lawton; the young people can follow by themselves. Your

wife is having her dinner in the library with Tom.'

'By the way, how is Tom?' asked Carr.

'He'll be all right in a day or two,' said the doctor, giving Lady Anne his arm. 'He has a head like a nigger apparently. We always used to say when he was a youngster, and tumbled, that if he fell on his head no one need worry. He apparently lighted on his head yesterday, and the family tradition is upheld. Except for a good shake up, he is no worse.'

'It is good to be a hard-headed Cumbrian,' said Lady Anne thoughtfully; and they all laughed.

CHAPTER XV.

'**LORD BLACKPORT,**' said Lady Anne the next morning, 'Mr Christian has sent down a message that he is awake and wants to see you. Tell him from me that I forbid him to get up to-day. Mr Carter tells me he lives alone in lodgings, and he is to stay here with me till he has quite got over the effects of yesterday. Your friend Mr Carter is a trifle uncouth, but he is a good-hearted lad.'

'He has never had a chance to be anything but a bit of a cub,' said Blackport. 'Underneath it all he has the makings of a decent man. I will tell Mr Christian what your orders are.'

Mr Christian was sitting up in bed when his ex-clerk came into his room. His wizened face was more pinched than ever, and his head was tied up in a white silk handkerchief, Lord Henry not indulging in nightcaps as part of his wardrobe. George, mindful of Dr Lawton's instructions not to let his patient catch cold, had pinned a plaid shawl borrowed from Lady Anne round his shoulders. He replied in answer to Blackport's inquiries that he was better, and rested, but he had something on his mind, and could not rest until it was said.

'Lord Blackport,' he said slowly, 'Mr Johnson, before he was taken ill yesterday, was in grave trouble.'

'Yes,' said Blackport simply, 'I know. He told me what it was.'

'That simplifies what I have to say,' said the old clerk. 'It makes it possible for me to tell you the whole truth. For years, Lord Blackport, I have helped Mr Johnson to cheat you—to embezzle—let us state the facts as they are—your money. He was in Davis's power. Davis made him an honest man; it was his doing. He forced Mr Johnson into it. Mr Johnson made me, sir; he gave me my chance in life, taught me all I know, took me into his own office. I owe everything to him. I could not desert him, and I too became a dishonest man for his sake.'

'I gathered from what Mr Johnson let fall

yesterday,' said Lord Blackport gently, 'that you had been a most faithful and valuable servant to him. It will be months before he is fit for work again, if he ever is. When you are allowed by Lady Anne to return to business, you and I will go through the books and estate matters together, and put things on a sound footing.'

A dull flush rose in the old man's wizened face. 'Put things right! Return to business!' he stammered. 'Then does your lordship not mean to prosecute?'

Blackport held out his hand. 'Mr Christian,' he said, 'yesterday's work in the mine wipes the slate clean. I have considered it well. At first I must confess I felt it would be my duty to put the matter into my lawyers' hands. I have altered that opinion on consideration. Davis, the prime sinner, is dead; Mr Johnson is a broken man; and who am I to kick a man when he is down? Anyway, both you and he were kind to one whom you both believed to be a friendless ignoramus thrust by circumstances into your employment. You shall teach me to manage the estates. We will put things in good order between us. Another thing. I am going to be married, and I intend for the future to make my home at Blackport Castle. Absentee landlords are a mistake—they deserve all they get.'

Mr Christian blew his nose loudly. He did not reply for a while. 'That is true, my lord,' he said at last. 'Have I your permission to write to Mrs Johnson? How much she knows or guesses I cannot tell, but she is not the type of woman you would expect Davis's sister to be. She could not bear to live in Blackport in his vicinity. Our small society called her frivolous, heartless, extravagant. My opinion is that she tried to shut her eyes to what was going on. She could do no good by keeping them open, and she found the situation unbearable, so she simplified matters by staying away.'

'Yes, of course,' said Lord Blackport, 'write as you think kindest and best. Mr Johnson has not understood; it might make all the difference to him. Tell her that the Castle is to be inhabited for the future, and we hope more may be going on in our small circle. Anyway, Mr Johnson is ill, and needs her. Send her a telegram, Mr Christian, and a letter telling what you think is necessary for her to know to await her arrival. By the way, Bob Carter is up at the mine seeing after things. This business has brought out all the best of Bob.'

'It needed some deep digging,' said Mr Christian grimly. 'They brought big money, those pupils, to Mr Johnson; but they were a sore trouble to me. They seemed to think their parents paid three hundred a year for them to do nothing. Still, I'll not deny Carter has shown his mettle. He has good points.'

'We'll turn him into a good man yet,' said Lord Blackport cheerily. 'And the men like him, too. There's been a deputation of them down here this morning to inquire after you. They interviewed Lady Anne on the doorstep, and 'hoped t' owd lad found hissel' i' good fettle.'

Mr Christian chuckled dryly; he understood the Cumberland miner and his rough, kindly ways. 'I'se grand!' he said, with a sudden startling relapse from his prim, precise diction into the dialect of his youth. 'And Lady Anne, George tells me,' he added reflectively, 'is a lone widow woman. Ah, she'd be a grand keeper to any man!'

The door opened before Blackport could control his voice sufficiently to reply to this observation.

'Lord Blackport,' said Lady Anne's voice, 'come away. You have talked more than enough to Mr Christian. He is not to be tired or worried with business to-day.'

Mr Christian glanced triumphantly at his ex-clerk. 'What did I tell you, now?' he said, as Blackport obediently rose and prepared for flight. 'Go away, laddie, and see how Mr Johnson's faring, and I'll compose a canny telegram to Mrs Johnson. Ay, I ken her address in Paris.'

'Now, Lord Blackport, are you coming?' said the insistent voice at the door, and Lord Blackport meekly came.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE London train sidled slowly into Blackport's grimy, sordid station. A tall young man in a gray tweed suit was waiting for it, and pounced upon a slender, graceful woman of about forty, with tired gray eyes and an exquisite and quite natural complexion, who descended from a first-class carriage. She pulled her sables more closely about her as the bleak draughts of the station swept round her, and shivered perceptibly.

'Mrs Johnson—at least, I hope so!' said the young man, holding out a strong, sinewy hand. 'I am Blackport.'

The delicate, refined, strained face whitened pitifully. The nervous tension in which she held herself was painfully visible.

'I am Blackport,' said the young man. 'I came to meet you because Mr Johnson, though he is ever so much better, has to be kept perfectly quiet. He has overworked himself, you know, and had a nervous break-down. Your brother's death, too—I am so sorry, Mrs Johnson—was an awful shock to him.'

The delicate face hardened.

'My brother and I had nothing in common,' she said in a low voice. 'We had not spoken for years.'

'You must cheer your husband up,' said

Blackport hurriedly. Davis evidently was a subject to be avoided. 'Mr Christian and I are trying to keep the pot boiling, tell him, till he is well enough to come back and see after things himself.'

Mrs Johnson looked at him. 'I see,' she said quietly. 'I will try and make him understand that; and—and'—her voice broke—'thank you, Lord Blackport.'

Lord Blackport dropped a shilling into the porter's hand as he settled her in the motor—his motor this time—waiting outside the station.

'Oh, he'll be greatly pleased, when he gets about, to find what we've done,' he said cheerily. 'We are getting all the things he has wanted for years in train. We are going to pull down all the slums and alleys, and build good new houses for the pitmen and mill operatives; and all the farms and things are being overhauled. Mr Christian is a first-rate hand at the job. I am really getting on tremendously well, tell him. I begin to hope I sha'n't disgrace the office. You see,' he added boyishly, 'I was just an idle loafer when I came here, but your husband and Mr Christian have made a man of me. I hope,' he wound up with a laugh, 'in time quite a useful man.'

'I don't think,' said Mrs Johnson, 'there is much fear of that.'

'And Mr Johnson has got to be nursed up to be at my wedding,' went on Blackport, trying not to see the tears on her long eyelashes. 'I'm going to marry Jean Lawton as soon as she can

have a few clothes got ready, you know; but we shall have to wait till he can be there, so just you make him hurry up and get well. Oh, here we are!'

The motor pulled up at the great, gloomy house in North Street to which the agent had been moved that morning in readiness for his wife's return. Blackport helped her out of the car and followed her into the hall.

'May I just say good-night to him?' he asked. 'I always come in in the evening to tell him Mr Christian and I are all right. He likes us to let him know what we are doing.'

He ran lightly up the wide, shallow staircase, and went into a great, many-windowed room, where, on a sofa, covered with rugs, lay what had been Johnson, the ruin of a man.

'Here's Mrs Johnson,' he said as the colourless eyes turned to him, tortured, maddening anxiety in them. 'I've been telling her all our doings and plans—boring her horribly, I expect.'

The tall, fair woman came past him and took the two nerveless hands that rested on the coverlet into hers. She held them closely to her. 'Hughie!' she said, and bent and kissed the colourless face.

Blackport slipped out of the room down to Mr Christian, who waited anxiously, secreted in the dining-room. 'It's all right,' he said; 'she kissed him.'

'Thank God!' said Mr Christian, for once brushing his top-hat the wrong way of the nap.

THE END.

HUMOUR IN THE TELEGRAPH-OFFICE.

By J. D. LECKIE.

TELEGRAPHY nowadays is very different from what it was forty or fifty years ago. Telegraph and cable rates in those days were high, and many of our ocean cables had not then been called into existence. Even up to the close of the American Civil War no permanent or successful cable had been laid across the Atlantic. Several attempts had been made, but they had not been satisfactory, and while the war was in progress readers on this side of the Atlantic had to rely on the mail-steamers for the latest news.

Many and ingenious were the stratagems employed by rival papers to obtain the latest news of the stupendous conflict, and to be the first to publish it. Long before the steamers arrived in port they were assailed by representatives of the Press, who, in order to lose no time, would endeavour to smuggle themselves on board from the pilot's boat, and launches would lie in wait for the transatlantic leviathans; but as visitors were not usually allowed to board the vessel until she had received her pratique, they had frequently to be content with such information as could be shouted to them by the passengers, or they might

be so fortunate as to obtain copies of the latest American papers tossed overboard, which were worth more to them than their weight in gold.

The representative of a certain London paper thought himself lucky when he managed to get on board the incoming mail-steamer from the pilot's boat. Such an opportunity was not to be had very often, and he was determined to make the most of it. But what was his chagrin to find that, in spite of all his trouble and enterprise, a reporter from a rival paper had already forestalled him! A tender had lain in wait for the mail-steamer, and this Mercury of the Press had bought up every available newspaper on board. But the new-comer was not a man to be balked by such trifles. He announced that he would pay handsomely for a single copy of a late American newspaper, and when this was known every crevice of the steamer was searched. By good-luck a copy was found in the possession of one of the crew in the stoke-hole. The treasure was at once secured, and the reporter hastened to put it to the best advantage. But when the steamer arrived in Liverpool his rival had already got the start of him. Not

a moment was to be lost. He chartered a special train, and while this was being got ready he engaged a staff of printers and installed a miniature printing-office in the luggage-van. All other trains made way for the special; the printers, urged by the promise of an extra reward, redoubled their efforts, and by the time the train arrived in London a sheet containing the latest news from the seat of war was ready, and soon the newsboys were shouting its contents in the streets. The enterprising reporter had beaten his rival, though only by a few minutes; his paper was the first to issue the news, and his employers rewarded him liberally.

The writer remembers having read the account of how a certain telegraph line was held up at a critical time (probably during an election). A train was observed to set down some half-dozen men at a railway station. The men raced for the telegraph-office, each trying to be there first—all but one man, who simply walked; he had engaged the telegraph line and paid in advance, so he was in no particular hurry. There was a Bible in the office; and in order to hold up the line till he required it for his own message, he instructed the operator to telegraph the Book of Job! A similar occurrence is related of the late Dr José Paz—who recently died in his villa at Monte Carlo, a multi-millionaire—formerly proprietor of the *Prensa* of Buenos Ayres, the leading newspaper in South America. The *Prensa*, which occupies a palatial building in Buenos Ayres, is one of the most enterprising papers in the world, and has been highly successful. During the Franco-German war, when the European mail was due at Montevideo, Dr Paz, in order to beat his rivals, would keep possession of the wire from that port to Buenos Ayres by the tactics just mentioned—namely, by keeping it at work on the Bible till his own copy was ready for transmission. Such feats have often been repeated; but in those far-off days they were considered marvels of enterprise.

That is not the only way in which the sacred volume has been utilised in the telegraph-office. In his announcement about half-price uncoded cablegrams, Mr Samuel told of an archbishop who had a private Scripture code of his own. Thus on one occasion he cabled from abroad: 'John, Epistle iii. 13, 14.' His friends looked up the reference, and found the following words: 'I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee: But I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name.'

The rivalry between the various press associations is quite as keen as that between the newspapers they cater for. A certain American press association was surprised to find that the telegrams and news which it supplied appeared in an unaccountable manner, and simultaneously, in the columns of papers which were not among its subscribers. At last it was discovered that a rival

association had managed to procure copies of the messages, perhaps by bringing undue influence to bear on the telegraph operators. But the aggrieved association had its revenge; for, later, the following telegram, which the unscrupulous association pretended had been sent to it, appeared in the usual unauthorised manner in certain newspapers: 'The Indian Prince Siht Elots Pu Eht has been dethroned by his subjects.' The secret was out when it was shown that the name of the supposed Indian prince, when read backwards, formed the following sentence: 'The U.P. [United Press] stole this.'

A good piece of live news, says the *New York Tribune*, may often be made by accident. Readers of Sir J. M. Barrie's novel *When a Man's Single* will recall the sub-editor who thought a despatch beginning, 'Zulus have taken Umbrage' referred to the capture of a post, and included in the contents bill next morning, 'Latest News of the War: Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus.'

A despatch in the *Ottawa Evening Journal*, dated Dauphin, Man., 18th June, and announcing the result of the voting in the Kinistino district in the territorial elections, stated: 'As a result of the vote, Meyers and Nott Shadd, a negro, elected for the constituency.' It should have been, of course, 'Meyers, and not Shadd.' In this case the wide-awake sub-editor in the *Ottawa Journal* office added: 'Shadd is the first full-blooded negro to be elected to a legislative body in Canada;' and he headed it in large capitals: 'First Negro to Sit in the Canadian Assembly. Nott Shadd has been Elected in the Territories.'

The high cable rates to Australia and consequent very condensed skeleton telegrams may account for the muddled telegrams which have appeared from time to time in the Antipodean Press. In the process of expansion these telegrams often undergo a wonderful transformation. Some years ago the first three horses in the Lincoln Handicap were Ob, Dean Swift, and Roseate Dawn. A press agency in London wired the result to an Australian paper as follows: 'Lincoln Ob Dean Swift Roseate Dawn.' The sub-editor who was in charge had never heard of the Lincoln Handicap, and for some time puzzled vainly over the mysterious message. Finally he came to the conclusion that 'Ob' must stand for *obit*, the Latin word expressing a death notice. He accordingly turned out the following paragraph, which duly appeared in print: 'We deeply regret to announce the death at Lincoln of the celebrated Dean Swift, the author of that favourite hymn, "The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn."' It is not on record whether he was promoted for his smartness. Another bungled obituary notice appeared in the Australian newspapers a number of years ago, when the celebrated songstress Adelina Patti had the uncomfortable experience of reading in an Antipodean paper the announcement of her own death. The error arose through mistake in a telegram intimating the death of her husband, M. Nicolini.

Many blunders of a local character in the Australian Press might also be recorded, but sometimes these arise through the ambiguous wording of a message, as happened in the following case. A member of Parliament was to have made a speech at a certain town, and being unable to do so because the heavy rains had damaged a branch railway, he sent a telegram as follows: 'Cannot come. Wash out on line.' In a few hours the reply came: 'Never mind. Borrow a shirt.'

Some years ago, when it was proposed to subsidise a new steamship line between Canada and Australia, it was found impossible at the moment to carry out the proposed arrangements owing to the attitude of the Queensland Government, which insisted, as a condition to paying a subvention, that the steamers should call at both Maryborough (or some other port) and Brisbane. The New South Wales Government, which was negotiating the matter, telegraphed back: 'Brisbane or Maryborough, not both;' to which they received the reply: 'Both or none.' Not to be outdone in curtness and courtesy, they wired back: 'None.' The above incident is related from memory, but it is accurate in essential details.

Geographical blunders are frequent among telegraphic news items, and even the best-informed papers are apt to nod sometimes. This is not to be wondered at, for unfamiliar geographical names are always liable to undergo a wonderful transformation in their passage over the wires, and mistakes with names of somewhat similar spelling

frequently occur. Thus the writer not long ago noticed a cable in which the name Salvador had evidently been mistaken for Zanzibar. When it was first proposed to establish a naval station at Esquimalt, one paper came out with the heading, 'Proposed Naval Station in the Arctic Regions.' The sub-editor evidently imagined that Esquimalt had something to do with the Esquimaux. But such cases could be cited *ad infinitum*.

The *Bulawayo Chronicle* published a special cable from London some time ago announcing that Mr Carnegie had presented the town of Morley with the late Lord Acton's library. It is fair to add that other journals in South Africa fell into the same error owing to the skeletonised form in which the cable was sent. The *Natal Witness*, which favoured the 'town of Morley' version, made quite merry at the expense of the *Natal Mercury*, which correctly interpreted the cable, but the laugh was ultimately on the other side.

It does not often happen that a proposal of marriage is made by telegraph; but this occurred in the case of a Belgrade clerk, who on the strength of a sudden increase of salary telegraphed to a young lady, asking her to share his fortunes. The local regulation allows ten words for the minimum fee, and the answer, which was prepaid, came back as follows: 'Yes, gladly, willingly, joyfully, delightedly, gratefully, lovingly. Yes, yes, yes.'

MAJOR PENGETHLIN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER IV.

'I MAY mention to your ladyship,' resumed the lawyer, 'that I am empowered on behalf of my client to make Oliver Duthin a free gift of twelve hundred pounds, but without furnishing any clue to the name of the donor.'

Lady Westray looked the astonishment she felt. 'What a pity—what a great pity it is,' she said, 'that you did not come a little while earlier!'

'But I did, madam. I called upon you nearly a month ago, and was told that you were abroad.'

'For the moment I had forgotten that.'

'But why, if I may ask, is it a pity I did not call before you went abroad?'

'Because Duthin has gone away without leaving any address. On reaching home the day before yesterday I found an undated note from him informing me that he had left my service of his own accord.'

Very blank looked the lawyer. For the moment he found nothing to say.

'From the date of his leaving prison till a few days ago,' resumed her ladyship, 'he has been in my employ as under-gardener, a post which he has filled with every satisfaction to me, and that

he has chosen to leave me after all these years I feel as a personal loss. One of the first things he told me after his arrival here was that prior to his imprisonment he had become engaged to a girl in the north of England, and that he could not settle down to anything till he had ascertained whether she had cast him off or still held him to his engagement. At the end of three days he was back. The girl's parents had emigrated, and she had gone with them, leaving no word behind. For a long time Duthin remained terribly depressed, not being able to rid himself of the notion that the girl would not have gone without leaving a message of some sort had she not firmly believed in his guilt. He has never been what I would term a cheerful man; and, while having a pleasant word for everybody, he has always kept himself, to a certain extent, aloof from his fellows. When not engaged over his work he seemed to be perpetually brooding his work he seemed to be perpetually brooding over the past; and no wonder, poor fellow! when one considers all that he has suffered and all that he has lost. Of late I have fancied that as a result of his continual brooding his mind was becoming slightly unhinged, and the strange

note he left behind him goes some way to confirm me in that opinion. There is no reason why you should not read his note. Excuse me for a moment while I fetch it.'

While her ladyship was gone Mr Bowerby arose in order to stretch his legs. As he crossed the room his eye was caught by a crayon portrait hanging between the two windows, and he came to a stand before it. It was an unmistakable likeness of Major Pengethlin when a young man. The lawyer whistled under his breath. 'If one may judge by this, Lady Westray's first love still lives in her memory.' He had hardly resumed his seat before she was back.

She handed him the note, simply saying, 'Read it.' It ran as follows:

'HONOURED MADAM,—When you receive this I shall have left your service, and with it the kindest mistress in the world, one to whom my heart-felt gratitude will evermore be due. It was my dearest hope that I should continue in your service throughout my life; but I am called away to fulfil a vow taken by me many years ago, which circumstances have hitherto compelled me to hold in abeyance. Quite lately, however, and most unexpectedly, the way has been made clear for me to carry out my long-deferred purpose, and there is that within me which urges me no longer to delay its fulfilment.'

The letter ended with further expressions of gratitude and devotion to Lady Westray.

'A very singular effusion,' remarked Mr Bowerby as he gave it back. 'He writes like a man of some education.'

'He was originally intended for a scholastic career, but preferred a life of adventure. After he had knocked about the world for a number of years, a fit of home-sickness seized him. When he embarked at New York he had with him his savings of five hundred pounds, which he asked the purser to take charge of and lock up in his safe. When three days out the *Veronique* was cut down by a huge liner, and foundered a few minutes later, only allowing time for the unfortunate passengers to escape to the other vessel in their night-clothes. All else was lost. A gentleman on the liner supplied Duthin with a suit of his own clothes, and Duthin landed at Liverpool with a few shillings in his pocket. But what can he mean by stating in his note that he is called away to fulfil a vow? A vow to do what?'

It was a question to which there was no answer.

Before taking his leave, Mr Bowerby arranged that should Duthin at any time return to the Court, or should any tidings of him reach Lady Westray, she should at once communicate with him.

'Have you heard the news?' were his nephew's first words as Mr Bowerby entered his office at noon on the day following his interview with

Lady Westray. A fly had just brought him from the railway station.

'I have heard nothing.'

'Major Pengethlin was found dead in bed this morning.'

The lawyer sank into the nearest chair, feeling for a moment or two as if all the pulses of his being had come to a sudden stop. He pressed his hands dazedly to his forehead, and not for a few minutes could he command his voice. Then he said brokenly, 'Found dead in his bed, do you say? No struggle—no sudden shock, eh?'

'Of course not. Passed away quietly in his sleep.'

Mr Bowerby felt relieved. Somehow he had subconsciously connected the fact of the major's death with the contents of Duthin's strange note to Lady Westray, as if there might be some hidden link between the two. 'I must go at once to the Lodge,' he said.

'You will have luncheon first! It will be ready in five minutes.'

'My boy, I could not swallow a morsel just now were it to save my life.'

Another fly took Mr Bowerby to Paston Lodge, where Mrs Jennings, the housekeeper, received him. What she had to communicate confirmed everything he had already been told. 'Heart failure is Dr Shillitoe's verdict,' she said. 'It seems that my poor master had suffered from his heart for years. Perhaps you would like to take a last look at him, sir?'

'Yes; I should certainly like to bid him a silent farewell.'

When they emerged from the death-chamber a few minutes later the housekeeper said, 'Leaving the master's death out of question, a curious thing happened last night which has bothered me a good deal. One of the French windows that open on to the veranda had been forced, and, the walks having been freshly gravelled, there were footmarks right across the drawing-room and round by the hall to the foot of the stairs, where they ceased. The intruder, whoever he was, would appear to have left his boots there and to have gone upstairs without them.'

'But what reason have you for assuming that the intruder, as you term him, went upstairs?'

'Because, sir, in master's bedroom I found a man's cap—a common cloth cap, such as costs about a shilling. There it lay on the floor; but although the master's watch and two valuable rings were on the toilet-table, nothing is missing. It's a funny affair, and I can make neither head nor tail of it. But the police have got the cap, and the matter's now in their hands.'

'Did the nurse, who, I presume, sleeps in the next room, hear nothing?'

'Not a sound, so she declares.'

It was indeed a 'funny' affair, and again the lawyer's thoughts reverted to Duthin and his note to Lady Westray, although why they should do so he could not have told. Then he called

to mind that even if he had succeeded in finding Duthin, now that Major Pengethlin was dead and the twelve hundred pounds still in the bank, he would have been unable to obtain it and hand it over to that much-wronged man. The major had died intestate, and his next-of-kin, his cousin, Lord Porlock, would inherit everything.

'Poor Duthin!' murmured Mr Bowerby as he walked homeward. 'For him in this world there will be no compensation. To what unforeseen ends in this seeming haphazard world have events a way of working themselves out!'

CHAPTER V.

LADY WESTRAY had been at special pains to keep the fact that her new under-gardener was an ex-convict from the knowledge of the Sunbridge gossips, and not even Wade the head-gardener had any suspicion that such was the case. Duthin seemed to have a natural taste for horticulture, and he made an excellent assistant. Nowhere could there have been found a more inoffensive man, or one who kept himself more studiously to the narrow limits of his own affairs; but he was chary of speech, and there was an aloofness about him which effectually discouraged any attempts at intimacy on the part of others.

About a month prior to Mr Bowerby's interview with Lady Westray the latter's mother arrived at the Court on a long-deferred visit. Now it so happened that on a certain day when Duthin was busy trimming a grape-vine in the glass-house, Mrs Rossmore and her daughter came down the veranda-steps and seated themselves in a couple of wicker-chairs in the shade of a copper-beech at the edge of the lawn. Mrs Rossmore, still a comely dowager, had married for the second time some years before; and, her husband being partially deaf, she had insensibly fallen into the habit of pitching all her talk in the same loud, emphatic tones that she necessarily adopted when conversing with him. Thus it fell out that Duthin could not avoid overhearing what passed between mother and daughter, who were seated with their backs to the glass-house, and after Mrs Rossmore's first words he felt as if he were glued to the spot.

'The sight of that red-haired gardener of yours,' began the dowager, 'who passed me close as I was cutting a few flowers after breakfast, gave me quite a turn.'

'Why was that, mother?'

'Because of his striking resemblance to Major Pengethlin, or rather to what the latter was like when I met him in India a number of years ago. Your man has the same fiery mop of hair, the same long, lean face, and the same military carriage. For the moment I was quite startled.

By the way, I don't think I've mentioned that I casually encountered the major when I was in Devon a few months ago. He has greatly changed, poor man! since I saw him in India. His red hair has now faded to a sort of rusty gray.'

'Where is he living now?'

'At a secluded house known as Paston Lodge on the edge of the moors, a couple of miles from the dead-alive little town of Tolsworthy in north Devon. From what I gathered, he leads the life of a recluse, and is practically buried from the world. Yet what a gay young spark he used to be when he came a-courting to Hill Grange! Surely his may be termed a wasted life, and all owing to one false step. He must have been crazy at the time.'

There was an interval of silence, which Mrs Rossmore was the first to break.

'I suppose this red-headed gardener of yours is the man you befriended out of compassion as a consequence of Roger Pengethlin having unwittingly revealed his guilty secret?'

'He is the man.'

'Poor fellow! he is indeed much to be pitied.'

Presently a slight rain began to fall, and the ladies retreated indoors.

Duthin stood like a tranced man till they were gone. His body was rigid, his eyes fixed and staring; but they might have been those of a blind man. Every word had been overheard by him, and had bitten like some corrosive acid into his inmost consciousness. All was now explained. Things which heretofore had been dark to him were made clear. After a little he drew a laboured breath and came back to a sense of time and place. 'From the first,' he said aloud, 'I have felt an inward assurance that, early or late, the day would come when the identity of the man to whom I owe my blighted life would be revealed to me; and now the day is here. Now to set about the task to which I vowed myself long years ago!'

He was impatient to take the first step on the road he seemed to see stretching clearly before him; but Lady Westray had started for the Continent on the day following the overheard conversation, and Oliver felt that, in view of all he owed her, he could not quit her service as any casual labourer might have done. And so a laggard fortnight was lived through, at the end of which he decided that it would be wiser not to await her ladyship's return. She would be sure to question him, and as it was impossible to state the nature of the errand on which he was bound, he must either lie to her or wilfully decline to answer, either of which alternatives would be hateful to him. So he presently decided to leave a note for her ladyship rather than await her return, and thereby escape the dreaded questioning.

His note being written after infinite pains, and entrusted to the housekeeper, he left the Court

one morning at daybreak, and thirty hours later alighted at Tolsworthy station. His only luggage was a small handbag, which he deposited in the cloakroom. After a frugal meal at an inn, he inquired his way to Paston Lodge. While waiting for his train at Bristol he had had his hair cut as short as possible, and had bought a close-fitting, dark-brown wig. Mrs Rossmore had been struck by his likeness to Major Pengethlin; other persons at the place for which he was bound might be struck in the same way unless he disguised himself in some measure.

In the time that had passed since the overheard conversation at the Court the grim purpose which had lain *perdu* in his mind for years had become an obsession from which there was no escape. He felt vaguely as if he were in some sort a Minister of Doom rather than the avenger of a private wrong of which he himself had been the victim.

The afternoon and early evening found him in the neighbourhood of the Lodge, which he recognised from a short distance as if he were merely a wayfarer on his road to the moors. Here at last, after long years of weary waiting, and within reach of his hand, was the cold-blooded miscreant who had blasted his life and set the seal of crime on his forehead! 'I will strangle him in his sleep,' he said aloud with grim intensity. 'But what a pity it is the world will never be told the secret that links him and me together!'

As the evening crept on he returned to the hostelry, partook of a hearty supper, and paid his bill. It was near midnight before he again took the road to Paston Lodge. He walked slowly, and the clocks had struck two before he came to a halt in front of the house. From where he stood not a glint of light showed anywhere. Crossing the lawn, he came to the veranda, on which two French windows opened, one of which he attacked with certain tools he had bought at Bristol and brought with him, and in less than ten minutes he stood inside the drawing-room. Here he lighted a dark-lantern and partially opened the slide, and by its aid piloted his way across the room and thence across the entrance-hall to the foot of the stairs. For a full minute he stood in the act of listening, but the silence remained unbroken. Then he slipped off his shoes, and going lightly upstairs, he came to a landing off which three doors opened. Which one should he test first? He was perfectly cool and collected, with not the tremor of a nerve as he asked himself the question. He chose the door which faced the head of the stairs, and softly opened it a little way. The room was dimly lighted by a lamp turned half-way down, and Duthin at once shut the slide of his lantern. Then he stepped inside and closed the door softly behind him. It was a spacious room, soberly furnished, but

his eyes took in nothing save the bed and the outstretched form upon it. At last he was face to face with the man who had wrought him such deadly injury! There lay the wrecker of his life, sleeping as peacefully as an infant. As he stood staring at him the memory of his manifold wrongs surged madly in his brain; his breath came in gasps, and his fingers opened and shut convulsively.

Unconsciously he drew nearer the bed. What a death-like quiet brooded over everything! Not even the breathing of the sleeping man disturbed the absolute silence. By that light his face was outlined like alabaster against the pillow. Two steps closer, and Duthin bent his ear to listen, but no faintest aspiration reached him, and the same instant something that was a mixture of horror and amazement gripped his heart. Stretching forward, he touched the hand extended on the coverlet. It was marble-cold, and, peering closer, he saw that the fingernails were already turning blue. He drew back with a low, inarticulate cry. The man was dead! Roger Pengethlin had escaped at the last moment! But the ineffable majesty of death awed him in his own despite. Mechanically he plucked off his cap, and a moment later it dropped unheeded on the floor. Already a sense of revulsion was at work within him. Already he began to see the errand which had taken him to Paston Lodge in its true colours. The scales had fallen from before his eyes, and even while he stood there he was able to say in all sincerity, 'Praise be to Heaven! I quit this roof no more a criminal than when I entered it. May he rest in peace!'

There was every reason why he should not linger. To all seeming, the major's death was as yet unknown to any of his household, but that in no wise concerned Duthin. After a final glance at the dead man, who, he could not help feeling, had triumphed over him, he stole out of the room. At the foot of the stairs he resumed his shoes, and quitted the house by the way he had entered it. A gray, pearly band of light was beginning to creep up the eastern sky as he paused on the veranda. The stars were withdrawing into the farther heavens. Another day was born.

In which direction should he turn? Whither should he go? Now that the purpose which for so long had upheld and sustained him had crumbled into dust, he realised as never before how utterly friendless and alone he was, a man without a tie of any kind to make existence worth clinging to. For once a feeling of profound self-pity swelled his heart almost to bursting-point. After a glance over his shoulder at the windows of the room in which the dead man lay, he plunged forward into the breaking morn.

(Continued on page 532.)

SOME MINOR LAW-PLEAS OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.

By W. CHISHOLM MITCHELL.

THE capture by the 'pale Prince' of the capital of his ancestors—and, incidentally, of the hearts of its fair ladies—and the occupation of Edinburgh by a Highland army from 17th September to 1st November are incidents reminiscent rather of the realm of *faerie* than of the rude realities of war. From the Castle's grim bulk only an occasional snarling shot, protesting unswerving allegiance to the House of Hanover, disturbed the gay insouciance of the October days. The city's life flowed on much as it was wont, save for a sense of elation in many breasts that a Royal Stewart had come again. The bourgeois world was not deprived of its 'twal' hours' or of its nightly taproom revels. On the part of the clansmen there was little excess or pillaging. Maclachlan of Maclachlan, the Commissary General, kept a firm hand over affairs, and gave receipts bearing that payment would be given, 'if victorious,' for all supplies requisitioned for the forces. The Prince's staff, no truculent cut-throats, but cultured and debonair Highland gentlemen, found their mild pleasure in strolling in and out among the bookshops or dropping in at Drummond's printing-office in Swan's Close, where the Prince's proclamations were published. The chief dislocation of use and wont was that the College classrooms and the Law Courts were deserted, the Lords having departed with celerity, if with dignity, for their country seats at the Prince's coming.

The last days of October saw final preparations for the Jacobite departure. 'The carriages having been all previously provided with a large quantity of biscuit,' wrote Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary, 'it was determined to evacuate the City of Ed. ye 1st of November.' On the 13th of November the Lords of Session returned in state, and settled down to the long-drawn-out task of unravelling the entanglement caused by the occupation. And from that day onward the causes, greater or less, of the 'proscribed' continued to fret the calm of the law courts, where 'broken' men—Boyd and Pitsligo, Ardschiell and Oliphant, Appin and Lochiel—in unequal contest with the Government and the Government's 'jackal,' the York Buildings Company, vainly sought restitution of forfeited fastnesses or pardon for wearing the forbidden tartan.

THE CANONGATE BISCUITS AND BAXTERS.

These sombre shadows are softened, however, by the lighter aspects of some minor cases; and by a whimsical freak of fortune the above-mentioned biscuits were to figure in a pretty law-plea, the issue of which brought some discredit on the bakers of the Canongate, at that time a residential suburb of Edinburgh. After Cope's *débâcle* at Prestonpans, Prince Charles, in retaliation

tion for the stern measures that had followed the '15, sequestered the estate of Winton, and appointed a factor, who concussed the tenants, in the strenuous days immediately preceding the evacuation, to deliver their rent in grain to certain bakers. The wheat was accordingly brought to Robert Bartleman and James Millar, 'baxters in the Canongate,' and to Adam Cathrae, William Cockburn, John Purcell, William Richardson, William Barrowman, and Patrick Mathie, 'also baxters in the Canongate,' and accepted by them for the use of the rebels. It was pleaded by the first two, in defence, that violence had been threatened if they did not bake it; while the others pleaded that as the town lay under military execution, and the grain had been offered to them at a price, the offer was therefore tantamount to a military order. Prudence had therefore led them to take the grain at a price and resell it rather than trust to be paid for their labour in baking it. Sundry awkward facts emerged, however, which suggested that cupidity had played a greater part than fear in the transaction, for others had been offered the bargain and had refused it; part of the grain also had been accepted by the two first-named on 31st October, when it could not be redelivered to the rebels. These objections having been upheld by the Court, Robert Bartleman and James Millar, while not held liable for grain received before the departure of the rebels, were required to render a strict account of all received thereafter; the other defenders were held liable for all the grain bought by them at bargain prices from the rebels.

A JACOBITE MISER.

In further pursuit of the advantage of his victory at Prestonpans, the Prince proceeded to levy cess in East Lothian; and, in the capacity of collectors, Stewart of Ardschiell and Maclachlan of that ilk came to the door of Hepburn of Kingston. Kingston was a rich man, with Jacobite leanings; but he was a miser. The armed chiefs, however, who waited on him in his hall, toying with their swords the while, were able to persuade him to advance seven hundred pounds for the cause, Maclachlan the Commissary taking care to have the cash counted before notaries ere he gave the Prince's bond for the money. Colonel Maclachlan fell at Culloden, and Hepburn dying soon afterwards, Patrick Scott-Hepburn, his heir, raised an action against Maclachlan's son Robert for restitution. The defence was naive in the extreme. Maclachlan admitted that his father was a rebel, and that money thus taken was robbery. But Kingston was a Jacobite; his goods were therefore at his Prince's service. As he had

not been able quickly to make up his mind to give, there had been no alternative but peaceable persuasion, and a bond had been accepted. The Court, however, felt constrained to decide in favour of the pursuer. But Maclachlan had another shot in his locker; for when Hepburn applied for the adjudication of Maclachlan's estate, the latter appealed on grounds that the title had not been produced, nor had the sum been proved. The will embodying the Prince's bond was therefore put in process, and was found to convey to Patrick Hepburn the money 'lent to His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, in virtue of a royal warrant.' Evidence was also led that Kingston had expressed the hope that the Prince would not let him be a loser. The complexion of the case was now entirely altered; we can see the judges pursuing up their lips as they were confronted with this dangerous document, and passing it from one to another with a gingerly touch of finger and thumb. Finally they decided that they could give no countenance to the 'treasonable paper,' and that Kingston's title could not be sustained.

THE CURATE'S 'UNINTELLIGIBLE WHINNER.'

The Scottish Episcopal Church, as is well known, had a soul of Jacobite sentiment which brought on it many disabilities, Cumberland's soldiers having license given to them to burn nonjuring meeting-houses on their march to Culloden. In the Blackfriars Wynd of Edinburgh, however, stood an Episcopal chapel of which the deed of foundation provided that no clergyman could officiate who should not expressly pray for His Majesty King George and his Protestant successors. Of this chapel Mr John Foulis was incumbent, and officiated as such, in the frank narrative of the vestry minutes, 'without offence till Sunday, September 22nd, 1745, being that immediately after the rebels got possession of Edinburgh, when he celebrated Divine Service in the forenoon without expressly naming the King;' after which he disappeared from the vestry's ken for months. The vestry, therefore, met and dismissed him from office; whereupon he raised an action for his salary in time coming. His averments, however, lacked even the charm of confessing to a Jacobite bias, for he pleaded that he 'had been moved by sudden fear on seeing many strangers in the chapel,' and that from the time of the rebels leaving he had been hindered by sickness, and in the interval he had received a message from the vestry, through the beadle, prohibiting him from desk and pulpit. The Court held that the vestry were within their right in dismissing 'Mr Windlestrae.' In his notes on his wife's letters, Carlyle speaks of 'a precentor who lost his tune, tried several others, and then died away into an unintelligible whinner.' Probably the presence

of some of the Pretender's Episcopalian supporters (among whom were Camerons of Lochiel, Macdonalds of Glencoe, and Appin Stewarts) was responsible for reducing to an 'unintelligible whinner' the voice of him who cried at being overcome. The Blackfriars incumbent lacked both the courage and the wit of old Neil Macvicar in the High Kirk, whose prayer, celebrated for both qualities, is historic: 'Bless the king. Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit long on his head. As for that young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory.' When some one reported these orisons to the Prince, he only made the laughing comment, 'Honest fool!'

THE RAIDING OF THE KINE OF KILSYTH.

In the bleak winter days, when the Jacobite forces, returning from Derby, lay before Stirling in the trenches so ineffectively planned by the apish Frenchman, M. Mirabelle de Gordon (whom the Highlanders nicknamed 'Mossoo Admirable,' in derision at his sartorial successes), the pinch of hunger was keenly felt by the haggard hillmen. There browsed in the grazing-fields of Kilsyth a herd of fifty-eight cattle which Duncan Campbell, tacksman of Kilsyth, had sold to William Barry of Balshannon. As the seller had taken a bill in payment, he prudently allowed the cattle to continue on his fields, ostensibly as a convenience to the buyer, under the care of Patrick Macdowall, his herd. The Jacobite spies, however, cast greedy eyes upon them. There were cattle of their own for the killing, but they were at the back of the Grampians; to adapt the words of the riever's song,

Though the mountain beeves were sweeter,
Yet the valley beeves were fatter,
And they thought it would be meeter
To carry off the latter.

Incontinent, they flung themselves upon the booty, and with the flaunt of the high hand selected the finest of the herd, adding insult to injury by co-opting Patrick Macdowall, the tacksman's servant, to drive them into camp. William Barry, the buyer, thereupon applied to the Court of Session for suspension of his bill, on the ground that the cattle being in custody of the seller's servant, the seller was 'accessory and assisted in the carrying off,' and the Lord Ordinary gave judgment in accordance therewith. The case being appealed, the judgment was reversed at a later date; but long ere that stage was reached the raiders, themselves the originators of the trouble, had passed by the Great North Road and the 'kind gallows of Crieff,' doffing their bonnets at that fatal shrine, and spilt their blood on dark Drummoissie Moor.

THE HAMILTON SURGEON'S HORSE.

In October of 1745 a party of rebels made an incursion on Hamilton, and carried off a black

horse belonging to 'David Marshall, chirurgion there.' They then proceeded to Berwick, where they were routed by the local militia. Some of them were brought in as prisoners, and from one of these Captain Grosset, of Brigadier Price's Dragoons, bought the surgeon's horse; though it afterwards transpired that he did not make any payment for it. The animal was then used as the company's baggage-horse until Captain Grosset was killed at Culloden. His successor in command, Captain Corneil, paid ten pounds to Grosset's executors for the charger, which was then retained for the service of the company. Eventually the regiment came to Glasgow, where the surgeon got wind of his property, and raised an action for recovery. He was successful in obtaining decree, but not his horse; for the captain appealed to the Court of Session. His pleadings there showed that the Duke of Cumberland had some apt pupils; for it was set up in defence that as it was lawful to kill rebels, to destroy their magazines, and to take their horses, though it was possible these things might be the property of others, therefore the horse, which might have been destroyed, might be sold; and, further, salvage was due for his recovery. It was effectively replied that no salvage was due to soldiers employed in an expedition when the recovery cost them nothing but taking the horse—a position which the Court upheld by restoring the animal to its owner.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE 'PRINCE CHARLES.'

In few towns in Scotland was Jacobite sentiment so strong as in the ancient burgh of Montrose, and one of the Prince's last acts ere leaving Edinburgh was to appoint Carnegie of Balnagoon as its governor. In the spirit of reprisal, the Hanoverian town councillors of Montrose denounced their Jacobite brethren to Cumberland, who promptly clapped them in Perth jail, while the exultant Hanoverians proceeded

to elect a civic head agreeable to their political predilections. The harbour of Montrose was a noted haven for Jacobite vessels, and on 22nd November Lord John Drummond landed there a detachment of his French regiment of Royal Scots. A few days later it happened that a French ship grounded in the harbour; her crew thereupon determined to seize the *Hazard*, an English sloop-of-war driven in by stress of weather. While the crew were carrying the assault, Nicolas Glascoe, a French lieutenant in Dillon's regiment, rendered yeoman service by directing the land battery. Having captured the vessel, they transferred their stores and guns to her. The hulk thus deserted was seized by Captain Dove, sloop-of-war *Hound*, who instructed an agent named Bisset to dispose of it. The Earl of Panmure, as Deputy Vice-Admiral of Scotland, thereupon pursued Bisset at law for the proceeds, and in the Court of Session the Judge-Admiral found that neither Captain Dove nor any commander of a ship-of-war had any claim to the hulk, which was *res hostium* and escheat to the king. Meanwhile the captured *Hazard* was taken to France, where she was refitted and renamed the *Prince Charles*. Returning to Scotland with money and men, she was pursued in the Moray Firth by four English cruisers, and finally ran ashore at Tongue, where Lord Reay captured one hundred and fifty of various ranks and twelve thousand pounds in money. Lord Cromarty and his son Lord Macleod, with Barrisdale, Glengyle, and Mackinnon, endeavouring to effect a rescue, were themselves surprised and made prisoners on the 15th of April, the day before Culloden. So ended the last voyage of the *Prince Charles*, and with it the fortunes of the Jacobites. Their hearts were greater than their cause. But still blooms the White Rose, palladium of a great endeavour, and in the Leal Land of Romance the Prince still reigns, as his motto, *Tandem triumphans*, foretold of him.

THE ASSUAN DAM.

By F. F. OGILVIE, Cairo.

They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or folsom follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. scene 7.

THE completion of the great dam at Assuan is of international importance. Considering how large a share Scotsmen have taken in the regeneration of Egypt, and especially in one branch of it—irrigation, which maintains the agriculture that is the backbone of Egyptian prosperity—the matter is one of particular interest to this country.

We now present a few notes on the history of

this great work, which is the outcome of many years of study and consideration. The actual design and site are the work of Sir William Willcocks, but the theory of a dam or the necessity of some such structure to control the Nile in accordance with modern requirements is about eighty years old.

In ancient times great labour and skill were brought to bear on the subject of control of the Nile and its annual flood. The first record that we have of this assigns the earliest great irrigation works to the Pharaoh Menes, of the first dynasty, who protected the cultivable land near Memphis by a huge dike, and thus inaugurated a system of basin-irrigation that has served the

country well for something like seven thousand years. In this way, and under successive improvements, Egypt became the granary of the world; and the biblical narrative, as well as other ancient records, bears witness to the dependence of the surrounding nations upon the harvests provided by the overflow of the Nile. After the passing away of Roman control irrigation steadily deteriorated during the ages of Moslem misrule, and we have appalling records of the horrors and devastation that a succession of 'bad Niles'—that is, unsatisfactory floods—repeatedly caused during the Middle Ages.

Cotton has always been grown in Egypt, though formerly in small quantities and of poor quality; but the increasing requirements of western Europe and the introduction of better-quality seed into Egypt in the earlier half of last century brought about those modern changes which have made it necessary and possible to construct the Assuan Dam.

Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt at that time, was a man with broad ideas, and one who was shrewd enough to employ skilled Europeans to carry out the conceptions that the Egyptians were incapable of executing. His French advisers agreed with him as to the necessity of some dam or weir to supplement the waters of the Nile during the months of February to June, when it is lowest. There are papers still extant and in the possession of our correspondent at Assuan which show that Mehemet Ali was anxious to pull down the Pyramid of Cheops to furnish stone for his dam, just to the north of Cairo. The archaeological and artistic value of this monument did not in the least appeal to him, and the reason why he spared the pyramid was solely because his European advisers assured him that stone of equally good quality could be obtained cheaper on the Nile bank farther south.

The ultimate result of these ideas was the construction of the well-known barrage at the apex of the Delta, near the village of Galliâb; but though the French designers and builders were first-rate engineers, the works were so hindered and crippled by a bad foundation, Court intrigues, and Oriental methods of finance that the building displayed grave defects before completion, and in the end was regarded as a failure. This so disheartened the Egyptian Government that nothing more was done, and several other schemes dealing with dams, &c., which were subsequently prepared, were pigeon-holed and forgotten. Such was the state of things when Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff arrived in Egypt to remedy the confusion and mismanagement into which the administration of irrigation matters had again fallen. He had had many years of training and experience in India in dealing with irrigation; and Mr William Willcocks, who had distinguished himself in the same line of engineering during eleven years of service in India, arrived in Egypt in 1883 as his

assistant. The first work undertaken was the completing and strengthening of the Galliâb Barrage; and Mr Willcocks had the great pleasure of calling upon one of its original designers and constructors—then an elderly man living in retirement—and informing him that by continuous effort and resourcefulness his barrage had been brought to the stage originally conceived, and was now holding up water. This was joyful news to one whose great work had been spoiled by the meddling and intrigue of an Oriental Court. The success of the barrage at once brought forward the subject of dams, and the pigeon-holed schemes were produced and examined. Mr Willcocks was commissioned to inquire into and report on several of these, and found that in many cases the schemes were impracticable, as the river-bed at the points mentioned was unsuitable for the proposed work. He then suggested Assuan as a site, and later was sent there to examine and report. The site was found satisfactory, and, after further consideration, detailed plans, &c., were issued in 1893 and 1894. An international committee, composed of Sir B. Baker, M. Boulé, and Signor Torricelli, approved of the proposals after certain trifling alterations had been made, and once more the plans were presented to the Government—and pigeon-holed!

This time, however, there was a different reason for delay. The finances of Egypt, brought to a desperate pass by the recklessness of Ismail Pasha, had been successfully nursed during Lord Cromer's administration, and by 1894 were in a flourishing condition. There was a surplus; but, owing to international complications dating from Ismail Pasha's time, it was not available. Further, money was imperatively needed to put an end to the rebellion in the Sudan headed by the Mahdi and his khalifa Abdulla. Thus there were no official means of financing the dam; but at that moment Sir Ernest Cassel stepped forward and undertook the affair, with Sir B. Baker as consulting engineer and Sir John Aird & Company as contractors. In 1898 the work was begun, and was completed in 1902, a year in advance of the contract time. A great number of the engineers and others filling positions of trust both on the contractors' staff and on that of the Egyptian Government were Scotsmen; and since the completion of the work many of them have occupied important posts both in Egypt and elsewhere.

Subsequently it was decided to raise the water-level of the reservoir up-stream by six mètres; and during the last few years this has been prepared for by a thickening of the original structure of the dam by over five mètres. The lock-channel and locks were raised, and the additional height added to the entire length of the dam. It is this final completion that has now been celebrated.

With regard to the much-discussed question

of the submersion of Philæ and its temples, space forbids that it should be gone into here at any length. The question arose in 1898, when the dam was first begun, and the Egyptian Government and its advisers were prepared to do much and to spend an adequate sum of money either in removing the temple to a neighbouring island or raising it above the highest level of the reservoir. There was a great diversity of opinion, and the inertness of the Antiquities Department was such that no definite plans or proposals were laid before the central administration, the result being that nothing was done beyond an investigation of the structure and foundations of the temples on the island, and the underpinning and strengthening of them with reinforced concrete. The chief beauties of the Philæ temples were their island site, with the trees that adorned it, and the internal paintings. The trees were completely spoiled by the first years of partial submersion between 1902 and 1912, and the paintings have now met with the same fate, since the water of the raised reservoir reaches up to the lower portion of the capitals in the celebrated hypostyle hall.

The temple being built of porous Nubian sandstone, the water is drawn up by capillary attraction into the stone for some distance above the reservoir level, and thus the destruction of the colouring on these beautiful capitals is brought about as completely as if they had been actually submerged in the lake.

Concerning the dam and its functions there is some misapprehension in the public mind. It is often asserted that by its means great tracts of the deserts that border Egypt will be reclaimed. In certain places and under certain conditions this may be accomplished to a small extent; but the main purpose of the dam is to store up the available water in order to supplement the lower reaches of the Nile at those times when the river is normally very low. The accomplishment of this has altered the character of Egyptian irrigation, the old system of basin-irrigation being now replaced by that known as perennial irrigation. The one is the natural outcome and elaboration of the other. In ancient times the absence of masonry regulators made it more difficult to control floods than to provide additional water. At the present time the provision of additional water is more difficult than protection from floods. Both, however, are equally important, and the need of additional water has brought about the modern developments. The scheme of basin-irrigation, that had held its own as a practical system for perhaps seven thousand years, consisted in permitting the flood-water heavily charged with silt to cover the cultivable lands for some weeks of the year. This not only refreshed and washed the land, but laid upon it a fresh deposit of fertilising mud. It also saturated the subsoil, and after the flood had retreated to its normal level in the

river-bed this subsoil water could be drawn upon for irrigating purposes. But even with this provision of water in the more favoured spots, there were great tracts of arable land that became barren after the winter crops had been reaped, and which remained barren until the next flood. If the flood failed the whole country was parched, and famine followed.

The elaborated scheme now in use stores up water behind the Assuan Dam, and subsidiary weirs at other places, in time of plentiful flow, so that there is a great body of water to draw on at the time when the Nile is low. The Sudan being once again under civilised control, early telegraphic communication is obtainable as to the tropical rainfall, and a defective flow can be foreseen and provided against by judicious storage of water. It is therefore no longer necessary to flood the land at high Nile, since water is available at all times of the year. The irrigation, in fact, has become perennial. Those periods of parching and subsequent flooding that formerly interrupted the processes of cultivation for months are now at an end, and the peasants' work can be carried on all the year round. The canals which bring the perennial supply carry, of course, the silt-laden waters at flood-time, and the silt is spread over the land; but the increased number of crops taken from the land under the new conditions impoverishes it to a greater extent than was formerly the case, and renders necessary the application of artificial manures. A supply of these is being provided.

As to the danger of deposit of silt in the reservoir, it is avoided by having many of the sluices in the dam at low levels; these being thrown open at the approach of the flood, the silt-laden water pours through uninterruptedly as under a bridge. The storage of water is not commenced until the flood has passed and the river has fallen to some extent.

In this way the necessities of Egypt's main industry have been provided for. The scheme devised thousands of years ago and carried on until our own day has now been elaborated and improved on, so that we may look forward to its continuance into a distant future; and if the political peace of Egypt be maintained her material prosperity will be assured.

INTERIM.

As when a reader, far into the night,
Quenches at last the candle's flame,
And for a while distinguishes no light
In the black patch of sky his window frame,
Yet at heaven's bars
Sees, ere he sleeps, the gleam of many stars—
So do I know that though your lightness lies
Heavy awhile upon my soul,
Your fairness black before my holden eyes,
You shall not always hide from me the goal;
I yet shall mark
A course, by stars you see not, through the dark.
V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

A THOROUGHLY metropolitan man, one having that affection for his town and the sense of its being home, which is still strong in him despite the machining and the petrolising of London that have been done in recent times, experiences a curious parochialism in spirit sometimes. In the last ten or fifteen years there have been such constructional changes in the place as have transformed it absolutely. One who was sent to prison at the beginning of this century and only now came by his release would not know this new London for its streets and houses and its new landmarks. Yet the Londoner, though he has become accustomed to the idea that he must have these changes going on for the rest of his days in town, does not become accustomed to the process, which is a constant irritation. As we pass down a particular thoroughfare upon different days we may see the scaffolding raised about a building, and we must walk under some of it. Another change is being made. It will occupy several weeks, or perhaps months. During all that period we shall be confronted with these works every time we pass, and we shall be irritated by the scaffolding. It will be a relief when it is all finished, and we can settle down again to a normality in appearance. London, those who are not of it might imagine, would be the last place where this feeling for settlement and constancy would be aroused in the human mind; but the sentiment is strong in the mind of the real Londoner, and it is the existence of it or not that determines whether he is the real metropolitan or one who merely sojourns in the place, a passer through. As the sense of contentment is disturbed by the meddling of things, so also is the repose of the Londoner broken when visitors in large numbers come to his town. The men of London are exclusive and not really hospitable in their nature. They do not like the country people and the people from abroad coming up in thousands among them. They see something vulgar in their wonderment and curiosity, and they are annoyed by their questions and their taking up so much room, and the atmosphere of disturbance which they create. We may have for residence the most cosmopolitan throng in the world, but that makes no

difference. London does not of itself like great ceremonies and demonstrations such as are continually made. They disturb the evenness of daily arrangement, and they bring crowds together, largely from country places. The placidity and smoothness of London life are disturbed, and one may not fall to reverie and reflection when pacing thoroughfares. London is commonly so well ordered and arranged that nowhere in the world is it so easy to perform the merely mechanical duties of existence with so little conscious effort. One may arise and breakfast, proceed to the working-place in the city, return home again, depart for the club, and return to the sleeping-place at night nearly all subconsciously, and thinking of something else most of the time. The presence of the stranger in large numbers destroys this possibility, and a sense of irritation and discomfort prevails.

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I do not suggest or exaggerate; the state of feeling may seldom have taken the shape of definite thought, but it exists in the minds of most people of the town. You will find that they will flee from it, or shut themselves up wearily and a little sulkily in their houses when the foreigners and country people are coming in by tens of thousands for some great celebration. We hate coronations and national ceremonials of the like significance and importance. The world came to London for the last coronation, but London went quietly to the seaside or up into the hills the night before. If all these strange people want London for their own purposes they must have it, but they must not expect us to share it with them. As it is the capital, they have some sort of right to it for occasional purposes; but the resident sometimes wishes that there were some sort of official chief town which could be used on these show occasions, so that the place we live in should not be disturbed. Occasional demonstrations of rare occurrence like coronations and royal weddings are tolerable; but the regular upsetting of things one day a year or in one particular period is hateful. Not if they can avoid it will regular and sensitive London people be at home in town on that day when the final match for the football cup is played, when tens of thousands of people from

the north come up in the early hours, assert themselves with a fine bravado throughout the day, squeeze our London dry of such of its pleasure-giving facilities as most appeal to their peculiar tastes, and leave it again at night with no apologies and with not a thought for the discomfort they have made. There is something indeed arrogant and contemptuous in their manner of departure which adds to the London man's resentment. The day's visitors seem glad that they are going home. They laugh and shout; they throw paper bags about the streets, forgetting that we shall have to pick them up afterwards; they jostle about and disregard the rule about keeping to the right; they ask questions in a familiar way, and are not timid of suggesting their ignorance, as the metropolitan is; they even convey the impression that they know nothing of London, that they want to know nothing of it save such information as will answer the needs of the moment, and that they really care nothing whatever about the king city of the world. To them Wigan and Blackburn, Sunderland and Hartlepool, Sheffield and Todmorden, are fairer, better, more answerable places. They are joyful to be returning to them, and they shout and sing as they take their night excursion train back to the north. They have done London; they have had from it all they sought; it has nothing else to give. I come back to London the following night, and am glad to think that the place has been cleaned up again, that the bun-bags have all been collected from the streets, and that the cloth-capped parties with the red-and-blue favours in their buttonholes, wandering in great noisy droves through the streets, have all gone back to the north, and that there will be no occasion for them to come to London again until a summer and winter have sped and the Saturday in April is here once more.

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The resident in London is less inconvenienced by the foreign visitor than he is by the excursionist from the country. The former is meek and grateful; he is not arrogant as a man of rights and ownership like the country visitor. This is a general view, which is modified in cases. The French are excellent visitors; we like them. Germans, too, carry themselves very well when they are among us. We are most concerned and doubtful as to the nature of our feelings about the visiting Americans, and it is important that we should know what we really think, and why, and then what we ought to think; for the fact is that the American invasion, as it is called, taking place year by year, has become a very important thing, and increases at such a rate that our accommodation for it becomes almost insufficient. Well may our leading London hotels float the Stars and Stripes above their roofs in July, August, and September.

The compliment to the citizens of the United States is a little bold and a little obvious; but if it helps the American to feel a little more at home, as it appears to assist him in the spending of his dollars, it is a custom to be commended, and there are places in Whitehall where a monument to George Washington, of the kind that every good American city has a number of, might be placed. Really our attitude towards these visiting Americans and theirs towards us should be better considered and be more logical. At present I am convinced that we are both playing a stupid little game. I have good reason, from a special experience, to think so. Our hotel-keepers and our tradesmen welcome the Americans, and make arrangements for them. For the rest of us, we pretend that we are either indifferent to their coming or would prefer that they stayed in New York or Chicago or went straight through to that Paris to which it is said that all good Americans would like to go when they die. We certainly in our hearts do not think such things, and if we knew the Americans properly we should think them still less than we do. The American seems to us a little aggressive in his manner when he comes to London, and it touches the susceptibilities of some people living there. In July and August it seems that half London is given up to these cousins of ours from across the Atlantic; that they have taken possession of all our houses, goods, and chattels, and have our servants in their employ. It seems difficult to contemplate the existence of so many Americans with equanimity, and when for a moment the home man, in a flight of fancy among the incongruous and impossible, imagines a whole country consisting mainly of Americans, a hundred million of them or thereabouts, he rejects the idea as absurd. I have found from experience that among the different emotions scuttling through the mind as one first steams past the Nantucket Lightship and Fire Island and lands in the shadow of the sky-scrapers that overlook New York Harbour, there is a certain trepidation, because here one is going into a country consisting almost entirely of Americans. If we visit France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, or elsewhere we have no such trepidation; arrogance is our failing. The existence of this difference of attitude is curious, and I ask the Americans to believe that, whether we realise it or not, it is due to great respect. It is a wonderful thing that such an enormous new country should have been created out there, and such a rich country, so far away from all old civilisation, as has been done by those kinsmen of ours. Going to America is indeed like going to a new and wonderful and awe-making world. If it should happen that through improvements in aviation, a discounting of the forces of gravity and the manufacture of portable compressed atmospheres, it should become practicable for us

to pay visits to Mars and other planets where there may be something like human life, the curiosity of the visitor will be much like that of the man who first goes to America. But one who has been neither to Mars nor to America might protest that while we know nothing but merely conjecture in regard to the planet, we know everything about the United States. We have seen pictures of all that there is in the country, and have books innumerable at our disposal; we have tens of thousands of Americans to look at and inquire of; and tens of thousands of our own people have been there to see and examine, and have come back again, myself among the number. And yet I put forward with absolute confidence before all who have been to that prodigious country of the West that when they were sailing up New York Harbour and wondering what was before them, their imaginations quite failed in making any clear suggestion, and they could only wonder nervously. It was not so when they visited France, Italy, Spain, and other countries for the first time. We could picture those, and we did not wonder in the same way. All the photographs, all the books, all the conversations we have had count for nothing in assisting us in fancy when we sail past the Statue of Liberty. One reason perhaps is that we know that these people we are going among are ourselves—improved in some ways, but not in all; that they are a people of very fierce energy; and that they are rich. We know that it is a very expensive place that we visit. There is every reason for respecting it.

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The properly accredited British visitor to America, if he is a good fellow, has a splendid time. He is hospitably entertained, as he would be in similar circumstances in no other country on earth. The Americans demand only of their guest that he shall be a good and sensible man with a tolerable amount of intellect, a full measure of common-sense, and a liberal possession of tact; the latter to be employed almost entirely in preventing the owner from descanting to an inordinate length, or even any length at all, upon the superior merits of the British lion and the virtues of long lines of ancestry. We British know full well the value of these things; the Americans know them too, and will congratulate us if they are given the chance and some encouragement; but it is not good manners when in the house of your host to be constantly praising the comforts and embellishments of the home you have left behind. This is a mistake that is made by many British visitors, and I am sure it has led to many spoiled holidays. The American is extremely sensitive upon the merits of his country. He knows its weaknesses as he knows its strength. He appreciates the fact that it has all the faults of youth; that life in it, while glorious in some respects, in the hotness of it, the fierceness of it, lacks the grace and the

sweetness of life in older countries. The soul of America is not yet developed. But because in a way perhaps he thinks it needs protection, that it is like a little child looking to him for support, and also because by force of his will he would make the nation a bigger, stronger, and more established thing, as if it had been there for many more centuries, the patriotism of the American is a very strenuous, a very vivid thing. It is quite intense, and it is demonstrated very frequently. It seems difficult to appreciate that patriotism, such an intense love of country, when it was only as yesterday that it consisted of primeval forests and was inhabited by red-skinned Indians, and when, moreover, it is not a country of reasonable dimensions such as we might visualise in our minds and find convenient for contemplation, but is a vast territory consisting of a very large portion of the world itself. But their land has been very good to them; they are proud of their construction of a new nation with a magnificent equipment of the comforts and conveniences of civilisation, and their patriotism, aggressive as it seems sometimes, is to be understood and appreciated whether it is a little exaggerated or not. Let the American, when you meet him in his own country, understand from you that you understand him, admire him—as in real sincerity you may—and that you have come to be interested and learn, and not to be contemptuous and sneering, and then in the United States the voyager will have one of the best times of his life among a people who know better than any others in the world how to play the host to perfection, and who are only too glad to practise more if they are given fair material to practise upon. In their own homes I have found them to be the most agreeable and gentlemanly—and I mean that word to be taken in its best sense—people one would ever wish to associate with. And one respects the American thoroughly when one comes to know him in America. I have studied him at close quarters there—in the streets, at his business, at various entertainments, at his clubs, on the golf-links, and in his own home—and I think I understand this man very well.

* * *

One thing that I have admired in him is the manner in which he maintains his body at the highest point of physical efficiency in order that he may the better continue the hustling and the collection of wealth to which he is given; and not that only, but that he may get the very best enjoyment out of life. The care of the body is a principle of life in America as it is nowhere else. The American lives hard, and he wishes to live hard and to live well, and he has the sense to realise that the body, after all, is just a machine like any other machine, and works most smoothly and satisfactorily when it is properly attended to. Physical efficiency is

everything with the American. He keeps his machine in as perfect order as he can. He is always trying to improve it. He is careful with his diet—almost too careful sometimes; in his general habits he pays the utmost regard to considerations of health; no other person in the world pays so much attention to his teeth; and he is the cleanest man in existence. The American business man not only feels well inside, but takes care to make himself look well outside, partly because he feels better than ever for doing so, and partly because he has found that it pays. He has no belief whatever in the old soother about the appearance being but the guinea stamp and the man being the man for all that. He turns out every day in garments well tailored and nicely pressed, which, without being dandyish, are quite unimpeachable. His linen and footwear are always immaculate. He is neat, spruce, and he looks as efficient as he is. You never see a slovenly American. So in his own country you come to like this citizen of the United States very much indeed. When he comes to London he does not always convey such a good impression, and some-

times he gets on our nerves. Occasionally there is a certain bluff about him, and he has a kind of own-the-earth air that we do not like; but he must be forgiven for this, and for what we may occasionally regard as an unnecessary show of extravagance, because he finds himself in a country where things are amazingly cheap to him, and where a dollar goes nearly as far as a sovereign. For all the bravado of his manner, he is often really spending far less than he would do at home. And a thing to be remembered is that the American no more than the Briton carries his heart on his sleeve; and I know that he likes England and London better than any other country and city in the world. The idea that these people are devoted to Paris as to no other place is moonshine. They prefer London infinitely. I know it. The wandering American gathers honey from many flowers, but he likes best of all the beauty and nobility of the English rose. He is all over London now. With his look of rude health and his obvious prosperity, he is jostling us in every thoroughfare and reminding us of his presence by his guesses and calculations. Let him come.

MAJOR PENGETHLIN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER VI.

OLIVER DUTHIN pressed on at a good pace, taking a road that diverged from the town and before long led him into a solitary tract of country where was no sign of human habitation. Here he relieved himself of his housebreaking tools by dropping them into a hedge-bottom. Not till then did he become aware that he had left his cap in the death chamber. Plucking off his wig and flinging it after the other things, he went bareheaded on his way. He had no aim or object in view; he neither knew nor was concerned whither the road might lead him; he simply felt that he must go on and on. His mind had no room just yet for any care for the future, which loomed vaguely before him like an uncharted sea.

In the dusk of the afternoon of the third day Duthin came to a halt on a high, precipitous cliff directly fronting the ocean. On a stretch of shore below, and forming, as it were, the apex of a small bay sheltered by a headland to right and left, was a thriving fishing-hamlet, known to him later by its name of Sandy Bar. There he would have to find shelter for the night; for the weather had broken, cold stinging showers alternating with brief bursts of sunshine, while a rising wind already made it difficult for him to maintain his footing on the cliff. So presently he descended by a rude, zigzag path to the beach, and at once turned in the direction of the huddled village.

Facing the little harbour was a tavern having

a painted dolphin for its sign. Duthin was in need of a meal and a bed, and the landlord informed him that he could be supplied with both. Brain and body were alike unstrung, and he felt as if he could sleep the clock round without lifting an eyelid. Why had the tides of fate washed him to this out-of-the-world spot as if in purposeless sport? he asked himself.

When he awoke at a late hour next morning the wind was blowing with almost hurricane force. After breakfast Mr Beeby, the landlord, lent him an oilskin coat—for the rain still fell intermittently—and he went out on the front and joined a little group of fishermen gathered at a corner which afforded a partial protection from the tearing force of the wind. There were only some half-dozen smacks in the harbour, the rest being away fishing in the North Sea. Duthin stood for a couple of hours, absorbed by the spectacle.

He was out again in the afternoon. The gale had in no wise abated, and the wind-torn waves dashed themselves against the twin headlands of the bay in an impotence of white-lipped fury which one could almost fancy as being instinct with conscious passion. The overcast day began to close in early. Then, after a time, there forged into view round one of the headlands a small steam-yacht, which was presently seen to be in difficulties. It was evident to the experienced eyes watching her that the steering-gear

was out of order, and that with the fierce inset of the tide, aided by a strong cross-current, she was drifting helplessly towards the fatal sand-bank at the mouth of the bay from which the village took its name.

'She ain't got half a chance if she once strikes,' remarked a fisherman near Duthin.

'She'll either break her back or be pounded to matchwood,' was the comment of another.

It seemed clear that the little craft was a stranger to all of them. Later, she proved to be a pleasure-boat called *The Merry Maid*, hailing from Southampton. In the present instance she had taken a private party round the coast to Whitby, where they had landed, all save two, who were returning by her.

Presently *The Merry Maid* struck on the bar, and at once the ravening waves claimed her as their prey. She had already made signals of distress, and a minute later a rocket shot up into the evening sky. But the nearest lifeboat station was eight miles away, and Sandy Bar was unprovided with either telegraph or telephone. What was to be done?

Duthin had drawn closer to the men, and was listening intently to their various comments.

Then Mr Beeby made himself heard. He was an old sailor-man, and one of the most influential men in the hamlet. It appeared that a week or two before a coasting-schooner had left her damaged longboat to be repaired at the Sandy Bar boatyard, and would pick it up on her return voyage. The boat was now ready and waiting, and Mr Beeby's suggestion was that it should be utilised in an attempt to rescue those on board the stranded yacht. The proposition was received with acclamation, and a squad of men at once set off to fetch the boat, which, ten minutes later, was brought and placed in position for launching.

'Now, my hearties, who's for a sixpenny sail?' cried Mr Beeby. 'Six volunteers is what I want.'

Duthin pressed forward. 'Here's one of 'em,' he said. 'I've served before the mast and can pull an oar as well as most men.'

'What! my lodger?' exclaimed Mr Beeby. 'Welcome you are, my buck. Jump in.'

In less than three minutes five more volunteers had clambered into the boat. Then the men left behind shoved her down the shelving beach into the tumbling tide. Mr Beeby took the tiller, the six oars dipped as one, and the struggle began. And a desperate struggle it was for the longboat, without being swamped, to get alongside *The Merry Maid*—over which mad seas were dashing—in order to take off those on board. Then, to everybody's amazement, the captain of the yacht announced through his speaking-trumpet that the only persons to be taken off were his two passengers, an elderly gentleman and his grandchild, a girl of twelve, and that he and the crew would stick to the

ship, in the hope that a steam-tug which had luckily made its appearance in the offing, and which he had already signalled, would come to their help and succeed in rescuing *The Merry Maid* from her perilous position.

The transfer of Mr Winston and the girl to the boat was a risky job, but it was safely effected. Then the boat put about, but had not got more than a hundred yards from the yacht before a huge wave struck her broadside on, lifted her up like a cork, capsized her, and left her floating bottom upward in its wake.

When Duthin came to the surface he found himself some distance from the boat, to which the other men, with Mr Winston among them, were clinging as best they could. He was an expert swimmer, and his first care was to rid himself of his oilskin coat. Fortunately he was unhampered by the heavy sea-boots worn by fishermen. He was on the point of trying to regain the boat, which the men were now striving to right, when his eyes through the gathering dusk caught sight of some object afloat a little distance away. A second look convinced him that what he saw was none other than the girl they had taken off the yacht. At once he made his way to her. She was just sinking when he reached her. 'Oh, save me! save me!' she wailed, and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Duthin wound his left arm firmly round the girl and turned with the intention of making for the beach, in the belief that if they could keep afloat the tide would sweep them into shallow water, whence waiting hands would drag them ashore. Several dingies had already gone to the help of the boat's crew, but in the gray twilight that now brooded over the scene Duthin and the girl were unobserved.

To his dismay, Duthin presently found that despite all his efforts he was being swept by a strong current in the direction of a reef of rocks which lined the shore like so many jagged teeth for the space of half a mile between one of the headlands and the village. Finding himself helpless, he gave up the struggle, letting the current carry him whither it would, and only concerned to keep the girl and himself afloat. No thought of dropping his hold of her and trying to save himself entered his mind.

One huge wave after another swept over them, and then hurried onward, to break with a venomous hiss in a curdle of snowy foam on the ledge. Duthin realised the danger in a dazed sort of way, for he was only half-conscious by now and was swimming automatically.

Then presently they were caught up and whirled onward as if in fiendish sport, and dashed high upon the teeth of the ledge, only a moment later to be sucked back, leaving them for the following wave to cast up for a second time, bruised, bleeding, and to all seeming without a spark of life left in either of them.

When Oliver Duthin next opened his eyes it was broad daylight. For two or three minutes he stared incuriously about him like one whose faculties were still half-drowsed with sleep. He was lying on his back on a bed in a small and plainly furnished but spotlessly clean room, through the open casement of which came soft airs warm with autumn sunlight and bringing with them the low, deep boom of the tide. For it was fair weather again, and yesterday's storm was no more than a bad memory. Of these things Duthin became gradually aware, as he also became aware that some one was seated by his bedside. But he was so glad to rest—simply to rest—that he felt no inclination to turn his head and ascertain who it might be. At length he was impelled to say, 'Where am I, and what has happened to me?'

A woman's voice answered him, 'You were washed ashore on the Girdle Rocks during yesterday's gale, you and a young girl clasped tight in your arms. Silas Hoskins spied you through his telescope, and he and two others were just in the nick of time to lay hold of you before the waves dashed the life out of the pair of you. You were both insensible, and the girl was taken to the "Dolphin," as was the old gentleman, her grandfather; while the men brought you here, knowing I've a spare bed. You've been terribly knocked about, and the doctor says— But he'll tell you himself when he calls by-and-by.'

Oliver had listened like a man in a half-dream, taking in less what was said than the tones of the voice in which the words were spoken; for, while he listened, his memory had subconsciously flown back a quarter of a century to a spring evening when he stood among blossoming apple-trees with his arm round a girl, to whom he was passionately whispering, 'I love you! I love you! I love you!'

The voice ceased, and for some moments Oliver remained staring blankly at the ceiling. A great wave of gladness was surging up within him, the sense of an amazing happiness in store which had come like a dazzling burst of sunlight at the very time when Fortune frowned her blackest. For he knew that there was only one voice in the world to which his heartstrings would vibrate as they had vibrated just now.

Presently, without turning his head, he uttered the one word, 'Janet!'

'Here I am, Olly dear,' was the reply, as a hand was laid on the bed, which he seized and clasped with both of his.

'Then it is you and not your ghost!'

The woman stood up and laughed softly, a mist of tears in her eyes. 'Is that a ghost's hand you're holding so tight? You're far more like a ghost than I, you poor boy!'

She was still a comely woman, well on the sunny side of fifty, with kindly eyes, a pleasant

smile, and plentiful dark hair, in which only a silvery thread was here and there discernible.

'I can hardly believe it's true,' said Oliver, 'and that my brain isn't playing me a trick.'

'It's no fancy, but a blessed truth that you're under my roof, and that I'm going to nurse you back to health and strength. Oh, what a poor battered wreck you are! But not another word till you've drunk a mug of the beef-tea I've got ready for you.'

While she was gone he tried to turn on his side, but the effort wrung an involuntary groan from him. He was indeed battered and bruised from head to foot, and it was not till five days later that he was well enough to leave his bed.

After he had swallowed the beef-tea a pleasant drowsiness overcame him, and he slept till late in the afternoon. When he awoke Janet was again by his side, and again he took possession of one of her hands.

'Even now it seems too good to be true,' were his first words. 'Even now I can hardly credit that it's a reality. How strange that chance should direct my wandering steps to this place as if of set purpose!'

'Was it not something more than chance, Olly, that led you here?' asked Janet gravely.

A little later he said, 'What's the meaning of that tinkling bell I hear every now and then?'

'It's my shop bell, which rings when a customer comes in.'

'Your shop bell! But I know nothing. Tell me why you came to Sandy Bar, and what you do here.'

'That's soon told. When my stepfather made up his mind to emigrate, my mother insisted that I should go with them. She'd long been in bad health, and was used to my waiting upon her. Besides, after what had happened to you, there was nothing to keep me in England. After six years my mother died, and I came back. I had an aunt living at Sandy Bar, and I came here at her invitation to help in her shop. She died eight years ago, and left the business to me, as well as a tidy bit of money in the bank. It's a good business, and pays well. I sell nearly everything the folk here want. Latterly I've had a girl to help me.'

'And you've never married?'

'Nor ever wanted to—unless it was to one man, and that yourself.'

'Dear Janet! As soon as I was at liberty I went to Smithy Green, where I learnt from your married sister that you had left England.'

'But surely Emma gave you the letter I'd left for you, feeling certain you would want to know what had become of me?'

'She gave me no letter.'

'Yet, when I asked her after my return, she said she had seen nothing of you, and gave me back my letter. I can't tell you how much I took it to heart. But what a vile thing for Emma to do! She lied to both of us.'

'She only believed as the world believed, and acted accordingly. She was quite right in wishing her sister to have nothing more to do with a convicted thief. And yourself, Janet—you believed at first as your sister did?'

'Never, Oliver! Not for a moment did I doubt your innocence or that you were the victim of some terrible mistake, as my letter would have proved to you. But for my sister's treachery you and I might have come together years ago.'

Naturally she was desirous of learning how Oliver had fared after his release. His quiet life in the service of Lady Westray furnished him with little to tell, but it satisfied Janet's curiosity. Of the episode at Paston Lodge he made no mention. He might do so later, or he might not.

One morning as he was sunning himself in the little back garden he was surprised by the appearance of Mr Winston, who had called in order to thank him for saving his granddaughter's life. 'It was a noble deed, the action of a brave man,' said the old gentleman. 'To save her life, and she a stranger, you voluntarily ran the most imminent risk of losing your own. I repeat, sir, that it was a noble deed, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Here is my card, and if at any time I can do ought to further your interests you may command me to the fullest extent.'

The doctor had not called for some days, and Oliver felt that it was about time to make a move. It wrung his heartstrings to have to tear himself away from the woman who was so dear to him, found so late, to be parted from so soon; but his nervous dread of exposure smiting him at some moment when least expected still held him in its grip and would not be exorcised.

He was sadly considering how he could best break the news of his intended departure, when, on a Saturday afternoon, over the tea-table, Janet said to him, 'I should like you to go to church with me to-morrow morning, if you don't mind.'

He looked surprised, but he only said, 'Of course I'll go with you if you wish it. 'I do wish it very particularly.'

'For any special reason?'

'For a very special one, because I hold that when two people are about to wed they ought to be present in church to hear the askings.'

Oliver stared at her in puzzled silence. She was at once blushing and smiling, yet tears were very close to her eyes. Then in a flash he understood. 'You don't mean to say'—he stammered.

'But I do mean to say. The banns will be given out for the first time to-morrow, and the wedding will be on the eighth of next month. I knew that you would never have the gumption to arrange things, so I've arranged them for you. Oh my dear Olly, I know you far better than you know yourself! We love one another—it would be childishness to pretend we don't; and after a long and cruel separation we have been brought together as if by a miracle. Happiness is holding out its hands and only waiting for us to grasp them. You would have gone away, silly boy that you are! without saying a word; but I was determined to hold you fast. If I hadn't been sure of your love I couldn't have done what I have. We are not very old, you and I; and that there are sunny days in store for us I'll never doubt.'

'Well! of all the amazing women'—began Oliver, and then words failed him; but he got up, stepped round the table, and kissed her very tenderly.

THE END.

OF PASSPORTS.

By F. G. AFLALO.

THE passport will disappear as a condition of international travel only with the coming of the millennium. So long as nations distrust each other, so long as there are frontier incidents and the suspicion of espionage, the passport will be a grim reality; and those whom the freedom of modern travel has taught to take it less than seriously should pay a visit to Russia if they would speedily revise their previous attitude. It would be easier to drive a camel through the eye of a needle than to smuggle a foreigner into Russia without a passport. Whether he cross the Tsar's frontier from the sea, by the gateway of Batoum, or by land, where the Nord Express runs through Wirballen, the traveller will be called upon to stand and deliver his passport almost before he has filled his lungs with Russian

air. It is a case of passport first and Customs after, for if the traveller's credentials are not in order his luggage need not be opened. It might be thought that inspection at the frontier would suffice; but there is another examination to undergo at Tiflis or St Petersburg, as the case may be; and, indeed, during a stay of some weeks in the capital the document is usually retained by the manager of the hotel, and must be endorsed again by the police before the holder leaves the country. The one redeeming feature of this otherwise irritating surveillance is that it costs nothing, since the Russian authorities undertake all the necessary formalities without exacting so much as a rouble for their trouble.

It is the fashion to resent, as well as ridicule, this attitude of the Russian police; but

tourists who are impatient of such scrutiny are free to stay away, and the methods of Muscovy are, after all, not more prying or impertinent than those of New York. The American Immigration Bureau, obsessed by what can only be described as a nightmare of eugenics, demands from each arrival an assurance that he is not an anarchist, a polygamist, cripple, or hereditary imbecile. It insists on knowing whether he has paid his own passage. It asks questions about his parents and grandparents, and in fact displays an inquisitiveness of which Russian officials would never dream.

The trouble in Turkey, where the ordinary passport of other countries is replaced by the *teskéré*, is, on the other hand, that of continual petty exactions of a few piastres here and a few piastres there, not only (in the days of Abd-ul-Hamid) on entering, but actually on leaving the country as well. Nowadays, however, this rule of inspecting the *teskéré* of any one quitting Ottoman territory, which was merely an excuse for a last backsheesh, has wisely been done away with. Now and again an abnormally strong-minded tourist would resist these impositions, flatly refusing to recover his *teskéré* from the Galata Serai at the price set upon it by the Constantinople police; but the majority, impressed by the gold-laced officials, would comply. While the capital was under martial law, at the time of the 'affair of April,' as it was called, there were other kinds of passports, even within the city, and any one who desired to be out of doors after sunset had to have permission from Mahmud Shevket, then in supreme command. This was given in two or three lines of Turkish, as often as not scribbled on the back of the holder's own visiting-card; but it served the purpose, and also ensured, if so desired, an armed escort in the night.

The object of the passport has altered during the past two centuries. The 'license to travel' of Elizabethan times represented in effect an export duty on tourists, and was insisted on in the hope of discouraging foreign travel, which the authorities regarded, in post-Reformation days, as subversive of Protestantism and likely also to undermine the patriotic sentiment of English youth. Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth both gave letters, which may virtually be regarded as passports, to commercial adventurers trading in Russia and Persia. Nowadays, on the other

hand, a passport is simply a certificate of citizenship, in which the Foreign Secretary for the time being calls upon all those 'whom it may concern' to pass the bearer 'freely, without let or hindrance,' and to afford all necessary assistance and protection. Seeing that all this costs but two shillings, and that the privileges last for five years, irrespective of any change of Government, our passports can scarcely be regarded as a source of revenue.

The modern passport is a coldly impersonal and official document, with none of the glamour of these old letters from princes; but something analogous to them survived until recently in Morocco, where the Grand Vizier used to give his sign manual to favoured travellers in the Atlas or other wild regions of the Shereefan Empire, whereby they were sure of the assistance of country *kajids* and of immunity from attack or imposition. This priceless letter used to cost nothing beyond thanks at an audience, and the only obligation which it entailed on the holder was that he should at his own expense include a couple of Moorish soldiers in his retinue. The armoury of these warriors was somewhat obsolete, but they were handy men in pitching a tent or lighting a camp-fire, and were generally worth more than their very modest keep and wage.

Of similar interest to passports, but with slightly different objects, are the various sporting permits and licenses issued in every country (with the exception of that last mentioned) to those who shoot or fish. The sportsman in Canada, indeed, is confronted with a dual imposition of Dominion and Provincial licenses; but even in conjunction they cannot be called prohibitive in proportion to the sport offered. Turkey is the one country in Europe (up to the time of writing) in which there is a tax on sea-fishing. Certainly it amounts to only a few piastres; but there is, at even so slight a sacrifice, something quaint in the notion of regarding the sea as anything but public property. Yet even the sea-angler in quest of a few bass in the Gulf of Ismid must provide himself, through his Consulate, with a fishing *teskéré*, or he runs the risk of interference. The comforting reflection, however, comes with the conviction that it is better to pay the few pence demanded and enjoy such wonderful bass-fishing as those waters afford than to stay at home and enjoy blank days free of charge.

'MYSI.'

By W. G. LITT.

NAPOLÉON has said that an army crawls on its belly. It is equally true that it sees with the eyes of its scouts. Without those daring men who nightly take their lives in their hands and pass unseen through the darkness

—and, if luck be theirs, through the veil that shrouds the enemy's movements—tactics and strategy would be impossible.

On such work was Captain Richard Peterson, D.S.O., bound when, on that December evening

in 1901, he pulled up his pony at the little dam whose muddy waters strove to reflect some little of the glory flung across the sky by the setting sun. In all that vast expanse of country the man and his thirsty pony seemed the only signs of life; but none knew better than the British scout that the rolling veldt about him might hold many Boers as invisible to him as was the camp of General Westerhouse, which he had left an hour ago.

'There, you old insatiable toper! you've had quite enough water, I'm sure,' he commenced; then added sharply, 'Come up, you brute!' as the pony, checked from drinking, immediately attempted to lie down and absorb further moisture through the pores of its skin. Bringing the animal hastily to dry land again, he slipped the nosebag on its head, and sat down to smoke a last pipe before the darkness would make it too dangerous to strike a match.

The night that follows day so swiftly on the high veldt had fallen darkly when Peterson knocked out the ashes from his pipe, and, climbing into the saddle, cantered away along the track to Jacobsdaal.

An hour later he pulled up to a walk, as, rounding the shoulder of a big kopje, he passed into the shadows of the peach-orchard of Commandant Christian Delarene's farm. For a moment he paused at the edge of the trees, scanning the dark bulk of the homestead; and it was well he did so, for suddenly a blaze of light from the front-door showed a man leaving the house.

Who was this man? Was he the commandant himself, or a messenger from the commandant? These were the questions which rose in Peterson's brain as, with eyes straining through the gloom, he saw the man ride off eastward along the road to Rooifontein.

'I'd better look into this matter a bit,' the scout muttered to himself. Then, trusting to the infallible instinct of South African horseflesh which enables it, even on the darkest night, to avoid the millions of ant-bear holes that honey-comb the veldt, he turned his pony on to the rough grass and followed silently. It was difficult work in the darkness, but the sound of the pony's hoof-beats on the mud-baked road ahead helped the British officer when ever and anon he lost sight of his quarry.

So they rode for some six miles before another sound reached Peterson's ears, and caused him to pull up suddenly. It was the loud barking of a dog.

Now dogs do not bark, as a rule, unless they consider themselves on guard, and accordingly Peterson at once suspected that he approached some human habitation. If so, it might consist of a farm or a Boer encampment. But the fact that he had met with no outposts, and the improbability of dogs being on a commando, caused the scout to discard the latter alternative after

a moment's thought. It was possible, of course, that the man ahead was merely passing a farm on the roadside; but the dog's voice, now raised in sharp staccato notes, seemed to indicate that a stranger had halted near it.

Fastening his pony by the head-rein to a thorn-bush, Peterson crept forward on foot.

Yes, there was a farm right enough. It was all in darkness, and at first sight Peterson thought the dog had misled him after all; but as he drew nearer he could make out the forms of two ponies fastened to the tethering-rings beside the door. He reached them a moment later, and passed his hand quietly over them. The dried sweat on the one told as plainly as words that its owner had been awaiting the arrival of the rider of the pony with the damp, warm skin.

'So far, so good,' he told himself, and, keeping close against the wall, made his way to the back of the house. There a narrow chink of light shone between the curtains of an open window, and showed the scout a small patch of boarded floor within. The room seemed empty, but as he gazed curiously at it, wondering why the floor should be of wood in a country where beaten earth is the all but invariable rule, the door opened, and two men entered. At once Peterson sank down silently beneath the window.

'Now to business, Piet. Have you counted the ammunition?' a voice asked.

'No, commandant; I waited for you, thinking you might like to check it yourself. But I'll soon do it. The trap-door is here, hidden beneath the *kaross*.'

'Well, get down and count it, then. Take that dog down with you. The *schelm* does not seem to like visitors.'

The listener beneath the window fervently thanked the commandant for the suggestion. There came the noise of the trap lifting. Then for a time all was silent.

At last Piet's voice spoke again: 'Four thousand cases of Mauser and one thousand of Martini.'

'Yah, that is right. We'll fetch the lot to-morrow night.'

Peterson rose to his feet. He had heard enough to know that unawares he had stumbled across one of those huge stores of concealed ammunition which every one knew must exist, though nobody had discovered one.

There was nothing more to wait for. Besides, the moon now flooding the scene with light made his position considerably more dangerous. But, stealthily as he moved away, the quick ears of the dog must have heard him, for it suddenly burst out barking furiously.

Peterson flung one backward glance at the window, to see a man's face looking out. Then he turned and ran. Round the corner he sped toward the ponies. No time to reach his own now. In another moment he had torn loose the

reins and flung himself into the saddle. But even as he hacked his spurred heels savagely home there came the sharp crack of a rifle behind him. The pony sprang wildly into the air, and Peterson felt himself falling.

He was lying on a gut-stringed settee with his hands fast bound behind him when he opened his eyes and saw that Commandant Delarene bent over him with a flask of *dop*.

'There, that's fine,' the Boer said kindly. 'You'll soon be better. Just lie quietly until you feel quite yourself. Then I want to talk with you.—Piet,' he continued, 'go out at once and find the Englishman's pony. It's sure to be somewhere about; and we shall want it, now that you've killed mine.'

For a time the commandant sat puffing great clouds of smoke from his bent pipe. At last he turned to the scout. 'This is rather a serious business for you, I'm afraid. You'll understand that we can't let you go unless you promise not to tell about the ammunition?'

'Yes, I quite understand that.'

'Then you'll give your promise?'

'No.'

'No! Why, what do you mean?'

'Simply that I'll promise nothing of the sort.'

The commandant said no more; only he looked sadly at the scout, and his face grew very grave.

Presently Piet returned and announced his discovery of Peterson's pony.

'Yah!' the commandant said absently, and went on smoking.

'What about the Engelsman?'

'You still think the same?'

'Yah, of course.'

The commandant rose from his chair and looked at Peterson. 'Piet here thinks we ought to shoot you,' he said quietly.

The scout nodded.

'So you see you'd better give me your promise not to tell.'

'Do not trust him,' Piet broke in. 'He would tell any lie to save his skin. All *rooineks* would.'

'You are wrong, Piet,' the commandant said; 'he has refused to promise.'

'Well, no matter. Much better to kill him.'

Christian Delarene paced heavily up and down the room. 'I like not this business,' he said presently. 'To kill a man in battle, that is fair; but to kill a man in cold blood!'

'Bah! *Rooineks* are no better worth. I'll take him outside. It'll be over in a minute.'

'I like it not. If we could only take him with us to the commando we could let him go to-morrow night, when we have fetched the ammunition.'

'The commando is twenty miles away, and there are only two ponies,' Piet reminded him.

'Yah, that is so.'

'Then we must kill him.'

'I suppose so.'

The commandant looked almost beseechingly at Peterson, who shook his head in answer to the unspoken question.

'Very well, Piet,' the commandant almost whispered; 'take him outside and shoot him. His blood be on his own head. I have done what I could to save him.'

'Thank you, sir, for your kindness. You must not blame yourself for this. You have done everything you could,' Peterson said as he rose to his feet.

'You are a brave man, and I'—The commandant stopped suddenly, and, sinking on to the settee, turned his face away.

Before Peterson and his executioner could reach the door a girl flung it open and stood before them. For a moment she paused in astonishment the while her eyes wandered from the scout to the man behind him with the rifle. Then, 'What is Piet going to do with that Englishman, uncle?' she asked sharply.

'Go away, René,' the commandant said. 'This is no place for you. You should be in bed and asleep.'

'I was asleep, but that shot woke me.'

'I know. Well, go back to bed.'

'What has the Englishman done?' she questioned.

'Done? Found out where the ammunition is stored. Go back to bed.'

'But his hands are tied, and Piet follows him with a rifle. What is happening?'

Piet gave a savage laugh. 'Why not tell the *mysi*, commandant? Why not tell her that I'm going to shoot him dead as a spy?'

'How can he be a spy when he's in uniform? Spies are disguised, aren't they, uncle?'

'Yes, yes, René. You're right, and Piet is wrong. This man is a scout, not a spy.'

'Then why is Piet going to shoot him? If he's a scout he's a soldier. Oh, is this the way you deal with soldiers you have caught? Did the English treat your own son Louis in this way?'

'My dear, this is different. As a general rule, when we take prisoners we take their weapons from them, and let them go, now that we can no longer be bothered with prisoners. But this man knows too much for us to do that; and we cannot take him with us, because Piet had to shoot my pony—he was trying to escape on it—and one of us will have to ride his.'

'Why not make him promise not to tell anything about the ammunition?'

'I thought of that. He refuses to promise.'

The girl stepped up to Peterson. 'Won't you promise me?' she asked.

Peterson smiled. 'I'm afraid in such an important matter I must go even so far as to refuse a lady.'

'But Piet will murder you otherwise.'

Peterson nodded.

'But I cannot bear to think of that.'

'You'll have to,' Piet growled savagely. 'Enough of this nonsense. Come, *rooinek*.'

'Uncle, stop him!' the girl shouted. 'Uncle, if I tell you of a way by which he can be kept safely, will you spare his life?'

'Surely, I will, and gladly,' the commandant said.

'Well, leave him here, and let me watch him till you return.'

The commandant shook his head, but she ran to him and seized his hand.

'Don't—oh, don't say no! Listen. I'll guard him with a rifle and shoot him if he tries to escape.'

'But we shall be away quite eighteen hours.'

'What is eighteen hours? Of course I can watch him that long.'

'You are sure you can do it? It's a long time, and you're all alone now,' he said doubtfully.

'Yes—oh yes. Of course I can do it.'

'And you would shoot him if he tried to escape?'

'Yes, I promise.'

Christian Delarene rose to his feet and laid his hand on her shoulder.

'Very well, *mysi*,' he said, 'I give you his life. Guard him very carefully until we come to-morrow night with the Cape-carts. You'd better fetch some milk and food. You'll want them.'

'There's plenty of both in the cupboard there,' she answered, as she lifted down a rifle and bandolier from the wall, and slipped a case of cartridges into the breach.

'Then, now that's settled, we'd better be off, Piet,' the commandant said.

'It's absurd, ridiculous,' Piet commenced, 'to leave a girl, a *mysi* like that, to watch him! Why?'

'Whatever it is is no concern of yours. Come; I have decided.'

'But?'

'No more,' the commandant thundered, grasping the light *sjambok* that hung by a thong at his wrist.

Peterson sank down weakly in the settee as the door closed behind them. A moment later he heard the two ponies cantering away.

'I—I don't quite know how to thank you for saving my life,' he muttered rather brokenly now that the strain was over.

The girl nodded. 'Never mind that. But now that they've gone won't you give me your promise not to escape? Then I can loose your wrists.'

'I can't do that. I think I ought to warn you that I will try to escape if I get the chance.'

'Very well,' she said, 'just as you like. I must tell you that I will certainly shoot if you do. I'm a pretty good shot, too.'

'I'm sure you are, from the way you loaded that rifle.'

'Perhaps you'd like to smoke?' she asked presently. 'You certainly would if you were Dutch.'

'I would, very much. But unfortunately, with my hands behind me, I can't reach my pipe and tobacco.'

She stamped her foot. 'It's your own fault. It would serve you right to have to do without. Really, I've no patience with you. You ought to have enough sense to know when you're beaten.'

'I'm afraid I've never had much sense, then.'

'That's merely silly. But it's not my business to teach you sense. All I've got to do is to guard you; and as you're my very first prisoner I won't be unkind. Shall I fill your pipe for you?' she said, and moved round the table toward him.

'Thank you so much,' he said gratefully. 'The pouch is in the left and the pipe in the right pocket of my tunic.'

She found them, put the pipe into his mouth, and held a light to it. Then she went back to her rifle.

Peterson lay back, smoking quietly, and watched her. What a pretty girl she was, and how well that black hair of hers suited the pale face it framed! But he was very tired, and presently his head nodded. The falling of his pipe on the floor woke him suddenly, and he smiled to see that the girl had clutched her rifle. She caught his look and smiled too as she laid the weapon down again.

Slowly the hours of night wore on, but ever as he looked at his jailer he saw her great eyes fixed intently on him.

At last the girl moved to the window, and, drawing back the blinds, let in the pale light of dawn.

Idly Peterson watched the sky grow pink and rosy. Then the sun rose swift and golden from its couch. He sat up suddenly. The window faced east! Somewhere across that rolling plain, there beyond the mealie-patch, the ragged, weary column to which he belonged must be trekking even now! At last he saw them, the men of that advance screen riding wide-flung across the veldt.

Something in the scout's face must have attracted the girl's attention, for she followed his gaze.

'There are men riding over there. Your men, I think!' she exclaimed.

'Yes; I've been expecting them. General Westerhouse is marching to Rooifountain to-day.'

'If they come to this farm they will find you, and you will tell them all about the ammunition?'

'Certainly. I must. You see, it's my duty.'

'I never thought of that.'

'You mean of my own people finding me? It's unfortunate for you. But you'll hardly blame me for not feeling the same about it.'

'It's more than unfortunate. It'll be my fault. I ought never to have stopped Piet last night. Oh, I hope they won't come.'

'I think your wish will be gratified. Look! that advance guard is swerving away to its left.'

But Peterson knew, though he did not tell her, that presently there must come a flank guard. Perhaps they would reach the farm. At any rate there was a possibility that some one with a taste for egg-collecting might be tempted to inspect the hen-roost. Ah, there they were! They certainly seemed bound for the farm.

'I think they're coming,' the girl whispered.

'I think so too. They can't be more than eight hundred yards away, can they? I'm sorry for you. You've lost and I've won.'

The girl's jaw hardened grimly. 'I've not lost. I'll win yet. You see that thorn-bush there, beyond the mealie-patch? If they pass that they will be coming here, and I will shoot you.'

'I understand.'

'They're almost at the bush,' she said presently in a harsh voice. She raised the rifle to her shoulder and sighted it on him.

He looked at her gravely. His face was very white and set, but his eyes were as smiling as ever. He saw a slim finger commence to tighten on the trigger. He saw her give one last glance out of the window.

Then, 'Thank God,' she sobbed, 'they're turning to their left too!' The rifle fell from her limp hands.

It was the moment. With a shout, Peterson leapt to his feet, and, flinging himself at the window, fell through amidst a cloud of shattered glass. He fought his way up on to his feet, and struggled forward. As he did so a bullet tore a furrow across his cheek.

How far was it to the cover of the mealies? Fifty yards? Then he'd never reach it. That girl wasn't boasting when she said she could shoot. How beastly awkward to run with one's hands tied behind one! Bang! again. Ah, she'd missed that time! Perhaps he would reach the cover after all. Only five more yards and he would be out of her sight.

A stab of anguish burnt through him, and he fell. Why, what had happened to the maize? It seemed blood-red! A funny thing, red maize. It had been green a moment ago; he could swear it had. He rose somehow to his knees, and fell again. Those mealies! Why did he want to reach them—why? Why, here was Williams, good old Williams, coming through the blood!

'Williams'—he began.

The officer fell on his knees beside him. 'Good Lord, it's Peterson!'

'Williams, listen! In that house the Boers have'—

'Yes, yes. Go steady, old chap!'

'In that house the'—

Captain Williams laid the limp body gently down. Then he rose to his feet and turned to the men now bursting through the mealies.

'Now then, you chaps! Let us clear them out of the house. Get opened out, there on the right. Don't fire till you see something to'— He broke off suddenly, and knocked up a rifle. 'Curse you, Anderson! Can't you see that's a woman at the window?'

'How long have I been unconscious, doctor?' Peterson asked feebly.

'A good twenty-four hours. You've got to lie quiet, my boy.'

'Twenty-four hours! Then it's too late!'

'What's too late?'

'There was a great store of ammunition in that house.'

'Yes, wasn't there rather?'

'You know? How can you know? I was trying to get away to tell our chaps, but I failed.'

'My dear old chap, you didn't fail.'

'Why, what do you mean?'

'Mean! Why, you must have forgotten the good old rule! That's a magnificent order, that about burning every house from which the Boers pot at us. Well, Williams set fire to the house, and that ammunition went off popping for an hour or two. Must have been millions of rounds of it.'

'Hardly that. There were exactly five thousand cases.'

'The Boers escaped, though,' the doctor added.

'What Boers?'

'Why, the chaps that shot you, of course. But they had to look sharp about it. One of them actually forgot his rifle in his hurry.'

'And the girl?'

The doctor smiled. 'Oh, we brought her along with us. She'll be more comfortable in a concentration camp than in the ruins of her farm. She cried dreadfully when she heard you were wounded. You must have made quite an impression upon her!'

Peterson smiled faintly. 'She certainly paid me a good deal of attention. But on the whole I think she made the greater impression on me.'

That was all he ever said on the subject.



THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN AUTOMATIC CAFÉ-AU-LAIT-MAKER.

CAFÉ-AU-LAIT is a highly appreciated beverage, and would be more popular in the average home were its preparation simpler and easier. A close observer realised this fact, and thereupon set to work to evolve a device to this end which would appeal to the housewife. In this he has succeeded, and the *café-au-lait* prepared by this method is in every way equal to that produced upon the more elaborate orthodox lines, is free from dregs, absolutely clear, and has the additional advantage of being produced automatically, in a few minutes, and without any trouble whatever. The device consists of a telescopic vertical tube, open at both ends, but at the upper extremity fitted with a cap. The lower end of the tube is attached to a conically shaped stand with corrugated edges. The upper end carries a small circular tray, with walls about one inch deep, which, together with the bottom, are finely perforated. The method of operation is extremely simple. The requisite quantity of coffee is placed in the tray, and the device is then put into a saucepan, or other suitable vessel, containing the necessary proportions of milk and water. As the tube of the apparatus is telescopic, the tray containing the coffee can be lowered to about half-an-inch above the level of the liquid. The saucepan, with its contents, is placed upon the fire, gas-ring, electric heater, or what not, and brought to the boil. Directly this ensues, the water, being able to pass freely beneath the conical support of the coffee-holder, ascends the telescopic tube, and rising to the top, endeavours to spurt upwards, but the cap deflects the liquid, and causes it to be thrown into the tray containing the coffee. The liquid falls over the coffee in an even spray, and percolating through it, trickles through the perforated sides and bottom of the tray to return to the main body of liquid. The spraying commences directly the liquid begins to boil, and continues until the vessel is removed from the heating system. The operation is completed about three minutes after the water has reached the boiling-point, and the drink thus produced is of a delightful creamy character. Provided the heat is not too fierce, there is no danger of the liquid boiling over, so that the saucepan may be left unattended, the preparation of the *café-au-lait* taking place meanwhile with perfect safety and success. Ordinary coffee may be prepared exactly in the same manner. After use the apparatus only requires a thorough washing; while, by means of a brush, the tube can be cleaned and any grains of coffee which may have become lodged in the perforations may be removed, so that the device may work efficiently when required once more. In trickling

over the coffee, after falling from the central tube, the liquid extracts all the goodness and aroma from the coffee.

COLD LIGHT.

A demonstration was carried out recently in London to illustrate the applications of 'cold light' evolved by Professor C. F. Dussaud, a Continental scientist, which he has perfected for use in cinematography, lighthouses, photography, and other similar purposes. The method is very simple. It comprises the burning of metallic filament electric incandescent lamps at about 100 per cent. above their normal rating for very short intervals. This end is achieved in several different ways. For instance, the lamps may be lit and extinguished by the aid of an interrupter in the circuit, which switches the current on and off at regular intervals; or they may be fitted to a revolving disc, which, driven by a motor or other efficient system, swings each lamp round to light up as it passes a fixed point, by moving over a suitable contact. The lighting period is so brief that the bulb has not time to become hot, and the filament is not maintained at extreme incandescence a sufficiently long period to break down. The illumination obtained in this manner is extremely brilliant and powerful. So far as the cinematographic application is concerned the lamp takes the place of the shutter, which is generally employed to cut off the light during the fraction of a second in which the film is jerked forward the depth of a picture. In this instance the light is extinguished while the film is being moved, the result being a series of regular intermittent flashes emitted at the rate of sixteen per second. Professor Dussaud has carried out many important developments in connection with this system, one of the most important being his trichromatic natural-colour photographic process in connection with moving pictures. For the projection of lantern-slides he employs the rotating disc of lamps, each lamp being lit up in turn as it comes before the slide, the disc being rotated while the slide is being changed. It has been shown that a lamp may be kept burning at excessive voltage for as long as two minutes continuously without suffering any damage. The system has met with widespread appreciation in France for a variety of purposes. For lighthouse illumination with the occulting and revolving characteristics it has also proved efficient. In the revolving type of light the lamp of a larger design is extinguished during part of the revolution, so as to enable it to cool down. It is pointed out that by this invention, owing to the extreme coolness of the light, smaller lenses can be employed because they can be brought closer to the light. Naturally the life of the lamp is somewhat short

under these conditions, but it is claimed that the system is cheaper than an arc light required to produce an identical candle-power.

THE TAKE-DOWN HOUSE.

In these islands bungalow life is coming rapidly to the fore. In fact, it would be more popular, especially during the summer, were it possible to secure either portable or cheaper types of residences suited to the peculiar conditions. The only alternative to the permanent structure is the tent, which is far from satisfactory, as it is not rainproof, and can be overturned by a heavy wind. The solution of the problem of the bungalow residence, however, is solved very completely in the 'Kenyon take-down house.' As its name implies, it can be dismantled whenever desired, and that in the minimum of time. This idea has been thought out very cleverly, and as a result of experience a perfect home is obtainable at a low price. The frame is made of Washington fir, nicely finished and stained. No screws or nails have to be driven, all joints being of a simple slip-in or hook-on type, and clinched up tightly by the aid of thumb-screws. The floor is divided into portable sections, and comprises pine cut in widths of two and a half inches, carefully matched, closely laid, finished with varnish on the wearing side, and creosoted on the reverse face to secure protection against moisture, vermin, and insects. The floor is supported on two by four inch joists, so that sagging is overcome; while these also serve as a firm foundation. The house is anchored firmly to the ground by the aid of twenty four-inch stakes, so that it cannot be upset by the fiercest winds. The walls and roof are made of heavy weather-proof fabric, brown in colour, which can be washed on the outside with a hose. Spaces are left for windows and doors, and the fabric cut away to allow these openings is used for sun-blinds. This fabric is extremely strong, and cannot be cut very easily with a knife. The windows are made of fibreloid, a flexible, transparent material, and can be raised and lowered by a simple movement from within. On the inside of the windows a very fine screen, which does not deprive the apartment of light, but which prevents the entrance of the smallest insect, is fixed; and this likewise can be operated from within. The ceiling is of brown burlap, with arrangements provided for the escape of vitiated air from the apartment; while ample space is left between this and the roof for the circulation of air, so that the room is kept cool in summer. The partitions are also of burlap, attached to the frames by hooks and eyelets, so that they can be drawn aside in the manner of curtains to pass from one room to another. Special provision is made in regard to the chimneys, so that the rain cannot enter; while there is no danger of the fabric being charred by the heat radiated from the chimney. The house

can be taken down and erected without any skill, as all parts fit like a glove. From three to six compartments can be provided, though the house has the conventional rectangular form. As a rule erection does not occupy more than five or six hours. Once completed, the house can be left standing indefinitely. These houses have become very popular at the American seaside and picnic resorts where the ordinary type of building is not required, and especially in the bungalow towns. They are eminently adapted for new countries, because the visitor can be certain of obtaining a comfortable domicile within a short time of reaching his destination. Recently the idea has been adapted to the requirements of sanatoria, and this development has met with widespread appreciation; a house complete, for two patients, costing only twenty pounds.

THE SELF-PROPELLED V. ELECTRIC TRAMCAR.

Although electric tramway extension has undergone considerable development in the British Islands during the past few years, it is felt in many quarters that this is not the most economical system. Again, there is the question of disorganisation arising from a break-down in the machinery of the generating-station. Painful illustrations of this latter drawback have been offered in London. The self-propelled tramcar, on the other hand, is an independent, self-contained unit, similar to the motor-bus, and any failure in a vehicle only affects that particular car. So far as the self-propelled system is concerned the vehicles may be of two types: petrol purely and simply, or a combined petrol-electric system. Both types have many practical illustrations in service, and at the moment it is difficult to say which is the more efficient and economical. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that both systems so far as concerns tramway working are in their infancy; neither has emerged from the experimental stage. The advocates of the respective systems show glowing figures regarding the cost of operation, as obviously there is a keen rivalry to produce the lowest or cheapest working to compel the greatest attention. Unfortunately in the majority of cases these figures are very misleading, as they are not complete, and cannot fairly be compared with the ordinary electric tramcar working. Still, the self-propelled tramcar has a very useful sphere of application; it is suited to sparsely populated districts where it would not pay, at least for years, if ever, to install a permanent electric equipment. In the United States, Canada, and other countries where popular opinion concerning intra-mural transportation is more enlightened and progressive than here, the tramcar is popular and successful because it is recognised in its true light. Fares on the whole are cheaper, especially over long distances, and the speeds are higher. The public recognise its significance and assist development. In

the New World the motor-bus has never been able to secure a footing, as it cannot compete with its older rival. In this country a similar state of affairs would prevail were the electric tramcar viewed dispassionately and its development not harassed or obstructed by jealous vested interests. Also, there should be a centralisation of electric generation; for it is a recognised fact that the more current which can be taken, and the nearer the load is kept to the maximum output, the cheaper the energy can be supplied. It must not be forgotten that the tramcar is the average man's conveyance, and in the general speeding up of highroad transportation, surely it is preferable in the public interest to foster the most efficient, convenient, and cheapest medium of travel.

A NOVEL HOUSEWIFE'S-HELP.

The scissors have an uncanny knack of wandering, even from the tidiest work-basket, and often, when wanted, cannot be found. This is particularly the case in casual sewing operations. With a view to prevent this, and to obviate the necessity of snapping or biting a length of cotton or thread from the reel, a novel little device has been patented. It comprises a small spindle which slips through the hole in the reel, and which at one end is fitted with a tiny blade. It is held in position on the reel by a spring passing from the lower end of the spindle to the blade projection. Thus a cutting edge is fitted to the reel, and remains there until the contents of the reel have been exhausted. All that is necessary, when a sufficient length of thread or cotton has been unwound, is to pass the cotton over the knife-edge, and to give it a slight tight pull, when it is immediately severed at the desired point. This way of dispensing with the scissors is just one of those little refinements which serve to relieve domestic worries. When the reel has been exhausted the device can be withdrawn in an instant, and applied to another reel.

A VACUUM CARPET-SWEEPER.

Among the many recent developments of the vacuum-cleaner, one of the most novel, and certainly most efficient and useful, is that which has been devised expressly for the sweeping of carpets. There is a small box of very light weight mounted upon wheels, and provided with a handle, similar to the conventional carpet-sweeper. The small box contains the whole of the mechanism for completing the work, and this is of the simplest, most durable, and efficient type. No pumping action or electric plugs are required. One merely pushes the wheeled device over the carpet. This action supplies the requisite motive-power to set the vacuum cleansing mechanism in action, and it will continue to extract all the dust from the carpet so long as it is pushed along. It does not merely pick up the surface dirt on the carpet, such as crumbs, but takes up the dust which may have sunk into the

floor-covering, and which, as a rule, cannot be extracted by anything less than vigorous sweeping with a stiff broom. The simplicity of working and the thoroughness with which the machine does its work, combined with the very slight effort that is necessary to achieve the desired end, constitute the salient features of this housewife's mechanical helpmeet. Owing to the strong design of the integral parts and the simplification of the mechanism, there is nothing to go wrong under ordinary working conditions, so that it is quite capable of fulfilling its task for years without repairs. The dust is collected in a small reservoir attached to the box, and thus the room does not become vitiated in the operation, and the box can be withdrawn at intervals and emptied. Although many ingenious devices have been developed within recent years for the purpose of aiding in the admittedly trying and arduous task of carpet-sweeping, this is the most perfect, simple, and successful method which has been evolved up to the present.

CATCHING WIRELESS SIGNALS.

Although the popular impression prevails that an elaborate antenna is necessary to catch wireless signals, this illusion has been dispelled by Mr A. A. Campbell Swinton. This well-known authority has communicated to *Nature* an interesting circumstance. He found that the various metallic fittings in his residence emitted telephonic vibrations. He followed up this discovery, and found that an iron bedstead and wire mattress upon the fourth floor answered as a very efficient antenna or collector of the wireless waves. He connected a receiving apparatus therewith, and was able to receive the Admiralty signals very distinctly; while numerous other signals of varying audibility came in. Even the time-signals which are sent out from the Eiffel Tower were distinguished. Commenting upon the results of Mr Swinton's peculiar investigations, an electrical contemporary remarks that, with an open umbrella connected to the nails in one's boots, we shall be able to approach one step nearer the vest-pocket wireless apparatus which Professor Ayrton prophesied some years ago.

SUN-POWER.

As a supplement to the article on 'Solar Heat for Human Use' in our June issue, the following facts from *Cassier's Magazine* for May are interesting. The writer says that very shortly it may be possible to utilise sun-power to greater commercial advantage than at present. The Sun-Power Company (Eastern Hemisphere), Ltd., has installed a plant at Cairo of one hundred horsepower. This plant was completed in September last, and was intended for pumping purposes. After it had run satisfactorily for three days the heat was too great for the zinc boilers used, which had been found satisfactory in the United States. Cast-iron boilers were ordered for temporary use; but it is intended in future to use

dished steel plates. It was stated that, in the experimental plant starting up at noon on cold water, steam could be obtained in three minutes. The exhaust steam was returned to a condenser, a special type of low-pressure engine being used. If the present plant proves satisfactory it may open up an immense field in the Soudan for similar installations for irrigation purposes.

ANOTHER SAFE WINDOW-CATCH.

Admiral Close, Clifton Down, Bristol, writes as follows regarding the above in our May issue: 'Permit me to go one better on this important question. The handle is a pine-shaped ball working on a pin or spindle, with a quarter-inch play up and down; in shutting the window you raise the ball, and when it is shut the ball falls of its own weight into a slight hollow in the brass, so that it cannot be unfastened without raising the ball. It is the simplest and most effective catch, almost working itself, and is the invention of the Hon. Mrs Rodney, Unity Street, Bristol.'

THE NEW ALPINE RAILWAY.

The newest Alpine railway—the Lötschberg—opened this month, is described by a correspondent of the *Scotsman* as one of the greatest feats of railway engineering ever accomplished. For more than six years this colossal work has been going on in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, and although but forty-eight miles in length has cost four million pounds and more than forty human lives. The object of the Lötschberg Railway is to provide a direct route to the Simplon, and so to Italy, from western and north-western Europe, hitherto impossible owing to the vast natural barrier of the Bernese Alps range. It is estimated that in future a reduction of from one to five hours will be effected on the journey, according to the point of departure. The starting-point of the line, Spiez, on the Lake of Thun, is approached *via* Delle or Basel and Berne; at Spiez the powerful electric locomotives which have been designed for the Lötschberg service will be substituted for the steam locomotive, and the journey will be continued by way of the Kandersteg valley and the Lötschberg Tunnel to the Rhone valley. The line proceeds along a narrow ledge blasted out of the rock one thousand feet above the Rhone, and gradually descends until Brigue, the entrance to the Simplon Tunnel, is reached. For its accomplishment it was necessary to pierce a ten-mile-long tunnel through the great Alpine chain, and the remainder of the line was laid through wildly precipitous country, where every foot of track had to be wrested from nature. Dozens of tunnels have been pierced, and numerous deep ravines bridged. There are twelve smaller tunnels to the north of the great Lötschberg Tunnel, and no fewer than twenty-one on the southern section. There are fourteen viaducts and bridges of more than thirty feet

span on the northern section, and eleven on the southern section. Part of the country traversed is of so precipitous a nature that elaborate precautions had to be taken to ensure the safety of the line from avalanches. Immense granite walls have been erected at intervals upon the mountain-side in order to break the force of the falling snow-masses before they become dangerous. Previous to these avalanche barriers being constructed the workmen were in constant peril, a number of workshops being destroyed and twelve men losing their lives on one occasion.

MISS MARION H. NEIL AND CASSEROLE COOKERY.

So many of our readers have ordered copies of *Casserole Dishes* and *Candies and Bon-Bons* that we think it will interest them to know that Miss Marion H. Neil, although now resident in America, belongs to the old country. Surprise has been expressed that American books on these subjects should have achieved such success here, but no doubt the explanation is that Miss Neil's experiences both in Britain and America have enabled her to provide recipes for dishes equally acceptable in both countries.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

SUNSET.

THE brightness of the evening sky
Across the moor is falling,
The sunset glory draweth nigh,
With charmed peace enthralling.
And in the glen, with soothing power,
And with a strange appealing,
God leads the soul at twilight hour
Into His land of healing.

The weary toiler at the gates
Through which the river floweth,
With patient heart expectant waits,
And, as the sunset gloweth,
Feels the soft touch of Nature's hand
The mists of earth dispelling,
And hears beyond the sunlit land
The heavenly chorus swelling.

Fair sunset strikes her harp of gold
That in the far west swingeth,
And wakes the tender song of old
That down the valley ringeth;
And through those crimson skies with grace,
Mid angel hosts adoring,
Peace, with the smiling, loveliest face,
Above the earth is soaring.

GILBERT RAE.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of illegibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if illegible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

By **MARLAN BOWER.**

CHAPTER I.

SEBASTIAN DE RICHEMONTCEUR had been in want of money ever since he could remember; and many were the uses, not to say urgent needs, that a man born to his tastes, in his day, had for coin of the realm.

The De Richemontcœurs belonged to one of the oldest families in the province of Touraine, albeit Sebastian was but the younger son of a younger son. His father, too, had done all that lay in his power to bring his name, his lineage, his order, into disrepute. But Gaspar de Richemontcœur died young, and his wife, broken-hearted, just faded out of life, as overburdened women in her time had a way of doing.

Sebastian, inheriting the reckless strain, disappeared as soon as he was his own master. His grandfather, who had been his guardian, concluded that he had volunteered to serve in the Austrian wars, and was happy to think of such a solution, for that long-drawn-out struggle, which desolated middle Europe for some thirty years and more, served much the same purpose as the Foreign Legion. It drew off the hot-bloods and ne'er-do-weels of every nationality. Sometimes it sobered them; sometimes it killed them. At least it gave them their chance.

But while the Duc de Richemontcœur, as he grew very old, was hoping each day that his grandson might return, covered with glory, and such a credit to his country and his family that any rich heiress would be glad to marry him, and re-establish him among the solid landed gentry of the province, Sebastian was engaged in a very different pursuit almost at the family doorstep. But then the difficulties of communication were such that ten leagues was as far away as Paris is from London now.

In plain English, Sebastian had taken to smuggling, partly because a man must eat to live, and he had no fancy for honest, regular work, with its humdrum procession of days, one so very much like the other; and partly because the perils and escapes, the sense of power and of mastery over other men as lawless as himself, sent the blood coursing through his veins with a perpetually renewed excitement.

He belonged to a band who styled themselves

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the Adventurers of Nantes. He had joined them as a simple volunteer, rather looked at askance as too much of a gentleman—for breeding, disguise it, degrade it as you will, has a knack of showing itself—and he rose rapidly to be the moving spirit of the company.

But while these Adventurers were sometimes more than tolerated by the authorities at home—for instance, when they sailed the high seas and despoiled the English East Indiamen, or intercepted the supplies destined for the American colonies—it was a very different matter when this 'adventuring' concerned itself with the passing from France to England of brandy or French wines that had not paid the local dues.

The Adventurers of Nantes limited themselves to this local trade. They sent their contraband down to the sea by way of the great river Loire; and at length there came a night—a summer night, just after all the clocks in Tours had tolled for the passing of one day and the dawn of the next—that retribution fell on the company. The Adventurers' boats—for they stole down the river one after the other in tiny craft—were attacked, and after a hand-to-hand encounter Jacques Sebastian, as the leader was called, found himself badly wounded, in danger of being captured, in danger of an ignominious death.

Sebastian was lying in a hollow in those rocks which came, and still come, almost to the edge of the stately river, when he told himself this exceedingly unpleasant truth. It was more than twenty-four hours since he had exerted his will to the utmost, since he had used up the last remnant of his strength to creep into this cavern; and now, as he came back to consciousness, to a power of thinking clearly about himself and the things that had befallen him, the certainty of his perilous position was the one conclusion that pressed itself home on his mind.

He raised himself wearily on one elbow. He began to take stock of his physical condition, and he discovered that he had a deep wound in one side, besides quite a collection of smaller ones. Then, realising how weak he was, he felt in his tunic, made of dark material that it might not show against the night and the shadows, and sought for his flask. He put it to his lips and

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drank deeply. The liquid revived him; and, tired yet quite able to think, he began to determine what was to be done next.

He looked carefully about, round the cave. He fastened his glance on the screen of waving, dipping willows which hid the entrance to his retreat; he recollected—for he knew every inch of the country on both banks of the river—who inhabited the cottages, the names at least of those who dwelt in the stately châteaux, and that all along, where the turf topped the sandstone rock, ran a fringe of tall trees. He listened to the rush and flow of the water, and as he lay very still he caught the cries of the honest countrymen hauling their barges, filled with merchandise or the produce of the fertile fields, down to the great market at Tours.

His mind lingered on the river as a means of escape, and yet but a little reflection told him that that way was barred. For when evening came he had not a doubt that the 'lantern,' as it was called locally, at Villeneuve de Tours would be lighted; and the 'lantern' was a beacon-fire in an iron basket raised aloft on a high, lean tower of solid masonry built by the Romans, which, when danger was abroad or pirates coming up the river, had flamed ever since those far-away days. But on this occasion it would not cast its glow over the water, over the banks, over the shoals and the full stream to warn the inhabitants of possible marauders, but to assist in the search for Jacques Sebastian, the leader and captain of the Adventurers of Nantes.

Its sudden gleam had been his undoing in the first instance. The authorities had got wind of a shipment of brandy—Sebastian wondered in passing who had betrayed them—and had lighted the beacon, and the glow from the logs steeped in resin had shown the tail of little boats hugging the shore, taking advantage of every shadow, as they crept one by one down towards the sea.

Sebastian's great bodily strength, his fine powers of swimming, had saved him. Of the other two men in the first boat with him, one had been killed outright; for the third was reserved the harder fate of being taken to Tours, of being tried, and assuredly condemned to one of those cruel deaths which were still the legal mode of execution even at this time, when the eighteenth century was well on the way to its close.

Then Sebastian turned round. He looked away from the willows; he looked at the yellow-brown walls of the cave. If he could but lie still for a few more days, his escape would be a much more simple affair; but the whole point was that he could not remain in the cave without food, and that there was no possibility of his getting food. He turned hastily to the flask and examined it. It was empty. When last he drank he must have drained it to the last drop. Sebastian had never wanted for

wits or for a certain inventiveness in getting himself out of tight places; but now he found himself in such a trap that his first emotion was one of absolute despair. The next moment a man's urgent desire of mere life prevailed. He cautiously rose to his feet—for the cave was very high though it was shallow—and began to walk from one extremity to the other. Then he turned about. He began to feel less stiff with each footfall. Suddenly he saw something before him, stopped, and, with a touch of that recklessness which always distinguished him, laughed aloud. He had seen that which gave him renewed hope. He had seen a round patch, a pool of whiteness, on the floor, and he knew that that could but mean that there must be some point at which light came in from the roof of the cave, and that if light could come in, it was more than probable that he, Sebastian, could get out.

He raised his eyes, and in a moment he saw a narrow slit above him. The cave, then, had two means of egress. He threw himself down as soon as he was sure of this, determined to husband his strength. He began to make plans rapidly, and the very boldness of the notion that at once occurred to him so stimulated him, so elated him, that there, lying on the ground, outlawed, proscribed, with a price on his head, he laughed for the second time in pure enjoyment.

He raised his arm; he made himself as comfortable as possible. There was too much light as yet for his project, too vivid a golden haze over the water, too much glory still in the sky; and as he waited, notwithstanding his recklessness, his mind turned backward. He knew that, as an organisation, the Adventurers of Nantes must have ceased to exist. He thought of his years at their head, of the many deeds he had sanctioned, of the many more in which he had participated, which would have been better undone, of what he had got by all this stealing, by murder even, by intimidating men weaker than himself, and he was obliged to confess that now, when his youth was past, he must face the world anew without a coin in his pocket, a fugitive flying from justice.

When he got as far as this unpleasant certainty the shadows were lying over the blue Loire, the evening breeze was ruffling the foliage of the willows, and instead of the tender mist softening all the countryside, the gray shades of twilight were falling quicker and quicker.

It was time for Sebastian to be up, to be doing. He rose. He was preparing to start out on what a man in the full possession of his health and strength might call a forlorn hope.

His plans were all made by the light of that round, full blob of sunset glow which had penetrated from the roof. He had not seen the aperture at first, because it zigzagged; now he knew that its formation would be of the greatest use to him. He began to climb up the crumbling

layers of the soft rock, one foot over the other. More than once he nearly slipped; more than once he feared that his strength was not sufficient for the effort. If the exertion broke open his wound and it began to bleed again, then the best he could hope for was to fall back and die. The possibility made him shiver. It was one thing to confront the great enemy in the open, with the excitement of strife and daring to stimulate him; it was another to face the same possibility in a dim cave with a lingering agony of weakness and hunger before him. But with the next careful step upwards Sebastian forgot his fears. He had passed round a hump of the rock, and as he pulled himself behind it he saw a long, brown, fibrous, cord-like root growing so low down that he had but to raise his arm to grasp it. He could pull himself up by this same root; it belonged to one of the giant trees growing along the ledge of the crest, and, when he came to think of it, he probably owed to it this possible way out. It was doubtless the thrust of the root which had wedged the soft rock asunder, which had left a place for a trickle of water in wet weather, for a shaft of light on a bright day. Next, with one supreme effort, he stood out in the open, with the great tree rising up beside him, the soft air about him, the country, wooded and interspersed with squares of vineyards all along the sunny slopes, spread before him.

Sebastian just paused to make sure where he was. He saw that he was in the park of a property known as Villemarnier. Before him, he could see the white front of the château itself rising up on the crest of a gentle slope, with its twin round towers finishing the straight length of the main building at both ends, each of them topped with a tapering roof, ending in a thin spire, its narrow terrace bordered with light iron railings looking over a space of greenness, and beyond that greenness the Loire itself.

Villemarnier was but a little house compared with the stately dwellings in the district; but in it, alone, dwelt Madame de Villemarnier, who was a widow. It was of her, or rather of her establishment, that Sebastian was thinking as he began to walk cautiously over the turf, keeping behind any convenient rise, skirting any tree. But he had not gone far before he knew that the plan which he had in his mind would never be accomplished. His wound was bleeding again. He could feel the sickly trickle oozing down his side. He had intended to creep into the *basin* *cour* of the château, to steal a horse from the stable, to make off inland, and, once out of the district, to discard Jacques Sebastian and reappear among his own people, trusting to his inventiveness to make up some tale—of pirates and Moors probably—that would account for his wound and his forlorn appearance.

Now, with his strength ebbing, he could not keep in the saddle for an hour. He thought of

just dropping down on the greenness and waiting for the end. But the young moon was up already, and the earth was giving out sweet scents, and he knew he wanted to live. Desperately Sebastian looked about him, before him. He had a feeling that a man could not be in such an extremity and no one be there to help. He looked toward the château; he could see the whole length of the front; and then, as he watched, the figure of a woman came out, a woman all in black, who began to pace to and fro.

In a flash, as he looked, it came to Sebastian that his chance was before him. He would throw himself on the mercy of this woman. He started forward a pace quicker. That small effort told him how nearly his strength was at its end. He reeled. By another effort of will he steadied himself and still kept on his legs. He fixed his eyes ahead. It was but such a little way farther, a space he might almost have cleared in a couple of bounds had he been in good health. He saw the figure on the terrace pause. He wondered if he had been seen. Again Sebastian pressed on. He reeled once more. He tried again, and then he fainted.

The next time that Sebastian opened his eyes to consciousness he was lying in a stately canopied bed, hung with brocaded curtains, and beyond that bed he could see a window, and through that window he could catch a glimpse of blue sky broken up by masses of green foliage. He looked at the picture slowly, carefully, as if it were new and very interesting, and while he watched he realised that he must have been ill for many days, and that now the worst was past and he was on the way to health again.

Then he cautiously turned over. The curtains at the foot of the bed were looped into great round balls, so that he could see he was in a large room, the walls of which were hung with tapestry; and in his line of vision was also a fine chestnut coffer and two stately high-backed chairs; while on the ceiling he saw first the massive beams, and then the elaborate colouring—blue, orange, scarlet—between them.

After Sebastian had made this survey he closed his eyes. He was not yet equal to solving the problem of where he was or how he had arrived there. But after another sleep he began to piece things together in his mind. He had just come to realising that he must be at Villemarnier, when he heard the door open, the swish of a woman's dress, and every other conjecture was lost in the great wonder if it were Madame herself who was stepping over the polished boards up to the side of the huge four-post bed.

He lay very still, suddenly breathless; but when an elderly woman in a severe serge gown looked down on him he felt that he had been defrauded of something, and peevishly desired to be left alone. But the middle-aged woman showed no signs of complying. She felt his

pulse, examined him carefully, and there was something in her expression that made Sebastian recollect that he must have been found lying at the foot of the terrace, in torn, water-soaked, mud-stained clothes, obviously a fugitive.

The thought made him so uneasy that he closed his eyes, and kept them obstinately shut until he was alone again; then, with his faculties coming each moment more under his control, he cautiously sat up and surveyed his surroundings.

But his bodily strength was not equal to his mental condition, and he had to fall back among the pillows. The next day he was still wondering, still pondering, until the same time in the afternoon, and then this same old woman repeated her visit and silently satisfied herself as to his progress. On the third afternoon she came again, and this time Sebastian's impatience could stand the silence no longer.

'Where am I?' he demanded.

'At Villemarnier,' answered the old woman.

'Who brought me here?' he went on.

'My mistress ordered you to be carried in,' the old woman answered.

'Why?' demanded Sebastian.

This time the hard-featured face smiled; but there was nothing reassuring in the movement. 'My mistress has not informed me of her intentions,' the retainer answered dryly.

Sebastian realised that though he might ask many more questions, not one of them would be answered. He suppressed an impatient word between his teeth. He was more puzzled than ever, and by no means wholly at ease. He began to feel that there might be something underlying his being so carefully nursed back to strength; he even went so far as to wonder if it would not be well to make sure if he could not drop out of the window some dark night.

As he lay back tired, fixing his eyes on a great square of tapestry which covered the wall in front of him; as he looked at its wonderful colouring, which was still fresh, and traced the picture of Medusa and the details of her story in the fine work, he began to go over what he had heard of Madame de Villemarnier. She had but newly come to the château; he had never seen her so far as he knew. It was said she was wholly given up to grief for the loss of her husband, and that she saw no one.

(Continued on page 564.)

LITTLE MEMORIES OF JAPAN.

By G. W. THOMSON.

NO sequence of events during the last half-century is more astounding than the transformation of Japan, and no one who resided forty years ago in that then little-known land can ever forget its compelling fascination and mystery. Many Europeans now falling into the sere and yellow leaf, and showing an increasing inclination for easy-chairs and cosy corners, look back with pathetic regret on the careless and happy days they spent in Dai Nippon.

I arrived at Kobe in the summer of 1871, not long after the end of the civil war which forced into retirement the last of the Tokugawa Shoguns, and rendered the power of the Mikado supreme. The old customs of the country were beginning to disappear, but in many respects I saw Japan in the condition in which it had remained for centuries. It was rather a bewildering experience—for everything was done in exactly the opposite way from what I had been accustomed to; indeed, after a time, it seemed to me surprising that Japanese men and women did not walk on their heads, or commence existence in extreme old age and live backward.

To begin, *more Japonico*, at the end of life. The colour of mourning, at any rate in Shinto sects, was white, among Buddhists generally blue. In Western countries a violent man kills his enemy; but under similar circumstances in Japan, in order to spite his foe, he killed himself. In building a house, the roof was first constructed;

the best rooms were at the back. In a theatre the stage was not stationary, and when a new scene had to be displayed the whole platform revolved. Fishermen hauled up their boats on the beach stern first. The carpenter drew his plane or saw toward himself, while ladies pushed their needles from them after the fashion of cobblers in this country. Screws worked the opposite way to ours. Locks turned to the left. A book was read from top to bottom in lines running from right to left, and footnotes were printed at the head of the page. Books, if arranged on a shelf, had the first volume on the right-hand side. Nursemaids carried babies on their backs, not in their arms. A rider mounted his horse from the right. If a Japanese dried his face or hands, he did so with a damp towel. If he became angry, he laughed. He could not swear. The Japanese language is singularly deficient in oaths. Fancy the inconvenience of a tongue in which Mr Mantalini could not have indulged in a single 'demmit!' The recording angel who took so considerate a view of Uncle Toby's oath would have required no excuse for leniency in Japan. Revellers grew festive before, not after, dinner. In London and Paris rollicking bachelors are sometimes beguiled by beautiful and witty actresses; in Japanese cities it was the married ladies who fell in love with popular actors. A Japanese girl in the olden days used to sow her wild oats, if she ever indulged in

anything so dreadful, before marriage, and became very prim and sedate after the nuptial knot had been tied. A fashionable European lady—if French, possibly educated in a convent—remains while unmarried a model of virtue; but, according to up-to-date Parisian romances, she is not always so careful after becoming a wife. Until the alteration of the calendar in 1873 the Japanese counted age as two years on the first New Year's Day after birth, so that a child born on the last day of the old year was spoken of as two years old when he had lived for however short a time in two separate years. Clocks in Japan had no minute-hands, and each hour was equivalent to two English hours. Our four o'clock they called seven, our six o'clock five, and so on. Now that I am getting old, I sometimes wish that time could be prevailed on to flow the other way, as it appeared to do in the days of old Japan.

Then one came constantly upon scenes that in this country would be regarded as unconventional. Landing at Nagasaki, I walked up the chief street of the town. Every matron of importance was enjoying an *al fresco* bath in her front garden, and exchanging lively sallies with the passers-by. The Government was just beginning to wake up to improvement in the matter of dress, although a strong plea might have been urged in favour of a primitive simplicity that for the most part was entirely innocent. The first translation I struggled through with the help of my native teacher was a proclamation issued by the governor of Nagoya insisting on every labourer wearing at least one garment. When, in 1872, the Japanese took a fancy for foreign clothes, I frequently saw coolies and other men of the lower class parading on the Bund in Yokohama attired in such a costume as this: wooden clogs, bare legs, swallow-tailed coat, scarlet waistcoat, and high hat—all second hand, except the legs, and very much the worse for wear.

So many novelties broke all at once on this secluded people that excessive value was sometimes attached to things we regard as commonplace. Foreign vegetable seeds, for instance, when first introduced, were in great request and commanded the most extravagant prices. An uncle of mine who resided in Scotland asked me to send him some rare Japanese flower-seeds. I was not particularly well informed on the subject, so I instructed my native gardener to make a collection of the most precious specimens he could procure regardless of expense. I was determined to give my good old uncle a treat. In due time I received several neat packets, and sent them to Scotland. Although not very effusive as a rule, my uncle wrote a glowing letter of thanks. I pictured to myself his gratification when he saw the marvellous leaves forcing their way above ground. I believe that he and his head gardener spent most of their spare time peering into the little green blades that seemed to come up with exasperating reluctance. At last one fine morning, after a particularly careful inspection, my uncle suddenly exclaimed, 'Surely that must be a carrot!' Alas! it was only too true; the precious seeds turned out to be those of ordinary English vegetables, which, although greatly esteemed by the Japanese, were scarcely curiosities to my friends in Scotland.

The people of Japan in those days seemed to me to have the sunniest and sweetest disposition in the world. They had almost too lively a sense of humour, for I have noticed spectators at a theatre indulge in alarming cackinnation. Indeed, I remember once seeing an old gentleman laugh till his chin actually got out of joint; and I have known a youth, from nervousness or force of habit, burst into an apparently merry laugh on hearing of the unexpected death of his father.

ENFIN SEULS.

By ROY VICKERS.

CHAPTER I.

ALDERMAN DEMPSTER paused at the top of the stone steps of his big house in Kensington. 'I must tell 'em to-night,' he muttered, while he pretended to himself that he could not find his latch-key. 'After dinner!' he added as he came reluctantly to the last pocket, which he knew perfectly well contained the latch-key. 'No shirking, mind. It's got to be done,' he warned, as he thrust the key defiantly into the beautifully polished Yale lock.

It was his custom, on returning from the office, to go at once to the drawing-room, where Marion, his daughter-in-law, would be waiting to receive him. She had waited for him thus every evening of the dozen years during which she had been

his daughter-in-law. It was always the same. As he entered the room she would lay down her interminable fancy-work with a sigh, and murmur, 'Good-evening, father.' And she was always dressed in gray.

This evening he departed from his custom. It is not easy for an alderman to slink. But Alderman Dempster accomplished it. He slunk along the passage of his own house to the library at the far end, and closed the door furtively behind him. For a moment he entertained the idea of locking the door. He felt he would have liked to lock the door, but he dismissed the thought as impracticable. 'She'll think there's something the matter if I don't go up,'

he mused. 'So much the better! She'll say nothing, but she'll think about it. Perhaps that'll make it easier—after dinner.'

It was barely half-past six, so he had an hour and a half before dinner. From the drawer of the old-fashioned writing-table he took a few papers relating to some affair of the council. But before he had read through the first page his attention was wandering.

'Wonder how they'll take it?' he asked the glass-fronted bookcase. 'I don't care how they take it,' he lied stoutly. He repeated the lie still more stoutly, exerting all his considerable power of self-hypnotism. But he made no impression upon himself. He had to admit that he did care how they would take it.

At two minutes to eight he entered the drawing-room, where he knew they were waiting for him.

'Evening, Marion,' he said with the nearest approach to jauntiness that he could manage.—'Evening, Hilary.—Cuthbert, my boy, what do you make of the rise in City Westerns?—Ah, there's dinner!'

As the gong sounded Hilary opened the door for his wife, while he and Cuthbert waited for their father to follow.

In a silent, drab line they descended, Marion in her unchanging gray, the three men in black morning-coats.

While Dempster ladled the soup from a massive tureen, Marion, in a subdued voice, gave particulars of letters she had received from a distant branch of the family, with a brief synopsis of her replies.

Dempster was not listening to her. His mind had gone off at a tangent. He was wondering, quite impersonally, why his son Hilary had married her. It wasn't for the sake of a home, for it was at his own suggestion that, shortly after the death of Hilary's mother, they had come to live with him, and Marion had taken over the housekeeping. It was not for the sake of companionship, for when she was not housekeeping Marion was invariably doing fancy-work; and it was certainly not infatuation, for although she could not yet be forty, she looked middle-aged.

He disliked Marion to-night. He knew perfectly well that she had told his two sons about the drawing-room episode. They were all waiting for him to offer some explanation. But not yet—after dinner was the time arranged.

It became necessary for him to join in the conversation, and he did so pompously to cover his nervousness; for he was aware that they all knew he was nervous. But they did not know why he was nervous; and their ignorance was making them suspect something out of the ordinary. He was beginning to enjoy their suspense.

'Cuthbert, we shall have another little job for you directly,' he said.

'Thank you, father!' replied Cuthbert coldly.

'I suppose we shall want him to draw up that

Newcastle contract?' he said to Hilary. 'It's a solicitor's work really.'

'I suppose so, father,' answered Hilary, echoing his brother's tone.

Dempster's mind flew off again, in an opposite tangent this time. He was wondering why Marion had married Hilary.

He did his best to drag out the long dinner, but inevitably they reached the dessert. He noticed that Marion stayed a little beyond her usual time, pretending to eat some grapes. When she had exhausted this device she arose.

He waited until Hilary touched the handle of the door. Then he said, 'Marion, I should be obliged if you would remain for a minute.'

With a slight bow she resumed her seat. He himself was still standing—standing with his hands thrust under his coat-tails—the attitude he assumed when addressing the Labour section of the Council. 'I wish to tell you,' he said, 'that I am going to marry again.'

CHAPTER II.

NONE of them said anything about it as they drove home from the registrar's office. Cuthbert had relieved the silence by a monologue on one of the horses; and the other two had listened in grateful apathy.

Of course the matter would have to be discussed. And obviously the dining-room was the place in which to discuss it. It was the most stolidly comfortable room in the house, and each of the family secretly preferred it to any of the others.

Hilary went to the sideboard and poured out three glasses of port. His own he placed near the edge of the table, and, with his back to the fire, his hands thrust under his coat-tails in unconscious imitation of his father, addressed it. 'Speaking for myself,' he said, 'I think there can be little doubt that it is a case of infatuation.'

'The disparity in their ages'—said Marion.

Each was now waiting for Cuthbert.

'Speaking for'—he began, checked himself, glared at Hilary for having monopolised the family opening, and then adroitly saved the situation by continuing—'speaking for myself; I utterly fail to understand why he should have gone out of his way to make a mystery of the affair. Consider the facts. First, he springs the announcement on us in a manner that could only be called melodramatic. Secondly, our natural—ah—curiosity in the matter is balked by a string of ridiculous excuses for not presenting us to the—ah—lady. We meet her for the first time in the registrar's office, and then we are coolly informed that they must hurry off to catch the boat-train. I hope I have a proper sense of respect, but I confess that his actions appear to me to be totally lacking in consideration.'

'It is so unlike him,' sympathised Marion.

'One cannot help feeling'—

'Of course he has a perfect right to marry whom he pleases!' added Cuthbert.

'Of course!' agreed Marion. 'But still'—

'I must admit that it looks suspicious—decidedly suspicious,' said Hilary.

'The question for us to consider,' continued Cuthbert, 'is how we stand—as a family, I mean. Remember, they will be back—here—in a fortnight. For all I know, she may want us to leave the house.'

'Speaking for—Marion and myself,' Hilary said, 'we shall certainly not move an inch—not an inch—until father himself chooses to give us a definite indication of his wishes in the matter. And I venture to think that he would scarcely go so far as that. Why, what would the place be like without Marion to look after it?'

'Besides,' put in Cuthbert, 'there's another very good reason why we should not be in a hurry to run away. As you remarked, Hilary, it's an infatuation. And perhaps in six months' time'—He hesitated and glanced at Marion.

'One never knows,' he finished.

Hilary looked at his brother shrewdly. 'Yes, there's that of course,' he said slowly. 'Yes.'

'Tell me, Cuthbert—you were the only one who had an opportunity of speaking to her—is she—quite a lady?' asked Marion. 'I ask because her dress'—

For a moment Cuthbert studied his port.

'Yes, I suppose so,' he answered; in the silence that followed he added, 'of a certain type, of course. She is a widow, I understand.'

'They often are,' said Hilary with the slightest touch of coarseness. Whereupon Marion arose stiffly and left the room.

As the door closed behind her Cuthbert edged closer to his brother.

'She's an uncommonly pretty woman,' he said in a hushed tone. 'That voice, too! But what on earth did he want to marry her for?'

Hilary shrugged his shoulders and turned away. It was as if he had said, 'I quite agree with you, but you don't suppose I can decently discuss such things with Marion in the house.'

After dinner that evening Cuthbert suddenly remarked, 'He has made no marriage settlement—that is, unless he has done it through another solicitor, and I hardly think he would do that.'

Marion, taken off her guard, stopped her fancy-work. Then, recovering her self-possession, she at once resumed it.

'I suppose, in a way, that's all the worse,' continued Cuthbert. 'It'll mean the will, you know.'

'It's all the better,' corrected Hilary, conquering a sudden instinct to dig his brother in the ribs. 'It's all the better—if they separate.'

'Ah!' replied Cuthbert.

Marion sighed audibly.

A couple of days before the honeymoon was due to end Marion said to her husband, 'I am having our things moved. We shall of course relinquish the best bedroom.'

'Do you think that necessary?' grunted Hilary.

'I think it advisable,' she replied. 'Just at first,' she added. And Hilary looked at his wife with something approaching admiration.

'Does any one know her name?' asked Cuthbert.

"Mrs Dempster," presumably," replied Marion.

The two brothers inwardly approved her answer. She would be Mrs Dempster outside the house—and inside.

'I expect she'll make a good many changes, you know,' said Cuthbert anxiously on their last night alone together.

'I think we can be relied upon to protect ourselves,' replied Marion, without looking up from her fancy-work.

On the following afternoon each of the brothers left his respective office earlier than usual.

'Heard anything?' asked Cuthbert as he joined them at tea in the drawing-room.

'A telegram came at lunch-time,' replied Marion, glancing at the heavy ornolu clock on the mantelpiece. 'They should be here in half-an-hour.'

As the hand of the clock moved round the family lapsed into silence, so that the sound of a taxi-cab drawing up outside the house was distinctly audible.

Marion laid down her fancy-work and moved formally towards the door. As the two brothers followed her down the stairs the old-fashioned knocker sounded throughout the house.

(Continued on page 572.)

MALARIA AND THE MOSQUITO.

By JAMES F. BLACKETT, M.D.

'LIFE in the tropics, however attractive it may be from many points of view, will ever be rendered unsuitable for the white races by the diseases inseparable from a hot climate.' Such is the verdict which, not many years ago, would have been returned by people qualified to express an opinion on the subject. Since then, however, as one might put it, an appeal has been made

on the ground of insufficient evidence. Fresh information has been obtained; and if, for the moment, judgment has been reserved, there is no doubt that when it is given it will indicate a complete reversal of the verdict.

Chief among the diseases referred to, and in a sense a type of them, is malaria; and it will be instructive to consider shortly the ways in

which our knowledge of this scourge has been increased.

The subject is one with great diversity of interest—to the empire-builder, as one of the principal difficulties in colonisation between certain latitudes north and south of the Equator; to the doctor, as the battlefield on which a very notable victory in the fight with disease has been won; to the scientist and philosopher, as a veritable triumph of inductive logic, associated, as it should be, with infinitely patient perseverance and research; and to the poet—may it not be said?—as an earnest of greater victories yet to be.

What is the position of affairs now, compared with what it was, say, thirty years since, and in what way has the change been brought about?

Then malaria was caused by a morbid poison of unknown character, 'emanating' from the moisture of marshy land under the influence of heat. Now it is a morbid condition produced by certain parasites living alternately in man and in the mosquito—parasites as well defined and well recognised as the flowers by the wayside. Then it was associated with heat and moisture, both of which are inseparable from many tropical lands; now it is only *necessarily* associated with the mosquito, which may possibly be eliminated from the tropics, and which may certainly be kept within such safe limits as it will not pass the wit of man to devise. Then the nature of the disease was unknown, and not under control; now the cause is known, and, as it happens, can be prevented—partially at present, but more and more completely as time goes on. Then it was 'bad air' (mal-aria); now it is mosquito—and mosquito of the one genus *Anopheles*.

Malaria is one of several diseases which are characterised by feverish attacks recurring at definite intervals. Periodic fevers, as they are called, have been recognised from very ancient times; a description of them, in fact, was given by Hippocrates himself four hundred years before Christ. But it was not until the seventeenth century that they were subdivided. The method of deciding whether a particular fever was or was not malaria was quite experimental; but it was so effective that even now, when there are so many other signs to help the doctor to arrive at a correct decision, it may be of very great value. It was simply this: give the patient quinine; if he gets better it is malaria, if he does not it is something else. And for two hundred and forty years little or nothing more was learnt about the malady.

It was in the last quarter of the nineteenth century that the conception of disease as—at any rate in many cases—the result of bacterial or other microscopic life began to make such enormous progress. In 1880 the first event in the modern history of malaria took place. Laveran, a French surgeon in Algiers, announced that in the blood of patients suffering from the

disease he had found certain pigmented bodies which he took to be parasites. Stimulated as many were by the numerous discoveries then being made as a result of the parasitic theory of disease, a considerable amount of attention was paid to these bodies. They were investigated by workers in many parts of the world, and before long certain definite statements could be made about them. In the first place, in every instance where they were found the person whose blood had been examined showed signs sooner or later of typical malarial fever. Again, the blood of patients suffering from a definite attack of malaria was invariably found to show the bodies at some time or other. Moreover, the bodies were seen to exist in different forms, and to undergo certain changes in shape and structure. These differences and changes could always be correlated to phases of the disease; certain forms were found to precede the onset of the paroxysm of fever, others were associated with its height, and so on. Another important point was that quinine, which cured the fever, also caused the disappearance of the bodies from the blood. It was quite evident, therefore, that Laveran had discovered something which had some very close connection with the disease, and was presumably its cause. The latter conclusion was suggested more especially by the fact that if some infected blood from one patient were injected into the circulation of a healthy person, this person, after an incubation period of a few days, developed malaria, many times the original number of the bodies being found in his blood.

The first stage in the scientific investigation of malaria was now complete. In it there is no hint as to the mosquito and the part which she (for the disease is always conveyed by the female) plays. We come to that next.

It is by no means a quite recent suggestion that mosquitoes are in some way associated with the spread of malaria. Natives in some parts of Africa have long held such a belief, especially certain tribes living in mountainous regions, free from mosquitoes, who occasionally visited swampy lowlands near the coast. Experience taught them to expect on these visits both bites and fever, while reason or instinct led them to look upon the relationship between the two as one of cause and effect. Scientists, too, had put forward such a theory, though they had only been able to support it by circumstantial evidence. As they pointed out, there were certain broad generalisations which might be made concerning the areas in which malaria was endemic, and the conditions under which it spread to new districts. The temperature of the air must be at least sixty degrees Fahrenheit, there must be marshy ground, or at any rate numerous ponds or other small collections of water. People living away from infected localities were much more liable to get the disease if they entered the danger zone at night than if they did so during the day and

spent the hours of darkness at home. These and other observations, though of a general nature, and if taken individually proving but little, could best be explained when they were considered together by assuming some connection between the mosquito and malaria.

In order to test this theory, or rather to demonstrate the fact as it might almost have been said by this time, some extremely interesting experiments were carried out in the year 1900. Certain districts in Italy have long been known as veritable hotbeds of malaria, and in one of these, near the coast, a few miles from Rome, several observers took up their residence. For many weeks they lived an ordinary, healthy outdoor life, going about freely among the people, taking no drugs, and especially no quinine—a life, generally speaking, free from precautions of any kind. And yet these observers almost alone among the inhabitants enjoyed absolute immunity from fever. To what could this be attributed? One precaution they did take: every evening before dusk they retired to apartments efficiently protected from mosquitoes by fine netting, and from these they did not stir until the next morning. Blood-sucking mosquitoes only bite at night, and consequently had no opportunity of attacking the experimenters; hence the immunity.

Another experiment was this: Mosquitoes were allowed to bite a patient in Italy suffering from malaria, and were then sent to London. Here they were permitted to bite two interested investigators, neither of whom had ever suffered from the disease. They both developed typical malarial fever, and showed the characteristic malarial parasites (previously absent) in their blood. The significance of these experiments is obvious. People living under conditions which are almost invariably associated with an attack of fever may enjoy absolute immunity if they are protected from mosquito-bites, while those living in a city where a primary attack is practically unknown at once become a prey to the disease if they are bitten by imported and infected mosquitoes. In each case the observers lived a life exactly similar to that of their neighbours, with the single variable factor of their relationship to mosquitoes. And this factor led to a change in the result, from infection to immunity in the one instance, and from immunity to infection in the other. Truly, as Sir Patrick Manson (whose son was one of the voluntary victims) says, 'The mosquito-malaria theory has now, therefore, passed from the region of conjecture to that of fact.'

Even this, however, is not the whole story; neither, in a sense, is it the most wonderful part of the story. Scientific accuracy of the most rigid kind might say that no circumstantial evidence can replace direct demonstration of the facts implied by the theory. Well, such a demand can be satisfied. Every stage in the life-history of the organism can be, and has been, watched

under the microscope. Only a brief outline of this most fascinating of natural history romances can be given here.

In a certain number of the red blood-corpuscles of a patient suffering from malaria there may be seen a pale, ill-defined disc of protoplasm containing spots of dark pigment. If this disc be watched it is found that gradually the material of which it is composed divides up into minute globular segments, while all the pigment-spots collect into groups. Ultimately the corpuscle breaks down, and the protoplasmic segments, none of which contain pigment, are set free in the blood-stream. Many are destroyed, but some are enabled to re-enter fresh corpuscles, where they grow at the expense of the red colouring matter and other constituents of the corpuscle. In due time pigment-spots are developed, and we have an exactly similar protoplasmic disc to the one with which we started. In other words, the malarial parasite has been seen to reproduce itself by simple fission, which is a common device amongst lowly organisms. This is interesting, but it throws no light on the spread of malaria or its relation to the mosquito. Like most other unicellular animals and plants, however, the parasite of malaria has also another method of reproduction known as the sexual, the essence of which is the union of two cells to form a single new individual. To observe this we must transfer our investigations from the patient to the mosquito by which he has been bitten. An examination of the human blood taken from the stomach of the offending insect reveals the fact that in some instances the intracorporeal disc, instead of segmenting, has become crescent-shaped. Moreover, there are two kinds of crescent bodies, one quite clear except for a few scattered pigment-spots, the other faintly granular, with the pigment collected at one point. The former are the male, the latter the female, bodies. Both of them gradually alter their shape to become first oval and then spherical. In the male cell the pigment-spots begin to exhibit active dancing movements, and long filamentous flagella, which ultimately become free, are shot out from its surface. In the granular female cell, on the other hand, a tiny papilla grows out. At length one of the free flagella enters the cell at the papilla, and the nuclei of the two unite to form a single organism. During the next few days a change takes place both in form and habitat; development and migration go on simultaneously, though still in the body of the mosquito. The cell becomes encapsulated and pointed, so that it can bore its way through the stomach wall. The nucleus divides into spheres, around which vast numbers of spindle-shaped nucleated bodies are formed. The capsule ruptures and the spindle cells are carried in the blood-stream to the salivary glands of the insect. The next time she bites a human being there is an exchange, and in return for her meal of

blood a number of spindles are discharged into the victim. Some of these enter red corpuscles and develop into the protoplasmic disc with which we are already familiar. In a little while another patient is down with 'fever;' and so the game goes on. Of course, skilled and laborious investigation is required to trace out all these changes, and large numbers of mosquitoes must be examined; but every stage has, as a matter of fact, actually been witnessed. There is, therefore, an asexual life-cycle which takes place in man only, and a sexual one occurring partly in man and partly in the mosquito. There are many variations in the details of the changes, which differ in the different clinical varieties of malaria; but the main outlines are such as have been indicated.

Experiments of almost equal importance have been made to discover the most efficient means of getting rid of mosquitoes, since with the departure of these insects malaria itself would cease to exist. We have on a former occasion (see *Chambers's Journal*, 1910, pp. 374-376) described some of the methods which have been employed to accomplish this object. A short reference may here be made to one of the most recent of these (see also the *Times* of 10th and 14th March). The theory has been put forward that a certain immunity from malaria which is enjoyed in the Barbados may be attributed to the presence of a species of cyprinodont fish, known in common parlance as 'millions' by reason of its prodigious rate of reproduction. This fish feeds largely on the larvæ of mosquitoes, and it has been thought that if it could be established in other countries the same happy immunity from disease might result. As a matter of fact, specimens of the fish have been brought to London, where, under suitable artificial conditions, they have been able not only to thrive but to increase in numbers, although they are not nearly so prolific there as in their natural haunts. From this stock supplies have been sent during the last two or three years to various malaria-infected districts in Africa and the East, but apparently without any of the hoped-for success. It has been found difficult or impossible to establish them under natural conditions in other countries. In spite of this, however, it is quite possible that a fruitful line of investigation has been opened up. This particular species of fish is not the only one

which feeds on the larvæ of mosquitoes. Competent observers seem to be of opinion that in almost every locality where malaria is prevalent there may be found some indigenous fish which by suitable cultivation may be made a means of keeping down the numbers of mosquitoes. The field of investigation in this respect has as yet hardly been touched.

It needs no eloquence to point out the immense practical advantage of researches such as those of which an outline has now been given. Time after time civilisation has been baffled in its attempts to obtain a footing in tropical lands; countless lives have been lost in the endeavour to extend the white man's influence in some of the fairest parts of the earth. And why? Very largely because diseases of which malaria is a type have demanded a toll so heavy that few men have dared to take the risks, and fewer still have done so with impunity. But the intellect of man is a subtler thing than mere physical law unaided or unrestrained by the powers of mind. Slowly, step by step, we are discovering the laws which govern disease. So-called natural laws when fully expressed have no exceptions, and it is their very inevitableness which gives us the power to change what is apparently a harmful process into a beneficent one. But the possibilities in this respect vary directly with the completeness of our knowledge. In short, and to come to a particular instance, the information we have accumulated about malaria during the last thirty years has put into our hands the power of ridding ourselves of almost the greatest obstacle to tropical life. How to abolish mosquitoes, or rather a particular species of mosquito, is one of the most urgent problems of the immediate future. In theory, it can be done completely; in practice, it is being done to an increasing extent. When practice can catch up theory malaria will be a thing of the past, and science will have achieved a result greater than that of any military war which has ever been waged.

Those who wish to study the subject further may consult the exhaustive and authoritative treatise by Major Sir Ronald Ross, Professor of Tropical Medicine, entitled *The Prevention of Malaria*; or *Malaria: Cause and Control*, by Professor W. B. Herms.

THE APPIN MURDER.

By J. PRINGLE THOMSON.

SO long as *Kidnapped* continues to be read and enjoyed there is little fear of that remarkable Highland tragedy known as the Appin murder being forgotten. But even had Stevenson's fascinating romance never seen the light of day, the actual facts of the case are sufficiently dramatic to whet the imagination and to stimulate

public interest. In the history of the Scottish Highlands, agrarian violence as a revenge for eviction is comparatively unknown. Though of fierce and excitable temperament, the Celt has preferred to settle his quarrels, whether public or private, in open combat rather than by the stab in the back or the assassin's bullet. That

the protagonists in this particular crime were Campbells and Stewarts, whose traditional blood-feud had driven them into opposite camps during the '15 and the '45, was a significant proof that the old clan spirit was unchanged by the spread of Lowland civilisation. If the trial and execution of James Stewart proved one thing more than another, it was that the Old Testament doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was still acted upon with terrible literalness.

Thanks to the exhaustive labours of Mr D. N. Mackay, who edited this trial in the series of *Notable Scottish Trials*, it is unlikely that any additional light will ever be thrown upon the mystery of Appin. He has collected not only all the printed material relating to the trial, but also the oral traditions still current in the district; and to these considerable weight may be attached, as the fact that a printed report of the trial was in existence was unknown in that remote part of Scotland until comparatively recently. But beyond pointing out that James Stewart was condemned on the flimsiest evidence—was, indeed, judicially murdered—Mr Mackay does not go. He makes no attempt to deal critically with the theories as to who was the actual murderer. This fascinating task was undertaken some years ago by the late Andrew Lang in his *Historical Mysteries*. Before attempting to examine his conclusions, however, a brief sketch may once more be given of the circumstances under which the murder was committed.

In accordance with the Feudal Jurisdictions Act, which was one of the consequences of the '45, factors selected for their loyalty to the House of Hanover had been appointed to collect the rents of the forfeited Jacobite estates in Scotland. One of these factors was a certain Colin Campbell of Glenure (the Red Fox), who was put over the estates of Ardshiel and Callart in Appin, and Mamore in the Lochniel country. Campbell seems to have been more tolerant than most of his class, and to have preferred compromise to persecution; for, in the earlier stages of his factorship at least, he entrusted a good deal of responsibility to James Stewart of Glenduror, a natural brother of the forfeited laird of Ardshiel. With that pathetic loyalty so characteristic of all the Highland clans, the Ardshiel tenants, in addition to paying the rents prescribed by Government, gave as much more as they could for the benefit of the exile's family, and James Stewart—James of the Glens, as he was called—saw that this money reached its proper destination.

For two years the relations between James and Glenure were of the friendliest. Then, prior to the May term of 1751, the factor asked his Jacobite assistant to relinquish his farm of Glenduror. James complied, but with an ill-grace, and removed to Acharn, about two and a half miles from Ballachulish; Glenduror passing

into the hands of Campbell of Balliveolan, a kinsman of the factor. Though he departed without compulsion, James undoubtedly resented Glenure's action, and henceforward their relations became less intimate. But Glenure was suspected (unjustly) of Jacobite leanings by his superiors, and it is probable that he was forced onward in his course by the necessity of demonstrating his absolute loyalty to the Government.

In April 1752 a number of smaller tenants on the Ardshiel estate also received notice to quit. James of the Glens at once constituted himself their champion, went to Edinburgh, and obtained from one of the Lords of Session a legal sist, or suspension, of the evictions against Glenure. Answers were ordered and lodged, the factor hastened to the capital, and on 5th May the Bill of Suspension was refused, as James had returned to Appin. Having quashed the legal proceedings, Glenure came back to superintend the evictions in person. But by this time Allan Breck Stewart, a name destined to travel far in history and romance, was mysteriously passing and repassing between the houses of his kinsfolk in Appin. This Allan Breck was James Stewart's ward, having been entrusted to his care by a dead friend. A true soldier of fortune, he had served first in the Hanoverian army, had deserted to the Jacobites during the '45, and was now wearing the French uniform. To readers of *Kidnapped* he appears as a Scottish D'Artagnan, a wholly delightful character; but in actual fact he was rather a wastrel, whose dissolute habits were a sore trial to his long-suffering guardian.

On Thursday, 14th May, Glenure, who had been at Fort William, set out in company with an Edinburgh writer and a sheriff-officer for the scene of the evictions, which he intended to carry out on the following day. From Fort William to Ballachulish, a distance of sixteen miles, all went well. The little party crossed the ferry into Appin, and tradition declares that when Glenure stepped out of the boat he remarked, 'I am safe now that I am out of my mother's country,' this having reference to the fact that his mother was a Cameron, and that the men of Lochaber had been loud in their threats against the Hanoverian rent-collector. But though he knew it not, the shadow of death had already fallen over Glenure. Stewart, the laird of Ballachulish, accompanied the party to the confines of his estate. When they were about three-quarters of a mile from the ferry, and were passing through the wood of Lettermore, a shot suddenly rang out, and Glenure fell from his horse, crying out, 'Oh, I am dead!' His nephew, the lawyer, on turning round, saw a man emerge from the wood and run up the hill. He gave chase, but the suspect was fleet of foot, and soon disappeared. Glenure passed away in a few minutes, two bullets having entered near the spinal cord, and at once the clamour arose for a victim. Suspicion straightway fell on

Allan Breck as the actual murderer, and on James Stewart as the instigator. The former escaped, as is related in *Kidnapped*, but James was arrested on 16th May and brought to trial at Inveraray, in the heart of the Campbell country, on 21st September. With the Duke of Argyll on the bench, a jury of Campbells, and a Stewart in the dock, there could be but one outcome. Five days later James of the Glens was sentenced to be hanged by the neck on a gibbet until dead, his body thereafter to be suspended in chains. On 8th November he met his fate on a knoll near the present Ballachulish Hotel. From miles around the country people assembled to see the last act in the dreadful tragedy, and listened to the doomed man's protestation of innocence of all complicity in the murder.

That James Stewart was indeed a martyr to clan hatred, and that his trial was an 'impudent mockery,' must be obvious to all who examine the evidence which was led, and read the speeches of the various counsel engaged. Briefly stated, the case against him, as set forth in the address of Lord Advocate Grant, was that he had conceived a mortal enmity against Glenure for accepting the Ardshiel factorship, and thus subverting his (James's) influence with the tenantry; that this hatred became intensified when the accused was removed from his farm of Glenduror; that out of sheer perversity he instigated, on the most frivolous grounds, legal proceedings in Edinburgh against the removal of the other tenants from their holdings; that, finding these tactics of no avail, he conspired with Allan Breck, probably on 11th May, to murder the factor, furnished him with a gun, and after the deed was done provided him with money to make his escape from the country.

There were three main points on which the prosecution based the appeal for a conviction, and these deserve some consideration. The first was that James Stewart had repeatedly uttered sinister threats against Glenure, and that these threats pointed to an evil design on the part of the accused, or 'pannel,' as he is called in the account of the trial. The first witness examined in this connection was John Breck MacColl, a bouman or griever at Coalismacoan, whom we shall meet later, and whose evidence, to say the least, is not above suspicion. He deposed that in a conversation he had with the prisoner about two years previously, when it became known that Glenure was to take over the factorship, the accused said 'he would be willing to spend a shot upon Glenure though he went upon his knees to his window to fire it.' Three of the prisoner's servants were next put into the box, and swore that about Christmas 1751 he told them that if Glenure went on in the way he then did it was likely that he would be laird of Appin in a very short time; and that he (James) once knew a set of commoners in Appin who would not allow

Glenure to go on at such a rate. Two innkeepers and a commercial traveller, whom James met on his journey to Edinburgh in connection with the legal proceedings against Glenure, gave similar testimony. Colin Maclaren, the aforesaid commercial traveller, told how the accused had said, when speaking of the Campbells, 'that he did not choose to be an executioner, but he could draw down some of their feet.' Ewan Murray, innkeeper at Lochearnhead, described how the conversation turned upon an officer in the army who was branded with cowardice, and was broken upon that account; whereupon James burst out, 'he had reason to say that Glenure was as great a coward as that officer, for that he, the pannel, had challenged him to fight him, which Glenure declined, and desired the deponent to tell Glenure that he had told him so.'

These, then, were the threats on which the prosecution built up a large part of their case. To what do they amount? Like all Highlanders, James Stewart possessed the impetuous Celtic temperament, and when heated with drink, as he is admitted to have been on at least two of these occasions, it is quite possible that he allowed his tongue to run away with him. As for John Breck MacColl's evidence, which, if correct, was the most damning of all, James solemnly declared on the scaffold that it was false, and if we are to judge from certain letters from Glenure, produced at the trial, the couple were on quite friendly terms at the time specified—namely, in the beginning of the year 1750. If we look at the matter in a common-sense way, it is hardly credible that James Stewart, a man of education and good position, would have been so foolish as to plan such a dastardly crime. He *must* have known that he would be the first to be suspected. As it is, we have ample proof that he was endeavouring to circumvent Glenure in the proper way—namely, through the courts of law. Though his stay of eviction against the tenants was disallowed, we do not find him relaxing his efforts on their behalf. On the contrary, acting on advice he had received in Edinburgh, he made elaborate preparations to attend on the term day and enter his formal protest. On 14th May, the very morning of the murder, he wrote to Charles Stewart, a notary in Fort William, as follows:

'DEAR CHARLES,—Not knowing of your return from Moidart, sent for your father Tuesday afternoon; but the rascal I sent went not by Glencrearan that night, by which he missed the old man [also a writer], who went a-fishing, as you'll see by the enclosed, early that morning; which I reckon a very great misfortune. The next best thing I can think of is that you be here without fail this night, if you should hire a horse, as everything must go wrong without a person [that] can act, and that I can trust.'

Not content with this, James sent a second letter later in the day, urging Charles Stewart to

make all haste, as he wished him to enter a legal protest on behalf of the tenants. He had also arranged with a kinsman, John Stewart, younger of Ballachulish, to be present as a witness, and the latter, though cited to sit on the jury at the Inveraray spring circuit, had assented. Is it not absurd to suppose, in the face of this evidence, that James had arranged in cold blood for the murder of Glenure? His genuine anxiety that everything should be fair and above-board gives such an assumption the lie.

The second point put forward by the prosecution was concerned with the planning of the crime. On Sunday, 10th May, Allan Breck was staying with the Stewarts of Fasnacloich, whose house lay some two miles from the head of Loch Creran, which marked the southern boundary of the Appin country. Only a mile away was the rather gloomy dwelling of Glenure, whose occupant had just returned from his successful journey to Edinburgh, and who left on the Sunday for Fort William. On the following day Allan Breck moved on to James Stewart's cottage at Acharn, doffed his gay French uniform, and dressed himself in a dark suit belonging to his host—a costume, be it observed, which he had borrowed on previous occasions. It was alleged that on this particular day the two conspirators planned the murder, and arranged that after its accomplishment Allan Breck should retire to the remote wilderness of Coalisnacoean, near Glencoe, and there wait till either James sent him a sum of money direct, or caused it to be sent by his accredited agent and relative, William Stewart, a merchant in Fort William. It is quite clear that if the Crown authorities could have proved all this James Stewart was indeed guilty. But there were one or two contradictory facts which they utterly failed to explain away. In the first place, it was proved up to the hilt that on 11th May Allan and James were never more than a minute or two in each other's company. When Allan arrived in the morning James was working in the fields with his servants. A quarter of an hour later a message came from the laird of Airds asking James to come at once to his house. He went, stayed all afternoon, and did not get home till his family were at supper, when strangers were present, and there was no opportunity for private conversation. During the night Allan slept in a barn with one of the family, while James slept with his wife. Before Allan had risen the next morning James had left, and when he returned Allan had gone to Carnoch, beyond Ballachulish. All these facts were attested by a multitude of witnesses whose *bona fides* the Crown did not attempt to dispute.

Let us now examine the contention that James had arranged to supply Allan with money. If the murder had been planned on 11th May—after which the supposed conspirators never saw each other again—one naturally concludes that James would have taken instant steps to raise

funds for the murderer's flight, as he had little or nothing in the house. Mr Andrew Lang's arguments on this point are particularly shrewd. No mortal, he says, would have put off this step till the morning of the crime. Yet what do we find? On 12th May James wrote to old Stewart the writer at Fort William, but there was no proof or even suggestion that in that letter he asked for money to be sent to him. Not till the morning of the fatal day did he take any steps to procure money, and then he asked Stewart the merchant to send him eight pounds at once, in payment of a debt. To quote Mr Lang again: 'If on 14th May James was trying to raise money to help a man who, as he knew, would need it after committing a murder on that day, he showed strange want of foresight. He might not get the money, or might not be able to send it to Allan.' As it turned out, he did not get the money, which one reasonably conjectures he wanted to have by him in view of the pending evictions.

But James did ultimately get money, and sent it to Allan. The prosecution argued that this was part of the prearranged plan; the defence, that it was sent as the result of an urgent message from Allan, of whose whereabouts James was hitherto unaware. The movements, therefore, of Allan Breck after the murder occurred merit close attention. About dusk on the fatal day he was seen lurking on the heights above Ballachulish House by Kate M'Innes, one of the servants. After asking her what was the cause of the stir in the town, and being told the reason, he requested her to tell Donald Stewart, the son-in-law of old Ballachulish, to go to James Stewart and ask him to send some money. Kate further deposed that she gave Donald Stewart this message the same night, and told him where Allan was hiding. Donald's story was slightly different. He related that while he was sitting in the house on the evening of the murder Kate M'Innes came and told him that Allan Breck wanted to see him. He went out; and after they had discussed the murder, Allan said that he was going to leave the kingdom, that he was very short of money, that he would make his way to Coalisnacoean, and that the money should be sent to him there.

It will be seen that there is a slight discrepancy in the evidence of these two witnesses, for while Kate M'Innes denied telling Donald Stewart that Allan wished to see him, Donald was equally emphatic that she had done so. The prosecution attempted to discredit Donald's testimony on these grounds, but had there really been collusion between the pair their stories would have coincided. The fact that they did not is fair proof for assuming that they were honest and independent. At any rate, on the following morning (Friday, 15th May) Donald saw James about ten o'clock, and gave him Allan's message. James thereupon despatched Alexander Stewart, a travelling packman, to Fort William with instructions to get from William Stewart the

sum of five pounds at all costs, as Allan Breck had to be supplied with money. The packman swore that he did not leave Acharn till noon, and that it was evening before he reached Fort William. This point is of great importance; for if the packman was sent *after* Donald had given his message it is a strong proof that James was innocent, since the mere sending of money to succour Allan did not necessarily imply guilt or complicity on his part. As Mr Lang points out, he was Allan's guardian, and was in honour bound to help him. But both William Stewart and his wife swore that the packman reached Fort William between ten o'clock and midday on the Friday. This is a puzzle which defies solution; and there is another which is equally vexing.

It was deposed by the packman that James told him to instruct William Stewart to give credit up to a certain amount to John Breck MacColl, the bouman at Coalisnacoon, in case he should come to demand it. On Saturday, 16th May, Allan made a pen from a bird's feather, and ink with powder and water, and wrote to William Stewart for money. This certainly looked black against James of the Glens, for Allan employed John Breck MacColl, the very intermediary James had mentioned in his message to William Stewart. It was probably this circumstance more than any other which helped to send James to the gallows, and yet William Stewart flatly denied that at the time when the peddler delivered James's message any mention was made of Allan's name. Again, John Breck MacColl, who gave the most damning evidence against James, can hardly be regarded as an impartial witness. But even if we allow his testimony to stand, James's guilt does not follow. Donald Stewart had told him that Allan was at Coalisnacoon. James knew that John Breck MacColl was the only inhabitant of the desolate region, and that Allan could employ no other messenger even if he had wanted to do so. Besides, Allan was aware that William Stewart of Fort William was James's business agent, and therefore the fact that he applied to him for money is perfectly natural.

It was well for the prosecution that James of the Glens was tried at Inveraray. No Edinburgh jury would have thought of convicting on such flimsy evidence. The allegation that James betrayed no concern on being informed of the murder was equally unjust. A witness who was with him when the news arrived said that he wept and wrung his hands, expressing great concern at what had happened, and praying that innocent people might not be brought to trouble. He did not, it is true, proceed to the scene of the murder; but the Highlander's strong dislike of viewing a corpse is well known, and his explanation that he knew some of the Campbells were armed, and did not know how far their resentment might carry them, is perfectly reasonable. There is

one more piece of evidence, relating to the weapon with which the murder was committed, which will be noted immediately. But enough has been said to clear James Stewart from the assumption which caused him such grief, 'that after ages should think me guilty of such a horrid and barbarous murder.'

That Allan Breck Stewart was involved in the conspiracy is a fact incapable of denial. He too, when the worse of drink, had used threats against Glenure which were brought up with damning effect against him. His movements prior to the day of the tragedy were mysterious. On 11th May, when Glenure left for Fort William, Allan moved from Fasnacloich to James Stewart's place at Acharn, and changed into dark clothes. On the 12th he went to Callart, on the Lochaber side of Loch Leven, returning to Ballachulish House on the following day. On the morning of the murder Archibald MacInnes, the ferryman at Ballachulish, was asked by him if Glenure had crossed from Lochaber. About noon he was seen to go fishing up Ballachulish Burn, and nothing was seen or heard of him until after the tragedy, when he left the immediate neighbourhood, waited for money at Coalisnacoon, and made his escape from Scotland. Points which may be urged on his behalf are—(1) He knew that he was a deserter, and that in the inevitable hue and cry he was likely to be caught and punished. (2) His wearing of dark clothes was no novelty; and, being a trout-fisher, he would naturally discard a gaudy uniform which was out of harmony with his surroundings. (3) Mungo Campbell, who saw the murderer escaping, knew Allan well by sight, and yet failed to identify him with the assassin. (4) Allan was knock-kneed, and the running of a man affected with such a peculiarity has something distinctive about it. (5) Several witnesses deposed that Allan was in the habit of using a big Spanish gun belonging to James. That gun was at Acharn on the day of the murder; therefore Allan did not use the weapon with which he was most familiar. Another gun, also belonging to James, was stated to have been the one employed; but its flint was worn, and it misfired four times out of five.

Only by adopting Mr Andrew Lang's theory of *the other man* can we piece together the intricate puzzle. From the very outset we find traces of this elusive and shadowy personality. Writing from Fort William on 23rd May, Mungo Campbell described the murder, and said that immediately after it he despatched one of the servants to bring help; 'and he being near an hour away, night coming on, and on reflection having had reason to suspect his attachment, I with great difficulty prevailed on the other to see and find some people, lest we should lie in the wood all night, and that one person would be as good a defence as two against *armed villains*.' Then he goes on to say: 'From Glenure's words and

the situation of the place where I saw one of the villains, *there's reason to believe there was more than one on the spot*; and circumstances concur in convincing us that there were numbers of Lochaber as well as Appin Potintates in the combination.'

It is highly significant that all the private correspondence of the murdered factor's relatives hint at more than one conspirator. On the day after the murder Duncan Campbell, a brother of the dead man, writes: 'Our brother Glenure was most barbarously murdered by some damd villains who fired att him out of a bush.' These rumours were quick to gain currency. Two days after the tragedy 'two poor women that had come up Glenoe were telling that Glenure was murdered Thursday evening in the wood of Lettermore; and that *two people* were seen going away from the place where he was murdered, and that Allan Breck was said to be one of them.' Charles Stewart, James's son, had asked a servant where Glenure was murdered, what way it was done, and if any person was seen by the place. He was told it was done in the wood of Lettermore; whether it was south or north his informant could not say; but that it was by a shot, and that there was *a man or two* seen near the place.

Who was this other man whom the Campbells were so anxious to bring to book that they suggested a free pardon for Allan Breck if he gave himself up and exposed the plot? Mr Andrew Lang professed to know, and so does Mr Mackay, the editor of the trial, who says: 'The real secret is known, I believe, to a few members of the Stewart clan, and to them only, and I should be the last to make public a secret that has been so well kept.'

We, who are not in the secret, can only speculate, and it is probable that our speculations may be very wide of the mark. But this much may be said: the gun used by the assassin was not one of the two dilapidated pieces belonging to James Stewart. Not many years ago a young girl was tending her father's cattle in the glen behind Ballachulish House, when she found a gun in a hollow tree. She took it home and showed it to old Mr Stewart of Ballachulish, who said, after examining it, 'That is the black gun of the misfortune, Janet.'

When Allan went fishing on the afternoon of the murder he had no weapon. Mr Lang holds that it was supplied by the other man, who perhaps fired the shot. That man might have been either young Stewart of Fasnacloich (who was strongly suspected by the Campbells) or young Stewart of Ballachulish, both of whom were intimate friends of Allan, and had been much in his society before the tragedy. Tradition tells that on the morning of James Stewart's execution one of those who knew the truth had to be bound with ropes by his family to restrain him from going to the scaffold and telling all. His friends warned him that he could not save James, but would merely share his fate. Perhaps Robert Louis Stevenson was not so very wide of the mark when he made Allan Breck tell David Balfour that he had not fired the shot, and that he had drawn suspicion on himself to save a friend.

Here, at any rate, we may let the matter rest. Perhaps some day the secret may be told, and the mystery finally solved. At present, to speculate further would be futile, for one vital link in the chain is missing, and no amount of ingenuity will close the gap.

MOROCCO TYPES.

IN nearly every article on Morocco the attention of the writer has been attracted by the poorer natives, whilst the upper classes have hardly been mentioned. The majority of short-story writers are birds of passage, if not actually tourists, and they naturally see little of the stay-at-home rich during their explorations. Let us disregard the scurrying crowds of donkey-boys and water-carriers whilst we study the habits of the wealthier classes.

There are two distinct types of Moors which strike us immediately. One is heavily built and fleshy, of Berber descent, often with a certain amount of Spanish or negro blood in his veins; the other, a typical Arab, haughty and aristocratic-looking, with lean, wiry frame, narrow forehead, and high cheek-bones.

Those who are not obliged to do so seldom take any exercise beyond a short ride on a fat, easy-pacing mule to visit some outlying property, or

a quiet stroll in the cool of the evening. At such a time the man of leisure makes an imposing figure, with his carefully trimmed beard and filmy silken *jellab*.

In consequence of this habit of indolence the heavily built and fleshy type at an early age fulfils the prayers of his well-wishers that he may 'become greater.' Fatness is much admired among the Moors, and this is the case all down the west coast of Africa. The lazy and gluttonous negro chiefs grow to an enormous size; their followers, in whose eyes might is right, forgetting that size does not necessarily indicate strength.

The most important of all Moors are the *shereefs* or *saints*. They are a large class, headed by the feudal lords, possessors of vast provinces and of pedigrees tracing their direct descent from Mohammed, and ending with the beggar by the wayside, whose only proof of saintship is that

nobody can with certainty affirm that he is not one.

Next come the Government officials, a greedy, grasping crowd, as is only to be expected in a country where all offices are sold to the highest bidder. The successful candidate reimburses himself from the pockets of his subjects, and the knowledge that he will be ousted from his post as soon as another man steps forward with a sufficient bribe makes his extortion more merciless and his justice more one-sided.

Then one naturally thinks of the lawyers, who—stripped of their Oriental setting—are much the same as their English brethren. Thin, sharp-featured men, clad in black, brown, or maroon *jellabe*, they sit and argue interminably in their dark little offices. Their slightest document is a mass of bewildering intricacies, their signature a whirling flourish that reminds one of a St Catherine's wheel, and woe betide the unfortunates who get into their clutches!

The Moors have not yet reached that state of civilisation which despises trade. The merchant, less affected by social upheavals than the Government official, maintains his independence, and grows fat and sleek through sitting all day in his little, box-like shop. His faith in Allah never wavers. If trade is bad, it is the will of the One God; and if he succeeds in extorting treble the value of his goods from the unwary, he praises Allah for having sent him fools and simpletons.

The gilded youth of Morocco is not much in evidence before sunset. The Moorish proverb says, 'Tell me with whom you sup and I will tell you what you are;' and a search among the narrow lanes, with their discreet white walls rising on each side, will disclose a party of languid, dissolute young men assembled for the evening. In spite of Mohammedan religious teaching, wine and whisky circulate freely as they sit in groups over chess-boards or cards. Spanish cards are used, money changes hands freely, and when this comes to an end the luckless player stakes the clothes on his back. 'A thousand drunkards are better than a gambler,' is a native proverb, and its author must have known too well the frailties of his countrymen.

Misers form an unusually large class in Morocco. On account of the rapacity of those in power it is unsafe to allow one's neighbours to see one's wealth, and in consequence any hereditary propensity for amassing money is developed and intensified. The Susis have a great reputation for avarice, and untold wealth is supposed to be buried in their country, the owners of which are long since dead, or are wandering about with empty stomachs, clad in ragged clothes, living illustrations of the saying that 'Too much is brother of not enough.'

But amongst all these evil types there are many noble-hearted men who mould their lives according to the dictates of Mohammed and give

alms freely. Moors give alms in much the same spirit as we go to church. It is the fashion—practised since time began, and very soothing to a disturbed conscience. So universal is this almsgiving that it is almost impossible to starve in Morocco. Consequently every one who is too lazy to work begs; it is a recognised profession, and the prosperous beggar has his musicians who, with weird and unearthly discords, herald his approach and proclaim his piety.

Judging from the depravity of the Government and of those on whom greatness has been thrust, the popular theory that it is the evil-doers who flourish holds good. 'I have never done any good, so why has this evil befallen me?' is the cynical cry of an evil old reprobate suddenly stripped by ill-fortune of his possessions.

WHITE HEATHER.

'Tis a radiant summer morning, with the fairest
day awaking,
Just an opal dawn in setting of purple gold and
blue,
With God's sweetest atom singing—a small brown
nest forsaking—
Like a song from heaven above us drifting down
to me and you.

In the glens the mists still linger, though hushed
night winds now are sighing,
Floating lightly down the purple-shaded hill,
Where a foam-flecked burn comes racing 'neath
two feathered beauties flying,
Till dancing waters gathered in mossy pool grow
still.

Changing lights sweep o'er the moorland where a
blackcock's gaily calling,
'Neath the dawn mists softening loch and sky
and land,
And a distant peak looms hazy with shades of
fleecey cloudlets falling,
As a startled wild duck wings across the sand.

There's a wealth of colour glinting where the brown
bees hum together,
And the restless stars bid farewell to the moon,
As the red grouse go a-whirring over purple sun-
flecked heather,
For they know a golden day is coming soon.

But the silver night is waning, and in far trans-
lucent skies
An eagle hawk sails o'er a distant height;
One can hear a plover calling, swift to westward
as he flies,
And a hare in hidden path leaps out of sight.

Heart and soul with love are stirred by God's
beauteous radiant morning,
And past memories of days in summer weather;
And I dream of wondrous nights when we danced
from dusk till dawning,
As I kneel beside a clump of fine white heather.

E. A. HENTY
(MRS EDWARD STARKY).

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

BIRD-LIFE IN A VICARAGE GARDEN.

By the Rev. E. K. VENNER.

I PAUSE a moment in my writing, and look out of my study window, which commands what we call the flower garden, a portion of the lawn intersected with beds of various shapes. It is a warm corner of the garden, and is much affected by the superintendent of the lawns. He and his are very busy everywhere; but he is here just now examining the ground with a critical eye, and listening, every now and then, with a most attentive ear. I have made him the superintendent of the lawns; but he doesn't know it—though, if he did, he couldn't do his work more thoroughly and satisfactorily. Even his unconscious underling, the gardener, allows that, albeit grudgingly enough. In other words, he is a Thrush, and at this moment he is finding a lot to do. He pauses a second over a spot, and listens intently with his head a little on one side. Then down goes his beak in an unerring dig, and up comes a huge worm. It seems too big for him to negotiate, but he has disposed of it in a couple of seconds, and he goes on with his investigation after this *hors d'œuvre* with a whetted appetite. A second later his unerring beak half-brings to the surface another monster. The worm this time makes a desperate endeavour to get back, and the superintendent braces himself for a struggle, pulling and jerking till one would think the miserable worm would break in two. But this never happens with the superintendent. Were his subordinate to try his clumsy fingers it would be another matter; but in this and every other case the worm ends in being jerked to the surface like a cork out of a bottle.

This little inlet of lawn seems to be alive with worms, and he tugs them out, one after the other, never missing one or making a bad shot. What with these and sundry little snacks in the shape of tiny grubs, his crop is visibly swollen before some sudden call takes him over the wall to another part of his charge. When one thinks that nearly all this work is done by ear, one marvels at the exquisite sense which stands the bird in such stead. Fancy being able to hear the movement of the tiniest grub underground! What an extraordinary world of sound would be open to our dull human ears were they in tune with the hearing of a Thrush!

It is a remarkable thing that the possessor of No. 141.—VOL. III.

this fine sense, together with the Blackbird, should show such extraordinary infatuation in the art of nest-placing. In fact, there is no display of art in the matter at all. Time after time the nest is fixed in such a position that it is bound to attract the attention of the first boy who comes along, not to speak of a marauding cat, while all around are points of vantage which would defy attack. You may pass a Wren's, a Linnet's, or a Hedge-Sparrow's nest twenty times and not discover it, while the nest of a Thrush or Blackbird will often be so placed as if for the purpose of challenging immediate notice. There are, of course, many exceptions; but this is the case as often as not.

In front of my window are two narrow gentian borders filled with good-sized stones. These supply another reason for the superintendent's preference for this corner, for here he has a fine selection of anvils on which he hammers the shells of countless hapless snails. He is as thorough in this department as he is in the art of worm extraction, and traces of his handiwork are constantly in evidence in the snail season.

Against the wall over which he has just dropped is a commodious villa residence. It is known as West View, and was put up to let to the first pair of Tits that should fix on it. But the ways of birds are passing strange; and, while Tits will build in letter-boxes, flower-pots, and all kinds of unexpected places, for some reason or other West View remains unlet. Prospecting tenants will eat the cocoa-nut which swings in the shell underneath, and will run up the suspending string and slip in and out of this desirable residence in, apparently, a game of hide-and-seek, but they never get farther than this.

One day I discovered that the cocoa-nut was disappearing much more rapidly than ought to be the case, and on examining the nest found unmistakable traces of mice. These had evidently run up the wall by means of a convenient creeper, then down the string to the feast at the end of it. I cannot say that, with all my love for wild life, I am fond of mice, and I speedily took effective measures to checkmate the robbers.

But if the Tits merely use West View as a play-room, they have more decided views about Cedar

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AUGUST 9, 1913.

Lodge, which hangs on the cedar on the croquet lawn. It is true that they were some time in making up their minds about this, but it was eventually taken by a pair of Blue Tits, and was the scene of the rearing of a happy family. But Rose Cottage, on the Carmine Pillar pole, shares the same fate as West View. I had arranged this to see the little fittings of blue in and out amongst the rose-leaves. However, the hoped-for tenants would have none of it, and the cottage was let against my will to a plebeian pair of Sparrows, who found it much to their liking.

The Sparrow is by no means an uninteresting bird, but in his case individualism seems to be swallowed up in an innumerable multitude. I remember a tame Sparrow who, at a house where I was visiting, showed what latent possibilities there are in his tribe. Like the *passer delicatæ necæ puellæ* of Catullus, he was a great pet, and was flying about the room as I entered. He at once conceived a violent fancy for me, and I had hardly sat down before he alighted on my head. To take part in a conversation with a Sparrow in this position was embarrassing enough; but I had to make the best of it, for the bird stuck to his idea and refused to give it up, returning again and again after being driven away. He answered to the name of Sweep, and was evidently a Sparrow of marked individuality, though I was the first visitor for whom he showed such a decided preference.

High up in the cedar, which tradition says comes from Lebanon, is a snug-looking nest of moss and roots. This is the citadel of a pair of Missel-Thrushes, or Storm-Cooks, as they are sometimes called. The situation is excellently chosen, and equally out of reach of boys and cats. The Missel-Thrush is as much alive to its opportunities in this respect as the Song-Thrush is oblivious of them. He is a much shyer and wilder bird, and is a firm believer in placing temptation, as far as possible, out of reach. One can imagine that he reads his more trustful kinsman many lectures on his incurable fondness for exposed nest sites, and that he often draws his attention to sites which offer such absolute security as the branches of this cedar. Nothing is more satisfactory to the true bird-lover than a well-placed and out-of-reach nest, and I look up with great pleasure at this one every time I cross the lawn, more especially as the garden is patrolled by all the cats of the village, as the lower nesting people know to their cost.

Were the nest much lower it is possible that my presence underneath it would be as strongly resented as it was once in a certain avenue, under a similar nest. I had ventured to stop a moment to look up at the nest, which in this case I could have nearly touched with my stick, when I was fiercely attacked by the cock Missel-Thrush, who flew several times with the greatest determination straight at my face. So straight and fearless were

the bird's swoops that I found it necessary to ward them off from my eyes, and they only ceased when I moved on and left him master of the situation. I have no doubt that if the bird sitting high above my head saw the slightest cause for it he would order me off my own lawn at once, or at least forbid me to cross it at this particular place. He is a handsome fellow, and his large expanse of speckled waistcoat seems bursting with importance.

The ground slopes sharply from the cedar to an adjoining field, which in its turn falls gently away to a stream at the bottom of it. This is the chosen haunt of a Green Woodpecker whose merry laugh is often heard as he flits from tree to tree. He has bestowed considerable attention on a cherry-plum-tree which stands just against the wicket which leads into the field. Partly, therefore, in the interests of the tree, and very much in his own interests, I put up a nesting-box one night in the centre of his tapping and his borings. It was made with an eye to his special requirements, and it is, from a human point of view, an ideal home for any self-respecting Woodpecker. However, it doesn't suit him, or perhaps it doesn't suit his wife, and the only tenants hitherto have been a pair of Starlings, who slip in and out of the hole with great satisfaction. The Woodpecker sometimes appears on the lawn and affords us a glimpse of his handsome scarlet cap; but he is off, laughing, down the field if he catches sight of the observer.

This field is also a very favourite one of a Barn-Owl, who may often be seen quartering it, looking like a huge white moth. Sometimes he—often it is she—comes near enough to show the incessant turnings of his head as he wings his evening way a few feet above the grass. His flight is punctuated at intervals by that weird shriek which gives him his name of 'Screech-Owl,' and which instantly draws attention to his presence. One would have thought that this would, in a great measure, counteract the beautiful silence of his wings by giving his intended victims notice of his approach. The Kestrel Hawk, on the other hand, whose hunting methods are somewhat similar, is much more sparing of his voice, and must drop down on his victims, time after time, a veritable 'bolt from the blue.' Perhaps the Owl's incessant scream has a paralyzing effect on his victims, just as the roar of a lion has on human nerves, and keeps them panic-stricken till they come within the range of those terrible lambent eyes.

Over the scenes of these numberless tragedies of the night the Cuckoo, when he comes, is very fond of winging his way by day. There are trees in this field which suit his ideas very well, particularly a large elm in the middle. I sometimes amuse myself by calling Cuckoos up from the field to the garden, and it is very interesting to see them fly right over the tree underneath which I am standing, twisting their heads from

side to side in a vain endeavour to discover the friend who has given them the invitation. Once in another garden we discovered a young Cuckoo in a Hedge-Sparrow's nest, and took a hand in feeding it. This gave us a good insight into the arduous labours on its behalf of its unhappy foster-parents, for the young monster swallowed raspberries like pills, and asked for more. It is an astonishing thing that birds which are so quick and keen in their perceptions in other directions should, in this instance, be so blind to the difference between this unnatural changeling and their own offspring. One can understand their accepting an egg only slightly different in size to their own, but not this horrid result of the hatching.

I have found no changelings of this description in my present garden, but one morning there was an appearance in it equally interesting. There was all of a sudden a tremendous commotion among the garden birds. Alarm notes sounded in all directions, and feathered consternation reigned supreme. At first I put this down to a prowling cat; then suddenly I caught sight of something sitting on the top of a rose-pole. It was, in fact, a Jay, and he was evidently full of Jay-like thoughts. These are always bad thoughts, and they all centre in robbery and murder; so this Jay sat, a solitary and sinister figure, on the top of the pole and ruminated evil things totally regardless of the commotion his presence had raised. Presently his wicked mind was made up. There was a flash of blue and buff, and he was over the wall into the front part of the garden, where I knew there was a Thrush's nest in a laurel-bush. There he alighted in a tree overlooking the nest, while the unhappy owners flew to and fro in their distraction, and called him all the names they could think of. He might have been one of the branches of the tree for all the notice he took of them. But he was taking his bearings with the greatest accuracy, and there was an air of determination about him which boded ill for the nest beneath. Then suddenly a louder outcry than before announced that the raid was made, and the next instant the bold robber was flying out of the laurel-bush with an egg in his beak. He was over the wall in an instant, with the hue and cry hot behind him. It didn't take him long to dispose of the egg, and in a very short time he was again on the top of his rose-pole—thinking. He was some days about the garden after this, and was constantly seen in the adjoining orchard, where things no doubt happened. The only thing that didn't happen was his own end—which was in the nature of a miracle, for there was a man there with a gun who would gladly have shot him at sight.

Adjacent to this orchard is that part of the garden which we call 'the country,' because it is left for the most part wild and uncultivated. It is separated from the rock garden, which lies

below the croquet lawn, by a deep fringe of bracken, and, were it not for the village cats, affords ideal covert for birds. But, alas! nest after nest torn ruthlessly out of its setting points to the constant presence and vigilance of these marauders. It was, therefore, with great delight that I watched a Blackcap brood develop and escape the common fate. This was the more surprising, as, although the nest was invisible from the outside of the covert, it was quite in the track of the cats within. It was a frail thing of roots and horsehair, and so insecurely placed in a bramble-bush that I constantly wondered why the whole thing didn't come down bodily. Then, as the chicks grew and filled the flimsy structure to overflowing, it was a further wonder that the bottom didn't come out and let the entire brood through; and there it was within easy jump of a cat, and there were the parents flitting about in dangerous proximity to all the possibilities of that suggestive-looking undergrowth. But nothing happened, and the happy family, so far as I could see, got safely off. Curiously enough, a Wren's nest in the ivy on the farther side of the flower-garden wall, though much more securely and invisibly placed, met with a far different fate. This nest, built with all a Wren's wonderful care in matching its surroundings, was so skilfully placed in its setting that an ordinary observer might pass it many times without discovering it. An ivy-leaf hung over the hole, and the nest itself seemed a part of the ivy growth. Yet this nest was discovered by a cat just when the eggs were ready to hatch out, and remorselessly dragged out of its beautiful frame; and, from the feathers below, it is all too probable that the mother was caught on the eggs. A Robin's nest in a hole in the wall met the same fate, and the nest that escapes it in this garden is the exception rather than the rule.

A Green Linnet's nest in the clematis that runs up one of the standards of the veranda shared the immunity of the Blackcap's nest in this respect. But that nest, besides being practically invisible from the outside, was fixed in the middle of one of that ingenious creeper's best tangles, which almost made it a wonder how the birds were able to get in at all.

Another satisfactory situation was the high branch of our largest chestnut-tree. This was the site of a Goldfinch's nest, which made one think, from the absolute security of its position, that the wise builders had taken a leaf out of the Missel-Thrush's book, or rather tree, as they no doubt would express it.

As there are degrees of wisdom in the selection of nesting sites, so there appear to be degrees of excellence in the science of nest construction and decoration on the part of the feathered builders. The nest of the Chaffinch, for instance, is sometimes a perfect little cup of moss most beautifully embroidered in lichens, and at other times it is a distinctly inferior structure, showing marks of

haste or slovenliness or lack of skill. As another illustration of this point, I remember the case of a pair of Green Linnets who made several attempts before they were able to complete a serviceable nest. They tried several places, and at last decided on the fork of a hazel-tree, in which they fixed a most clumsy structure, so loosely woven and so insecurely fixed that it seemed likely to be carried away by the first gust of wind that blew. In their various efforts they used quite a wealth of material, including clouds of my Collie's coat, which happened to be coming off at that time; but it was all to little purpose. They were either deficient in the first elements of feathered architecture or too careless or slovenly to profit by them.

In the afore-mentioned field are two fine walnut-trees. These are centres of attraction for the Rooks in the walnut season, and present the spectacle of a constant movement of wings and springing branches as the bold black robbers flock to the feast, to the accompaniment of loud caws of satisfaction. They seem fully aware of the fact that there is no gun on the premises, and that they are on the confines of a bird sanctuary, and so they remain in possession of the field. Farmers are their sworn enemies, and not without reason, for recent investigations showed that no less than 58 per cent. of their food consists of grains of cereals, and of the remaining materials only 23 per cent. could be allotted to insects and grubs. These results were obtained from the crops of three hundred and thirty-six birds, and I fear they make the case look very black for Mr Rook.

Our cedar-tree also sometimes harbours another terror to farmers in the shape of a pair of Wood-Pigeons. Although they are quite at their ease here, it would be another story were I trying to

stalk them with a gun. I am certain they would not show themselves in such exposed positions then, for the Wood-Pigeon is the most wary of birds where anything of this kind is concerned, as farmers know to their cost. One can understand the feelings of the farmer when one thinks of the locust-like flights in which these birds descend upon the fields, and the destruction they do there. The Wood-Pigeon has a weak bill, it is true; but he has a pair of strong wings, which can be used with great effect as flails for beating the grain out of sheaves. The observer who noted this unlawful use of the Pigeon's wings drew attention to the extraordinary capacity of its crop. In one crop seventy-three hazel-nuts were discovered, and in another seventy-six acorns and a quantity of green stuff. The total capacity of these receptacles in a flock of some thousands gives one food for thought.

All my birds seem to recognise that I am a Protectionist, so far as they are concerned, whatever I may be politically; but none of them has approached the entire composure and fearlessness of a young Swallow which was discovered sitting amongst the sooty debris of a bedroom chimney just above the register. To be extricated from this remarkable position evidently seemed to this person quite an everyday occurrence. He made no attempt to escape, but sat quite at home in the palm of my hand. He certainly made some remarks, but they were not the outcome of fear or apprehension, and were more in the nature of comments on the furniture and general appearance of the room in which he found himself. I took him out into the garden, where he sat on my shoulder some time, making remarks applicable to the situation. Then he flew into the bushes and was lost. I hope he escaped the tigers of the garden.

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

CHAPTER II.

SEBASTIAN was a prey to twenty different resolutions, to twenty different conjectures, to the harassing certainty that as yet he had not the strength for any energetic measures. And then, when the afternoon came again, and the sun was dipping until it blazed fully into his window, while some bird was beginning to sing softly, and that radiance that has no match was diffusing itself over the landscape, the heavy chestnut door opened; and though he would not—perhaps dared not—turn to look, Sebastian's trained ear detected at once that two women, not one, were coming in. He was sure that Madame de Villemarnier was here in person to see him.

Again obeying an impulse that he did not analyse, he closed his eyes and waited, while the prolonged sweeping of some trailing garment told

him that his visitor had skirted his bed, had gone round, and was standing between himself and the open window and the warm sunlight.

When all was quiet Sebastian still delayed to look up. He waited; but his visitor, whoever she might be, waited as persistently as he did. The stillness seemed so very great that Sebastian could hear his heart beating; he felt as if some oppression were stealing down on him to cover him, to smother him. Finally he realised that the watcher, and not he, had got the better in this their first, voiceless encounter. With a jerk he drew back his eyelids, pulled himself up on his uninjured arm, and raised himself higher and higher until he sat upright.

A tall woman stood full in his view, a woman whose face was youthful, and yet so sad; a woman who, clad in the deepest widow's garb of

woe, the cap tight about her face and all her hair brushed out of sight, and the plain, sombre gown of coarse stuff buttoned up to the throat, tight at the wrists, and sweeping behind on the floor, was yet so very beautiful.

As Sebastian's eyes met the eyes of this woman he shot out a question. 'Where have I seen you before?' he cried.

Madame de Villemarnier moved till all the light from the window fell on her. 'Look and answer for yourself,' she returned in a vibrating voice.

Sebastian leaned sideways. His eyes scrutinised her feature by feature. His look told her that though memory was stirring he had not yet recollected. She gave him time. She stood motionless, her eyes, with a great wedge of light in each of them, never moving, her lips tight shut.

'I have seen you before!' ejaculated Sebastian.

'You have,' replied this very beautiful woman.

'Where have I seen you before?' cried Sebastian.

Madame de Villemarnier stepped back a pace. She stood with her back to the window, the light flowing in past her, and framing her in its golden glory, and she looked, still with that same stern, accusing glance, down at the man who must have been nursed back to life by her own express orders.

'Do you know the part of the river past Nantes where the reeds widen out, and where there are marshes and shallows?' she asked at length.

'Yes,' returned Sebastian.

'Do you recollect that the château of Lacollette stands on a mound among those marshes?' she went on.

'Yes.'

'Who lived at that château?'

In spite of himself, Sebastian answered promptly, 'The Comte de Lière.'

Madame nodded her head. She waited a moment; she seemed to be fighting for courage to go on.

'What became of the Comte de Lière?' she asked when she could command her voice.

This time Sebastian, in his turn, had a question to ask. 'Why do you want to know?' he cried.

'Answer me!' returned the woman all in black, impatiently.

Sebastian laughed. The sound was reckless. It was evident that some of his habitual levity was coming back to him. 'How should I know, Madame?' he retorted.

'You do know,' answered Madeleine de Villemarnier. 'You do know,' she went on, her words coming quickly, vehemently now, 'because you were the captain of the Adventurers of Nantes, and your band took the Comte de Lière prisoner.' She paused. She looked squarely at the man in that luxurious bed, with the brocaded curtains

falling about him, the finest linen from her herb-scented press covering his pillow, and the quilt worked by her own fingers with delicate silks on a length of brocade from the royal looms at Lyons spread over him. 'You know,' she pursued, as Sebastian involuntarily put out his hand to feel for his sword, and then, biting his lips in his dismay, recollected that he was unarmed—'you know, because when your followers waylaid the Comte de Lière and threatened him with torture, you put them aside, and, you yourself, offered him his life; but on what conditions, I ask you, Jacques Sebastian—on what conditions?' Her voice, still low, still full, rang in its indignation, in its accusation.

Sebastian looked into the anger-swept face; and, glib as he was, fertile as was his invention, he had not a word to say. He let his arms fall before him; he hung his head.

But Madame de Villemarnier did not exact an answer. She went on herself. 'Jacques Sebastian, you offered the Comte de Lière his life if he would disgrace himself; if he would join your band, your Adventurers of Nantes; if he would put his château at your disposal. You knew your business well, and realised what an excellent hiding-place, what a splendid place to store your contraband in, Lacollette would be, among the marshes and the reeds; and so, because you understand men, because you can add them up as if they were so many kegs of brandy or bottles of wine, you prevailed on Armand de Lière, whose forefathers had been honourable gentlemen for centuries, to join you; and I know—do you hear? I know—the arguments you used.'

The tall woman paused again, waited again.

Sebastian sat with his shoulders hunched, and as she kept silent he raised his chin, and with his lower lip drooping, the round drops on his forehead and a livid blue coming out over his thin, hollow cheeks, he looked up, waiting until it might please her to speak again.

Madeleine de Villemarnier scrutinised the abject man; she flung out a hand. 'Do you hear?' she demanded. 'I know what arguments you used. You realised that Armand de Lière was not brave. You knew how he shrank from pain, and what the fear of torture was to him. So you showed him the whip; you heated the branding-iron before him. You told him that there was but one way of escape, and you lured him to give you his promise; and then, when he had sworn to be one of your men, you drove him lower and lower, until death'—

But as she said the word 'death' Sebastian, finding his voice, broke in at last, 'As I am alive to-day, it was a fair death. The Comte de Lière was out in one of our boats in a gale. He was washed overboard. No man could have saved him.'

Madame bowed her head. She knew that that, at least, was true.

'God rest his soul!' she murmured.

There followed quite a little space of silence. Madame stood with her eyes cast down on the floor. Sebastian kept his glance fixed on her, and waited for what was to come next; while without the sun still shone, and that one bird in the great tree still sang, and in all the blue sky there was not so much as one single white cloud.

Then Madame de Villemarnier came suddenly near Sebastian. She stood so close to him that her hand touched the coverlet she had worked, and she took up the fringe of it and twisted the crimson strands between her white fingers.

'Do you not remember me yet?' she asked again. 'I am the widow of the Comte de Lière,' she went on. 'I call myself by the name of this house, which came to me through my mother, to hide my shame. As yet no one has learned my secret. I have told no one who I am; and has the sorrow for what you did so changed me that even yet you do not recognise me?'

But Sebastian did remember now. '*Oiel!*' he cried out, forgetting that he was admitting all, that he was accusing and condemning himself, 'I do remember. When I took possession of the château, De Lière's wife'—he began to stammer—'his wife—the girl with the great eyes, and the hair—the beautiful hair like waves of brown'—

The woman took the words from him. 'The Comte de Lière's wife pleaded with you,' she went on. 'She humbled herself before you'—

This time Sebastian gave her back look for look. 'I did you no wrong,' he retorted. 'No harm befell you.'

The woman, who was still young, who hid her beauty through grief, threw back her head in its tight-fitting, disguising cap. 'It is true,' she admitted, 'you neither bound me nor beat me. But you laughed at me, saying that my husband's honour was nothing to you. You told me that the man I had learned to love when I was so young, and thought all the world was fair to look on, and every man in it good and true, was nothing but a weak creature just fitted to be your tool. You bade me hold my tongue or your vengeance would fall not on me, but on my husband, who was afraid of the scourge and the stake; and you made me ashamed of the name that he gave me when we stood together at the altar. And now'—

'Now?' breathed Sebastian.

Madame de Villemarnier drew back. Her arms fell to her side. All the anger died out of her face, and left it filled with suffering, filled with regret.

'Now?' repeated Sebastian.

The widowed woman turned. She walked to the window and set the sash yet more widely

open. She stood, with her face in profile to the invalid, looking out on the greenness and the sky. She remained thus, and so long as she was still Sebastian, watching her, dared not speak.

At last she faced him. 'Listen,' she said; and Sebastian knew that he was about to hear her decision, maybe how he was to die. 'It was I who let the authorities at Tours know that the Adventurers stole down the river on dark nights in little boats; it was I who bade them keep watch whenever an English ship stood into the bay beyond Nantes; and when I saw the beacon alight, I—I—Madeleine, who had been the wife of Armand de Lière—went down over the grass to the edge of the cliff, and I heard the shouts and the cries in the water below, and could see the forms of men struggling together; and I rejoiced, because I hoped that the destroyer of my husband was dead, or, better still, a prisoner. But soon I heard—it was talked about all over Tours—that the leader of the Adventurers of Nantes had escaped. My first feeling was that I had been balked, defrauded. Then I hoped, I prayed even, that you might be captured.

'That evening as you fell at my feet I recognised you, and it seemed to me that my bitterest enemy had been given into my hand to do with what I, Madeleine, widow of Armand de Lière, would. I thought of sending you to the authorities then and there; but my old nurse, when she examined you—she knows as much about wounds as a doctor—said you would hardly survive the jolting on the road into Tours. Then a subtler idea of vengeance came into my mind. I would have you nursed back to life; I would have you tended as old Marie would tend me myself were I ill. I would have you housed in my finest guest-chamber; you should sleep between my softest sheets; you should want for no luxury that I could procure; then'—

'Ah!' thrust in Sebastian, with a deep breath, 'then'—

Madame de Villemarnier half smiled. 'Then,' she went on, 'when you were strong enough for me to be sure that you would not die too quickly, when the luxury you left would but make the prison cell at Tours all the harder to bear, when you would have strength to feel every pang, I meant to hand you over to justice.'

She paused yet once more; she bent her head at last; she moved irresolutely.

Sebastian watched her, but he said no word. It was retribution, he supposed, come up with him, and he bowed to it; only, as he thought of it, and perhaps acknowledged that he had deserved his fate, a single bitter cry was forced from him.

'*Oiel!*' he ejaculated, 'why did I not bleed to death in that cave?'

Madame de Villemarnier turned and answered him. 'Because, Jacques Sebastian,' she said simply, decisively, 'you are to live, not to die.'

'To live!' echoed Sebastian.

'Yes,' went on the woman in black. 'I have been here and looked at you not once, but many times. I could see you without your seeing me, and illness strangely softens a man's face. It seemed to me that there might still be some good in you, and I began to realise, unwillingly at first, very unwillingly, that your death, though you died in torment and by inches, would not bring my husband back to life; that your dishonour, your execution as a malefactor, with a jeering crowd to watch your death-throes, would not efface the stain from my husband's honour.'

Madame de Villemarnier, as she said the last words, went down the room till she came to the foot of the bed. She stood in the little space between its great solid bulk and the Medusa tapestry on the wall, and Sebastian, for all that his heart was beating anew, for all that he was deeply moved by this woman's generosity, by the certainty that he was to live and not to die, saw not the living face, but that of the enchantress on the tapestry over Madeleine de Villemarnier's shoulder, with the two wings in the snake-like hair, the serpents' sinuous bodies framing her throat, and,

above all, the two eyes, so well worked in the fine stitch of petit point that they looked, strangely, as though they lived; that they even seemed to glitter—nay, to move—in the great square of Flemish tapestry which hung from the ceiling to the floor.

Then Madame's voice arrested the sick man's attention. 'Jacques Sebastian, as you call yourself,' she said—'for I am not sure that that is your real name—you may live; you may go free from Villemarnier.'

She gave him no time for protestation, for promises, for any expression of gratitude. She walked quickly from the room. The closing of the heavy door told Sebastian that he was alone again, and as he looked back at the great square of tapestry, and his eyes sought the Medusa's eyes, he could not help thinking, even in the midst of all his perturbation, how easily a man's fancy might run away with him; for now, when the disturbance of Madame de Villemarnier's presence was removed, he was sure that the eyes in the tapestry were but so many stitches of blue for the iris, so many in black and gray for the shadows.

(Continued on page 580.)

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLGIRLS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By MAY BALDWIN.

IN view of the recent Imperial Education Conference, the impression made on me by South African schools and schoolgirls may not be without interest, for I have visited schools of all kinds out there, and I do not know whether they surprised or interested me more.

In the first place, to pass from one school to another in the same town was like passing from one country to another. In one school, originally founded by the Church of England for the daughters of colonial clergy and missionaries, but now open to all white girls, and only confined to the English because of the strict obligation to conform to the Church of England, I was in a distinctly English atmosphere, and could easily have imagined myself at a school in England. Not half-an-hour distant is a Government-aided secondary school where guttural tones assail my ears, and lessons in a tongue I know not are being given; and I might be in Holland, if indeed such *patois* is to be found in the mother-country of these descendants of Dutch colonists who, somewhat illogically as it seems to me, repudiate their origin, while they persist in retaining a debased dialect of that country. Again, a ten minutes' walk brings me—to what land? To Africa as it was before the whites invaded it! Ah no! I had almost written 'alas, no!' for as I acknowledge the greetings of the coloured children, who smile and show their white teeth, and say good-morning to me, my eyes rove over

this mongrel collection—if I may be forgiven the expression—of children of all shades of colour, shades so varying as to cause great difficulty and heart-burning in the classification as to colour. I see a mixture which is of no land. It seems to me that they, at least, have not much for which to thank our civilisation, and that the pure-bred Hottentot or Kafir would provide better material than these children of no nationality, with no language but kitchen-Dutch and un-English English, and whose numbers, unfortunately, are rapidly increasing.

Of the schools for the poor coloured children there is not much to say. Hitherto they have been entirely undertaken by the various religious bodies—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and the Dutch Reformed Church; but with the increasing coloured population this is becoming too heavy a task. Dutch is their tongue, and English is taught in the schools. One hint as to the teaching of a foreign language might be taken from the coloured schools I visited. The elder children are given a story-book of their own choosing from the school library to read to themselves for half-an-hour daily during school-hours, and they seemed much interested in their books, the teacher explaining any difficult point as she passed from one to the other. When I left, not unwillingly, the last coloured school I visited, the children wished to say good-bye civilly; but their English

vocabulary was limited, and after a moment's hesitation a girl's voice led them in friendly chorus as they stood and said smilingly, to the horror of their English teacher, 'Good-bye, woman!'

The one line that is drawn is that between white and coloured, and this gives rise to a problem, which is daily growing more serious, as to the education of better-class coloured children—which is indeed a difficult matter. To settle which are white and which coloured is a matter not so easily decided as might be imagined where white shades into black by imperceptible degrees, and where brothers and sisters are frequently found varying so much in colour that one would never guess them to be related. A teacher in the coloured school above mentioned showed me a pupil whom I in my ignorance would have taken for an English girl, and told me that the inspector had made the same mistake, and had demanded an explanation of her presence in that school. The explanation was promptly given by pointing out her sister, who was unmistakably black. The one would readily have been admitted to a white school, but the other would have been rejected; and this is a case which could be multiplied throughout the Union. Only the other day a letter was published in a South African paper from a parent, a coloured man of good position, complaining bitterly of this hardship, one of his children being white, the other coloured. He 'will not send one to a better-grade school than the other for fear of creating ill-feeling between them,' and begs for a secondary school for 'slightly coloured' pupils. The idea has been mooted; but it presents obvious difficulties, and has met with much opposition; for, as its objectors say, at what shade will you draw the line; and if it is to be a question of pedigree, who would feel equal to the task? This, however, is an educational problem which South Africans or their ancestors have created for themselves by intermarriage, and one which they must solve as best they can.

This colour distinction is the only class distinction made in the schools, for class as we understand it in Britain does not exist in South Africa. To give an instance of what I mean. I once or twice asked the head-mistress of a school to what class her pupils belonged, but in each case I was misunderstood, and it was elaborately explained to me that the classes were divided into seven standards, above which came classes for matriculation, at which point the school course generally ends, pupils who wish to continue their studies proceeding to college to take their degree; unless, indeed, they wish to become teachers, in which case they can attend classes provided for pupil-teachers in the secondary schools, where opportunity is also given for at least half-an-hour's daily practice in teaching. The fact is, there is no great difference in class out here. There are few poor white families,

and there is no aristocracy. The schools, most of which are State-aided, are for the children of all white people; and in these schools any white child who applies must be received, even if unable to pay the fee; but the bulk of their pupils belong to the great and indefinable middle classes. As a result, the manners of the girls lack the polish that contact with a distinctive upper class gives.

As I have said in a former article, it is the effect of education upon character rather than upon intellect that interests me; and in the numerous girls' schools I have visited during the many happy days which, thanks to the kindness and courtesy of the head-mistresses, I have spent with South African schoolgirls, one of the points that struck me was the difference between the English-born girl—that is, the girl born in England—and the colonial girl, both born of English parents or at all events of English descent, and, again, the difference between them both and their prototype in an English school; for even a year or two of colonial life leaves its mark upon a colonist. In the first place, the speech becomes colonial English. So much is this the case that efforts are made in the schools to correct these 'colonialisms,' and I saw a grammar examination-paper at one school in which one of the questions was to give the correct rendering of some of these ungrammatical expressions. Two of them, I remember, were: 'I will come with,' instead of 'I will come with you, him, her, or them,' as the case might be; and 'Nothing of that' for 'Nothing of that kind.' This, of course, is mainly due to the mixture of Dutch and English which results, at its worst, in causing girls who live up-country, where the English families are few and far between, and the Dutch predominate, to speak English with a very foreign accent, and to translate unconsciously from the Dutch, as in the above ungrammatical expressions. This mixture of nations—either of blood or of intercourse—is probably the cause of the stiff shyness of colonial girls, whom I found less responsive than English girls; for I noticed that the greater the mixture of Dutch girls, the more reserved, almost suspicious of a stranger, they seemed—at first, that is to say; for they are more friendly, and rather more familiar, when they know you than an English girl would ever be, I think.

Another characteristic of colonial schoolgirls is a certain apathy. Teachers fresh from England find them hard to rouse to enthusiasm, and wanting in energy compared with girls in English schools. They put this down to the climate, the summer being hot and long, and the sun even in winter tiring; but I feel inclined to attribute it also, in part, to the influence of their Dutch schoolfellows, who by nature are phlegmatic, and to the deadening effect of examinations.

Of course schools differ, and I must not omit

to mention an important factor in colonial schools—that of the mistresses, especially the head-mistress, for her influence upon her school has never impressed me so forcibly as in South Africa, probably because there are fewer counter-acting influences than in England. In South Africa the head-mistress, as a rule, comes from an English high school, with a university degree and the culture of the Old Country and the Old Continent, and her girls look up to her in consequence; and though we have presumably kept our most brilliant educationists at home, those we have sent out do us credit by their culture, their mental capacity, and their high moral character. But in saying this I cast no slur upon colonial-born principals. Education is making rapid strides in South Africa. The colonial mistresses are generally travelled women; and, though I found their standpoint less broad-minded, there was in them the same conscientious devotion to and desire for the advancement of education and the mental, moral, and physical well-being of their pupils which is a characteristic of English teachers in our public schools. If, then, the girls' schools in South Africa are not up to the standard of European schools, the fault is assuredly not to be found in the teachers, for they have to fight against serious difficulties.

Time and travel alone can overcome the first of these difficulties, which is the absence of the stimulus which tradition and the culture of ages give to European schoolgirls, who unconsciously absorb it by pictures, picture galleries, proximity to the places in which history has been made and the scenes and plots in literature have been laid, as well as acquaintance with the names at least of historical characters and great names in literature; while to South Africans these events, places, and persons are but far-off names. This accounts for what at first surprised me—that is, the indifference the girls avowed to me for history or literature, and their preference for mathematics, of which I will speak later. Another difficulty, that of climate, seems to me to be increased by the school hours and the division of the school year. In most schools the hours are from nine A.M. to two, or a quarter past two, with a fifteen minutes interval at eleven, or occasionally two or three minutes to air a room after a lesson. The teachers affirm that this arrangement is best; first, because the day-pupils in many cases come so far, and it cuts up the day less than a break of an hour and a half or two hours in the middle of the day would do, as in the latter case they would only finish at four o'clock, and the girls would then reach home too tired and too late to sit down to home preparation; secondly, because two to four is the hottest time of the day, and the schoolrooms can be kept fairly cool till one o'clock; but the afternoon becomes excessively hot, and the pupils less inclined to apply themselves to study. So, though the teachers admit that it is not a pleasant time

for the journey home, they consider it the lesser of two evils. I am, however, inclined to believe a parent who told me that her girl said she never learnt anything in the last hour.

Whether other hours would be better I cannot say. In Italy the long holidays, some three months, come in summer, and during this time the pupils study at home, while at Christmas and Easter they have only a week; and as Christmas is in summer in South Africa, a long holiday then would seem to be wiser than the six or seven weeks now given, with a month in winter and a week at Easter and in September. It would also be advantageous in view of the custom of giving six months' leave of absence to teachers every three years or so, so that they may take a holiday in England, whence most of them hail.

I have spoken of two difficulties with which colonial school-mistresses and their scholars have to contend, that of being in a young country—a fault which mends daily—and that of climate; but they have another difficulty which is also perhaps in part a fault of their newness, for I have noticed in English schools lately a reaction against the cramping influence of too many examinations, an influence which is very much felt in South African schools. Everywhere I heard the same tale. The aim of each mistress is to bring her pupils up to the standard of the matriculation, which, in the words of a prominent educationist, 'is largely used not only as the first step in the academic course, but also as a school leaving-certificate;' and he adds the significant warning that 'we are drifting too much in the direction of preparing our pupils to pass certain standards or university examinations as ends in themselves rather than as means to an end.'

Everywhere I saw a crowded curriculum of obligatory subjects, with a detailed course for each year. Mathematics, for instance, is the principal study in girls' schools, nine out of twenty-five hours per week being devoted to this subject in certain classes in some of the schools I visited. A girl coming out here from an English school has to go back at least a year in form to be up to the standard in mathematics, I am told; and when I demanded an explanation of this, they put it down to the number of Scotsmen on the Board who seem to consider it the most important subject for the youth of South Africa. 'Mathematics' and 'matriculation' loomed large in conversation on education; and yet I understand that matriculation is not so difficult an examination in South Africa as in England, except in the one subject of mathematics. Greek can be taken as an alternative subject to history for this examination; and, as the syllabus for the former is easier, history is dropped in its favour as a rule. 'We do not care much for history,' the girls told me after school; and when I questioned them they said that they preferred South African

history to English or European, bearing out what I said before that Europe is as unknown a continent to them as Africa is to the average English schoolgirl. The study of history, especially South African history, which is supposed to be compulsory, as may be imagined, presents some difficulties when taught to a mixed class of English and Dutch pupils; and the latter cannot be expected to take the same interest in English history as English pupils—all of which accounts for the small place it finds in the school curriculum. But I cannot help regretting that history and literature are neglected by our colonial girls for higher mathematics and a smattering of Greek, which is avowedly taken to 'pass matriculation,' and does not apparently lead to a desire for a better acquaintance with the classics.

Another subject which appeared to me to suffer from the rigid school system made obligatory in public schools here is painting. South Africa teems with beautiful flowers and vegetation, and abounds in magnificent scenery, and yet I saw few landscapes or budding artists in the schools. Paintings of flowers there were, and very well they were executed; but no sooner was a single flower, with perhaps its leaf and a bud, painted in its natural beauty than it was immediately reproduced as a conventional design in a square or oblong border, or in some other geometrical figure which in many cases was very cleverly and artistically arranged, but which tends to produce designers rather than artists; and though stencilled designs (at which I saw the elder girls in some schools very busy) make very effective cushions, table-centres, or mats in satin, silk, or muslin, still they are not so artistic as flowers naturally arranged; and these, either as a picture or a design, I never saw.

I have given the name Dutch to the descendants of old Van Riebeeck and the other early colonists from Holland, because it is as such that we know them; but they themselves as a rule reject this name, and correct you for using it, calling themselves *Africanders*, a name common to all whites born in Africa. Though, for convenience, when talking English, they refer to the language they speak as Dutch, and often laughingly dub it kitchen or Cape Dutch, in Dutch they call it 'de Taal'; that is, the language they speak is 'Africans.' They admit that it is a debased colloquial speech which has been evolved during these two and a half centuries of colonisation by a people whose life was a hard struggle for existence, who were too much occupied in manual labour to think of education or culture, and whose original language became still more altered by mixture with that of the English and the natives. This, being chiefly a spoken and not a written language, grew poorer and more limited in its vocabulary.

Great was my astonishment to find that the average Dutch boys and girls read English with greater facility than they do Dutch—high Dutch,

that is, in which the literature of Holland is written. On the farms up-country, though I often found the Boer (farmer) unable to speak English, his children all spoke it well enough. The question naturally arose in my mind, which language is it that they are making compulsory in the schools—high Dutch, which they do not talk, or as a rule understand, but which at least is a dignified language, though it seems rather late after two hundred and fifty years of neglect to try to relearn it, or the debased Taal or Africans, which its nickname of kitchen-Dutch shows to be a language used to the coloured people by their employers, and which contains more than a suspicion of English, and makes no pretence of having a literature? The answer was prompt. Neither, but a compromise between the two, their school-books being written in a 'simplified Dutch.'

During a stay in one of the Dutch towns inland, a great educational centre, where the schools were entirely composed of Dutch pupils, I was invited to a breaking-up party at a school for elder girls. Here I found myself the only non-Dutch person, or rather, to be correct—a somewhat difficult matter in this country of people and things so mixed—I was the only non-Africander, and yet I heard around me, by the sixty girls and seventy boy-friends they had invited, English almost entirely spoken, even among themselves. The play they acted was a farce in English (which they pronounced, it is true, with a foreign accent); their recitations and songs, with one exception, were in English; even the games they played—picnic games they call them, a favourite form of recreation out here—were the same games I have seen at English school-treats; and they broke up singing 'Auld Langsyne' with linked arms. And yet Dutch is a *sine qua non* at many State-aided schools! I heard of cases in which an inferior applicant for the post in a high school was accepted in lieu of one with acknowledged higher qualifications, because the former could teach in Dutch as well as English. Moreover, not long ago a minister of education, a Dutchman, stated that twenty thousand children of school age in the Orange Free State were not attending school, because their nearest schools were closed for want of bilingual teachers. The former teachers knew only English and were therefore dismissed, and although four thousand pounds per annum was spent in advertising for teachers fulfilling this bilingual qualification, the number of applicants was not enough to fill the vacancies.

But to return to the Africander party. The programme of the evening was arranged by the pupils themselves, and the play was got up by members of the elocution class—which, like those of the college near by, was a mixed one for boys and girls—without the aid or supervision of their teacher, who was anxious to disown responsibility

for the choice of the piece, which he doubtless considered frivolous, or for the pronunciation, of which, however, he had no reason to be ashamed. After the programme had been gone through, we went upstairs to a wide corridor, the staircase beautifully decorated by the pupils with arum lilies (which grow wild) and graceful trailing greenery. Above were hung gaily painted Chinese lanterns, that shed a subdued light on the tables laden with cakes of all kinds, fruit-salads, crystallised fruits, and sandwiches, all of them the manufacture of the pupils of the cookery-class. Cookery, it may be mentioned *en passant*, is a great accomplishment out here. I saw in one school a most elaborate wedding-cake that an elder pupil who was leaving to be married had just made for herself.

One little episode of my Africander evening sheds a light upon Dutch character, and illustrates an influence which has to be reckoned with in Dutch education. It was as follows. During the course of the evening a game which they call the Swedish dance or the corkscrew was started; and, as often happens, the couples waltzed to their places. Each time this occurred the head-mistress grew restless, and at last clapped her hands. Immediately the hundred youths and maidens stopped and waited to know her will, which was that the game, as they prefer to call it, should cease. 'She disapproves of dancing!' I observed to a Dutch lady, the wife of a prominent educationist, who was at home attending the Imperial Conference. 'No; she is too broad-minded to object to a harmless game like that; she is afraid of the Dutch Reformed ministers,' was the reply. She added, as I looked surprised that they should rule a public school, 'They are on the school committees, and have a good deal to say in the matter.' It is the Dutch Reformed ministers who insist upon the Dutch language in the schools, and yet they are generally obliged to preach and conduct at least one of their Sunday services in English, because it is the language best understood by their flock, notably the younger generation, which would seem to point to the futility of forcing the bilingual system upon the schools. It may be, as was more than once hinted to me, that this is a passing phase which will die out with the blending of the two nations of colonists.

Looking back upon my visits to the schools of South Africa, I find that they divide themselves, in my mind, not into English, Dutch, and coloured, for these last did not occupy my attention long, and the Dutch were conducted on precisely the same lines as the English, or rather all white, public schools. The division I unconsciously made was into public schools and private schools, and it is difficult to say to which the pre-eminence should be given, for both are taught by equally cultured and well-educated women; but the difference in tone and in the character of the teaching is very marked.

In the public schools the teacher is not a free agent. What the Board of Education dictates she must teach. I was surprised at the amount of needlework to be got through in a year, and one teacher admitted to me that it was only possible by keeping the children after school-hours. The well-read teacher may lament the impossibility of teaching her girls a modicum of literature, but she cannot and may not squeeze it into the already crowded time-table; and however much she may see the desirability of accomplishments or specialising in certain cases, and varying the curriculum, she is powerless to alter or omit a lesson, except by express desire of a parent. Finally, religion may not be taught in school-hours. The committee may agree to its inclusion; but unless the pupils are all of one creed, which only happens in the exclusively Dutch schools, they generally decide to exclude all but the Lord's Prayer and a few verses of Scripture at the morning roll-call. However, as the teachers in general have religious convictions, they try, as a rule, to instil religious principles into their pupils.

In the private schools a different state of things exists. The time-table is arranged by the principal to suit herself and her pupils; and though mathematics is given a prominent place, and history and literature are negligible quantities, still there is more elasticity in their educational system. More time is given to accomplishments in a convent school of which Sir Walter Parratt spoke in the highest terms of the musical education, which he said was not surpassed by any school he had visited in England. Painting-classes are held out of doors, lectures are given on subjects of interest, and debates are held on topics which necessitate reading on other subjects than those required for the matriculation. Moreover, being avowedly denominational, whether Catholic, Anglican, or other sect, their religion was taught to the members of their Church, although complete freedom was given (except in the Anglican school already mentioned) to members of other religions; and Jews, Protestants, and Catholics were found learning and living amicably side by side.

One thing is certain. Education is developing fast in South Africa, and is receiving encouragement from the Government, and would develop faster if, as is to be hoped, the question of what tongue is to be used could be satisfactorily settled. It is very interesting to watch the rapid growth of the young country; for, if it has difficult problems to solve, it is bringing to the task the energy and vitality of youth, as well as an obvious sincerity and earnest desire for the well-being of future generations; and Afrianders, whether Dutch or British colonists, may be sure that we of the mother-country not only wish them well, but are more than willing to give of our best to aid them in their noble work.

ENFIN SEULS.

CHAPTER III.

THEY took a good look at the new-comer in the drawing-room afterwards while she was giving them the small talk of her travel.

Hilary admitted to himself that Cuthbert had been right. She was an uncommonly pretty woman. He did not know why she was pretty. He thought at first that it must be her dress. He suspected her dress, but even he knew that it was not loud. That in itself was disturbing, because all of the family had secretly promised themselves that it would be loud. It was not her figure, nor her hair, nor her features. There was no saying what it was. When she looked at you, you just knew that she was an uncommonly pretty woman. Each of them tried to estimate her age, but none succeeded. Marion guessed the nearest with thirty-five.

'And then Tom took me into the Casino,' she was saying with 'that voice' which Cuthbert had noticed. 'I had only a single louis in my purse, and before we left I had turned it into a hundred and eighty francs at *petits chevaux*. Wasn't that splendid?'

'Is it—a form of gambling?' asked Marion.

'In a certain sense, yes,' hastily interposed her father-in-law. 'But then, you know, on the Continent'—

'Of course! I quite understand,' interrupted Marion. 'But still'—

'They are ever so much jollier than we are,' continued the new Mrs Dempster. 'Why, last Sunday evening, when we were at the'—

'My dear!' broke in Dempster desperately, 'don't you think you had better lie down for an hour before dinner? You must be tired after our journey. Marion, I am sure, will understand.'

'I will take Mrs Dempster to her room,' said Marion stiffly.

'Oh, but I hope you aren't all going to call me "Mrs Dempster,"' she said quickly. 'My name is Lesley, you know.'

Cuthbert, who was standing nearest to her as she spoke, felt it incumbent upon him to bow.

'May I call you Cuthbert?' she asked.

'I—ah!' he stammered, conscious at once of the family resolve and the fact that she was looking straight into his eyes.

'Good!' she said with a sigh of relief. 'I am glad that is settled.—And now, Marion'—

The family had no opportunity to consider their position after the first encounter. At Dempster's suggestion, his two sons accompanied him to the library. They showed as much interest in his gossip as politeness demanded. Soon there came the pause for which they were both waiting.

'I—er—think we shall all be very happy together,' said Dempster weakly.

'I am sure I hope so,' said Hilary.

'Of course,' continued Dempster, 'it will take a little time to get accustomed to the new régime.'

'Of course!' agreed Cuthbert, forestalling his brother.

'I am convinced that my wife—er—Lesley I should say—will soon adapt herself to our little ways.' He thought of the Casino incident in the drawing-room, and added, 'She was, as I think you know, the widow of an army captain, and her ideas are, perhaps, a little different from ours in some matters.'

'Quite so!' said Hilary.

Dempster looked at his sons suspiciously, seemed about to say something, and then abruptly changed the conversation.

At five minutes to eight the three men went up to the drawing-room. Dempster coughed slightly as he entered. Hilary stopped suddenly, so that Cuthbert nearly bumped into him.

Lesley was in evening-dress.

'I am afraid, my dear'—said Dempster, eying her pointedly as they advanced into the room; 'that is, I should explain'—

'That's all right, Tom,' she interrupted; 'there's no need to apologise. I didn't expect that any of you would dress to-night'—there was just the faintest emphasis on the word—'as I knew you would have such a lot to talk about downstairs.'

Hilary glanced desperately at his father. It was as if he had said, 'Say what you were going to say, and tell her that we never dress for dinner, that we don't want to, and that we think it a wholly ridiculous proceeding.'

But the gong had sounded before Dempster had spoken.

On the next night all the family, including Marion, wore evening-dress. Do not imagine that they donned it without much inward protest. Evening-dress, in their minds, was associated chiefly with semi-public functions and the very rare occasions on which they attended formal dinner-parties. They had never realised its domestic value. But their dress was merely the outward and visible sign of the change that was forced upon them in a manner that completely baffled their attempts at resistance.

Each had separately resolved upon maintaining as sullen a silence as good manners would permit. Lesley shattered the resolve by the simple device of leading the conversation to a topic in which she knew that the men must be deeply interested. A big firm of Government contractors was at the time involved in a number of libel actions against certain editors who had circulated rumours of jobbery.

Cuthbert, in spite of the family prejudice

against 'talking shop,' had no alternative to explaining the legal aspect of the matter. Unconsciously flattered by her attention, he was easily drawn into relating a pertinent and not unamusing anecdote. The family were surprised to find 'shop' interesting. As a fact, they were surprised to find Cuthbert interesting.

'Tom, if you are all upstairs in ten minutes I will sing to you,' said Lesley as she and Marion withdrew.

Thus far, on her second night amongst them, had Lesley altered the lifelong habits of the family. And the men frankly enjoyed themselves, evening-dress notwithstanding. Cuthbert, braving Marion's disapproving glance, even asked Lesley for a second song, a request which was at once granted.

In the weeks that followed the family showed itself miserably incapable of justifying Marion's boast that it could be relied upon to protect itself. The family individuality was threatened with annihilation. And it was all done without the least friction. That was the worst of it. There was no point on which they could complain to their father with any reasonable hope of stirring up unpleasantness. And yet Lesley was as completely mistress of the house as if they had been so many children.

But one day the family found themselves for the first time in a tactically strong position.

Since Dempster's marriage there had been several callers. Amongst them was the wife of Sir Robert Fairclough, a well-known Sabbatarian, a prominent member of the council, and a highly valued colleague of Dempster.

Lesley and Marion had received Lady Fairclough, and the latter had lost little time in introducing her husband's favourite hobby.

'And these concerts that are held on Sunday afternoons at the Queen's Hall!' she said. 'I call it positively disgraceful!'

'Oh, but I think they're delightful!' replied Lesley. 'There's nothing in them that you would object to. We often go. And Tom has promised to take me again next Sunday.'

'Well, I think it's very wicked of you,' said Lady Fairclough good-humouredly. 'And I shall tell Robert how Alderman Dempster spends his Sunday afternoons. And now I must be going.'

As a matter of fact it was perfectly obvious, to Lesley at least, that Lady Fairclough was joking. Nevertheless the fact remained that she *did* say that she thought it wicked, and, further, that she would tell Sir Robert.

When Marion related the episode to her husband that evening he was inclined to take a gloomy view of the situation.

'A breach with Sir Robert would be a very serious matter for father,' he said.

'Something must be done,' said Cuthbert when Hilary had duly laid the matter before him.

'Then you agree with Marion and myself that

it is our positive duty to speak to father?' asked Hilary.

'I see no alternative,' replied Cuthbert. 'We had better do it next Sunday after church,' he added. 'She always drives alone in the Park before dinner.'

When the three filed into the library Dempster knew that they had come to bring some grievance against his wife. Their entry suggested that of a deputation, and he was used to receiving unwanted deputations. At the commencement he was the least uncomfortable of all.

'Pardon our interruption,' began Cuthbert. 'We have come, most reluctantly, upon an exceedingly painful mission.'

Dempster was drumming with his fingers on the side of his leather arm-chair. He was thinking, 'I knew perfectly well that was how they would open. It's Lesley right enough, confound them!'

'We wish to suggest,' temporised Hilary, 'that, having regard to the views of Sir Robert Fairclough on the Sabbatarian question, it would be a trifle—ah—imprudent if you were to attend the concert this afternoon which, we believe'—

'What on earth has Sir Robert to do with it?' exclaimed Dempster.

'That,' interrupted Cuthbert, 'Marion is in the best position to explain.'

As Marion gave her explanation Dempster arose and paced the floor nervously.

'Of course,' finished Marion, 'Lady Fairclough *may* have been joking. But still'—

'I wouldn't have had this happen for the world!' muttered Dempster.

'I am sure,' added Marion, 'that Lesley had no idea that she was doing you a serious injury in offending Lady Fairclough. I don't think she quite understands—your position.'

'As it is,' put in Hilary, 'I fear that the damage has already been done.'

As their father continued to pace the floor in silence the family felt that they were recovering their self-respect.

'I—I shall have to lay the matter before her,' said Dempster wretchedly. 'Of course we can't go to the concert now. I will explain to her as soon as she comes in. I think I hear her now,' he said a moment later. 'If you will all wait here'—

The family waited in a silent, contented group as he walked out of the room, leaving the door open in his agitation.

'Tom,' they heard Lesley say, 'I've brought Lady Fairclough back to dinner. We met in the Park, and she has kindly promised to come on with us afterwards to the Queen's Hall.'

'It's horribly wicked, mind,' simpered Lady Fairclough. 'And whatever you do, you mustn't tell Robert.'

'You can depend upon that,' replied Dempster.

'I must run and fetch Marion. She'll be delighted.'

CHAPTER IV.

THAT night Dempster asked his wife a question. 'Do you think,' he said *à propos* of nothing, 'that we shall be able to go on like this—all living together, I mean?'

'That depends how you feel about it,' she said.

He was disappointed with her answer. In his heart he had hoped that she would reply in the negative. It would have enabled him to get rid of the family, and at the same time to soothe his conscience with the knowledge that he was only doing it for his wife. It would have introduced a pleasing element of duty into the matter.

He tried again. 'There would be no unpleasantness, you know,' he said. 'It would only require a hint—just the merest hint. And then,' he concluded temptingly, 'we should be alone together.'

'Tom, you are being selfish!' she replied.

'My dear!' he remonstrated.

'You are forgetting my position entirely,' she continued. 'Consider it for a moment. You have all been living together for years. I come on the scene, and at once the family circle is broken up. In time you would become convinced that I had robbed you of the love of your children.'

He protested even while he admitted to himself the possibility of her being right.

'Then do you mean to say,' he asked gloomily, 'that we've got to go on as we are?'

'For the present—yes,' she replied. She evaded further discussion of the point.

Cuthbert was the first of the family to acknowledge defeat.

The three men were smoking in the library after dinner one night. For the best part of half-an-hour they had been discussing the fluctuations of the market. It had always been their favourite theme.

For the first time in his life Cuthbert found himself bored with it. At the first convenient pause he said, 'Shall we go up to the drawing-room? Perhaps we shall be able to persuade Lesley to sing.'

Hilary stared at him wonderingly. His father readily agreed.

Lesley was ignorant of this incident. But she had not missed certain subtle indications that Cuthbert was weakening. She lost little time in following up her advantage. One day she called at his office in the City. He received her with pleased surprise, not untouched with a certain awkwardness.

'I have come on a business matter,' she said when she was seated in his inner office. 'Of course one cannot discuss such things at home. I have just a little property of my own, you

know. I am not at all satisfied with the way it is invested at present, so I want to know if you will take charge of it for me.'

'I shall be delighted to do anything in my power,' he replied with an odd suggestion of gallantry that assured Lesley of the success of her manoeuvre. Before her business was concluded she had accepted his invitation to lunch with him.

As he escorted her through the outer office they came face to face with a good-looking girl who was giving instructions to a clerk.

'May I—er—introduce Miss Oakley?' he stammered. 'She's an LL.B., you know,' he explained to Lesley outside the office. 'Knows more law than I do. She is a sort of managing clerk.'

'She's a very pretty girl,' said Lesley.

'Is she?' he replied; and the tone of his voice said, 'I have really never thought of such a thing. I must look into the matter.' 'I only took her to oblige a wealthy client,' he added sheepishly.

Lesley decided that enough had been said for the present. She had made the suggestion, and she knew that, without realising it, he had received it. It was just possible that Miss Oakley might turn out to be an unexpected piece of luck.

It was more difficult to gain the confidence of Marion. For weeks Lesley waited for a favourable opening, and finally it came indirectly.

Since his marriage Dempster had made a habit of leaving the office earlier than had been his wont. Lesley was invariably at home to receive him; and as invariably she was gowned in a style that Marion inwardly regarded as suitable only for 'special occasions.'

Marion observed that Dempster showed appreciation. He made no attempt to conceal his pleasure on greeting his wife. Unconsciously she contrasted his attitude towards Lesley with that of Hilary towards herself, and, guessing half the truth, concluded that the secret of Lesley's power over her husband lay in the scrupulous care of her dress.

Now Marion had never studied the art of dressing herself. She was surprised to find it extraordinarily difficult; and after much hesitation she decided that there was nothing for it but to consult Lesley.

Lesley at once showed a sympathetic interest, and proposed a joint shopping expedition. She threw her whole heart into the matter, and displayed a knowledge that so bewildered Marion that before long the latter was taking her advice blindly. Lesley worked a transformation of Marion, and it was all done with consummate tact.

'You know, dear,' Lesley said when the first of the dresses she had chosen was being unpacked, 'a dress like that really wants a special coiffure to set it off properly.'

'But really,' Marion objected reluctantly, 'I have no idea.'—

'Then let me do it for you,' said Lesley eagerly. 'I am sure I could make a success of it, you have such lovely hair.'

The result of Lesley's handiwork was that Marion looked her own age instead of ten years older. And no one was more conscious of the change than Hilary, though he was ignorant of its source. He did not even realise what had caused the change in her appearance. It just occurred to him that his wife was by no means an unattractive woman. It was as if he had suddenly awoke from a dream.

'Marion,' he said to her that night, 'do you know that we have not had an evening alone together for years?'

'You have never suggested such a thing,' she answered.

'I know,' he replied almost bitterly. 'I—I think I have been rather a fool in some ways, Marion.' For the first time in his manhood he spoke humanly. Probably it was the first time he had experienced a definite emotion. 'I am going to take a couple of tickets for the theatre to-morrow night,' he continued, speaking rapidly and with a suppressed excitement oddly suggestive of a schoolboy planning a daring breach of rules. 'We'll dine out somewhere first—just you and I. I won't make any excuse to the others, mind. Why should I?' Later he said, 'I have just been wondering'—and then stopped. 'Anyhow, we can talk about that to-morrow night,' he added enigmatically.

When, in the middle of the following morning, Marion announced that she and Hilary would be out to dinner, Lesley at once hurried off to Cuthbert's office.

'Marion and Hilary will be out to-night,' she said, 'so it just occurred to me that I might ask Miss Oakley to come to dinner.'

'Thanks very much!' said Cuthbert. 'I mean—or—that is'—he stammered.

'I'll explain that it isn't a formal dinner-party,' she continued, noticing his confusion with inward gratification. 'And then I don't suppose she will object to such short notice.'

'Tom,' said Lesley later that evening while Cuthbert was seeing Miss Oakley into the under-

ground, 'I don't think we shall have Cuthbert with us very much longer. I suppose you noticed to-night?'

'It did occur to me once or twice,' admitted Dempster. 'The way he kept looking at her, you know. But there are still the others,' he added gloomily.

'Do you know,' she replied, 'I shouldn't be a bit surprised—— But wait and see.'

Her hint prevented Dempster from being betrayed into an indecorous delight when Hilary himself broached the subject the following Sunday afternoon in the library.

'In fact,' concluded Hilary, 'I fear that under a joint régime it is impossible for one to realise one's individuality.'

It was a useful phrase, conveniently vague. Hilary employed it more than once. Dempster boldly appropriated it by the device of prefixing 'As you say'— Each was at great pains to make clear to the other that the 'joint régime' had been a great, a quite unexpected, an almost phenomenal success. And each cordially endorsed the other's arguments in favour of abandoning it forthwith.

Lesley assisted in choosing the furniture for the new house. In fact, it might be said that she was entirely responsible for its selection. Marion was perfectly content with the function of approval.

There was an air of ceremony on the day of parting. Marion was constantly in tears. When the carriage was at last waiting to convey them the few hundred yards to their house in an adjacent square, she made a last tour of all the rooms. In the hall she kissed her father-in-law in the presence of the servants. As she kissed Lesley she said, 'You will look in, won't you—often?' On the threshold she turned. 'We shall be very dull without you, at first.'

'Fanny her saying that,' said Dempster to Lesley as they stood alone in the dining-room.

'Don't you think my way is better than yours?' she asked quietly.

'Your way?' he echoed. 'Do you mean to say'— For a moment he stared at her in amazement. Then it dawned on him. 'Well, I'm hanged!' laughingly replied Alderman Dempster.

THE END.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

By F. G. AFLALO.

THE ocean is mighty enough when it has free-play over a million square miles. Penned in a narrow funnel it is simply uncontrollable, and manifests its fretful rage in a number of extraordinary phenomena of alarming proportions. Such a funnel is the celebrated Bay of Fundy, which stands in our school geographies as the region of the highest tides on earth. The bore

of the Bay of Fundy is reckoned, with the Falls of Niagara, the inertia of the Sargasso Sea, and the double tides of the Solent, among the watery wonders of the world; and if the tremendous rise and fall of that Atlantic backwater are not perhaps quite so appalling in reality as travellers have described them, something must be allowed for the glamour of retrospect,

since these matters are rarely written of on the spot.

I confess that when I left the train at Moncton for the purpose of seeing the tidal bore in a full July moonlight, I was filled with a lively apprehension of being on the brink of a tremendous experience. I had read—who has not?—of the little crowd of sightseers waiting on the quay, straining their eyes out into the darkness toward the ocean over long uncovered mudflats; then, their ears filled with the roar of gathering waters, only restraining themselves with difficulty from fleeing inland as the dreadful wall of water came sweeping up the bay and into the Petitcodiac River, even as the Red Sea swept over the legions of the Egyptian. Familiarity with many seas in many moods gave me confidence that I should disgrace myself by no such precipitate flight; but that, even if all the rest deserted the wharf at the first glimpse of the oncoming flood, I should stand firm. What anticlimax awaited me I little realised! For I vow that, as I saw it that still summer night, with a great full moon hanging like a lamp in the cloudless Canadian sky, there was nothing more terrifying about the bore than may be seen any day at Barmouth when a spring-tide flows in beneath the viaduct. I was assured, of course, that this was an exceptionally poor tide, and that for one to enjoy the full effect it is necessary that a strong wind should blow down-stream and goad the hurrying waters to a greater display of temper. This is as it may be, but the fact remains that a house-cat might have sat on that quay contentedly watching that overrated bore.

Yet, apart from the mere sensation, which will be sought in vain, the contrast between high and low water at Moncton is sufficiently startling; and the visitor, comparing the mudflats, as seen in the light of day, without water enough to float a cork, with the roaring river which five minutes later fills the banks, and which would bear on its broad bosom anything short of a Dreadnought far into the level country inland, has no difficulty in believing in the recorded difference of forty or fifty feet in the tidal level of those rivers which lose themselves in the Bay of Fundy. As was only to be expected of such violent movement, with its accompanying erosion, the banks, with every rock in the channel, were worn as smooth as the sides of a swimming-bath, and the water was so impregnated with the detritus as to be dirtier than any I had seen since I stood beside the sacred Jordan. The navigation of such a river would be madness save for those who know its vagaries; yet the popular idea, thanks to those hastily written text-books, ascribes the same insecurity to the whole of the Bay of Fundy, which, on the contrary, I have crossed in a small steamer, from Digby (N.S.) to St John, the commercial capital of New Brunswick, with no more evidence of tide or anger than might be encountered any fine day

between Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight. It is all a question of restraint. Near its mouth the Bay of Fundy is a lamb; but in its narrower limits it is a lion. It behaves, in short, much as does steam in a boiler, and the Petitcodiac, at Moncton, is one of its safety-valves.

There are others, for the river-bore at Moncton, while perhaps the most written of, is by no means the only eccentricity of this imprisoned ocean. Down in the smiling Annapolis Valley, in Nova Scotia, which poetic folk prefer to know as the 'Land of Evangeline,' the train running daily from Halifax to Digby, and carrying its crowd of tourists, who gaze through misty eyes at the alleged willows and well of Grand Pré, makes a short stop at Windsor. If the tide is high, passengers look out upon a splendid river thronged with shipping and suggesting a Turner effect on the lower Thames. If it is low they see a dreary expanse of deserted mud, not unlike a view at Brightlingsea or Barking under like conditions, a dreadful picture of desolation which made one American traveller write home that the river at Windsor would fulfil all that had been written in its praise if only there were any water in it. Unfortunately the train stays only for a few moments at Windsor; so that, short of breaking the journey at a not deeply interesting spot, travellers have no opportunity of appreciating the difference between the empty mudflats and the busy harbour, with a forest of masts where vessels are loading or unloading in the brief space in which they can float upright.

It is, in fact, essential to a proper understanding of its eccentricities that one should see both extremes of tide in the Bay of Fundy; and I was so fortunate as to do so, with only a bare hour at my disposal, at St John, where, clashing with the mighty flood of the St John River, it produces yet another spectacle in the famous Reversible Falls. The notion of water falling uphill is against all our preconceived ideas of gravity. It may, it is true, be induced to climb with the aid of a pump or water-tower; but, short of these aids, it always finds the descent easier. Yet it certainly falls uphill, in full view of the suspension bridge over the St John, twice in the twenty-four hours. The visitor should stand on the bridge just before low water, and then, after a short interval of slack tide, he will actually see the falls going the wrong way! The Bay of Fundy drives the proud St John, famed for its lumber and its salmon, back into the forests of New Brunswick, and the spectator has no difficulty in realising the simple principle of *force majeure* which brings about this seemingly unnatural result. Or he may, if the quaint conceit of the ancients occurs to him, prefer to see in the furious rush of the Bay of Fundy the daily madness of Neptune enamoured of the daughter of Bacchus and Ceres, whom her parents changed into a river that she might escape the unwelcome ardour of the sea-god.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN NEW YORK CITY.

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE, Author of *Corrigan's Revenge*.

I.—THE GATES OF BABEL.

'THERE it is—the statue of Liberty!' It is a thrilling moment when this exclamation breaks unbidden from the lips of many people. Millions of eyes, through the mists of the morning and the gloom of the night, have hailed that looming figure with rapturous joy. At the entrance of New York Harbour she stands, the warder of the greatest gateway to the West. Beneath the high-lifted torch of welcome the tides of the nations pass, and the tongues of the world are blended as they call to her greetings from the sea.

At Ellis Island these strangers are detained ere they pass into the melting-pot of a new land for the making of a new people. New York City, with all its kaleidoscopic life, affords no more entrancing spectacle than the landing of these immigrants from the island. Last year over a million passed through this gateway. From the hills of bonny Scotland and the steppes of far-off Russia they stand together and gaze in gaping wonder at the towering skyline of Manhattan. America may talk big on the bill-board, but surely she looks big from the Battery. The wonder of the first impression is written on the face of every new arrival, and in a ceaseless jargon of every language they voice their feelings.

What a bizarre sight it is to the casual observer in the Battery Park as he watches the odd dresses, the gay colours, and the quaint figures! An old grandame of Sicily is kissing her little Antonio, the son of a Broadway peanut merchant. Beside her are the flaming dresses of Southern climes and the ubiquitous Englishman with his tweed suit and stoical features. A Dutchman in big trousers and wooden shoes stands out in contrast to a dapper Yankee official. Stalwart Dalmatians from the Adriatic loom up above the shoulders of cadaverous little Jews from Moscow. The blue eyes and fair faces of Scandinavia form a mild background for the sinister countenance of the Turk, who carries a pack, intending to be a peddler here as at home, always moving.

The casual observer cannot escape the fascination and exoticism of the scene; he is arrested by the uncommon sights and sounds, and, turning

away, says to himself, 'Another lot to grind hurdy-gurdies and polish boots.' But it is a far more portentous pageant to the keen-eyed thinker in the crowd. Another generation, and the children of some of these forlorn and lonely figures may be moulding the nation. This is one of the amazing features of the West, the readiness with which she can assimilate the alien and use the best that is in him. A fat Swedish woman disappeared from this crowd one day. Nobody noticed her. She became a washerwoman, and nobody ever turned in the street to watch her as she passed. But thousands have waited long just for a glimpse of her son, Governor Johnson of Minnesota, whose early death alone kept him from the White House and the highest seat of power.

A lad from the mines in Wales once stood on the landing with a box on his shoulder.

'What have you got there?' said the Customs agent.

'Books,' was the reply.

'Well, what's the likes o' you going to do with books?'

'I'm going to study them, and become a preacher.'

'All right, get along, then;' and a hearty laugh followed the young immigrant as he trudged manfully into the strange city with his burden. A few years later that same brave figure appeared in the pulpit of the Metropolitan Temple in Fourteenth Street, one of New York's greatest churches, and since then the name of S. Parkes Cadman has become known all over America.

Let not the passer-by think too lightly of these strangers. They have come to a land of opportunity, and some are the heirs of a great to-morrow.

Not every man who raps at Uncle Sam's door, however, is admitted. On Ellis Island, that polyglot Temple of Babel, a sifting process goes on, and out of many tongues the true are separated from the false. The aim is to send back all bad material that comes to American shores. Every year thousands of prospective immigrants, after coming in sight of the statue of Liberty, are halted and returned again to the place whence they came. All must pass a stringent moral and

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physical test are they place their feet safely on the Battery landing. As one of the examiners said to me, 'The only kind of immigrants we want are those who are sound in lung and limb, and have a speaking acquaintance with God Almighty.'

If one has a prison record or any moral taint on his character, he can count on a return trip in the ship that brought him over. Mylius, the man who made himself notorious by libelling King George the Fifth, expressed his delight at being about to enter 'God's country among God's people.' But he never entered that country. When an ex-convict is refused it seems a just Nemesis, but the pathetic side is when some are turned away because of sickness and physical weakness. I remember two particularly distressing cases that came to my attention. One was that of a mother from Ireland who was coming to her family, from whom she had been separated for years. They had sent her the passage-money, and she had crossed the ocean to join the broken circle in the West. But it was found that she had consumption, and therefore could not be permitted to land. The other was that of three Russian peasants, who, after a life of gray drudgery in Siberia, had, through long hoarding of their stinted pittance, saved enough to make the voyage. They turned their backs upon oppression and dreamed of freedom. But alas for those dreams! They had contracted trachoma, and not only had to turn their heavy footsteps backward, but when the sure disease had done its work they would be blind for the rest of their days.

The foreigner newly arrived does not have to go far in New York until he finds himself in a segment of his homeland. There is a 'Little Greece,' a 'Little Italy,' a 'Little Hungary,' a Ghetto, and, most wonderful of all, a Chinatown, of which more later. Every race has its region of domicile, many of these on the East Side and along the East River. There are more Israelites here than in the Land of Israel. One-quarter of the population of this, the second largest city in the world, is Jewish. It has more Germans than any German city save Berlin, more Irish than Dublin, more Greeks than Athens, and more Italians than Rome. Americans here find themselves a small minority. 'They are the citizens of a foreign community in their own native land.' It is for this reason that New York presents such glaring weakness in dealing with the evils of her civic life. The constant flow of immigration across the city causes for her almost insuperable difficulties. Usually the weaker and less enterprising immigrants stay within her bounds, while the more capable go to the West. This constitutes a most serious social problem.

New York is the most cosmopolitan city on the globe. Her people speak a hundred different tongues, and newspapers in sixty different

languages are sold in her streets. We may indeed say that all the world and his wife are found within her gates.

II.—THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

Nearly every visitor takes a night 'to do the town,' to see the Underworld and the people of the abyss. This side of the city has become so popular that now, after booking at Cook's or some other enterprising tourist agency, one may travel through the Bowery in a conducted party. My first journey into these regions was not made thus, but with a newspaper friend who was well acquainted with the seamy side. I smile when I picture my first shivering apprehension as we turned down Cherry Lane into Water Street. That night I kept on the safe side of the street; but later familiarity bred contempt, and I came to know the same section in some of its darkest hinterlands of crime.

The Bowery, the Five Points, and the Mulberry Broad are historic names in the Underworld. Time was when no stranger ventured down there after nightfall, and in the daytime he walked with fear. The outsider regarded it with horror as a place of murder and mystery. It had become a port of missing men, and sailors told weird yarns about it on the seven seas. Then it began to reform, like some of the tough characters in Jerry MacAuley's Mission. Its tale of crime began to grow less, but its squalor remained, and in and out through the 'has-beens' enough criminals still moved to keep the old memories alive.

The Bowery of to-day is the haven of the 'down-and-out.' There the dregs of society are precipitated in the most degraded coalescence of humanity in the world. After spending a night on the beat with a policeman in Whitechapel, and after seeing in an intimate way the Canon-gate of Edinburgh, the tenderloin of Glasgow, the infamous Black Sea districts of Havre and Marseilles, and like sections in many American cities, I have yet to find a place to equal the slums of the East Side and the Bowery for abandoned sin and wretchedness. Late at night, and away on into the morning, these streets are crowded with tramps and thugs and bleary-eyed drunkards. There is never an hour of day or night when these degraded types are not ceaselessly passing along the streets and alleys. Here are miles of cheap shows, saloons, pawn-shops, and dime lodging-houses. It seems on a cold night that one can see nothing but glowing electric signs that announce, 'Hot rum, five cents.' When a man has bought a drink in one of these saloons he is entitled to a drink in a kind of back-shop is a dark, foul-smelling den called the snake-room, where the dead-drunks and others are rolled to spend the night. Often these infernos are full of writhing human forms recovering from a debauch or dead to the world from sheer exhaustion after hours of tramping

through the streets to keep from freezing in the zero weather. Often when the gray morning breaks one of these bodies is stiff and cold; while his pal, stretching himself, announces nonchalantly that 'Bill's gone over the Great Divide.' Hundreds of wretches hive nightly in these dens until here they find peace in their long last sleep.

The present-day habitué of the Bowery does not belong to the dangerous criminal class, as many believe. He is what is called a 'has-been.' The fire of his passions has burned out, and now he is just a useless parasite of society; after a life of crime, interspersed with varying terms of imprisonment, he has come here to end his days as a broken wreck.

In the heart of the Bowery is Chinatown, one of the most interesting parts of New York. All the buildings here present an Oriental appearance. Bazaars hung with curios, doss-houses, and chop sury restaurants invite the passer-by. The streets are full of pig-tailed, slit-eyed Chinamen, shuffling along with their sandals and native garb or with their queues gone and dressed in the latest American fashion. At the doorways and corners they stand in groups, smoking long pipes and gossiping in shrill lingo which sounds in our Western ears like the cock-crow of the morning rooster. Every visitor should enter a café of one of these Chinese Delmonicos and order some 'fong-wong' or other unspeakable comestible, which will remain long in the memory of those who partake of it.

The surface appears peaceful enough in Chinatown, but hidden all about are the secret ways and subterranean passages with which this harmless-looking precinct is honeycombed. Nowhere is the vigilance of the police so baffled as here. Behind the screens in the doss-houses and opium-joints, gamblings, assassinations, and nameless crimes go on, while the outside street never dreams of evil. Only the flaming out of a 'tong' war or the maladroit kidnapping of a white woman gives sudden alarm to beware of these innocent and placid-faced Celestials. The most intrepid bloodhounds of crime may trace missing footprints to these portals, but here the scent is invariably lost.

A tong war springs from a mortal feud between the various societies of Chinamen. It may break out at any moment with a slaughter that is horrifying to the public, or it may drag on through a long period of clandestine assassinations. I have often felt my flesh creep when standing in Doyer Street trying to pierce behind its mystery. Chinatown to me is the most quaint and at the same time the most ghastly place in the shadow-land of the Underworld.

Speaking of tong wars calls to mind the many gang-feuds that have pursued their venomous

way just around the corner, and in truth all over the city. The gangs which recently have attracted so much attention to themselves form one of the gravest social menaces in New York. They are found in various localities scattered throughout the city. They carry on highway robbery and ruffianism in the more deserted sections. For instance, the Gas-House Gang is found on the East Side, near the gasworks, where there is a comparatively desolate region abounding in hiding-places. The Bowery Gang, the Car Barn Gang, and the Guerillas are also on the East Side. On the West Side, along the North River, are the Hell's Kitchen Gang, and several others.

The gangs pursue a high-handed lawlessness in this heart of civilisation such as would make Texas or Nevada jealous. There are two classes of gangsters—the black-jackers and the gun-men. The former beat up their victims with manual weapons; the latter are the aristocracy, and use a deadly six-shooter, and are called upon more for assassinations and revenge than mere highway hold-ups. When a gang-feud issues in a battle the gun-men are always well to the fore. No one cares to be in the region of one of these fights when the mantle of the Wild West falls over the alleged peace of the East, and the bullets whiz all over the street. Last spring a gang-feud broke out in the Bowery, and after two blazing fusillades the belligerents were arrested and arraigned before a police magistrate. On leaving the courtroom, right under the shadow of the Tombs, the prisoners whipped out their guns and started again their fatuous vendetta.

If a gangster is not killed or electrocuted, he generally quits the game when the ardour of his youth has cooled. Paul Kelley's gang was for years the most notorious in the city. Its leader, who once figured in all kinds of atrocities, and who still wears the scars of many battles, has now settled down, and is engaged in the comparatively peaceful business of a dance-hall proprietor.

The cogeny of public sentiment, which has at last been thoroughly aroused, bids fair for a vigorous campaign against the gangs. But if this and the other malefic influences of the Underworld are to be successfully combated, it can only be done by changing the nature of its debased inhabitants. Places like Frog Alley and Hell's Kitchen cannot be transformed until their inhabitants, men such as Skip-the-Blood and Lefty Lewis, are also transformed. These individuals must either be exterminated or regenerated before the Utopias of the social dreamers will come, and a blessed morning dawn on the City of Dreadful Night.

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THE MEDUSA ROOM.

CHAPTER III.

JACQUES SEBASTIAN went out from Ville-marnier penniless, for he had at least the grace to leave behind him the bag of louis d'or he found in his pocket. His escape from the danger-zone around Tours was an easily managed affair. He rode boldly out of the gates of the château mounted on one of Madame de Ville-marnier's horses, with one of the livery-cloaks belonging to her lackeys covering the plain riding-suit that he had found ready for him to put on instead of his own water-stained, suspicious-looking garments; but when the gates of the *basse cour* had closed behind him, a flight of pigeons whirling over his head from the high pigeon-cot above the great granary, and the tall iron gates had clanged to, he turned to take one last look at the house where such strange things had happened to him, and there was just a moment when he was unpleasantly reminded that he was a fugitive flying from justice.

His mind was filled with Madeleine de Ville-marnier. As he turned round to take that last look his thoughts were softened, penitent. At that instant he fully purposed to ride home to his grandfather, to confess that he had lived evilly, and to begin anew; but as his eyes went from window to window, and then dropped again, leaving an entirely unreasonable pang of disappointment, they chanced to fall on the figure of a young man, standing back in the shadow against the gate, who was looking at him more attentively than Sebastian—with a thought to his own position—liked.

Instantly Sebastian urged his horse along. He decided that the youth by the wall, if he were there for any unpleasant purposes, could hardly have seen enough of his face to identify him; and then, as he pulled the cloak still higher up on his chin and crushed the soft felt hat still lower down over his brow, he set off at a good pace along the highroad toward the old town of Blois. But at every yard he went, with the fresh air blowing in his face and the country all spread before him, his mood of penitence began to pass, and by the time he reached Blois, and had put up his horse at the old hostel of 'Le Soleil Couchant,' where he was bidden to leave it, and strapped his cloak over the saddle—the distance between Blois and Tours, which are now linked together by a steam-tram, being deemed then a sufficient guarantee against arrest or detection—he was in a strangely restless, uncertain frame of mind.

He lounged out into the highway of the old town, looked up at the wonderful old castle crowning the height above the busy street, and was beginning to wonder if there could be no alternative to going back to his family, when

an excited group of men, all ragged and unkempt, attracted his attention. He approached cautiously. His sharp ears heard that they were talking of Paris; of the things which, it was rumoured, were going forward in the capital.

Sebastian had been ill for weeks. It was almost winter, and as the early day closed in and the sharp wind which came rushing round the gigantic walls of the old palace-château swept upon him, he heard that history had indeed been made apace while he lay in the stately bed at Ville-marnier.

At first it was but an idle impulse to while away the time and postpone his journey which made Sebastian linger and listen to the excited oratory; then, as he heard how the king's power in Paris was daily becoming more and more of a shadow, how Louis the Sixteenth was being swept along by men turbulent, unscrupulous, overbearing, and realised that indeed the old order in the capital must have changed, Sebastian stiffened his figure and squared his shoulders. Once, and once only, he was deterred for a moment by the thought of the woman who had tossed his life back to him; then the lawlessness in his nature conquered. He was sure that in Paris there was an opening for him. He determined to make his way there; to beg his way if things came to the worst. He had nothing to lose; he had everything to gain. The attractions of an evil life were so alluring to him, the mere doing of one's duty in one's own sphere so abundantly distasteful.

Once in Paris, he soon found himself on the crest of the wave. He was not above the meanest jobs at first, not above any crumbs that fell from any other man's table. His chance came when he was entrusted with a letter to Robespierre; he presented it, and himself at the same time. His power of summing up a man, that man's strength, and above all his weakness, served the ex-captain of the Adventurers of Nantes now. He saw the weak joint in the armour of the 'Incorruptible'; he played up to the Tyrant's vanities; and almost before Sebastian himself realised how he stood he was one of Robespierre's trusted henchmen.

And so Jacques Sebastian—who openly proclaimed that any man might be bought for gold and any woman with diamonds—might have remained in Paris, might have become one of the governing body, and in the end possibly have shared the fate of those who had no mercy on others, but that in an unwary moment he let fall a few words which led Robespierre to think that he had more than an ordinary knowledge of the Loire and the country through which the river ran.

Now at this particular juncture the Tyrant happened to be in want of a man who knew every turning of the mighty stream, all its pools, all its shallows, where a light boat might slip down unperceived, where a fugitive might lie hidden; for, in spite of the hideous atrocities at Nantes, in spite of the crowded prisons at Angers, and the guillotine set up in Tours before the great cathedral with its two lantern towers showing for miles around, there was no doubt that British ships, which in the old days had ventured right into the mouth of the Loire to take off contraband brandy and wine, now stood in, as often as the tide and the wind would allow, to take off men and women fugitives, not from justice, but from those fellow-men, gone mad with the lust of blood, who would have harried them out of their lives solely because they were aristocrats.

Consequently Sebastian, though he protested that he would rather eat a dinner of herbs by his patron's side than feast luxuriously in the provinces, received orders to post to Tours as fast as the public service could take him, and, once there, to organise a patrol of the National Guard, whose business it would be to hunt the banks of the Loire as the hounds hunt for quarry.

As Sebastian listened, and knew that he had no choice but to obey, one thought leapt into his mind, and, once there, it stayed, driving all other considerations into the background. Against his will, Sebastian could but remember that the château of Villemarnier looked down on the Loire; he could but remember the woman who lived there.

He left the presence of his master, and went out thoughtfully into the dirt and bustle of the Paris street; but he saw neither the pavement and the squalor upon it, nor the men and women, all of them wearing a red cap or a badge of tri-coloured ribbon, as they hastened past him or loitered unwashed, uncombed, as if the whole city belonged to them.

Sebastian's mind was back—it would go back—to that long-fronted white house, to that great room with the window looking out on to the open country, to the canopied bed, and to the Medusa tapestry facing it on the wall; and, do what he would, before his mind's eye persisted the image of that tall figure in black, of that sad face, until at length he was all at once visited by an impulse to untie the cap fastened under Madeleine de Villemarnier's firm chin, to sweep back the flowing hair over the white brow, to chase away the look of suffering from the great eyes, and somehow—he knew not how—to undo the past and make her young and joyous again.

The notion was so impelling, the picture so vivid, that he pulled up, and turned round as if he were going straight out of the city upon his quest; but the next moment he was himself

again. He laughed at his folly; and, to make perfectly sure that that folly had passed, he thrust his hands behind the long tails of his blue coat, and turned out of his way to cross the fateful square where Louis the Sixteenth and his queen had suffered. From there he wandered on past the pile of the Louvre, across the great court of the building; and as he came out on the other side, where the Seine flowed swiftly at his feet, he leaned upon a post, and, looking down into the water, idly marked that for the moment no blood trickled red into it. Then, as he resumed his walk, towards the Hôtel de Ville this time, which was his official home, his mood of deep feeling so far reasserted itself that he owned to himself that he trusted Madame de Villemarnier might be among the *émigrés* who had escaped to England; and then again, by a twist of his mind, he found that he was hoping the château itself might have been burned to the ground rather than that any one belonging to the present régime—in other words, any one of the masters he served—should have taken possession of it.

Jacques Sebastian was soon to know—about the house at least. His post-chaise drove into Tours one fine evening, and the next morning the new commissioner presented himself to the individual who, as president of the Local Committee of National Safety, was making life in Tours as hideous and as uncertain as it was in most of the great towns in France.

The president happened to be in his own home—a sufficiently modest dwelling, for it was not wise to live in open luxury—and he invited the new-comer from Paris to accompany him to the meeting of the Local Committee that was to be held that very morning.

Sebastian acquiesced, and the two set off to walk through the streets together. Their way led by the great cathedral, and as they passed neither of them as much as turned his head to look at the ominous erection which arose on the open square, immediately in front of the great west door, with a row of hag-like old women already in their seats about it, their knitting in their hands, waiting, and snarling as they waited, for the time to pass until the daily festival of cruelty should begin.

The two men turned up a side-street, which had been called the Rue St Gation, but was freshly named the Rue de la Liberté. All the prisoners, young and old, had to come down it on their way to be done to death; and as the two men, participants in these cruelties, walked along over the great round cobbles, a young man leaning up against a doorpost sullenly raised his head.

It seemed at first as if he were about to approach and address the president—as a matter of fact, he was waiting for him to pass by in order to inform him that good Patriots, of which he was one, ought not to be suffered to go about without

current coin in their pockets; then, as his glance fell on Sebastian, he pulled up suddenly. He looked again as the two walked past him. He stood back, propping himself once more against that convenient doorpost; he seemed to be making sure of something in his own mind; and at last, with a word that does not bear repetition, he thrust his dirty red cap farther back on his shock-haired head and set off down the street.

Presently the president and Sebastian arrived at the place of meeting. The new Government had appropriated the Hôtel de Camoins, one of those wonderful old houses which even to-day are the glory of the town, and because the morning was warm the meeting was held in the courtyard.

The president and Sebastian were the last to arrive. A table—by the way, it was round, so that no sansculotte might have his republican equality hurt by another sitting above him—stood in the middle of a flagged space. Beyond it uprose the front of the beautiful old house, still retaining the profusely ornamented dormer attics, the graceful festoons of carved stone round the windows and the door, the familiar moulding under the lintels, and the fine flight of steps, which testified that when Maître Pierre Camoins, treasurer of the king, built this lordly pleasure-house for himself the Renaissance was at its height. On the left hand was an open *loggia*, the spaces between its arches filled with medallions, which were suffered to remain when the mob broke the armorial bearings carved over the front-door, thanks to their chancing to represent the philosophers of old times—one of whom, it may be said, was a king; and on the right was the open well for the establishment, with the iron hoop above it and the wheel to wind the bucket up and down; while opposite to the house itself were high gates, and on each side of them a row of trees which cast their soft shadows alike on the pavement and on the group of men assembled in the courtyard.

As the great gates clanged behind them, Sebastian had no time to admire the beautiful house; his attention was taken up by the sound, ominous and sinister to him, of those closing gates. He swung his head abruptly over his shoulder, and if he had obeyed his first impulse he would have turned and gone out. Then, as he shrugged his shoulders at his folly, he walked along without observing that a head in a red cap had appeared over the high wall, that a lean arm was hanging on to the bough of one of the trees.

He followed the president toward the round table; he stood up before it, and looked attentively at the ten men sitting there.

'This, fellow-Patriots,' began the president, 'is the Citoyen Jacques Sebastian. He has been sent down by the great Robespierre himself.'

A grunt greeted the announcement. One man looked up with a scowl; another mumbled something; a third—he was very fat—fixed his unpleasant eyes aggressively on the new-comer from Paris; while behind Sebastian's back the young man in the tree swung his legs over the coping of the wall, and sat there openly watching the proceedings, with a twist about his colourless lips.

Sebastian saw he was not welcome. He wondered if the hostility were for him personally, or for the commissioner from Paris. The next moment he knew.

The fat man looked up, pushed his chair back, tilted it, and set his thumbs in the armholes of his dirty tricoloured waistcoat. 'We were well enough as we were,' he announced.

The men on each side of him nodded, and one also expectorated to show how complete was his acquiescence.

Thus encouraged, the fat man rose ponderously. He leaned his corpulent person over the table. 'I say,' he went on, 'that we were all right as we were. We understand each other; we are all good Patriots. We share alike. We can manage Tours. We don't want any new-comers here.'

He leered as he said that. This time he was applauded heartily; while the youth on the wall threw caution to the winds, waved his red cap, and shouted, '*À bas les aristocrates!*'

The president heard, and looked round. Sebastian looked round too. But no one thought of dislodging the intruder. The trespasser of to-day might be the lord in possession on the morrow. Indeed, the president went so far as to reassure the vagabond. 'There are no aristocrats here,' he called up to him.

The lad on the wall grinned. 'I don't know,' he began.

But the fat man felt that he had not sufficiently vindicated the position of himself and his fellow-Patriots of Tours. 'I say,' he thundered, and he rapped his fist on the table, 'that we want no new-comers here.'

The president looked at Sebastian, and, with a gesture, intimated that Robespierre's nominee must manage the situation for himself.

Sebastian, thus challenged, knew it was now or never. He must conquer before these ten men rose from the round table, or he had better order his post-chaise at once, and be thankful if he escaped with his head on his shoulders. The excitement braced him. He threw back his head. He forgot this cult of equality. For the moment he was a leader fighting mutinous underlings. '*Citoyens*,' he began, his voice ringing—and there was a tone in it which was unmistakable, which had never been bred in the gutter—'I am here among you not because I desired to come, but because the Patriots at Paris sent me. I am here with definite instructions from the great Robespierre himself. I will

lay them on the table before you, and then you will see that I have no choice but to obey—and you to accept me.’

He paused. He drew a sheet of parchment, tied with the tricoloured ribbon, out of his pocket. He held it out. He just moved it up

and down in the shimmering, bright daylight; and then, since no man stretched forth a hand to take it, he bent over, and solemnly, as if indeed it were a precious thing, using both hands, laid it on the table.

(Continued on page 597.)

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE (SCOTLAND) BILL

By D. CUTHBERTSON.

THE announcement recently made that the text of the Public Trustee (Scotland) Bill has been issued must have been welcome intelligence to all those who are interested in the safety of trust funds. The Bill has been introduced by Mr Dundas White, M.P., and is backed by eight members of Parliament representative of both political parties. It is designed to establish the office of Public Trustee for Scotland on similar lines to those on which the Public Trustee Act for England and Wales was passed in the year 1906. It is proposed in the Bill that the Public Trustee for Scotland shall be appointed by the Secretary of State for that country, and that he shall act under regulations to be made by the Court of Session in Edinburgh. But the powers granted in the Bill are very considerably narrower than the corresponding powers under the English Act; the principal object of both Acts is identical, which is to enable testators, if they so desire, to appoint this public officer as executor and trustee, so as to bring their estates directly under his control, with the security which the State gives. The Public Trustee is allowed, under the Bill, to undertake certain other functions; but the measure does not in any way prevent testators from doing as they now do, and it gives them the additional option of appointing the Public Trustee to act for them under the Bill if they so desire.

It is proposed that the fees shall completely cover the outgoings, and shall be fixed accordingly. Under the English Act there has been a substantial profit, and there is full prospect of an increase. It is proposed that the Accountant of the Court of Session shall be appointed as the first Public Trustee for Scotland, so as to inaugurate the new office in a simple way, leaving further provisions to be made as future developments may require. Clause 11 proposes to extend the powers given by the Judicial Factors Act (1889) for applying to the Court of Session for the superintendence of the administration of trust estates, and clause 12 proposes to enable the Public Trustee to provide depositories for the safe custody of wills of living testators if they so desire, similar provision having been made for England, Wales, and Ireland by their respective Probate Acts of 1857.

The success of the Public Trustee Act in Eng-

land and Wales has been most remarkable, and its business has shown steady expansion since its beginning in 1908. The security of the State guarantee, the economy of a permanent trustee, and the freedom of testators to nominate a trustee who will to a certainty succeed them have made the Act popular. Millions of trust funds have been placed under the charge of the Public Trustee, and thousands of wills have been deposited with him for safe custody.

Mr C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee, gave an address before the members of the Manchester Statistical Society, at the Memorial Hall, on the functions and growing usefulness of his new office, which, it will be recalled, was created by Act of Parliament in 1906.

The offer on the part of the State to create an official who would act as executor and trustee under wills and settlements, whether old or new, and generally associate himself in the intimate and confidential affairs of the public, said Mr Stewart, was gravely questioned by all those who claimed to know. A lady seeking assistance from her adviser as to the appropriateness of the appointment of the Public Trustee had placed in his hands a letter which ran: ‘I assure you the Public Trustee cannot possibly last two years.’ Nevertheless, on the 1st January 1908, despite all misgivings as to the possible success of the department, the State entered upon the unique experiment of offering to act in the capacities he had indicated, to a purely voluntary public.

‘At the end of the first year,’ Mr Stewart went on, ‘the value of the current trusts was three million five hundred thousand pounds; in the present year 1912–13 it is thirty-five million pounds; while the value of wills which had yet to mature lodged with the department was eighteen million pounds, and has now reached fifty-three million pounds; so that in all the value of the business at present being administered and negotiated has reached a total of eighty-eight million pounds.’

‘The value of property held in trust in this country has never been ascertained. The Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1895 estimated that no less than a twentieth part of the whole capitalised value of property, real and personal, comprising the wealth of the

United Kingdom was held in trust. Taking the capitalised value of that property as then estimated by the Treasury to be between nine thousand and ten thousand million pounds, this gave a sum of nearly five hundred million pounds sterling held upon trust. That estimate, which is dealt with in the preface to Mr Hart's digest of the law relating to private trusts, referred to an estimate of 1895; since which time the figures have certainly not decreased.

'In five years the Public Trustee has taken over, as I have just pointed out, and is now actually administering, trust estates having a value of thirty-five million pounds, and new business is coming in at the rate of one million a month, with every indication of even greater expansion. In another twelve months, therefore—that is, after six years' work only—the Public Trustee will have under administration estates worth probably fifty million pounds, or nearly one-tenth part of the capitalised value of all property held in trust in this country on an estimate eighteen years old. All must agree that this is not only a striking record of Government enterprise in an entirely new field, under exceptional conditions, but an enterprise for which those who should have known and claimed to know best foretold complete failure.'

As might have been expected, the Public Trustee Act was not welcomed by the legal profession, as it of necessity curtailed their practice in one department; lawyers being, as Lord Chancellor Loreburn said in the House of Lords, often swayed by professional interests, a remark which drew an indignant protest from the English Bar. The observation of Lord Loreburn, the result of long and full experience, may help to explain why the Lord Advocate, when asked twice in the House of Commons if he would take the necessary steps to get the Act extended to Scotland, replied that he would not do so. He gave no reason for his refusal; but had he assented he would have alienated the support, professional and political, of legal practitioners in Scotland. The numerous cases within recent years of defalcations by law agents to trusts, and especially a notable one in Stirling involving a loss of nearly sixty thousand pounds, have largely shaken the public confidence in agents, and have led lawyers to consider what steps might be adopted to restore that confidence. At a meeting of the Incorporated Law Agents in Scotland, held in Dundee last year, the question was anxiously discussed. A proposal to provide by annual subscription an indemnity fund was brought forward, but not approved of. It was suggested that agents should not deposit trust money in banks and elsewhere in their own names only, and that trustees should be more careful to exercise supervision over agents. It was also suggested that deposit receipts should

be periodically examined, that there should be an annual audit, and that there ought to be more frequent recourse made to the Judicial Factors Act. The suggestions made by the society are, no doubt, very good, and would lessen the cases of defalcation, but they fail to give the full security which, by the State guarantee, the Public Trustee is able to ensure. Moreover, large sums of money are constantly being entrusted to law agents and chartered accountants without the supervision of trustees. It is not easy to get men to serve as trustees, and this is not to be wondered at when the responsibility is great, and trustees are held liable, in Scotland, for errors committed forty years ago. Not only trustees but their heirs are held liable, as was shown by a recent decision of the Second Division of the Court of Session, by which the heirs of a trustee were held responsible for an action of his forty years past; one of the judges remarking that though the case was a hard one, judgment must go out against the heirs. In England this decision could not have been made, because by an Act of Parliament (Vict. 1888) trustees are not held liable for errors and intrusions not fraudulent for a period not exceeding six years. Such is the great anomaly of Scots law as contrasted with the law of England; and yet no Government official is prepared to take any steps to remedy the evil.

The fact that in Scotland there is practically no limit to the liability of trustees is a very serious one, and certainly deters many from accepting office. The results of litigation are so uncertain that trustees pursued for alleged error of judgment, and wishing perhaps to conceal the defalcations of an agent who may be a relative, often agree to pay the sum demanded rather than run the risks of a trial, with legal expenses. Cases of this kind frequently happen, as, for example, quite lately, when the point was whether or not a trustee was liable for the depreciation of a property, chiefly through co-operation and tramway extensions causing shops and houses to be unlet; the pursuers saying the lending of the money was *ultra vires*, or beyond the powers of the trustee, though the testator had in his settlement given permission to invest in heritable property. Two eminent counsel were consulted. One said the act was *ultra vires*, while the other said it was not, the pursuers refusing to compromise even after their own counsel had told them they were wrong. The trustee deemed discretion to be better than valour, and agreed to compromise by paying a large portion of the amount demanded. The transaction occurred in 1900, and the property paid the beneficiaries, who were all over forty years of age, 7 per cent. clear for six years. They and the agent were relatives of the trustee, and they were satisfied in 1900 that the investment was a sound one. The question was raised six years and more after—in 1907. In England, under the six-year limit

Act of 1888, the liability of the trustee could not have been called in question; while beneficiaries north of the Tweed are still allowed, like Rob Roy and his freebooting followers, to harry for over forty years all-unsuspecting and very possibly most innocent trustees, puzzled by legal phrases such as *ultra vires* and *clare constat*, and not sufficiently versed in the *Manual of the Law of Scotland*.

It might have been suggested that the six-year limit took away in England the full security which minors and imbecile children should have; but that can no longer be said, now that the Public Trustee gives them the constant attention of a skilled lawyer and the ample, undoubted guarantee of the State. The private trustee is, even at his best, very inferior to the Public Trustee. He is untrained, perhaps absorbed by his own affairs, is generally readily swayed by the agent, and is often appointed in the most casual and unsatisfactory manner. The first intimation of his nomination may be after the funeral of his friend, when he returns to his house and hears the will read, in which he is named as one of several trustees. He may decline to act; but his scruples are removed when he sees the perhaps charming widow and the youthful fatherless children, and receives the assurance that the agent being a nephew of the testator and a qualified solicitor, he, the budding trustee, will have little difficulty with the estate. Of course he has no foresight of the unhappy day, two years in the dim future, when he will learn that the agent has bolted to Argentina with all the tangible funds, and he is oblivious of the sadder day later on when, in perturbation and perspiration, he has to answer the questions of probing counsel from a witness-box in the Court of Session, and has perhaps to make good the defalcation by paying a substantial sum to the trust. That the great majority of Scottish law agents are thoroughly honest and straightforward may at once be conceded; but, as recent events have shown, black sheep are to be found occasionally in the legal as well as in the medical and other professions. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*. The former-day trusted family lawyer has been largely superseded by modern

writers of a more speculative tendency. The pawky but entirely straight Mr Bindloose depicted by Sir Walter Scott in *St Ronan's Well* is almost as extinct as Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn, and the cities and county towns provide hunting-ground for another class of young men eager to invest their clients' money at high but dangerous rates of interest in foreign securities. Aided by rapidity of communication by wire and telephone, agents are sorely tempted to get big returns on the money they handle, and no wonder disaster frequently follows. The Public Trustee never speculates, and the funds he handles are absolutely safe, because the State is behind him as a guarantee, and therefore his charge of their financial affairs is peculiarly suited to minors and others interested in small properties.

There are other advantages of the Public Trustee Act, one being that private trustees act jointly together with the Public Trustee; and another is that the cost of management is very much less than that usual under private trusts. Law agents naturally desire to ensure the full payment of law costs, and make estates pay full toll. An old French fable tells, in illustration of this well-known fact, that two men walking along the seashore espied a fat oyster thrown up by the tide. The question arose who first saw the oyster, and who, therefore, had the right to eat it. They consulted a lawyer who was passing by. He lifted and opened the bivalve, then swallowed it, and gravely announced that, according to his judgment, each litigant was entitled to a shell! Actuated by the same professional spirit, the Society of Law Agents in Scotland has recently intimated that there is no need for the extension of the Public Trustee Act across the Border; and it would doubtless pronounce a similar verdict on the six-year limit for trustees. The lawyers, no doubt, dread the loss of business and fees; but the public weal must be considered before the interests of a close profession. We have shown, we hope lucidly and emphatically, that the Public Trustee Act and the six-year limit for trustees are urgently wanted, and it is to be hoped that before long these desirable alterations will be made in the law of Scotland.

THE HOUSE ON THE HEATH.

By GEORGE FREDERICK COTTON.

CHAPTER I.

RIGHT to the low-lying ridges that met the sky, some five or six miles away, to Knap Hill and the Fox Hills and Chobham Clumps, stretched the great heath. Golden with gorse in spring-time, purple with heather in autumn, with the wide expanse of sky around, and the low hills lending mystery to the distance, it was a place of fair landscapes, clean, wind-swept air,

and silence. But to the villagers who dwelt near its borders it was also a place of unknown perils and mysterious hidden dangers; for they knew that out in the silence were beings, men and women as themselves, who never left their hiding-places save as wolves hunting in a pack or as foxes creeping through the darkness. They knew that in the low, dense woods lurked other

inhabitants than the stoat and the badger; that in the thick, tangled undergrowth were other nests than those of birds; and that there were pits and caves in the heath's wild depths which sheltered animals much larger and more dangerous than the fiercest wild-boar. The more timid or the more thoughtful shuddered, and if religious crossed themselves, when they thought of these things; for the whole of the lands hereabout were Crown lands, sacred to the pleasures of my lord the king; and the king's foresters were good hunters of men, and if a poor fellow should chance to kill, by accident or design—well, the heathmen might add another tall fellow to their outlawed bands.

Solitary, on the very edge of the heath, leant the house, in the place where the little Five Mile Baptist Chapel now stands. Thatched to within a yard of the ground, with its worm and weather eaten sides patched clumsily with mud, it was a sorry dwelling even in that rich country of sorry dwellings; and few would have cared to dwell in such a habitation in such a lonely and desolate spot.

But Steve Daborn had grown old with his cottage, and never a thought crossed his mind that it could be bettered, or that any one would choose to better it. If the idea had been put to him he would probably have wagged his head sagely and said, 'Nay, nay; little hold, little lose.' For Steve the herdsman was a shrewd old man, and knew that a poor nest has little attraction for the cuckoo.

Thus he lived on in his tumble-down cottage, with his wife and the daughter that had come to them late in life. And presently the wife took a fever, and, holy water and blood-letting being the only remedies, died quickly and quietly, as folk did in those times. And Steve the herdsman buried her unmurmuring, and Joan, the daughter, quietly took the mother's place.

Years went on, and Steve and his cottage grew more old and decrepit together; until one fair summer morning, after Steve had gone out again from his breakfast of black porridge, Joan heard a strange, disturbing cry outside the cottage. Going forth quickly, she found her father lying face downward in the dewy, close-cropped grass. And when she lifted him he was dead.

'Now will the Heath Cottage be empty at last,' said the villagers when old Steve Daborn had followed his wife; but they were wrong. Joan clung to the old place with a feline persistency that first puzzled and then irritated her well-wishers, so that at length they left her alone. And the bailiff, her landlord—seeing that no profit would come to him if the cottage were empty, but rather that he might be compelled to put it in repair for some one else—left her alone too. But he claimed his rent, and got it; for Joan was clever at weaving rushes into baskets and hats and other articles, which she

sold at good profit in Guildford and Chertsey and the villages around.

In due time, because of her lonely life and wider knowledge, doubtless she would have been dubbed a witch and burnt, which would have saved her from much annoyance at the hands of various young men, whose appreciation of her fine eyes, handsome face, and graceful figure was, however, nothing to what it should have been. But the gods willed otherwise.

It was high summer. For five weeks not a drop of rain had fallen upon the parched fields and tinder-dry heather. Day after day the sun had been blazing through a steely and cloudless sky, and even the night air brought little relief.

Joan was sitting by her cottage door in the dusk, weaving. The wind had backed to the west that evening, and as the plaits came quickly under her nimble fingers the hope of rain stirred her voice, and she sang to herself a verse of a song which she had heard a ballad-monger sing in Guildford two days before:

'How will my lord come—a-riding, riding!
Nay, he'll come softly athrough the trees.
How will I greet him—with chiding, chiding?
Nay, but I'll kiss him, if so he please.'

Twice she sang the last line, and then fell a-dreaming—such day-dreams as come to all healthy maids. As she awoke, smiling at her fancies, she heard the sound of footsteps away on the field-path that led from the cottage over the Ridgeway to Horsell village.

'Tis the sound of running!' she said to herself, wondering, for rarely did folk come that way at any time of day.

A man came over the brow of the ridge, and as Joan saw him she rose quickly, vaguely alarmed; for as he ran he stumbled now and again, and swayed this way and that, as one who is wounded or nearly spent. Nevertheless he kept on, and when he drew nearer Joan could see that his eyes were glazed and staring, and that he ran with his mouth open and his tongue protruding like a weary dog.

He was looking fixedly out across the heath, and at first he seemed unaware of the cottage and the girl standing before it. Then he turned his head slightly, and what he saw seemed to put new life into his eyes. With a little cry, he swung aside and staggered towards the waiting girl. 'Water!' he gasped, pointing to his mouth. 'For the love of Mary, water!'

Joan did not stop to think, but rushed to the well. In a few moments the bucket was drawn up. As she turned with it in her strong, round arms, the man plunged face and head into it greedily, splashing the water rudely over her short petticoat and shapely white feet and ankles.

When he had drunk his fill he took the bucket and flung what was left of its contents over his scorched and dusty features. 'Dear life!' he cried in a voice which was now clear and strong, 'I am a man again.'

He put the bucket down and turned quickly to Joan. 'Sweet mistress,' he said in tones the like of which Joan had never heard before, and which thrilled her through and through, 'thou hast saved this unworthy life. May thy fellow-angels reward thee with that thou lovest best!'

He dropped on one knee, and before Joan was aware of his intention he had seized her unready hand and kissed it with all knightly courtesy. Then he sprang to his feet, gave a hurried glance behind, and, leaping the low fence, was gone.

Joan stood with flushed cheeks and beating heart, and watched him until he disappeared among the bushes. Then she sat down and put her hands to her work again, but not her mind. Her thoughts were with the curly-haired stranger, whose face, for all its stains of travel, was to her as that of a young god, and whose voice was as music from another sphere. She wondered what offence he could have committed to cause him to take to the heathland. She glanced apprehensively along the path whence he had come; but all was calm and still in the twilight, and her thoughts went back again to his face and form, and the way in which he had spoken to her. She looked at the hand he had kissed, and smiled, and then sighed. As a being from another world he had crossed her life for a few brief minutes, and had gone; and she knew that in all likelihood she would never set eyes on him again.

Suddenly, in the midst of her dreaming, she started and leant forward, listening; and as she listened the colour faded beneath the tan of her sun-kissed cheeks, and her eyes grew big with alarm, for her keen ears could detect, faint but unmistakable, the far-off gallop of horses' hoofs. Came they towards the cottage? A few moments sufficed to remove all doubt. Joan looked across the heath. There was no sign of the fugitive; nothing moved; nothing disturbed the silence save the croaking of the frogs and the distant, changing note of a cuckoo. She nodded, a serious little nod of satisfaction; and, earnestly applying herself to her weaving, she waited with innocent eyes and quiet, unconcerned face.

Over the crest of the ridge came five horsemen gorgeously clad in green and russet and silver lace. They rode in disarray, madly and wantonly, through the standing corn; but that was their habit of showing how gracious and mighty was the king, their master. Down the slope they plunged, to pull up, reeking and sweating, before Joan's door.

'Ho, wench!' cried their leader, 'hast seen any rascal run to cover this way?'

Joan looked up seriously at the coarse-visaged forester, who sat appraising her looks as became a connoisseur in such matters.

'No, sir,' she said quietly; 'such a one hath not gone this way. But, indeed, I have been busy at my weaving this hour past.'

'And a tasty little weaver, too, by my faith!' said the head-forester to himself half-aloud, and

swearing, like most bullies, by what he possessed least. His blotched face flushed deeper, and the animal soul of him looked out hungrily through his little red eyes as he dismounted and turned to his companions.

'Come, my bullies, dismount, dismount! The fox hath run to earth yonder, and I have a mind to learn weaving awhile ere we return. See to the horses, and then get you to the village and bring back what cheer you can—in the king's name. So, hurry, hurry!'

He came, leering horribly, towards Joan, who stood trembling, paralysed with unnamable fear. He was within two paces of her when the empty bucket and the traces of spilt water caught his attention and reawakened suspicions which had been temporarily submerged in another passion, and now acquired added vindictiveness from it.

He pointed a damning finger at Joan's feet, and his teeth shone white in a malevolent smile as he addressed her. 'Thou lying slut! the dog hath been here; these be his tracks. Marry, perhaps a sweetheart, lying snugly within even now, whilst we are fooled without.'

He seized Joan roughly by the shoulder, and his breath came foul and hot on her face. 'Is it a sweetheart, eh? Marry, then call out thy sweetheart, and he shall watch whilst thou and I'—

His words and action broke the spell which had held Joan as a bird helpless before a snake, and the rest of what he said was drowned in the piercing cry of distress which came involuntarily from her trembling lips.

Almost on the sound of her cry a man rushed from behind, between Joan and the ruffian who held her. A knife flashed, and the grip on her shoulder relaxed as the forester staggered backward with a curious, choking noise in his throat. Joan was conscious of a supporting arm and a strangely familiar voice: 'Haste! Get thee away ere it be too late.'

Bewildered and affrighted, knowing only that she must obey whatever the voice commanded, Joan turned and fled like a startled fawn.

CHAPTER II.

BOUND very neatly hand and foot, as he would have been the first to admit, Richard Aveling, sailor and adventurer in many lands, lay uncomfortably upon the rush-strewn cottage floor, and reflected at leisure upon the mutability of existence. At the other end of the low-pitched dwelling-room were grouped four of the six men among whom a warm heart and a warmer temper had flung Aveling on the very day of his return to his birth-town. Of the other two, one lay stark in Guildford Castle, not far from a dying Jew, most unworthy of Aveling's pity, but meet company for the dead Gentile who had accompanied old Isaac to the stronghold. The other of the six lay, equally still, under Aveling's eyes, which showed neither remorse nor despair; for

a short life had brought Aveling many strange experiences, and not least was the knowledge that death often fails to fulfil its greatest threats.

Now and again the four men on the far side of the room would turn from their dice to look at him. First one would look, then his fellows, and their eyes expressed neither hatred nor revenge, but simple curiosity. They bore no particular ill-will toward Aveling for the killing of their companion and their chief; neither was popular among them, but they could not understand the motives which had prompted his action. If this had been a lesser offence he would have been dead long before. They would play the executioner, if required, when the time came, without compunction; but in the meantime they regarded Aveling as a strange being, devoid of sense and entirely outside their comprehension.

So they gamed, and laughed, and quarrelled with much blaspheming, while Aveling watched them grimly, and the dead man lay between; until, tiring of their play, they fell to yawning, and talked of sleep. One got up, and while a companion held a rush-light he examined Aveling's bonds with drowsy eyes. Satisfied, he kicked the captive cheerfully by way of good-night, and, with a coarse jest, blew out the other's light, and with him lay down in his boots to sleep out the rest of the night.

Aveling, whose nerves were as hard as the times he lived in, could have slept too; but that would have been folly in a man who knew that if he would cheat death he must waste no wit. Thus he lay awake, with active brain, thinking and planning, his keen eyes looking hither and thither about the room, in the semi-darkness of the summer night.

Presently, as he tired of a search which seemed so fruitless, Aveling's thoughts turned upon the girl who had so eagerly hastened to his aid, and whom he had as promptly rescued from the evil-intentioned forester; and, for the second time that day, his lips parted in the self-scorning smile which reason sometimes aims at the nobler impulses of the soul. The old Jew, writhing horribly, with the red-hot nails between his fingers and toes, was a no more moving sight than many Aveling had witnessed in other lands. Yet, perhaps because the environment of the old home-places had softened his heart, his humanity was deeply stirred by the spectacle; and although the Jew was not rescued, one at least of the persecutors went to his long account. And, with

the maid, what need had Aveling, once safely away, to thrust himself again into the lion's jaws? Like enough she would have defended herself, or the others would have interfered, and he, instead of lying in the grip of death—or worse—would have gone free!

Thus urged the baser part; for to all men come times, maybe in the heat of conflict, or in the long night-watch, when faith and love seem but folly, and the heart is hardened, and the devil is atop. And the stronger the man the more bitter his thoughts. But with a strong man, also, such thoughts last not long. Soon Aveling was thinking—half-dreaming maybe, for he was very weary—of Joan's deep, shy eyes, and the compassionate smile on her beautiful face as she ministered to his need. Anon his stern features softened and a tender light came into his eyes, for he was young and heart-free, and the girl was good to dream upon.

Thus, half-waking, half-drowsing, he failed to notice at first a slight scraping noise which disturbed at intervals the dead silence of the cottage; until one of the foresters rolled over suddenly, snorting and grumbling in his sleep, and Aveling, wide awake at once, became conscious of the persistent scratching sound.

He lay alert, listening to the noise, though 'twas only a rat, he assured himself. It continued, however, persistently; and Aveling discovered that it moved from place to place, but always about the walls of the cottage, and that it maintained a regular and varying rhythm—three scrapes and silence, three scrapes and silence.

Aveling's heart beat faster. 'Surely no rat would do this,' he urged to himself; and hope, ever ready to clutch at the least straw, began to revive within him. His arms were bound to his sides, and from his chest to his ankles the cords were so firm and many that only his head was free to move. Nevertheless, waiting until the scratching approached the side of the cottage against which he lay, he managed to scrape with one finger on the floor, and so imitate the noise.

It was repeated immediately, and Aveling replied; again it was repeated, and again Aveling replied. Then it ceased, and Aveling, listening breathlessly, heard the sound of wood being softly cut and chipped close by where he lay; and his heart leaped with joy as he became aware that a gap in the rotten planks was being enlarged, cautiously and stealthily, by some one without.

(Continued on page 608.)

SEVEN HUNDRED MILES UP THE YANG-TSE.

By CHARLES GRAHAM.

AS we lay at anchor there was nothing to be seen but a lightship and a fleet of junks, cargo-boats, and lighters. This was off Taku Bar, a huge stretch of sandbank where steamers

load cargoes of salt. Just where the western horizon dips, the salt-pans of north-east China begin; but nothing of the vast industry can be seen from the anchorage.

Salt is a Chinese Government monopoly, and a dangerous thing for a Chinaman to steal; the second offence brings him the risk of losing his head. Day and night the salt-pans are guarded by soldiers. We loaded a cargo of salt by hand, the mat bags being passed from one coolie to another from the lighter to the ship's hold. Within sixteen hours we loaded over two thousand tons.

The destination of this precious cargo—which might have been gold-dust, to judge by the way every crystal was swept up and collected—was Yochow, a treaty-port seven hundred miles up the Yang-tse, and the limit of the river's ocean-ship navigation. Only recently has Yochow been made a treaty-port, probably for the convenience of the Chinese. Their junks are slow, and much time is saved by steamships. Before Yochow became a treaty-port the salt was transhipped from steamer to junk at lower river-ports, the Chinese belief then being that junks must be employed when possible. With the exception of salt-loaded steamers, no other deep-water vessels of the foreigner go as high as Yochow. Outside this less than half-a-dozen river-boats steam there. The position of the salt-pans may be found upon a map by taking a course east and a little south of Peking.

We were not sorry to leave this desolate spot, marked by a lightship, and get into the Gulf of Pechili. Three days and a half of steaming brought us off Wusung, the entrance to the upper Yang-tse, and there we anchored to await daylight and our Chinese pilots. Many of these men are employed on regular pay by the steamship company carrying the salt, and they thrive well enough on a hundred dollars a month.

At seven o'clock our pilots boarded, the anchor was hove up, and we started away against the tide, making six knots, the speed that carried us, on the average, all the way up the river. A little way up and you find the current set dead against you, the tide—that is, ebb and flood—having no sway at all in this remarkable river.

The river-banks are constantly changing, and the cause is easily understood when it is known that the Yang-tse runs for over three thousand miles between two chains of mountains. It has been well named the Girdle of China. In certain places, by means of canals and tributaries, it connects with the whole country. Inland waters will carry you almost from Canton to Shanghai.

The Yang-tse is, of course, none too safe for navigation by steamers of deep draught, and often we had anxious moments when the *Yuen-ti* got into *chow-chow* water. *Chow-chow* water is a whirlpool caused by the swift current striking a shallow, and, gaining strength, wheeling and counter-wheeling into deeper channels. Our steamer would be turned half-round before she could straighten up, and a minute after was

waltzing with a fine reverse. This happened several times during our six-knot drag up the river. Warned of it by the chart or the pilot, you know what to expect, and are on the alert; but, taken unawares, it needs a good helmsman—one who can keep his head. We chose two of our Chinese quartermasters to steer—the two best. Our two pilots kept watch and watch.

The second night on the river, seeing lights on a junk fast to the bank, and people moving about and waving what appeared to be bamboos, whilst a gong was monotonously beaten, I remembered this must be 'joss.' It was, as the pilot explained. A man had been drowned, and this custom was to clear a way to his heaven and redeem his soul. He was getting number one 'joss.'

More or less all the way up the river the Chinese fish from the banks and from sampans. Bank-fishing is done with a net suspended by a triangle of curved bamboos or sticks, the sticks being fastened to the end of an upright pole, and the pole held secure by ropes from the top end and by lashings to a horizontal bar at the heel; the horizontal is secured to two small standards driven into the bank. The fisherman lodges in a bamboo and mat hut at the shore-end of the ropes holding the upright. To get the net out of the water the fisherman hauls on the ropes, walks out on a flimsy laddering, and scoops the fish from the net with something resembling a butterfly-catcher. A more ingenious method, perhaps, is that of the sampan-man, who uses a cormorant, which dives from the sampan and brings up its prey, and its master then captures the fish. The cormorant has a ring around its neck to prevent it swallowing. Probably aggravated, the cormorant, not in the best of tempers, does all the damage he can below. Lines and floats and fishing-stakes are also used.

Fishing appears to form the staple livelihood of the natives. At least it is the safest, being most to be depended on. The Yang-tse can hardly be expected to be prolific in anything else but fish. Quails, snipe, and pigeons are to be had very cheap; whilst once or twice we saw a white cloud on the banks that turned out to be a flock of ducks or geese. A million men are said to find work in the manufacture of porcelain at Kan-kiang.

It is a rare thing to see a horse, at least from the river, the animal used in agriculture or in bearing burdens being the bullock, which looks more like a water-buffalo. This animal is also used in the plough; but agriculture on the Yang-tse affords only a precarious living. In June and July the banks are often flooded, and the inhabitants of the one-storey houses get on to the roof—and wait! Some fly to the hills; others, not quick enough, are drowned outright. The river, as we passed up, was at its normal summer height, being almost level with the banks. In places miles upon miles of swamp

stretch drearily in all directions, dotted with islands here and there; yet in the winter all this is dry and hard, and inhabited. When it is remembered that the river at Hankow rises fifty feet, during the freshets inundations are to be expected. The Chinese have one of the most difficult problems to face in this part of the country, divided between swamp and mountain. Every year the floods break new ground, and wipe out village after village. Only last year one of the river steamers of the company owning the *Yuen-ti* brought down to Shanghai hundreds of Chinese driven from their devastated homes, who had lost the little they possessed; and the Government is often at its wits' end to know how to act in these circumstances. These refugees were given passage to a northern port where labour was required. But this instance is only one of a thousand occurring annually.

Chin-kiang was duly passed, then Nanking, an ancient emporium that has lost its trade and most of its treasure; and at Wuhu we went alongside a wharf and took in coal for our bunkers. We had not been there over an hour when a great scurry was heard on deck. Coming out from breakfast, we found an old woman 'whaling' one of the quartermasters with a bamboo umbrella. We afterwards learnt she was his mother, exercising the Chinese maternal right to give her son his 'medicine' because he would not sufficiently contribute to his parents' upkeep. He spent a lot of his wages on *samsu*, the nauseous whisky of China, and at night would look for the ship's log, which naturally we did not tow in the river; he, in his *samsu* fit, swearing to himself that some one had stolen it. Yet at the wheel he steered the *Yuen-ti* as no one else could. We pacified the irate parent with a dollar, an old shirt, and a bowler hat. The old quartermaster was worth more than that to us. At all the most dangerous points he was called to the wheel.

Silver Island Pass is perhaps the worst of any in the river. The island rises sheer on one side, a solid rock, and a narrow passage separates it from the mainland, the passage being strewn with hidden rocks, and all about is *chow-chow* water and a five-knot current. Here, of course, we had *Samshu* at the wheel. With one or two exciting moments, we got safely through. One of these moments was in passing another large vessel. The slightest nod towards her, and we should have struck and sunk. Seaman-ship counts for a great deal. So does chance. Not so long ago a steamer, one of the Dollar Line, swerved right round and struck her nose violently against the rocks on the mainland side. The result was two or three weeks in dry-dock to repair. There is a large rock close to Silver Island, known as the Little Orphan; a pagoda crowns it, and upon one side is a Buddhist temple. The near side of the rock is covered with trees and shrubbery; the other side is bare

and bleak. It may be mentioned that as we passed, water thirty feet deep lapped the tree-clad side, where in winter there is dry land ten feet above the river-level. How would the Thames, Delaware, or Elbe fare under like conditions? Flying-machines will be of more use to China than to any other country in the world. Navigation and railways are out of the question in the Yang-tse valley.

For the most part the scenery is not varied on the Yang-tse river. There are thousands of acres of swamps and villages; and as you progress inland there are mountains far back on each side. It gets monotonous, especially travelling at six knots, and any variant is accepted with enthusiasm. It was something to see a P. & O. boat carrying Chinese pork for Europe, a Standard Oil tank-steamer, an occasional coaster, fishermen and junks, crumbling pagodas, and a bridge here and there hewn out of solid stone hundreds of years ago, and standing as a monument to Chinese industry and perseverance.

It may be wondered how the junks work up the river against the strong current. This they manage by sailing, when there is wind, close in to the bank where the current is hardly felt; and during calms part of the crew haul the junk by a rope as a horse pulls a barge on the Liverpool and Leeds Canal. The Chinaman cannot afford a horse, hardly believes in it for one thing, is economical for another, and is so used to one method that innovation almost amounts to desecration. For everything he has his 'joss,' and this peculiarity is beyond the proper appreciation of the European. Half-a-dozen perspiring junk-men hauling their craft is a common sight on the Yang-tse. Before sailing on a trip the Chinaman will blow off a string of crackers, burn 'joss' paper, beat a gong, and kill a brace of chickens all at the same time. This comprises a good 'joss' for the voyage, and may be likened to a system of 'blessing.' A missionary is known as a European 'joss-man,' which shows the idea of the Chinese 'joss.'

Hankow was reached in five and a half days from Wusung, the distance being nearly six hundred miles. Off this port we anchored, having to wait for another pilot to take us the remaining hundred and twenty miles to Yochow. We had not been anchored ten minutes before we were warned that the berth was dangerous on account of *chow-chow* water. Many steamers with both anchors down have been caught by this whirlpool and turned completely round, have had both cables snapped, and have drifted swiftly down the river and been wrecked before anything could be done; others have collided; while annually hundreds of junks capsize and drown all hands. We lifted our anchors and got away to the other side of the river, where we lay quietly enough. As we were to stay here till the next day I had a run ashore, and was surprised to find that the foreign settlement has the best river-front of any

place in the East. A fine, broad *bund* runs for nearly two miles, decorated with rows of trees and buildings the city of London could not afford to disdain. The roads are broad, hard, and even, and make good walking. The men who draw the jinrikishas want to be discharged after they have pulled you a mile. However, a ragged coolie in the shafts is not a pleasant sight. The foreign settlement is in sections—Russian, German, French, Japanese, British—and a wall separates it from the native city. What a difference there is on the other side—the narrow, squalid streets filthy and evil-smelling!

As a settlement jinrikisha is not allowed outside the limit, I had to change here and take one that plies only in the native city. With dirty, un-rubbered wheels, it described eccentric circles, and jolt, jolt, jolted over stones and through puddles, up, down, and almost over. I got out and walked. A shaking up in a jinrikisha is a new sort of punishment worthy of second offenders. The natives eyed me in a none too friendly way. I walked casually, looking for signs of the late revolution, and expecting to see the place in ruins. Most of it must have been rebuilt, if one may use such a term. A shop and a hut smashed up were to be seen here and there; otherwise everything seemed normal. Factory chimneys reported to be blown up were smoking as cheerfully as factory chimneys can, and the whole place was a hive of industry and talk. Hankow is one of the chief commercial cities of China, and has the advantage of being linked up by canal and river with almost every part of the country. Three times the city has been destroyed by rebellion, and lately it was the centre of fighting. Its vitality is beyond question.

The shops were of the usual kind, low-roofed and of small area, the greater part of the wares being exhibited on the pavement out to the open drain. Fruits, fish, and fowls filled the narrow alleys with varying odours; letter-writers sat at their bamboo tables; and an indispensable 'joss-house' sandwiched itself between a tailor's shop (where men worked naked to the waist) and a mortar-mill worked by a mule with blinkers over its eyes, which toiled in a circle under a roof two feet from the animal's head, in a temperature of some ninety-two degrees Fahrenheit. Travelling onward, I came across a shop with Chinese characters on a signboard, and the word 'Curio' in English. I looked in. There were cheap prints, pots, pans, boots, Chinese sinnet slippers, bamboo hats, bamboo umbrellas with oil-paper in place of silk or cotton, nails, jinrikisha-wheels, rusty tins of cigarettes, old watches, lacquerware, Chinese cards, ink-pots, paint-brushes, large vases holding I know not what, dungaree clothing, lamp-glasses, opium-pipes, mats, and cartridges. Cartridges! I strolled in, picking my way through the miscellaneous collection, and the keeper rose slowly from his bamboo stool and eyed me over his spectacles. I took up some cartridges,

knocking over a lamp-glass and scratching my fingers against the rusty edge of a packing-case binding. The cartridges were very light in weight. Examining them, I saw that the bullets were of wood, cleverly covered or dyed.

The curio-keeper smiled. 'Belong Hankow revolution,' he remarked. 'Some man makee squeeze pidgin.' Further, he related that he had picked up the sham cartridges in that street. Wooden bullets are not of much avail against the genuine thing. The rifles were of the best. 'Makee fire, makee run,' the man said. I paid and passed out, holding on to these precious souvenirs in my pocket.

I was not sorry to get upon the right side of the walls of the Hankow foreign settlement again, leaving behind me the city that is annually ravaged, as are most Chinese towns, by cholera, dysentery, and smallpox; not to mention Government officials who supply the soldiers with first-class guns and wooden cartridges. Aboard ship is perhaps as safe a spot as one may find in China.

The next day our pilot arrived, and we started on our last lap at 5 p.m. At dark we anchored, and all through the night at intervals came the *tap-tap, tap-tap, rat-a-tat-tat* of some 'joss' or other beating from junks that crept like phantoms along the river-banks, cheating the current.

So far we had escaped one of the greatest dangers of the Yang-tse; but we were not to get clear without sighting it again and again. This danger is that of rafts, some of which are of immense size. The second day we sighted a batch of them. They come from far up-river, and the time from their start till they reach their destination often extends over a period of three years. Once safely at the end of their journey, they bring a small fortune to their owner. They look like a floating village moving down mid-stream, without motive-power, and trusting solely to the current. They travel in this way for over a thousand miles. If they run aground with the fall of the river, which starts in September, there they must stop until January or February and even later, until the river rises sufficiently to float them. There is but one rise and one fall in the Yang-tse annually. The risk, of course, is the raft-owner's. Some of the rafts are twenty feet deep in the water, and twice the length of, and wider than, an ordinary ocean-going steamer. Each raft carries a large sampan, and when it is desired to get the raft into position for navigating river-bends, avoiding shallows, or regaining midstream to get the full strength of the current, the sampan pulls out with a half-dozen men, and on getting far enough throws overboard a huge, weighted raft of bamboo which she carries. This is connected to the lumber-raft by a stout rope, and hove upon at a wooden capstan. The big sampan is then brought broadside, and the capstan heaves the boat as well as the bamboo raft or sea-anchor. Thus one end of the raft is pulled

round. All the time a 'joss-man' beats a drum monotonously. If the raft is not got into position at the first attempt, away goes the sampan again on a like errand, and again and again until the floating village can be navigated. The first raft we sighted lay athwart the river, so we had to ease our engines and wait for it to heave into position. As we steamed by a hundred pairs of eyes stared at us—women, children, and men. Cooking-houses and living-houses, bamboo and mat built, reared up from end to end of this strange thing; also a huge wooden capstan for'ard and aft, and mooring-posts to tie up the raft at night-time or during bad weather. Coils of rope, bags of rice, a string of clothing hanging out to dry, dogs and cats, sun-drying fish, vegetables, mixed or scattered, and all the appurtenances of a well-regulated village, including a whole farmyard, were on board.

Five of these clumsy craft passed by, with 'chin-chin joss' going on, crackers flying, paper burning, drums *rat-a-tat*. It may be remarked that if these craft foul a steamer, payment is immediately made for all damage. The man in charge goes aboard, pulls out a roll of dollar-notes, smiles, and hands over the cost of repair without a murmur. If the raft fouls a junk some of the raft-villagers go aboard, rail at the junk's crew for incompetence and mismanagement, and punish them severely.

There have been cases where a large raft, getting across a steamship's bows, has borne the vessel down-stream before her, although the steamer's engines were going full speed ahead. To hit one of these craft with speed on a ship on a dark night is certain disaster; even when she is riding at both anchors, a drifting raft will sever the cables and carry the vessel along as if she were but an empty barrel.

We were now not far from Yochow, and on studying the chart we discovered that Yochow itself was not our destination, but Chengling, a port five miles from Yochow. Chengling is the treaty-port for Yochow. The latter place is at the neck of the Tung Ting Lake, the largest lake in China.

At Chengling, then, we moored, still finding the swift down-sweep of the current. The creek close by was crowded with junks that carry the salt about the country. Fine craft they are, smart and well found, the sterns as high out of the water as a Nelson fighting-ship, and by the head like an old sow grovelling. They are well manned, each with a family aboard that live out the generations as long as the junk floats. Into these craft we poured our precious cargo.

The Chinese Government provides weighers who drone out the accurate weight, and two tallymen keep account of it with paint-brushes for pens. The quality of the salt appears to be the same as that used for pickling sailors' beef and pork, and is valued at threepence or fourpence

a pound. Labour being so cheap, the Government's share from a whole cargo must be enormous. The owners of the *Yuen-ti* had contracted to carry by steamer fifty thousand tons. Here at Yochow, as at Taku Bar, the whole freight was handled by coolies passing it from one to another. From the bottom of the ship's holds they carried it up, forming a series of steps. Wherever salt can drop and the mat bags 'bleed' plentifully, 'boys' stand by with brooms and immediately sweep up and collect what falls.

Though a Chinaman may be averse from machinery of any sort—and considered from one point of view doing without it is certainly a blessing without disguise—he does not stint labour. Plenty of men are provided, and it may come as a surprise to many people who thank their stars they are civilised beings that the labourers in Yochow treaty-port start work at the salt at eight in the morning, stop just after five in the afternoon, and take an hour off at midday.

Only two or three Europeans are in the place—that is, in the foreign settlement—and these are in the Customs. Europeans are not supposed to live outside treaty-limits. A missionary may be there on occasion. It is not the place for a man desiring pleasant social conditions. Mosquitoes, green flies, and our much-regarded and insistent friend the bluebottle hop about in swarms; but the climate is healthy enough. The native city is administered by the *Taotai*, who is magistrate and governor, wielding almost the power of life and death.

It took us eight and a half days to go seven hundred miles up-river, including a stop of twenty hours at Hankow and three at Wuhu. We steamed down in less than three days, with one stop of six hours. I for one was not sorry to see the lights of the Wusung buoys and shipping as the night crept down, and we had just escaped anchoring for the dark in the dangerous, unlit Langshan crossing.

A SEASIDE VIGIL.

FAR out at sea mysterious shadows meet
And blend the paling lights of wave and sky,
Night's wings advance, while day with weary feet
Turns shorewards and is lost among the downs,
Where sheep move o'er the pastures stealthily,
And winking lights gleam from the little towns.

Far out at sea the ships go unafraid;
But here in this cliff-garden, safe and fair,
My craven heart is fearful and dismayed.
The lilies and blue larkspurs watch me weep.
Then comes the callous moon serene, to stare
And wonder, since 'tis night, I do not sleep.

Far out at sea, beyond and yet beyond,
Where sleek wave-furrows break in crests of foam,
I follow with vague yearnings overfond
Towards faerie islands, lone and mythical,
Whence phantom voices call to me to come.
Irresolute, I watch till night veils all.

C. FARMAR.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

WANTED: PATRIOTISM, NOT PUGNACITY.

By CHARLES STEWART.

IT is surprising to find how slow even the most intelligent of our countrymen are to familiarise themselves with or even to apprehend the idea that war is *not* a necessary evil. Every one, or nearly every one, is now ready to admit that war and its consequent desolation and misery is an evil, a terrible calamity to be avoided if possible; but a very large proportion of these well-disposed and estimable people believe, honestly enough, because they take it for granted, that on most, if not on all, occasions of political crisis there is no possible way of settling the dispute but by war, by gunpowder and cold steel, by the shedding of blood, and by death to an indefinite number of their fellow-creatures. It must be sorrowfully recognised, too, that many find a savage satisfaction in the thought, believing that it is the simplest and surest way out of the difficulty. But such people seldom give any real thought to the question whether war is really necessary and inevitable; they regard it as an old and true maxim, inherited from one generation to another, and well proved, as they fancy, in every century since the world began. And so indeed at one time it was; the force of habit and of inherited opinion and ratiocination is truly astonishing. Still, reason and experience does move: '*E pur si muove*,' even in the most belated countries. In the Scottish Highlands in the time of our own great-grandfathers, less than two hundred years ago, the method of deciding disputed rights, family or territorial, by reference to lawyers and law-courts was regarded as a new-fangled idea not quite becoming between gentlemen; just as the idea still prevails on the continent of Europe that questions of personal honour can only be settled by the pistol or the rapier. Gradually we have got accustomed to a recourse to the law-courts, the sheriff's officer, and the policeman, and we are content with the result. Even the Highlander some little time ago began to realise that the question of justice and not merely superiority in numbers and strength should enter into the decision of a dispute, and that justice could be attained better by a lawsuit or by arbitration than by the claymore; and now there are many nations not in the front rank of civilisation, instead of cutting each other's throats, willing to submit to

arbitration burning and long outstanding disputes about national boundary or satisfaction for abstracted territory. The glorious example of Chili and Argentina, which settled their important and protracted dispute over their national boundary, after determined preparation for war, by a successful appeal to the arbitration of Edward the Seventh, is a shining light from the Far West. Cannot the nations of Europe, who are a little apt to boast of their advanced civilisation, follow that splendid lead? Can one imagine Australia or Canada so benighted as to refuse arbitration on any question, and to insist on an appeal to the sword? Professional soldiers of long and honourable military experience—a type with which we and the rest of the world are familiar, and of whom in many instances we are justly proud, gallant and experienced men always intent on preparation for war, as they have been educated in that faith and profession, and feel themselves bound to maintain it—have (as the wisest of them are ready to confess) much to learn from the modern educated opinion of laymen both in the Old and in the New World. Are we so steeped in prejudice and misleading tradition as to allow the policy of Britain, foreign or domestic, to be shaped and guided by men of the sword, however distinguished in their own profession and however excellent their intention? The advocates of national compulsory service are wisely endeavouring to make it clear that their plan is strictly limited to defensive measures within our own shores. If they succeed in doing so, their scheme, with its many physical and social advantages, will deserve respectful and careful consideration. So long as military schemes are strictly limited to defence, they are, of course, open to no preliminary objection.

To confuse pugnacity with patriotism, mere physical courage with love of one's country, is a common and perhaps pardonable error, but it is none the less grievous and stupid. The sentiment glorified by the name of martial ardour, as experienced by the jingo in the music-hall and even by the soldier on the eve of battle, is at times scarcely distinguishable from that which inspires the game-cock on his dunghill or the terrier at the street corner. Probably there are few soldiers who would deny that on the battle-

field it is victory rather than justice that is the stimulating motive, though there are, of course, often intermingling elements of a nobler order. Is there not almost always—nay, always—a better and more patriotic way, a way of wise negotiation, perhaps of reasonable concession, which would bring more honour and real glory to our country than any amount of pride, self-assertion, and bloodshed, and all the humiliation that attends either defeat or victory in war? It was well said by a distinguished statesman on a recent occasion that if there should ever come a war between Britain and Germany, it would be difficult to say which would be the more disastrous to us, victory or defeat.

Can anything be more foolish or benighted than to suppose that such questions as are involved in the delimitation of Albania, or in the choice of its ruler, can be justly and wisely decided by war, or by any other method than some sort of European arbitration? The only questions which can be adjusted on the battlefield are the doubtful but not difficult points as to which nation has the largest number of soldiers, the most deadly weapons, and whose armaments can kill the largest number of people; but no one can for a moment suppose that a battle or any number of battles can settle the real justice of the case in dispute. There are, however, three results quite apart from the question of right or wrong which are certain to follow from war in every case, both to the winner and to the loser, to the victor and the vanquished: (1) that a very large number of physically able men will suffer death, mutilation, or disablement; (2) that their families will be subjected to the inevitable consequences in misery and impoverishment; (3) that heavy financial loss, agricultural and commercial, widespread and perhaps ruinous to national solvency and credit, will fall on both combatants, and that progress in the arts and developments of peace will be indefinitely arrested.

It will be conceded by most people, as this twentieth century progresses, that if international disputes can be settled satisfactorily by arbitration, that method is better than war. 'Law is a better remedy than Force,' as Sir Edward Fry, a prominent apostle of peace, wisely insists; but it may be argued, indeed it has been ably argued by Sir Charles Ottley in his admirable introduction to a very useful book,* that arbitration is not always calculated to produce satisfactory results. Admiral Ottley explains his meaning to be that the results would probably not always be satisfactory to Great Britain, or in consonance with British opinions or desires. That may be true; but are British opinions and desires invariably right? Arbitrations are rarely satisfactory to both parties. We

cannot expect to be the judge in our own cause, and we cannot expect that the decisions of an arbitration court will always be in our favour. We may be well satisfied if the judgment is more frequently for us than against us; but *humanum est errare*, and it is tolerably certain that we shall often be found to be in the wrong. We must take infinite care that the claims which we put forward for adjudication, whether as plaintiffs or defendants, are as sound and moderate as we can make them, that they are based on a due consideration of the rights and interests of our opponents as well as our own, and that the arbitration proceedings are conducted in a spirit somewhat more high-minded than the usual technicality and selfishness of an ordinary law-suit. Admiral Ottley aptly cites four recent instances of international disputes in which the appeal has been to the force of arms, and not to arbitration—namely, the following contests: (1) between Great Britain and the Boer Republic, in South Africa; (2) between Spain and the United States, in Cuba; (3) between Italy and Turkey, in Tripoli; (4) between the Balkan Allies and Turkey, in eastern Europe; and he asks whether any conceivable arbitral court could in any one of these cases have satisfactorily effected a peaceful settlement; whether there is any code of law under which an arbitral court could have given a judgment otherwise than in favour of the *status quo*; and whether the results actually attained by force of arms could have been upheld by an independent tribunal. The answer to these questions is not difficult or far to seek. Any properly constituted arbitration court—and we have had experience of many such—is a court of equity as well as of law, and no applicant whose case cannot stand the test of equity should either expect or hope to succeed in it. This is not the place to examine in any detail the equities involved in the several wars above cited, or to frame an ideal solution for each of the disputes; but it may safely be maintained that if a result different from that which was in fact attained by means of war would have been attained by a judgment of an arbitration court, then the latter would have been the just and proper outcome. Can this be seriously doubted? Does the command of a larger army, of more numerous ships of war, of more effective guns, or of a larger purse afford any guarantee or any evidence at all of superior right and justice? Are not such guarantees to be more confidently hoped for in the adjudication of an impartial court of trained judges? It may be, or it may not be, that the actual results obtained by force in the cases above cited, in some of them or in all of them, were in accordance with justice and right. A good deal could be said on both sides, both for and against the perfection, the moral rectitude, from the point of view of the civilised world, of the results attained; but even if doubt be felt as to the

* *Imperial Defence and Closer Union*, by Howard D'Elville, with Introductions by the Right Hon. Colonel Seely, M.P., and Admiral Sir C. Ottley (P. S. King & Son, 1913).

justice or beneficence of those results, it is at least certain that if the disputes had been submitted to arbitration there would have been an incalculable saving of human life, of human misery. The acquisition of territory by one nation, its forfeiture by another, the transfer of integral portions or adjuncts of national property from one sovereign power to another, supposing that such results are decreed by the arbitration court, may presumably be defended on the ground of the liberty, the welfare, and the progress of mankind; and each and all of the consequences may, or may not, be capable of justification on the ground that 'the human race is the better for them.' The scope of a model international arbitration treaty is obviously still capable of much enlargement. And when all is said, it remains indisputable that whatever be the cause of dispute, the claims made or the changes decreed, superior results must be obtainable, and will be obtained, by an appeal to justice and equity rather than by an appeal to brute force.

A still wider sphere for the possible application of reason as represented by arbitration, in preference to force as represented by war, yet remains for consideration. Can judicial interference with the internal or domestic institutions of another country, however abhorrent they may be to our own views and to the opinions and customs of civilised nations, be regarded as permissible or practicable without the consent of both parties? It may be taken as certain, until we have attained to the Federation of Europe, that no nation will agree to submit its internal affairs to any decision but its own. It is at present as unlikely that Britain would enter into any such agreement as that we should expect it of any other nation. How then, for example, can we, while adhering rigidly to the principles of peace, put a stop to existing judicial or pre-judicial anachronisms in Portugal, or to the persistent practice of slavery in the colonies of the same European Power? With the memory of the peaceful victories of Wilberforce in our minds and in our hearts, is it vain to dream of a quasi-judicial procedure at the Hague, of a summons issued by two or more objecting and protesting nations, of process served and procedure in absence if no appearance is entered, of formal proof adduced, of considered judgment duly delivered by the court and duly notified to the defendant nation? Is it conceivable that such procedure would be ineffectual and futile, even without the previous consent of the nation involved? No; there is reasonable ground for believing that the moral weight of an adverse judgment, of a conviction so obtained, would be even greater than that of diplomatic or military pressure. And would not one single victory so obtained open up a vista for the peaceful redress of public wrongs, a straight road to peace on earth and goodwill among men? Might it not lead to the expansion of nationalism into some larger and wider ideal,

to the federation of civilised nations, and ultimately to the pacification of the world? Such hopes, hitherto shapeless almost as dreams, have been floating vaguely in the minds not only of inspired poets but of statesmen and students of history in these latter years. A distinct and marked advance has now been made toward their realisation by the publication (after this paper was written) of an epoch-making article, 'England, Germany, and the Peace of Europe,' in the *Fortnightly Review* for May 1913, an essay brief and eminently practical, in which the writer, Sir Max Waechter, lucidly expounds a formulated scheme which is deservedly attracting wide attention, and from which much may be hoped for even in the near future.

Patriotism, in its elementary and primeval form, and in times which it may be hoped are now drawing to a close, was personified and represented by the fighting man, and the virtue was constantly called for and evinced in the frequently recurring duty of defending the territory of his country from the attacks of enemies. The need for that form of patriotism and courage, which the vast majority of the male sex possess in common with the wolf, the bull, the dog, and the stoat, is not yet wholly extinct, and there is no fear of the disappearance of these valuable qualities of the British and other races; but the channels for its exhibition have now been widely varied. *True patriotism* may now be defined as a strong desire, accompanied by earnest and constant endeavour, that our own country shall always be among the foremost, and if possible the foremost, in the world, not in wealth or power, but in enlightenment and culture; not in endeavour to rival or surpass other nations in our preparations for war, but in the cultivation and advancement of the arts of peace; to excel in commerce by skill, inventive power, and fair dealing; to accomplish the conquest of disease, poverty, ignorance, and sin; and, having attained pre-eminence in these aims, to feel a deep sense of the responsibility thereby imposed on us. *False patriotism*, on the other hand, is typified by the positive assertion, accompanied perhaps by the profound belief, that Britain is, and always must be, in every particular, the best and greatest country in the world; by regarding rival nations with ignorance and sometimes even with contempt; by fostering suspicions and misunderstandings; by thwarting and delaying the advent of international concord. False patriotism, in short, is aptly summarised in the motto, 'My country, right or wrong; right or wrong, my country.'

It is, of course, only a stupid confusion of ideas which represents war as necessary for the preservation and fostering of certain virtues. Are there not sufficiently numerous and constantly recurring instances of domestic tragedy, of family suffering, of mining or railway disasters, of want, pestilence, and famine, to supply what

may be needful for human nature in this direction? The truth, of course, is that 'war brings out a dozen vices for every virtue that it encourages,' as has been conclusively shown by Canon Grane in his convincing and already classic book on *The Passing of War*. The folly of regarding war as necessarily a display of patriotism is too obvious for proof. In very many instances it is precisely the reverse. Is there any feature in the 'unofficial war' in the Balkans which can be dignified by the name of patriotism?

International relations, the negotiation and formulation of treaties or of temporary arrangements, are necessarily and fittingly entrusted to professional diplomatists. It may be confidently hoped that under an improved system of international relations the members of this profession, on whom so much will depend, will rise to the situation. Etiquette and polite manners have undoubted value, but breadth of view and a true apprehension of the spirit of the new pacificism are immeasurably more essential. Tradition and precedent and familiarity with their lessons are useful, but they are not always the best guides; they lead not infrequently to ruptures which might be avoided by the adoption of the simpler rule of conduct to behave to one's opponent as one private gentleman would behave to another; to concede rather than to insist; to eschew selfishness, ambition, vainglory, and megalomania; to consider and ensue advantages to others as well as to one's self. There should be no practical difficulty in living at peace with one's neighbours. In private life 'treaties of alliance,' the 'grouping of powers' whether for offensive or defensive purposes, the trimming of 'the balance of power,' are unnecessary and disapproved. In public or international life they are open to obvious disadvantages, and if insensate rivalry is abandoned they have no apparent utility. On the wisdom or expediency of *ententes cordiales* with selected nations Lord Rosebery, an emeritus Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, has expressed grave doubts. They are unknown or discountenanced in private circles of the better sort, and the same considerations would seem to make them undesirable in diplomacy, at all events if the exclusion of any other nation is implied. A general *entente cordiale* is on all grounds preferable, can be in no way objectionable, and is certainly attainable. As President Roosevelt wisely said after the experience of a second term of his high office, 'There is no insuperable difficulty in the way, granted sincerity on the part of the Powers.' 'I believe with the full intensity of personal conviction that when moral motives come to weigh heavier with mankind than do material desires there will be no war,' says Admiral Mahan. 'The issue is great—civilisation or barbarism,' says Mr Harold Spender. Earl Russell, after half a lifetime spent as Foreign Secretary and as Prime

Minister, declared that 'there had been no war for a century past which could not well have been settled without recourse to arms.'

At the present time it is a noticeable fact, and one that should impress us with solemn warning, that the most insistent and outspoken advocates of a policy of peace are to be found in the Labour Party and not among the aristocracy of the country; in the party composed of men less educated in the literary sense, rather than among those who have enjoyed the higher education and culture. The credit must be given where it is due—*qui palmas meruit, ferat*. The fact gives cause for serious reflection. In Germany, where society is differently constituted, where there is a Junker Party devoted to the interests of their own class, and among whom any profession other than the military or naval service is considered almost unfitting for the cadets of the family, self-interest simply explains the fact that the upper classes constitute the war party and the middle and lower classes the peace party. Even in our own country there is still a small and unthinking section of society—happily a very small section—where family interests and prejudices are still in favour of the profession of arms regarded as 'good for the profession,' or 'good for promotion,' but such instances are now probably a negligible quantity. A new class of persons financially interested in war, less negligible but not yet of material importance, has of late years arisen in this country, principals and shareholders in the great commercial companies earning their profits by the manufacture of war material. In Germany inquiries are proceeding in regard to some disagreeable questions arising out of these interests as affecting public policy, and we can claim no exemption here from similar possibilities.

The attitude of the Church and its ministers in the matter of pacificism is not all that it should be. No one outside the Church of Rome wishes that any ecclesiastical body or individual clergyman should assume or claim a right to direct mundane affairs; but it is undeniably the function of the Church, and especially of a State Church supported by and supporting the civil power, to make its voice heard with no uncertain sound on a question of State policy so intimately connected with religion, dogmatic or natural, as the question of peace or war. There is no question of human or national conduct on which the Founder of our religion has spoken more clearly, on which His counsel, His commands, are more weighty or more direct. Can the dignitaries or clergy of any Church, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or others, conscientiously keep silence, or seem to await the authority of the State, when the nation may be on the verge of the abyss of war or drifting into the current which leads directly to it? Can a majority of the clergy, men of piety and intellect, safely

or consistently with their high duty, leave it to a bolder and seemingly more conscientious minority to denounce what may be a great national crime! Clergymen are but human, and it may be indiscreet for a rising man to place himself in opposition to the bestowers of patronage; but one must be slow to believe that they will be actuated by selfish motives in a matter so closely touching the material and spiritual welfare of the people as Peace or War.

The pacific spirit which is now gradually, it is confidently hoped, pervading our country, and gaining strength in every passing month in

which we witness the appalling results of its absence in eastern Europe, would find fitting expression in a change at the present time in the official title of that member of the Government who is entrusted with the administration of our army. As war is by general consent a thing to be avoided and not ensued, might not the title of Secretary for War be discontinued, and may he not in future be more appropriately known as the Minister for National Defence? The mere change of title may at the same time convey a desirable significance to the nation at large, and perhaps even to our Continental neighbours.

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

CHAPTER IV.

IT lay there, in the centre of the round expanse of shining mahogany. It was under his eyes for every man to see. The assembly looked at it—they looked sideways. The fat man sat down with a grunt.

The president spoke at last, and before he opened his mouth he turned full on Sebastian. '*Citoyen*,' he said, for he was voicing a general though tacit decision, 'we understand. You are sent to assist us, not to supersede us.'

'No,' put in Sebastian decisively. 'I supersede no man; but I am to take command of the Loire from Tours to the sea. There have been too many evasions that way. The great Robespierre is displeased that such a "leakage" should continue. I am to see what I can do.'

Sebastian seated himself. He took up his credentials and put them back in his pocket. On the whole he was rather pleased that they had not been opened. So long as no one had read what they actually said, he considered that he could always enlarge on them if the necessity arose.

'I shall require the services of a detachment of the National Guard, *Citoyen* President,' he went on. 'I purpose to set out this very afternoon. You see I have zeal. I purpose to examine the river, bank by bank. Meantime perhaps you, *citoyen*, would give me some information that may be useful to me?'

'What does the commissioner wish to know?'

inquired the president.

Sebastian heard a note of deference in the surly voice that had not been there before; he noticed that even the fat man sat still, as if prepared to acquiesce in any demand that might be made; and yet, instead of answering promptly, instead of breasting the wave when the crest was toward him, he drew in a breath, waited, and his eyes looked ahead, as if they were gazing far away beyond the stately house right into the open country, maybe down to the Loire itself. In truth, he had come to the moment that had been in his mind all along. Ever since he set

out from Paris, posting day and night; ever since he entered Tours itself, and caught a glimpse by moonlight of the river threading its way like a silver ribbon along the country just without the town, he had wanted to know one thing urgently, imperatively. He wanted to hear what had befallen Villemarnier—where the beautiful woman was who had once dwelt there. But it was the one question of all others that he dared not ask. Just because Villemarnier was the centre-point of all France to him, he must not even mention it.

So he hesitated, trying to think how to lead up to it; and then he saw that first one Patriot looked up and then another, that one man was nudging his neighbour with his elbow, that another was stretching his arms along the table, and he realised that the position which he had arrived at with such difficulty was slipping away from him.

As usual, the approach of danger braced Sebastian. He threw back his head, brushed aside the lock of hair dangling down his cheek in the way which was fashionable at that moment, and which received the charming name of a 'dog's ear,' and smiled jauntily. 'I suppose, my good friends,' he began, 'that you have smoked most of the Pestilentials out of their holes?'

A grin greeted the question. The fat man untidiously announced that he had done his share of burning down what did not belong to him.

'What warrens yet require to be cleansed?'

went on Sebastian, alluding, in the proper *sanculotte* terms, to the sport of the day, to the destroying and pillaging of the great houses just because they were big and beautiful, and because well-born men and women lived in them.

There was an uneasy movement as Sebastian asked this question. The president looked hastily round the table.

'*Tiens!*' cried Sebastian, letting the word slip in genuine astonishment, 'what is it?' But no one answered him. He looked again. This

second glance assured him that he had come up against something. Instantly he determined to find out what that mysterious something was. 'Well,' he bantered, 'what is it, I say? Has your zeal not left a single rabbit for me to scotch?'

The fat man rose from his seat. 'We have destroyed enough vermin,' he said. 'The rest'—

'Yes, *citoyen*?' inquired Sebastian with still more marked interest. 'Then some do remain—houses, I suppose. What of them?'

The fat man leaned over and thumped his hand on the table before he replied. 'I am against waste,' he announced. 'The houses that remain should be sold. The good Patriots should have the right to buy them—at their own price.'

The murder was out. Sebastian had come upon a nice little scheme for self-aggrandisement, and the participants in it were afraid that he might spoil their plans. He rose from his chair and laughed cynically. He had put probity aside long ago. Such old-fashioned virtues were not for him. 'Bon!' he said, for he was very sure that he did not mean to make enemies, when enemies were unusually dangerous, by any insistence on the laws of 'thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not.' 'Who am I that I should disturb the trade of good Patriots? My instructions—as I shall read them—apply to the river, not to the houses looking down on it. Let them'—

He got no farther. The committee suddenly rose as one man. The coldness gave way to a burst of welcome. Only the lean youth, still swinging those ragged garments over the wall, suddenly turned about, and after muttering the word 'Imbeciles!' shook his fist at the back of the commissioner from Paris.

Even as he did this Sebastian suddenly motioned for silence. He had one reservation to make, one only, but he must speak of it now. '*Citoyens*,' he said, 'I said let the Patriots take the houses. I mean it; but'—

'But'—growled the ten voices that not a moment ago had been so benign.

'But,' cried Sebastian—for he would not give himself time to think; if there were dangers ahead he would not recognise them—'there must be one exception—one only.'

'What one?' demanded five at least out of the ten voices.

Sebastian cleared his throat. '*Citoyens*,' he announced, 'if the château of Villemarnier still stands, it must be allotted to me. I claim it. It is necessary for my plans.'

He had said it. He had set Villemarnier apart at last. He wondered what the effect would be. He looked at the president; but that worthy was looking at the fat man, and the fat man rounded on Sebastian.

'You had better give up Villemarnier,' he said significantly; 'that is my fancy.'

'Yours?' shot out Sebastian. A vision of this corpulent, unwashed figure walking at sunset on the terrace where Madeleine de Villemarnier had walked, of this fat-jowled face entering the room with the Medusa tapestry on the wall; the thought of this unwieldy frame hanging out of the window where Madeleine had once stood up between him and the sunlight, drove Sebastian to a sudden fury. 'I tell you,' he went on, dropping his words out one by one as if the habit of enforcing obedience were back on him, and would not be denied—'I tell you that I need it—that I mean to have it.' He threw his defiance to the company.

Suddenly the young man in the tree took his turn in the conversation. 'By what right?' he cried out. 'By what right?'

No one seemed to notice where the interruption came from, but every one echoed the question.

Sebastian was, so to speak, up against the wall, and it was a position in which he was always at his most dexterous. '*Voyons*,' he began easily, as soon as the clamour allowed him to speak. 'My friends, you make a mistake. I do not claim Villemarnier for myself. In the name of the great and glorious Republic I requisition it. In my opinion,' he went on, 'it is the centre of all the evasions. I wager any man who cares to bet with me that there, somewhere within the house itself, I shall run to ground the agency by which so many Pestilentials—all of them with a price on their heads, remember—escape down the river.'

He stood up defiant, waiting, far more amazed at his own speech than he cared to own. He had not a shadow of foundation for saying what he had said. The words had just slipped out.

Then, while the circle were visibly impressed, and it was evident that they were trying to make out what this new-comer from Paris knew or did not know, a laugh, scornful, insulting, broke the stillness.

Sebastian looked quickly about him to find where it came from. He squared his shoulders. He knew the sound boded no good for him. He had but to cast his glance behind him, and then he saw the yellow-faced youth swing down from the tree. The vagabond dropped into the courtyard, and, with a perfect indifference to his rags, his dirt, his obvious beggarliness, sauntered up to the table and looked over the fat man's shoulder. There, in that position, the youth raised his forefinger. He pointed at Sebastian, and shrilly demanded if he should tell the assembly why this new-comer from Paris had fixed on Villemarnier for his own.

He had not to ask the question twice. It was not a moment in which men were very nice. He was bidden to proceed; room was found for him as he edged himself between the chairs. Only Sebastian looked on, and as he waited he

wondered, with a detachment that astonished himself, which of his past misdeeds was coming up to testify against him.

The lean young man threw out his arm. 'Listen!' he cried out. 'I will tell you why the commissioner from Paris sets such store on Villemarnier. The ci-devant widow—we honest folks in Tours have never known what became of her—nursed him when he was ill. She had him carried into the house; she looked after him for weeks. He rode away from the château on one of her horses, wrapped in the cloak of one of her lackeys. For all we know, he may be in league with her. Look at him. Does he seem to be one of us? Maybe he knows where the Pestilent is hiding; maybe he'—

'Fool!' roared Sebastian, and with that one word he cut short the youth's unfinished sentence. He had waited until just the right moment, and now, trusting again to his luck, he

took command of the situation. '*Citoyens*,' he went on, appealing to the table, 'this young man is so young; he is also so lean. If I did what was wise I should perhaps say, "Arrest him now, shut up his mouth in prison, for he is taking liberties—liberties with the great Robespierre himself and his plans." Once already you have refused to read my credentials. I offer you them again;' and he flung the packet on the table. 'You will find in them that I am appointed to this very post because of my knowledge of the river. How, I ask you, did I gain this knowledge?' He stopped; he faced round; he looked each man full in the face. He was playing a dangerous game, and he knew it. 'How did I acquire this knowledge?' he repeated.

Not a single voice answered him; still better, the youth between the two chairs did not repeat his words.

(Continued on page 612.)

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN NEW YORK CITY.

III.—WALL STREET AND THE GREAT WHITE WAY.

WALL STREET is the centre of frenzied finance. The Old Woman of Thread-needle Street would stand aghast here, where millionaires are made over night, and where a day of panic may plunge a score of great houses into ruin. The men who gather in the Stock Exchange or collect in groups on the thronging streets may not appear to be any faster than elsewhere, but their lives have been meteoric; they have emulated the lightning in their movements.

Most of the rulers of high finance began poor, and some of them, after careers like sky-rockets, end poor. But what romance they crowd into their thrilling days, with their tumultuous ups and downs and their Napoleonic schemes! Mr James R. Keene, who died recently, began without a penny. Coming from England, he became successively a miner, cowboy, newspaper reporter and proprietor. He made thirty thousand pounds, but lost it all speculating in mining stocks. He got on his feet again, and in a few years appeared on Wall Street with over a million pounds to his credit. In less than two years he had doubled his fortune, and again in four more years he was not only penniless but three hundred thousand pounds in debt. A Wall Street friend has drawn a vivid picture of Keene after his downfall:

'Once so powerful, and courted and feared, now unnoticed, unsought, regarded by the Street as an exploded bubble, about to join the ranks of the vast army of Wall Street failures. . . . I have seen him in the dead of winter struggling through the snowdrifts, with his head lowered and his body bent, walking against the wind, a dismal figure on the chill landscape. How many men would have survived this sudden descent from millions to poverty? Keene did. He bent

his head when the storm raged, and pushed onward, and twenty years later he was the admired and envied and feared King of Wall Street.'

Visitors to Wall Street on ordinary occasions say that it is no more flamboyant or excitable than the Paris Bourse or the Royal Exchange. Some have expressed their disappointment at what they called its prosaic appearance. 'After hearing about your proverbial Yankee hustle and boundless cheek,' said an English traveller, 'I was counting on seeing something. But the whole thing looked commonplace. Why, they've got more speed in Chelsea, and any town in the provinces could beat J. P. Morgan's office.' Such opinions, though commonly expressed by foreign travellers, represent a superficial view. Nothing could exceed the audacity and boundless cheek of the bulls and bears when they try to corner a market; and though many of the offices, such as J. P. Morgan's, may have a plain exterior, the chancelleries of Europe wait on what passes within.

Any one who has seen this place at the time of a panic never forgets the experience. Those are black days for Wall Street when the blinds are drawn in old business houses, when the daily papers record the suicides of fallen kings, and when the Exchange becomes a sea of frantic faces. These dolorous conditions have been a recurrent manifestation in the past; but the Government has grappled with the problem, and hopes to avert such troubles in the future.

Running through the heart of Manhattan is Broadway, a thoroughfare which is almost as famous as the city itself. On Wall Street, New Yorkers worship the 'Almighty Dollar.' On

Broadway they worship their other god, Pleasure. Money and amusements are the chief quests of the city, and Broadway is the heart of the fun-zone. It is an ordinary street in the daytime, but its appearance is transformed in the evening. The district beginning at Twenty-third Street and continuing for over a mile might be called the Land of the Midnight Sun. No twilight is ever allowed to steal away its alluring sights. Here the sable darkness of the night has been touched by the wizard-wand of electricity, and changed to iridescent whiteness; and here, in the midst of all her marble walls and shining lights, is the Great White Way.

A generation back this street was an eyesore to the city. One sultry July evening a messenger-boy sat eating his supper in a cheap restaurant at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street. It was oppressively hot, and in a back-room a wheezy, greasy engine was revolving a slow, useless fan in the fetid air. The atmosphere of the place was feverish, and the lad gazed down Broadway, where the sickly yellow lights seemed to be stifled by the belched-out smoke of the city. 'The day will come when I will make that a "Great White Way,"' he said to the incredulous waiter, pointing at the repellent sight. Thomas Edison's prophecy has come true, and his genius has changed the grimy and Stygian street into a fairyland of light.

Broadway is the most multifarious street in the world. One cannot point to any part and say this is typical, for each part is typical of itself alone. At the lower end by the Battery and Trinity Church the distinctive feature is the skyscraper, whose aspirations have grown every year, until now the Woolworth Building towers seven hundred and eighty-seven feet from the sidewalk, and goes down one hundred and thirty-five feet under the earth to the bedrock of the island. This building, erected by a millionaire who made his fortune in the five and ten cent stores, stands as a monument to the cumulative power of little things. Near-by the searchlight of the Singer Building, from its seven hundred feet pinnacle, plays over the city; while far away up-town the top-gallant illuminations of the Metropolitan Tower shine back across the darkness. These are the three tallest buildings in the city, but lower Broadway has a score or more that reach up to five and six hundred feet. If one would see a skyscraper at its best he should view it at night, when the lights twinkle far up into its marble peaks, where the stars of man kiss the stars of God.

One of the most amazing features of these high buildings is the speed with which the contractors send them soaring up into the blue. I remember once seeing them demolish a block of low shops and houses and begin to bore their caisson piers into the earth for the foundation. Nine months after the demolition of that block began I was, on the same spot, spirited up

in an elevator to the airy offices of the twenty-third storey. If ever there were dashing and daring men since the days of the Spanish Main, they are the builders of the skyscrapers, especially the ironworkers who place the giant girders and rivet the frame of steel. At an eighth of a mile from the earth and more, with nothing under their feet but a narrow rail, they work as nonchalantly as the man in the street, and lean against the wind and whistle at their work. Every storey of a skyscraper has cost a life, but these dreamers of high spaces pay the price with a song. The skyline of Manhattan must inspire a faith in man; for without the infinite in his heart he never could have reached so far towards the infinite of heaven. And when he dies attempting such a task, his vision, so far beyond his grasp, remains to prove his immortality.

Moving along from the shadow of the skyscrapers, we come to the region of the large department stores. These stores, though they make great claims, are about the same as those in other cities. Beyond them are the play-houses and lobster-palaces of the fun-zone already referred to. Here the most epicurean levity is regnant. There is no listlessness for the New Yorker when he is out for a good time. His play has the same whole-hearted abandon as his work. The spirit that pierces the empyrean with its skyscrapers, and shoots its subway express trains at a mile a minute under the pavements pressed by a million feet, pursues its pleasure with a dash like the trail of a comet.

The midnight throngs of Broadway are intoxicated with the joy of life. Just a step to the right and left are the purlieus of crime and the shadows of wretchedness; but here on the Great White Way the sorrows of the day and the drudgery of the morrow are lost in the shining brightness of the present.

IV.—TAMMANY HALL

Tammany Hall is a name to conjure with in New York politics. The incubus of its past alone is enough to frighten most good people. The devil may be cast out of this institution, but when the house is swept and garnished seven more devils always return to the old abode. The great guns of righteousness may thunder against it, and for the moment seem to triumph; but, phoenix-like, it always rises from its ashes. It reminds one of the fort which Napoleon attempted to capture in Egypt. Before he began his bombardment there was merely a mud wall opposed to him; but when his artillery was discharged into it the mud wall became a redoubt of lead and iron, and his own cannon-balls were a rampart of defence about his adversaries. So Tammany has survived from her 'Hundred Years' War,' and, like our friend Johnny Walker, 'is still going strong.'

For fear that I should be expelled from the

synagogue by my New York friends on account of my views, I will hide them behind the opinion of a canny Scot. Carlyle says that if an idea endures it must contain some germ of good, and Tammany contains many germs of good. Before the Churches ever dreamed of their wider social programme, Tammany was championing the cause of the alien and befriending the stranger within her gates. The Wigwam, as the headquarters in Fourteenth Street were called, became a centre of help for the needy. Though her charity may have been actuated by base motives, it was better than no charity at all. The organisation has survived, in spite of its manifold evils, because of its spirit of helpfulness.

'But what is Tammany Hall, anyway?' asks the reader. Is it an hotel or a beer-garden, or is it merely a name to cover all the iniquity of New York? An old woman teaching small boys to read the Bible used to say whenever they encountered a difficult word, 'Just call that Jerusalem, and pass right along.' Whenever there is any trouble in the city some people just call it Tammany, and pass right along. But it is something more than a name; it is the most perfect political machine extant. It was invented by the Yankees, and similar working models have been built up in many of the larger cities of the United States. The copies have passed through varying vicissitudes, but the old original machine has survived the shock of time, and every election bears witness to its power.

Tammany Hall is a Democratic political association. It was founded over a century ago, and early espoused the cause of the unenfranchised inhabitant and attended to the wants of the immigrant. In the early days it was above reproach; but, as its power grew, fraud and corruption crept into its dealings. Through its support from the lower classes it became almost omnipotent in politics, and began to control the vast municipal patronage. Offices were used for the good of the organisation rather than the good of the city. Graft was rampant, and the public conscience began to be alarmed. An almost incredible herd of the swine that feed at the public crib had gathered for the spoils.

In 1878 the *New York Times* conducted a daring and triumphant campaign against Tammany. Her reporters, under their intrepid editor, had gathered facts which made an astounding indictment. One of the most shocking exposés of newspaper history followed. A 'ring' had been organised by Boss Tweed to control the revenues, and they were plundering the city on a gigantic scale. The thefts amounted to many millions. For example, in the erection of a county courthouse alone over eight million dollars had been pilfered by the grafters. When the case came to trial the *Times* was able to back up its accusations with adequate proof, and as a result several of the malefactors were

sent to prison, among them Boss Tweed, who died in a cell on Blackwall's Island.

By 1890 the resurgent Tammany was again in full command of the city, and the rumours of evil were more sensational than before. About this time the Rev. Dr Charles Parkhurst, a strong and fearless preacher, was elected president of the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice. He entered the lists immediately for his famous fight with Tammany. Preaching from his pulpit in Madison Square, he accused Boss — and his 'ring' of felonious crimes. Every statement that he made was substantiated by the evidence gathered through secret service men. In the battle that ensued the country was shaken from end to end. Dr Parkhurst's life was in imminent peril, and many saw only the presage of his defeat. But his opponents found, to their grief, that this parson was no lamb-like visionary. He proved that the most high-handed blackmail was practised. Appointments to office were paid for, and money was collected regularly from the keepers of gambling-places, houses of ill-fame, and other disorderly resorts. Liquor-dealers, for the permission to violate certain details of the Excise Laws, such as midnight and Sunday closing, contributed liberally to the grafters. All these facts were borne out by the Senate investigation of 1894, and the 'ring' collapsed. Boss — took refuge on the other side of the Atlantic, and ever since he has made his home in Europe. A few years ago he came prominently before the public again as the winner of the Derby. His victory in horse-racing gave rise to the saying, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the Derby, and the King shall not shake hands with him?'

To-day Tammany is ruled by Boss Murphy, and its power is as arbitrary as ever. It is a dog with a bad name, but the methods of its sachems (chiefs) are worth studying, especially from the standpoint of the practical politician. It may not produce statesmen, but, in the language of the vernacular, 'it can do the business' at elections. And without this power of winning their seats even statesmen are useless.

Little Tim, who died recently, was a typical sachem. The city is divided into various congressional districts, and every district has its sachem, who is responsible there for the polling of a majority of votes for Tammany. Little Tim had one of the crowded tenement districts on the East Side. His field included the lowest classes, but almost to the last man he could count on their support. His method was not the conventional spasmodic campaign; in his own words, he 'was always on to his job.' When a foreigner came—and they were always coming—it was Little Tim who had him naturalised and added to the voters' list. From the first they knew him as their friend. If it was a funeral, Little Tim was always there

with his flowers and sympathy; if a wedding, his presence and gift always added to the joy. When Giuseppe the fruit-peddler was arrested for hawking without a license he paid the fine; and when some of his bad boys were committed to jail, a word from Little Tim brought a suspended sentence. Everywhere and always he was the father and friend of his district, and they made him unconquerable at the polls.

The police of New York have from time to time been intimately connected with Tammany Hall, and the unholy alliance has been the cause of much demoralisation in the force. The recent scandals have called to mind many others in which the unsavoury name appeared. But this time the responsibility seems to rest alone with Lieutenant Becker and his personal allies.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, when police

commissioner, effectually broke the power of Tammany in his department. With General Theodore Bingham as chief, he attempted the herculean task of constructing a meritorious organisation. He went into every branch of the service with his purgative methods, high officers were dismissed because of corruption, and worthy subordinates were put in their places. Merit was the only influence for advancement. Colonel Roosevelt made it a point to have an intimate knowledge of his men. He spent whole nights on the various beats, and a patrolman knew that at any time he might be confronted by the commissioner. The spirit of co-operation and fair-play which his reforms inspired produced the most efficient police force that New York has ever known. But the glory of his day has departed.

THE HOUSE ON THE HEATH.

CHAPTER III.

PRESENTLY a shapely brown hand stole through the opening, and Aveling groaned inwardly as he knew that it held a knife. Then the hand withdrew, and in the gap he saw a finger, curved, beckoning insistently. In a moment he caught its meaning.

With infinite care, and many halts to make sure that he was not observed, Aveling wormed himself alongside the wall, so that his bound wrists were against the opening. The soft touch of warm fingers upon his own told that he had read Joan's purpose aright, and thrilled him with emotion which sprang not entirely from gratitude and relief.

The blade was keen, and quickly cut into the straining cords. More than once it bit flesh instead of hemp, but Aveling did not wince. It was better to risk a hand than lose a head.

At length one arm was freed, and Aveling, with a meaning clasp of the rescuing hand, took possession of the knife. Rapidly but carefully he cut through the remaining cords.

Exulting in the consciousness of power which came with the feeling of freedom, Aveling rolled over on his side to reconnoitre, and instantly became rigid. One of his captors was sitting bolt-upright, with his face turned in Aveling's direction.

Aveling lay like a log, with half-closed eyes, but in the forebrightening of the dawn he could see that the man was looking straight at him.

For what seemed an age the forester sat equally motionless. Then he rose and came slowly towards Aveling, who, knowing that the loosed bonds would betray him, and seeing that the man had not put aside his sword, had already made his desperate plan.

As the forester neared him Aveling drew himself together. The man came within reach.

Instantly Aveling's arm shot out and clutched his ankle. With a cry of dismay the forester fell. Barely was he down when Aveling was on his feet, with the fellow's sword in his hand. Without a glance behind, he rushed for the door.

The scheme was good, but Aveling was too late. He had to deal with men used to alarms and quick to cope with surprises. Roused by their companion's cry, they had instinctively sprung to their feet, with drawn swords barring Aveling's way.

Desperately he tried one furious onslaught. The first clash of swords showed its futility, and, remembering the man behind, he leapt back sideways against the wall. He was not a whit too soon, for the fellow was nearly on him, knife in hand.

A sudden stillness fell upon the shadowy scene: the three armed men by the door; the other, with Joan's knife, crouching on the opposite side of the room; and Aveling between, with set jaw and fierce, desperate eyes, and his back to the wall.

For a moment nobody stirred. Suddenly one of the foresters spoke out, irritably, as if grudging the words, 'Four to one, thou fool! Drop point and ha' done.'

Then, as Aveling kept silent, the same man turned to his companions with a grim laugh. 'Marry, 'twill but save the hangman a job. Slit his weasand, boys, and be rid of him.'

The three swords leapt at Aveling, only to encounter a weapon which seemed to be everywhere. Aveling was an expert swordsman, the joy of battle was strong within him, and his blade leapt and turned like a flash of light, an impregnable and menacing barrier between him and his three opponents. Thus for the space of

a minute, when Aveling's sword darted like a snake beneath the guard of one of his antagonists, and was on the defensive ere the man dropped, groaning, to the floor.

The two others fell back warily, and the one who had spoken before shouted, in tones harsh with excitement, 'The sword, Giles! Quick, fool!'

The man whom Aveling had disarmed, and who had hitherto kept discreetly in the background, seized his fallen companion's blade and ranged up with the others.

But now, warned by experience, the three foresters adopted different tactics. While giving Aveling no pause, they were very careful to give him no opening, their aim being to tire their more skilful adversary out.

Aveling's heart sank as he guessed their purpose. They were too many to be forced aside; they were too wary to be killed; and to rush boldly for the door would expose him to a fatal thrust. The game was up, and Aveling knew it. And ere long the fierce exertion and the constant strain told upon his already wearied frame, and he felt his strength ebbing.

As he kept on doggedly, he imagined dully that his mind must be going the way of his body; for about him seemed a strange and foolish smell of burning which stung his throat and nostrils and well-nigh choked him at each labouring, quick-drawn breath. With what energy was left him he nerved himself for a last, despairing rally, when a wild shout rang through the room, 'Fire! fire! The house is afire!'

With the cry, one of Aveling's opponents sprang aside and rushed to the door. Shaken by the alarm, one of the remaining two faltered; and Aveling, blind to everything but the man before him, furiously ran him through the body. Whereupon his fellow, seized with an unreasoning panic, broke and fled.

It was well for Aveling, for his last effort took with it his remaining strength; and, striving to free his weapon, he stumbled and fell across the man he had killed.

When he regained his feet, staggering and half-blind, imagining menacing figures with swords threatening everywhere, it dazed him to find nothing save an open door, seen dimly through clouds of smoke. While he yet stood bewildered, unable to grasp what had happened, a girl's

slight form came quickly through the smoke-wreaths that were slowly benumbing and strangling him.

'My lord, my lord, come forth quickly, ere it be too late!'

He suffered the girl, in her supple strength, to half-lead, half-carry him through the door, and so out into the fresh air of the nearing dawn; and when he could think again he found her bathing his face and eyes with cool, refreshing water, and murmuring soft words over him as a mother to her babe. Before him was the cottage wrapped in flame and smoke, and from a distance came faintly the sound of horses' hoofs.

So he lay, and his senses came back to him, and he caught the girl by the hand and kissed it for the second time. But now it was not a courtier's kiss; for he knew, deep down in his being, that the bonds which the gods had thrown about them in one short night were destined to link them together to the end of life.

'And thou didst fire the cottage, oh sweet of wit?' he said presently, turning to look at the raging flames.

'Twas the only hope,' said the girl. 'And what shelter would it have been now to Joan o' the Cottage!'

'Joan! Joan o' the Cottage!' he repeated happily. 'Joan, dost know that thou hast given me back my life?'

'My lord, thou didst give me back even more than life,' said Joan softly. 'But come,' she said, rising in sudden alarm, 'let us seek safety in the heath ere they return.'

'Ay,' said Aveling. 'And in good time we will to the sea.' And his nostrils curved to the soft west wind as the seaman's longing seized him.

'The sea?' said Joan wonderingly. 'What is the sea?' For she had never been to the coast.

'Tis life and freedom. 'Tis home and safety. 'Tis where a man can live, and breathe—ay, and die—a man!'

A sudden trembling came upon Joan, and she turned and clung to Aveling, and hid her face against his breast. 'Be good to me, my lord! My lord, be good to me!'

And for answer Aveling put his arm around her, and together, in the dawn, they went out into the wilderness of the heath.

THE END.

STAMP-COLLECTING IN THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

By D. B. ARMSTRONG, Editor of the *Stamp-Collectors' Annual*.

THE enhanced popularity enjoyed by the science and hobby of philately in recent years is attributable in no small degree to the august patronage of His Majesty King George the Fifth, whose philatelic proclivities are widely known. Since his accession stamp-collecting

has become the favourite and most fashionable collecting pursuit, and numbers of prominent personages in Court and society circles have been led to take up the hobby in emulation of the royal example. Considerable prominence has been given, as a result, to philatelic matters

by the public press, and the first years of the new reign have witnessed a veritable philatelic revival not only in Britain but throughout the civilised world. Never in the annals of the hobby has philately been so high in the public favour, and even the ever-sceptical 'man in the street' is rapidly coming to believe that 'there may be something in stamp-collecting' after all.

Stamp-collecting has always been held in considerable esteem by the members of the British royal family, and when it is remembered that the postage-stamp is a product of the Victorian era, the late Queen Victoria being intimately associated both with the introduction of penny postage and the issue of the first postage-stamp bearing her own queenly likeness, the deep personal interest taken by herself and her descendants in matters postal and philatelic is not difficult to comprehend.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S COLLECTION.

Although in no way a philatelist in the present-day sense of the word, Queen Victoria may be said to have been the first royal stamp-collector, for it is recorded that early in her reign she made a collection of the franks of the Peers and Members of Parliament composing her first Parliament, in procuring which she had the assistance of the Hon. Colonel Murray, Sir Charles Phipps, and the ladies of her Court.

THE ROYAL REPRINT.

It was in 1864 that several members of the royal family commenced to interest themselves in stamp-collecting, and application was made to the Inland Revenue authorities for a complete series of the various issues of the British postage-stamps for the royal collections. Of the earliest issue, the original one penny black of 1840, there were, however, none available, and in order to comply with this demand a special supply was printed off in black from the existing plates of the then current one penny red. Not only the plate but also the paper on which these stamps were printed was different from that employed for the original, having a water-mark composed of a large instead of a small crown; and a further peculiarity of this special printing lies in the fact that the water-mark was invariably inverted. A total of only nine hundred and sixty copies of this royal reprint of the one penny black was printed, comprising four sheets of two hundred and forty, which we believe to have been distributed amongst the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward the Seventh), the Duke of Connaught, Princess Clementine of Belgium, and the Emperor of Germany. Specimens of this royal reprint are much prized by collectors.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PHILATELIST.

The first British royalty to take any really prominent part in philatelic matters, however, was His Royal Highness the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, better known perhaps as the

Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria and uncle of King George the Fifth. His collection was a general one, embracing the stamp-issuing countries of the world, and was commenced many years prior to His Royal Highness becoming associated with the work of the Philatelic Society, London. His Royal Highness took an active interest in the first London Stamp Exhibition organised by the Philatelic Society to mark the jubilee of penny postage, in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, from 19th to 26th May 1890. The exhibition was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh, who was himself an exhibitor of a number of countries. Speaking at a luncheon which followed the opening ceremony, he made the first public announcement of the interest taken in the hobby by the present King. He said, 'To-day Prince George of Wales starts—nay, probably has started—from Chatham in the *Thrush*, to the command of which he has been appointed. I am sure you will join me in wishing him a prosperous and pleasant cruise. He is also a stamp-collector, and I hope he will return with a goodly number of additions from North America and the West Indies. I am a collector too, and I have been only too glad to contribute specimens to this fine exhibition.'

The Duke of Edinburgh was also amongst the exhibitors at the Jubilee Philatelic Exhibition held at the Royal Institution of Painters in Water-Colours in Piccadilly in 1897, which was open from 22nd July to 5th August. On this occasion His Royal Highness displayed only a limited number of rare stamps in a special class.

On 19th December 1890 the Duke of Edinburgh became honorary president of the Philatelic Society, London, an office in which he continued until his lamented demise in 1901. He was associated with the late Earl of Kingston, another distinguished British philatelist, who was elected president of the society on 20th May 1892.

The Duke was pardonably proud of his collection, and in this connection an amusing anecdote is related. One day His Royal Highness was showing his albums to an American lady, who was so much impressed with the beauty and extent of the collection that she finally exclaimed, 'Why, this rushes creation; it's a regular stampede!' an impromptu which caused the owner of the collection no little amusement.

KING GEORGE AS A STAMP-COLLECTOR.

His Majesty King George the Fifth, the most prominent of a line of royal philatelists, early evinced a propensity for stamp-collecting, and his philatelic activities, which are reputed to have been commenced in his midshipman days on board the old *Bacchante*, were continued for some years under the able tutelage of his uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh. During his cruises on the *Bacchante* in 1879–81, and again during his actual service on the West Indian and American station between the years 1883–88,

the young Prince had numerous opportunities of adding to his collections, as a result of which the West Indian colonies are amongst the most representative of his philatelic treasures.

Not until the early part of 1890 did Prince George's interest in stamp-collecting become publicly known, as already stated, through an announcement made by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Three years later His Royal Highness entered upon his active association with British philately, lasting until his accession to the throne. In March 1893 an intimation was received by the executive of the Philatelic Society, London, that the then Duke of York was desirous of being admitted to the membership of the society, in accordance with which His Royal Highness was duly elected an honorary vice-president of the society. This office he continued to hold until May 1896, when, on the death of the Earl of Kingston, he succeeded to the presidency. As Duke of York, and afterwards as Prince of Wales, he presided over the destinies of the premier philatelic society of the world until, on the demise of the late King Edward the Seventh, he was reluctantly compelled by reason of his high office to resign his official connection with the society, of which, however, by his own desire, he remains the patron. It was largely due to His Majesty's influence that permission was accorded the Philatelic Society in 1907 to assume the title of the Royal Philatelic Society, London, allowing its members the privilege of appending the letters F.R.P.S.L. to their names. His successor in office was the late Earl of Crawford.

During his active connection with the premier philatelic society His Majesty was a frequent attendant at the monthly meetings held during the philatelic season from May to October, and on several occasions portions of the royal collection were exhibited before the members. The papers which he presented before the society were of an important and scientific character, notably that dealing with the British stamps of the last reign, which was widely circulated and constitutes a standard work. All bear evidence of keen study and research, and reveal the extensive philatelic knowledge of the writer.

THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

In view of His Majesty's well-known Imperialistic tendencies, it is not surprising that the royal stamp collection should be limited to the postal emissions of the British Empire, of which it is undoubtedly one of the finest extant. Although containing many unique and valuable items, however, its intrinsic value is by no means as great as is commonly reputed, and certainly does not reach the one hundred thousand pounds or so at which it is not infrequently placed. The most highly specialised sections are those devoted to the stamps of Great Britain, Mauritius, Hong-kong, British Guiana, and certain of the West Indian colonies. Amongst numerous desirable

and interesting specimens in the King's Great Britain collection may be noted the artist's original pencil sketch of the celebrated Mulready envelope, and a pair of rough water-colour sketches showing the general effect of the first 'Queen's Heads,' the penny black and twopence blue drawn by Sir Rowland Hill, and submitted by him to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for his approval. There is a magnificent array of stamps of all issues in imperforate condition cut from the *imprimatur* sheets submitted to the Board of Inland Revenue for registration, of which only a single sheet of each denomination exists. The collection of the British stamps of King Edward's reign is probably the most comprehensive extant, owing to King George's intimate association with the production of the series, as Prince of Wales, and includes the unimaginative essays submitted by Messrs De La Rue & Co., showing commonplace portraits of the late King Edward in field-marshal's uniform, adapted to the frame designs of the Victorian issue; the original sketch of the approved design by Emil Fuchs, M.V.O. and R.B.A., and the various trial impressions with the corrected poise of the head, initialised by the late King, and finally with the modification of the oak and bay wreath as suggested by Queen Alexandra.

The unissued five pound stamp, the trial printing of the twopence halfpenny in mauve and blue paper, the experimental penny in the design of the Transvaal stamps, and the abortive twopence 'Tyrian plum,' withheld from issue on account of the death of King Edward, are all represented—the latter by an unused pair from the corner of a sheet, and the only used copy known, on a letter addressed to His Majesty (as Prince of Wales) and bearing the date of 5th May 1910. All the regular issues and their varieties are represented complete, and in addition the collection contains a unique display of the scarce official issues overprinted for use by various Government departments, and withdrawn in 1904. Prominent amongst the many rarities are the three one pound Queen's Head stamps overprinted 'I. R. Official' in Mint unused condition, an unused pair and a single used copy of the scarce sixpence King's Head 'I. R. Official,' and both single copies and Mint pairs of the twopence halfpenny, one shilling, five shilling, ten shilling, and one pound of the same series. The 'Board of Education' official stamps are shown complete, both used and unused. These are only a few of the many notable items in one of the finest collections in the world of the stamps of Great Britain.

Second in importance to the royal collections is that of the stamps of the island of Mauritius, containing both the penny and twopence of the famous 'Post-Office' issue of 1847, the former used and the latter in unused condition. The twopence blue is the finest unused copy of this rarity known, and was purchased by auction at

Puttick & Simpson's in 1904 for the record sum of one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds by an agent of the then Prince of Wales. The subsequent issues are practically complete, the Post-Paid issue containing a magnificent unused block of five of the twopenny value, including the scarce error 'PENOE' for 'PENCE' in the value inscription, purchased in 1910 for five hundred pounds, and a single unused copy of the same. A speciality has been made of stamps in blocks of four, which are much in evidence throughout the collection.

A secretary is employed to maintain the royal collections, the curator of which is Mr J. A. Tilleard, M.V.O., hon. secretary of the Royal Philatelic Society, who has for many years been associated with the philatelic activities of his present Majesty. Most of the new specimens acquired for the collection are purchased on behalf of the King by a special agent, who is a familiar figure in the London stamp-market. Of recent years, however, many important additions to the royal collection have been obtained direct from a well-known West End stamp-dealer, who has a standing commission to secure philatelic rarities for 'the first stamp-collector in Europe.' Another leading firm of stamp-dealers are entrusted with the supply of all new issues of British colonial stamps to His Majesty.

THE KING AS AN EXHIBITOR.

Throughout his philatelic career His Majesty has been a frequent exhibitor at stamp exhibitions, and has gained a number of awards. The first occasion on which a portion of the royal collection was exhibited in public was at the London Philatelic Society's Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly, in 1897. The exhibition was opened by the then Duke and Duchess of York, His Royal Highness showing a collection of Indian stamps. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward the Seventh) was amongst the many distinguished visitors to this exhibition.

At the London Philatelic Exhibition of 1906 His Royal Highness the (then) Prince of Wales was an exhibitor in no fewer than four classes, gaining a bronze medal for his magnificent historical collection of the Edwardian stamps of Great Britain, a silver medal for his Mauritius collection, and a silver medal for Hong-kong. His Royal Highness also exhibited a unique set of Trinidad stamps specially overprinted to commemorate his visit to the island in 1891. The Prince of Wales paid a personal visit to the exhibition, and spent close on two hours examining the various philatelic treasures displayed, and visiting the dealers' stalls. In March 1908 the Barbados collection of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was exhibited at the Imperial Stamp Exhibition held under the auspices of the Junior Philatelic Society, at which the royal collector was again an interested visitor.

Since his accession His Majesty has twice exhibited at Philatelic Exhibitions: at Berns in 1910, where a fine collection of the stamps of Nevis was entered *hors concours*; and again at the Penny Postage Exhibition at Walthamstow, in February 1911, to which a few choice historical items from the King's Great Britain collection were loaned. It is understood, however, that in future His Majesty will not exhibit in public, except under the auspices of the Royal Philatelic Society.

PHILATELIC SOUVENIRS.

Apart from the philatelic collections of his own making, His Majesty has on divers occasions been the recipient of handsome presents in the form of collections of stamps both from official and private sources. At the time of his marriage he was presented with a valuable selection of rare stamps by the members of the Philatelic Society, London, and the Canadian Government has twice presented him with albums containing complete series of commemorative postage-stamps issued in the Dominion—the first at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and the second when, in company with the Queen (then Princess of Wales), he attended the ceremonies in connection with the Tercentenary of Quebec in 1906.

During his empire tour as Duke of York in 1907 His Majesty received a number of philatelic gifts, including a complete collection of Australian stamps from the Commonwealth Government, and a small but choice collection of the rare Sydney Views Stamp of New South Wales from the Sydney Philatelic Club, of which the King is patron. At Malta, where a local philatelic exhibition had been organised in honour of the royal philatelist, His Royal Highness received a complete collection of the stamps of the colony from the Governor (Sir Francis Grenfell), and also accepted a superb collection from Baron Testaferrata Abela.

From the Maharajah of Kashmir came an extensive and unique collection of the curious stamps of that state contained in an elaborate album with silver mountings of native workmanship. On his subsequent visit to India at the time of the Coronation Durbar of 1911, the Maharajah of Nepal presented the King with a collection of the stamps of that country.

A ROYAL DESIGNER.

On more than one occasion His Majesty's expert philatelic knowledge has been put to a practical test, and in this connection King George can probably claim to be the only monarch who has personally designed a postage-stamp. The stamp in question is the 1903 type of Canada, admittedly the most artistic postage-stamp issued during the last reign, which was designed by Mr Tilleard. At the time of King Edward's Cor-

nation in 1902 the Canadian Postmaster-General took the opportunity afforded by a visit to London to consult with the Prince of Wales as to a new series of postage-stamps to be issued in the Dominion. His Royal Highness not only placed his philatelic experience at the disposal of the Canadian authorities, but undertook to provide an appropriate design and supervise the preparation of a master-die in England. In order to preserve the continuity of the Canadian stamp designs, it was decided to retain the general features of the frame design of the 1898 Queen's Head issue, to which was adapted a striking portrait of King Edward the Seventh in robes of state from a coronation photograph. Two minute Tudor crowns were substituted for the maple-leaves in the upper spandrels, whilst the value tablets in the lower corners had small maple-leaves disposed about them. The stamp in its pristine state was of considerable beauty and simplicity, and it is to be regretted that the contractors should have seen fit to mar the delicate finish of Messrs Perkins, Bacon, and Company's die by cutting unnecessary lines in the background and altering the value tablets.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A STAMP-COLLECTOR.

The Prince of Wales has proved a worthy son of a philatelic father, and early displayed a similar love of stamps. Little is known of the extent or scope of his collections, however, save that, unlike those of his royal father, they are not confined to the stamps of the British Empire, although His Royal Highness is credited with a strong penchant for the stamps of his namesake colony—Prince Edward Island. When only twelve

years of age the young Prince was the first entrant at the London Philatelic Exhibition of 1906, his exhibits comprising specialised collections of the French colonies and Liberia, the latter being practically complete from the first perforated issue, most of the stamps being in pairs, and all in superb condition. Both exhibits were marked 'not for competition.' In company with his father and Prince Albert, Prince Edward of Wales was an interested visitor at this and also the Imperial Stamp Exhibition of 1908, winning golden opinions for the amount of philatelic knowledge he displayed. His Royal Highness's philatelic activities have been continued of recent years, and when in London the Prince is often to be seen in the establishments of the leading stamp-dealers.

OTHER ROYAL COLLECTORS.

Prince Albert shares his brother's philatelic proclivities, as do some of the younger members of the royal family. As Duchess of York, Queen Mary was credited with the ownership of a modest stamp collection, in which she took a keen interest. Princess Margaret of Connaught shares with her husband, the Crown Prince of Sweden, an enthusiastic interest in philately, amongst her wedding presents being a complete collection of the stamps of France from the French Government. Queen Maud of Norway is also a stamp-collector.

The love of stamps is, therefore, hereditary in the British royal family, whose stamp-collecting members doubtless echo the sentiments of King George himself, who has said of stamp-collecting, 'It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life.'

THE WATCH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE COMMUNIST RISING OF 1871.

By MAURICE MACDONALD.

'PARIS inert, apathetic?' grumbled old General Dauvernon to a little circle of officers who had been criticising the younger generation at the military club. 'I should like to have seen some of you there in the month of May 1871, when we marched to Paris from Versailles, and had to take the city quarter by quarter, street by street, house by house. No, gentlemen, there's no apathy about Paris when there's dangerous work to be done.'

'I was then captain of the Sixth Infantry Regiment. The Rue de Rivoli had almost been taken, but at very heavy cost. I left one of my best friends there, Lieutenant Medard, who had fought like a lion for weeks, and had not got so much as a scratch. He was shot dead just as he was planting our flag on the top of a barricade which had fallen into our hands.'

'We were endeavouring to reach the square

of the Château d'Eau and the Place de la Bastille, as we wanted to drive back the main body of the insurgents into Belleville and Menilmontant. It sounds easy enough, but it was a devil of a business, I can assure you. The narrow streets of old Paris, such as the Rue du Temple, the Rue St Martin, and the Archives, were so many death-traps.

'My company had been ordered to clear out the Rue du Temple, which was full of hidden rebels. There were barricades at every hundred yards and at every street corner. These had to be carried at the point of the bayonet, one after the other. Our soldiers went into every house which had open windows or closed shutters. Every man found with powder-stained hands was shot on the spot. It was terrible work!

'We had just captured the barricade of the Rue de Montmorency, and the federal troops

had fallen back toward the Square du Temple. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was scorching. Black sweat was running down our faces. We stopped a minute to rest and eat a bite behind the barricade, as the place now seemed quiet enough, although firing was going on in the neighbouring streets. But we ate with our loaded rifles standing by our sides.

'Suddenly one of our scouts jumped over the barricade. He had been sent to reconnoitre the Rue Pastourelle and the Rue Granvilliers before any farther advance was made.

"Look out, captain," he cried; "they're coming by the Rue Pastourelle."

'Ordering my men to remain hidden and make no noise, I climbed half-way up the barricade, put my eye to a peep-hole, and waited. A youngster of about fourteen years soon made his appearance at the corner of the Rue Pastourelle. He wore a National Guard's cap, and his blue jacket was encircled by a red belt, into which a revolver was stuck. He had a gun in his hand. The street, strewn here and there with corpses of federal soldiers, seemed perfectly quiet. This made him think, I suppose, that the barricade had been abandoned, and that we had left by way of the Rue Montmorency. He gave a signal, and a band of about fifty insurgents cautiously approached. They held a short council, and then the boy came on alone toward the barricade.

'I can see him now, walking with a careless, jaunty air, evidently proud of his dangerous mission. His friends waited, with their fingers on the triggers of their guns. I motioned my men to keep strict silence. In two jumps he was astride the barricade; then he saw us, and was struck dumb with amazement.

"Not a word, or you're dead," I whispered, as I seized him by the leg and dragged him down on our side of the barrier.

'He jumped up like a flash, and before we could stop him had bawled out, "Look out! They're here!"

'Before my men could get into firing position the band of Communists had disappeared, saved by this infernal boy. Two of my men disarmed him and held him fast. He was the true type of "Gavroche," fair-haired, open-eyed, and dauntless. He soon recovered his usual assurance. 'Oh, là, là!' he said, with the drawling accent of the *faubourgs*; "what a fuss about nothing! A chap can't even go quietly home now. I live just over there, in St Avoy's Alley."

"Ah, you were going home, vermin!" I cried. "And what are these for?" and I pointed to his gun and revolver.

"Oh, that's in case I meet any bad characters about. The streets aren't very safe now, you know."

"All right," I replied, "that's enough. To the wall!"

'Our orders were strict. An insurgent

captured with arms of any sort in his possession was to be shot on the spot. He was being dragged away.

'Suddenly he turned round to me. "I say, Mr Captain, it's gospel truth I told you. I was going home. Here's the proof." He extracted from his pocket an old silver watch wrapped in paper. "It's my mother's watch. She's a *conciierge* in St Avoy's Alley. She left it to be mended at the watchmaker's in the Rue Portefoin. Couldn't you let me take it to her? I'll be back in five minutes."

"Do you think I'm fool enough to believe you?"

"I swear I'll come back, sir;" and he spat upon the ground.

"Nonsense! Your mother would never let you come."

"Oh, là, là! Do you think I'd tell her?"

"Confound the boy!" I thought; and then my heart began to melt. I could not shoot a child.

"All right," I said, relieved to think we should never see him again; "off you go, and don't stop long."

'He was off like a shot in the direction of St Avoy's Alley.

"You're wrong, captain," observed a young lieutenant. "These young rascals are more dangerous than grown men. They should be crushed in the shell."

"No, no, my dear fellow," I replied; "let us show a little humanity, for Heaven's sake! He's not responsible for his actions. Does he even know what he is doing?"

'I gave the necessary orders, and the company prepared to depart.

"I say, Mr Captain, you were forgetting me! Please excuse me; they wouldn't let me go before."

'I turned round. It was he—the infernal boy, red-faced and out of breath. He walked quickly to the wall, and stood against it with his face turned toward us. "Now," he said, "I'm ready."

'It was too much. I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder. No doubt he thought I wanted to turn him round so that he shouldn't see the firing-party. He looked at me reproachfully. "Oh, sir, I'm not afraid."

"I know that, you scamp; I know that," I growled. I pushed him before me and administered a vigorous kick which sent him several yards down the street. "Go and get shot elsewhere, ruffian!" I shouted, to hide my emotion.

'He strolled quietly away with his hands in his pockets, looking round at me curiously from time to time as if he didn't know what to make of it.

'That's the stuff young Paris is made of,' added the old General, and there was now no opposing voice.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

IT is a point as to whether the average man who takes one long holiday in the course of the year looks forward more to that change in his occupation and place or to the return and the settling down afterwards. At the first setting of such a question he might indeed be disposed to challenge the suggestion that is made in it; but upon a little reflection he may be brought to realise that, to some extent subconsciously, he had held the sentiment that he 'would be glad when it is all over;' and most frequently may that be the case with him who has arranged the plans for his vacation for a long time in advance, and to whom they have become something of a worry, while also there is an unrefreshing familiarity with all details of the expedition that is projected. The holiday is laboured, it is spent before it is taken, and there is some weariness and hard labour to follow. It will be a happiness when smooth routine and common order ensue upon it. The belief is held that by then health and spirits will be good, energy will have increased, and the mellowness of autumn yields a pleasure that is to be enjoyed not alone in the country places. There is the reunion with old friends, the moving again among the familiar places, and the cheerful lighting of the lamps in the street, the crackling of the fire once more, and the books that are taken from the shelves when the raindrops are tapping at the window-panes. Perhaps it is the restlessness of the human man, his constant discontent, and perhaps it is because of the touch of pessimism that is in all of us—or may it not be an optimism that gives us spirit for all things and circumstances?—but we may be sure that in the minds of many people now there is a wistful looking forward to October days and those that follow. And so that perplexing problem of holidays has once again arisen, and new points in it, unsuspected faults in prevailing systems and habits, troubles and dangers even, are suggested as they have been in each summer season for many past in this tearing age of doubt and reconstruction. Upon a time not long gone by it was put forward that the continental holiday, with its long journeys in railway trains, its interminable packing and unpacking, its frequent change of bed, its sight-

seeing, its difficulties with strangers, its tramping, driving, rushing, climbing of mountains, and all the rest of it, was work too hard, and did injury to minds and bodies that were already tired.

* * *

I remember that once upon a time I had the advantage of discussing this particular matter with a very distinguished doctor—it was Sir Francis Laking; and from his knowledge and experience he said some noteworthy things. It was on a morning in November, and we stood on the steps of a house in Pall Mall along which an opal mist was laid by the waning autumn of the town which, with all holidays and disturbances done, had risen again to its full activity. He had been speaking of the conservation of energy by the man who would live healthily and happily. 'Consider,' said he, 'how recklessly it is expended when it should be cared for and conserved with the utmost jealousy! Some may say that modern conditions are telling more and more against long life. Generally speaking this is not true, except in so far as people will insist on making them so, and unnecessarily waste the energy which, in reserve later on in life, would provide them with a few extra years in the world. A man works forty-nine weeks in the City, works hard, and then he spends three weeks' holiday in Switzerland, roaming from place to place, and keeping both mind and body continually at work. He prattles about the benefits accruing from change of scene, and so on. Thousands of hard-worked Englishmen have done that during the last few months in the belief that they were doing themselves good. It is a terrible mistake. Holiday-time in the case of such people should be made a special period for the conservation of energy, and the Switzerland excursions have the opposite effect. How then should such people make holiday? Let them lie in bed! That is the best thing for them to do, and will tend to the prolongation of their lives. Of course they will not do that. They should holiday, then, as near to that principle of perfect rest as they can.' But I remember that when this excellent advice was given—and it was not meant, of course, that the climbing of the Alps in August was not both pleasurable and good for some people—our London was not quite the same place of rushes and jerks as it is

to-day; the first tube railways were then only in the making, the crashing motor-omnibuses had not then been invented, the place was comfortable, and it was easier to live in than now. But that advice, given by many others also, has gone home; the value of the suggestion has been realised; and to-day there are many hard-working men, chiefly of the professional classes, who will pack their bags on a Friday, announce to their friends and professional connections that they are leaving London for their rest, no letters will be forwarded, and their homes will be closed; but the cab that takes them away goes not to Paddington or Euston or Waterloo or Charing Cross, or to any other station, but is stopped at a door in a quiet street or square in the north-west or the west, and there in a home of rest the tired man goes to bed for a week or more. He is carefully tended, nicely fed, the laws of health and recovery are applied to him with scientific accuracy and a pleasant nurse's cheerful care, and at the end of his appointed term the man arises refreshed and vigorous, and keen for action again. I could tell of distinguished lawyers, authors, editors, actors, and others who during their holidays have been in the same house of rest together without knowing of it, as no others knew. For a time they have been lost to the world. They have been freed from all care and responsibility, they have achieved the state of helplessness which in their straining times they have sighed for as a period when work would be prohibited to them, and the world would somehow get on without their services, but which they could not in their difficulties discard. For a brief space they have in effect shuffled off a part of their mortal coil and tasted the sweets of the liberty of irresponsible man. There has been a break in the high organisation and system of their lives.

* * *

And that brings us to one of the new points that has arisen in the problem of the holiday. The rushing holiday has been long discounted; two or three seasons since, a medical journal held up doubts as to whether the seaside holiday is the best for every one. It said that the coast, with its breezes and ozone, might be the legitimate delight of the vigorous, but the languid should pause before they sought that fancied refreshment, for it might not suit them; that it was not always that the individual seeking strength could respond to its exciting stimulus, and that the digestive, secretory, circulatory, and other systems might be goaded to an energy of which they were incapable. So the placid reaches of the rivers, the fields and lanes of the countryside, the hills and moors, were suggested as more desirable for many people. Now it is another fault that is found with the prevailing system. It is suggested that holidays are not so good and valuable in the recognised holiday season as they would be

if taken at another time; that August and September may have many things said against them, and not much evidence brought forward on their behalf for balancing. There is the weather, say the doubters. Surely, it is answered, if weather may be good at any time in the whole erratic British year it must be in the months of August and September. But then it is said in reply that often it is enervatingly warm, and that otherwise it is undependable; that the holiday-maker reckons on fineness, and fineness only, and does not depart prepared for other conditions, and may suffer accordingly. It is urged again that the seasons have changed, and that October and November are now in this important matter of weather more reliable and comfortable months, and certainly the records of recent years make some substance for this argument. But this is only one of the minor points in the case against the recognised holiday season. It is put forward that the time when all others are making holiday is not the best time. The railway trains are crowded and irregular, the holiday places are also overfull, there is bustle and excitement and inconvenience everywhere, and rest nowhere. The holidays are a big business then, hotels and lodging-houses crammed, and everything that is needful is more expensive than it would be at other times. Also it is urged that it is economically bad both for the country and the individual that holidays should be taken by most people at the same time, that life and work should be disorganised, and that the trade of the country should suffer from dislocation and loss.

* * *

There may be much or there may be little or nothing in these ideas as thus put forward, but underlying them is a hidden suggestion against the organisation of holidays when it can be avoided. When you come to think of it, nearly everybody organises, engineers his holiday most thoroughly. The weeks and the days and the hours have all particular plans laid for them, and there is no freedom. There is change, but it is a strenuous change. Private time-tables are made, something has to be done all the while; it is considered essential that no hour of this valuable period should be wasted, something must be attempted and something accomplished always. And so the man, freed from his other work for a short season, departs on his holiday with a heavy load of responsibility weighing upon him. A dignitary of the Church a little while since gave his views upon the ideal holiday, and in the forefront of them he said that 'a holiday to be ideal must have an object. The ideal holiday, whose hours will seem too short, which will encourage good temper and give a supply of memories for dull hours is the holiday where the mind has been set on some object, and the best preparation for such a holiday is the education of the eyes to see, the ears to hear,

the mind to think, and the heart to feel.' An object! And that object is too often made the impossible. When persons set out to shape an object of this kind they too frequently plan in maxima. They will cover so much ground, they will see a certain very large number of things, and make a particular number of excursions each on its appointed day, they will accomplish so much work—yes, they will take away with them tasks which from want of time or opportunity have gone undone for months or years past, and the holiday shall be made a kind of period for clearing up and getting everything straight again; or they will take away with them so many books that have gone long unread and should not have been, and they have a fierce determination, involving much sacrifice and self-denial, that at last these volumes shall be made fully known to them. Almost every year we see in the newspapers what different persons of eminence have to say upon the subject of holiday reading, and what are the most suitable books for the existing occasion. Here is all the preliminary organisation, the shaping of the 'object,' and, thanks to that ambitious human habit of arranging in maxima, the impossible is planned, there is a struggle all the way through, a sense of failure and disappointment at the end, and, unhappily, a determination to do better next time. These might be considered as too gloomy reflections were it not that there is the most abundant evidence that it is what happens to the holidays of a very large proportion of the ordinary kind of people who take them.

* * *

Is not the first thing to do in the arrangement of a holiday to abandon arrangement and stifle tendency to shape an object? What oppresses most in this present and complicated life is the responsibility that constantly attends upon the individual. Efficiency is demanded as never before, bad consequences ensue upon the smallest lapse from it, and constantly there is anxiety, the great anxiety of responsibility always. He who can cast this away for a little while, and for once feel the sweet liberty of an irresponsible man, with a duty to nobody save himself and his God, will obtain the most perfect and the most helpful holiday. But it is not easy to attain to this state, because responsibility has become a fast habit with most of us, and we are not happy unless there is the task to be done. I have spoken upon the matter to one who has achieved something like perfection in this way, and he is one who occupies a public position of some importance. He is a man with a family; but he loves his wife and children not the less but more because on his chief holiday he will insist on going away without them, believing in the advice once publicly given by an actor of eminence that in the interests and for the happiness of all concerned it is best that people who live with each other day by

day for nearly fifty weeks of the year should have a change for the remainder, and that their reunion afterwards is all the more enjoyable to each other and mutually appreciated. But our man does not believe in the lonesome way, for it breeds moodiness and discontent, and therefore for his purposes he takes with him one trusty and well-understood companion with tastes and dispositions like his own. One year this pair of people went sailing on the Norfolk Broads, and they found freedom and rest there. Another time they went out with a caravan, and that way also there was liberty, but too much to be done. They have tried camping up the Thames and other modes of killing time in August; but for two or three years now they have fixed upon one system, the charm of which is its absence of system. They leave home suddenly with as little formality and announcement as they can, and they take with them small bags containing only as much change of clothing as is necessary for their comfort and convenience, and nothing in the way of printed matter save one volume each of verse or the lightest fiction. In these matters they have rules, and they favour verse because it is good to be read a second, third, and fourth time. Otherwise, before they go away they agree upon nothing except that they will agree upon everything. They meet and they move toward a railway station, and there they take train for some country place which they had not considered before, and to which they do not know why they go. But it always serves. If the fancy moves them so they will leave the train at some inviting place before reaching the destination for which they have purchased tickets. Then they will idle and wander. They will talk to the local people, drive to some other place and stay there, rest at a country inn for two or three, or even for fourteen, days; and generally they will do their utmost to lose themselves as it were. The passing of the days is noticed as little as it needs to be, and at the end of their term these wise people are certainly far better for their temporary mode of life, are strong again, invigorated, and ready for a renewal of their full responsibility. They have lived a life with as little organisation and system in it as could be, and they are the better for it.

* * *

At the first thought it might seem something of a contradiction, but for the Londoner a holiday in London itself in August may be a restful thing. It has been found to be so. The great City is never still; but those who know it well and live in it find here in the holiday month such a strange peace and tranquillity by contrast as is acceptable to those who have the power to adopt a restful way. If they will let it be supposed that they have gone away, and then lounge listlessly about the town, seeing things as they come along that they have never

seen before, doing things to which they have not been accustomed—and I think that one of the most peaceful, restful days that can be spent in the world can be enjoyed in a Turkish bath in London in August—and living a new and irresponsible life where it is their necessity to live one so different at other times, they will succeed with their holiday. For London, after all, as is well known, is the best place in the world to get lost in, and its parks in August and September are fine places for space and freedom. I know the case of one individual—eccentric he was said to be, but he was not so much so as was thought—who spent the period of his vacation in this big City, but adopted a peculiar method of obtaining the complete change. In the other weeks of the year he had to rise early and go to his sleep again by ten o'clock at night. London in some of her most alluring and interesting phases was unknown to him. Therefore, when he had this opportunity he stayed in town, slept through the greater part of the day, and rose for the evening and the night. He saw the night side of London, and by that I do not mean the foolish side, the reckless and the gay, but the serious and even beautiful side of the life at night in the City that never really sleeps. And that reminds me of what I hold to be the most restful place at a certain time in the whole of London, and which in its calm placidity is indeed, for the real sense of peace that it conveys, one of the most restful lounging places of its kind in the country. I mean the Victoria Embankment

at any time after eight or nine in the evening, when the dusk has fallen and the night is fine. There was a time when it was better than it is now, when the rattling electric cars did not run along this road; but even now they do not break very seriously into the stillness of the peace that abounds. One realises here that there is action, motion, work being done, but it is all in the distance and a little ghostly. Trains hum across the bridges, great buildings tower up like a monster wall in the northern background, through the crevices in this wall there may be a glimpse of the glare of the speedy Strand. In the west the light of Parliament may be burning brightly in the tower of St Stephen's if the House is sitting. Over on the other side is the shadowy shape of St Thomas's Hospital. The broad Embankment, with its yellow lights on the river wall at regular intervals, bends round in a graceful curve toward Blackfriars; and while beggars sleep on the benches the gloomy Thames with scarcely a sound moves slowly on. But not by such words, or any words, can be conveyed the idea of the restfulness of the Embankment in the evening, and one Londoner knows that however tired he may be, and whatever melancholy may sit wearily on his mind, the stroll from west to east along this way at night is far preferable to any hurtling journey in a motor-driven cab or a rush along in an underground railway. One must know something of the soul of London to appreciate it, and then it is realised that this is London's great and still nocturne.

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

CHAPTER V.

SEBASTIAN put his fingers between the buttons of his vest; he saw the lean youth suddenly squeezed out of his point of vantage, then he sauntered slowly along the courtyard, mounted the flight of steps, and leaned against the iron railing which, even as he touched it, reminded him of that other railing at Ville-marnier. '*Citoyens*,' he called out from there, and his voice was a demand rather than an appeal, 'hear me. That man,' and he threw out his arm and indicated the sallow-faced youth, 'has tried to discredit me with you. He has accused me of dallying with Pestilentials. I am a new-comer among you, but the man who sent me is voucher enough for my zeal. But let me remind you that Robespierre is not accustomed to have his measures questioned. Moreover, the Incorruptible, who is known to be singularly careless of wealth for himself, might hardly understand the Patriots' dealings—shall we say in bricks and mortar—were I to post back and give him detailed accounts.'

He paused. He waited to test the temper

of his listeners. His last reference had evidently struck home, and he knew that each of the ten worthies was asking himself whether he dared defy, or whether it were better to cringe.

But Sebastian had no intention of giving them time to determine. He leaned over the rail yet farther, and rested both arms upon it. '*Citoyens*,' he went on, 'it seems to me that Robespierre is overburdened with the affairs of state. Tell me, why should I take up his time with details that the good Patriots of Tours can manage for themselves?'

He waited once more, and looked down. There was a moment's bewilderment below him, then first one face broke into an expressive smile and then another.

Sebastian stood very still. It was close on midday, and the sun blazed down on him. Somewhere within the town a bell began to ring, and a gray pigeon, with its ring of white round the neck, suddenly fluttered down and took up its stand on the rail by him, then came pattering

along foot over foot as if it were full of confidence and expected food.

Sebastian felt a curious confidence as the bird drew nearer. He recollected that a flight of pigeons had circled about him as he rode out of Villemarnier. He did not move, but he turned his glance, and watched the lean youth carefully.

At last the bell stopped ringing. The pigeon pecked once indignantly at his hand, and next, as if suddenly aware that it was close to some one it had never seen before, spread its wings with a flutter and hastened away.

Sebastian began to speak again. 'We work together then, my friends,' he announced, and he raised his right hand as if to strike off the items of the bargain on his left. 'The commissioners work in Tours, I along the river. We are all zealous for the good of the country and for the capture of Pestilentials. *Ma foi!*' and he laughed sardonically, 'are they not a profitable bag, each of them with a price on his head? But,' and now he shrugged his shoulders, 'as for me, I have no use for money. I am careless about such things. I leave the affairs of buying and selling to my friends.'

A shout answered this speech. The fat man unctuously wished that he had the neck of every aristocrat within his hands that he might wring it as if it were a pigeon's; another added the English, who helped the *Emigrés* to escape, to this pious wish; and a third gave it as his opinion that there was a fortune yet to be made in heads; while some one reminded the fat man that that *ci-devant* widow of Villemarnier was priced at five thousand crowns, and advised him then and there to lay claim to the blood-money, since he could not have the château. Not one of the group, as Sebastian did not fail to remark, remembered that the new commissioner had owned to a particular knowledge of the Loire, or thought of asking him how he came by it.

But, under cover of the hubbub, while the Patriots picked out their victims and sold them in anticipation, Sebastian came leisurely down the steps and walked across the flags to that lean young man.

The two stood confronting each other.

'*Citoyen*,' began Sebastian in a very smooth voice, 'my papers are in order. Would yours bear investigation?'

The lean youth opened his mouth, shut it again; then, spurred by the knowledge he alone seemed to possess, he blurted out, 'The *ci-devant* had you nursed at Villemarnier. You can't deny that.'

Sebastian laughed carelessly. 'Ah!' he retorted contemptuously, 'one of madame's lackeys. You were glad enough then to wear the livery of the aristocrats.'

The young man coloured angrily. 'One must live,' he mumbled.

Sebastian laughed again. 'Suppose I mention the fact that you were a devoted retainer at

Villemarnier,' he went on. 'Suppose I assure the committee that I have reason to think that you are one still, that you are here, not for love of the new and glorious Republic, but to spy upon the committee, there would be only your word against mine. I am sent by Robespierre himself. You have seen my commission. You have no papers at all. Which of us do you think would be believed?'

The youth tugged at his red cap. 'I am no aristocrat,' he muttered uneasily. 'I am not so sure that one can say as much for you.'

'But,' retorted Sebastian, 'I am a man in power, and you are a vagabond all the same, my friend.'

The youth made a step sideways into the *loggia*. It was evidently in his mind to get out of the courtyard of the Hôtel de Comoins as fast as he could.

But Sebastian had no intention of pushing his enemy too far, nor of allowing him to go free to plot further mischief. He followed the ragged youth a step on to the *loggia*. The two stood within the shadow of the arch. '*Voyons*,' began Sebastian, and he dropped his voice into a tone that suggested the possibility of an understanding—and a profitable one.

It was evident that the lean youth understood it in that light, for he looked sideways under his lowering brows, and he drew down the corners of his lips and made a shuffling step still farther into the *loggia*.

Sebastian followed him. He longed for the old days, for a breath from the salt sea, when he spoke and a man had to obey. Now he must wheedle and cajole. 'You may be useful to me, and I am not an ungrateful man,' he began, changing his way a word at a time. 'You know the château—its cellars, its secret places. Think, my friend! If I should be right, if by establishing myself at Villemarnier I do put my foot on the neck of the conspiracy! It would be a glorious job—and a rich one. I am not a greedy man. I do not believe that any man who helps me should be left without his reward. Think of that. Think! would it not be better, more profitable, to follow the example of our good Patriots here'—and with a wave of his arms Sebastian indicated the group about the round table—'and work with me instead of compelling me to crush you?'

Sebastian stopped. A single shaft of light penetrated into the *loggia* and slanted right down to his feet; but Sebastian did not notice it, he only saw that the youth was not as dazzled as he wished him to be.

'Recollect,' he went on, 'I am the representative of the head Government in Paris; you are only'—

'Faguet—Pierre Faguet, *citoyen* commissioner,' mumbled the vagabond, capitulating suddenly after the manner of his kind.

'Pierre Faguet,' repeated Sebastian in a

weighty voice. 'A zealous sansculotte without doubt, but one who, unfortunately, has lost his papers, and at this moment a man's word is not apt to count for much—is it?—if he has no papers to show that he is speaking the truth.'

The vagabond hung his head.

Sebastian walked a step away toward the open court. He knew that he had staved off a danger that might have upset not only his plans but himself. He hardly realised yet by what means he had done it, what his proposal involved. His one thought had been that he, and no other, must take possession of Villemarnier. His one idea now was to get there as fast as he could, was to walk this very evening in the twilight on the terrace where Madeleine had walked, was to stand at the window where she had stood as the sun went down, and as the darkness closed to sleep once again in the room with the Medusa tapestry where, by the orders of Madeleine de Villemarnier, he had been nursed back to life; and as he realised that this was his urgent, his imperative desire, one other question came to him. He asked himself why, for what reason, he had risked so much that he might dwell again—if but for a little space—in this one particular house. The question flashed in on his consciousness as a sudden stroke of lightning cuts into a darkened room. He could not shut it out, and yet it somehow angered him, confused him, until he felt inclined to cry aloud that it was a question which never ought to have been put, that it was but manliness in him to refuse to answer it.

Sebastian had walked right out into the open court as this storm possessed his mind; he looked hurriedly about him, up at the front of the house, up at the sky, at the well and the iron hoop about it, and then he put up his hand and shut the scene out from his vision as if he would close the doors, too, on memory.

'Citoyens,' he said—he let fall his arm, and walked up to the table again—'I require ten men for my service. I requisition Pierre Faguet there as one of them. He has no papers.'

'Eh?' interrupted the fat man.

Sebastian put his hand on to that worthy's shoulder. 'I will go bail for him myself, *citoyen*,' he said.

The president took up the proposition. 'It is irregular,' he said. 'Men without papers are vagabonds, and vagabonds are liable to prison.'

Sebastian went up to him in his turn. 'I repeat, *citoyen*,' he said, 'I will answer for this Pierre Faguet. He may prove valuable to me—and to you.'

He turned about. He saw that Pierre Faguet had been watching, that he had heard every word that had been said. Much as Sebastian, in the old days, would have called one of the band of the Adventurers to him, he summoned Faguet now. '*Citoyen*,' he said, 'you have heard. I have spoken for you. Show yourself zealous, and the loss of your papers will never trouble you. You will procure two horses now. You will have them ready within an hour. We start together for Villemarnier.'

(Continued on page 630.)

GOLFING LITERATURE.

By F. KINLOCH.

INDEPENDENTLY of the inherent merits of the game of golf—merits which are yearly being discovered by an ever-increasing army of golfers, male and female—one of the most noticeable features of this Royal and Ancient Game is the facility with which it lends itself to literature. By that term, widely as it may be construed, we do not mean to include the weekly articles on golf which every self-respecting journal publishes nowadays, good evidence though these may be of that curious desire of the keen golfer to read about a game of which he possibly knows a great deal more than the writer. Some of these weekly pot-boilers, it is true, show a literary style; but in almost all of them—I write feelingly, as being one of the 'profession,' if one may so term it—there is evidence of a strain to find material for the weekly column; they are all too evidently written for the £ s. d. But excluding these ephemeral products, there is left an enormous field of genuine golf literature, some of it perhaps written with an eye to profit—and why not!—but most of it out of a full heart

bursting to put into song or prose the glories of the great game as the author sees them, or to impart to others in a generous mood the secret of success.

The earliest book of all was published as far back as 1743. It was—as was the custom in those days—in heroic verse, and was entitled in those days—*An Heroic-Comical Poem in three cantos*, by Thomas Mathison, writer in Edinburgh. There must have been a certain demand for it, for a second edition was published in Leith, which was a great golfing centre in those days, in 1763, and another in Edinburgh in 1793. It purports, in true Virgilian style, to describe a medal-day on Leith Links. The ash was then, apparently, the favourite wood for shafts, as witness the lines:

Of finest ash Castalio's shaft was made,
Pond'rous with lead, and faced with horn the head.

The day evidently finished with a great symposium:

For no mean prize the rival chiefs contend,
But full rewards the victor's toil attend.

The vanquished hero for the victor fills
A mighty bowl containing thirty gills;
With noblest liquor is the bowl replete,
Here sweets and acids, strength and weakness,
meet.

From Indian isles the strength and sweetness flow,
And Tagus' banks their golden fruits bestow;
Cold Caledonia's lucid streams control
The fiery spirits and fulfil the bowl.

For Albion's peace and Albion's friends they pray,
And drown in punch the labours of the day.

Truly they were giants in those days! One can
hardly think of the modern golfer settling down
to drink a mixture of port and spirits, sweetened
with spices!

Minor essays, mostly historical, were published
between 1800 and 1833, including one entitled
*Some Historical Notices Relative to the Game of
Golf in Scotland*, written by James Cundell in
1824 for the Thistle Golf Club.

In 1833 another collection of epic poems
appeared, one that has rightly a claim to im-
mortality, so deep do they breathe the true spirit
of the game as our ancestors played it, and so
redolent are they of genuine enthusiasm for golf
and all that pertains thereto. It is entitled
*Golfiana, or Niceties Connected with the Game of
Golf*, dedicated, with respect, to the members of
all golfing clubs, and to those of St Andrews
and North Berwick in particular, by George
Fullerton Carnegie. Carnegie was, like a good
many golfers of the present day, equally enthusi-
astic about St Andrews and North Berwick.
The poems begin with an address to St Andrews
links; and then follows a description in blank
verse of a great foursome played between Clan-
ranald and Campbell of Saddell, two famous
golfers of that day, and Sir David Baird in
partnership with the author, over North Berwick
links. The play as described is difficult for
those who know the present North Berwick
course to follow, for at that time it was a seven-
hole course, the play being only up to the first
wall. The first hole, which is as now on Point
Garry, was a very long one, beginning at the
eastmost point of the links, and the course being
intersected with sandy roads and a deep ditch.
The fortunes of the foursome are splendidly de-
scribed. Point Garry In, even now the grave of
many a medal, was evidently a worse terror then.
Clanranald being one up and two to play, lays
'Three five-pound notes to one.' 'Done, sir,
with you,' is the answer; and then

We start again, and in this *dangerous* hole
Full many a stroke is played with heart and soul.
'Give me the iron!' either party cries,
As in the quarry, park, or sand he lies.
We reach the green at last at even strokes,
Some cadie* chatters, *that* the chief provokes,
And makes him miss the putt, Baird holes the
ball,

Thus with but one to play 'tis even all!

Times may have changed, but the golfing
nature both of players and caddies remains
the same. The match finished by Clanranald

holing a five-yard putt for a three at the last
hole.

The next poem describes the scene at the first
hole at St Andrews, with personal references to
all the prominent golfers of the day, some indeed
very personal—for example,

There Doctor Moodie turtle-like displays
His well-filled paunch and swipes beyond all praise.

So vividly is the scene described that one can
easily picture it in one's mind.

Ten years pass, and again the same picture is
portrayed. One verse especially will appeal to
those members of the R. and A.—now alas!
getting few—who can remember 'the Baron,'
Mr Whyte Melville of Mount Melville, father
of the famous novelist. He was the only man
who has had the honour of being twice elected
captain of the club. Fifty years elapsed between
1837 and 1887, in which year he was captain
elect; but, to the sorrow of all St Andrews, for
no man was better liked or more respected, he
died before he could assume office.

Mount Melville, still erect as ever, stands
And plies his club with energetic hands;
Plays short and steady, often is a winner—
A better captain never graced a dinner.

But comparatively few golfers are poets, and
we now come to appreciation of the game in
prose. The chief writer on golf in the fifties
and sixties was the late Mr Robert Chambers,
and several articles of his appeared in *Chambers's
Journal*, including a description of the first
amateur tournament ever held, which took place
at St Andrews in 1857, and was won by Mr
Chambers himself. Some people took as long
to play in those days as they do now, and the
winner took out a camp-stool and a newspaper to
occupy himself the while his antagonist was study-
ing his putts. In this connection there was a
match in one of the recent amateur champion-
ships which recalls itself to the writer. The
parties, who are not to be named, took three hours
and twenty minutes to complete the round!

There followed from the pen of Mr Chambers
a booklet, *A Few Rambling Remarks on Golf,
with Rules of the Royal and Ancient Club of
St Andrews*. Styles have changed since then,
but the inherent principles, without which no
one can play golf, are throughout inculcated.
'Swing easy, and keep your eye on the ball.'
It may be objected that no one in the first flight
does swing easily, and that is perfectly true.
How the saying should read now should be,
'Swing within your powers, and keep your eye
on the exact spot that you want the club to
come down on.' Nevertheless, though to modern
ideas antiquated, Mr Chambers's book on golf
is worth a thorough perusal. Other articles in
the *Journal* include a poem on golf entitled
'The Royal Game of Golf,' 6th August 1859;
'Golf as Imported'—the Sassenach was already
giving trouble; and, finally, a review of Mr

* Note the spelling.

Robert Clark's book, which will to all time remain as a classic—namely, *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game, Historical and Descriptive* (1875).

We have got a little ahead of our time, for we have omitted to notice perhaps the most humorous and clever magazine story on the game that ever has been, and in the writer's opinion ever will be, written—namely, 'The Golfer at Home,' by the late Lord Moncrieff, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, April 1867. Brimful of that subtle humour which only those who had the privilege of knowing the author can thoroughly appreciate, it is really good reading, even for the most up-to-date golfer, who scorns a foursome however well made it be. True, it reveals a state of matters *quoad* ladies on the golf links which to the present generation must be unbelievable. Nevertheless it existed; the present writer can remember an occasion when two ladies were 'sent to Coventry' by the rest of their sex for having dared to get up and play a round at St Andrews at six A.M. with a brother and a cousin!

We have already alluded to *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game*, by Robert Clark. Probably no book has cost any writer or publisher on golf topics so much trouble. It was got up regardless of expense, and those who are the possessors of one of the first fifty copies of the large edition are fortunate indeed. The book is a compilation by a true enthusiast of all golfing lore up to his time. It is and always will be one of the outstanding books on golf. There have been three editions, the latest which is now obtainable having been published in 1899.

We are now getting near the time when it was discovered by a good many people that golf was an easy game to write about, and that as more and more people played the more they would desire information as to how the game should be played. So we have the *Golfers' Handbook*, by R. Forgan, Jun., one of the well-known St Andrews family, in 1881; and Mr Horace Hutchinson's first essay in the field of golfing literature, *Hints on the Game of Golf* (1886). I have always regarded this little book as brimful of golfing wisdom, and written in the author's most amusing style. I believe there have been later editions of it, but have been unable to get one.

In 1887 was published what to the writer is still the best guide to the game (with all due deference to the champions of the present day who have each and all published their notions on how to win a championship) that has yet appeared—namely, *The Art of Golf*, by Sir Walter Simpson. Sir Walter Simpson was never a first-class golfer; his handicap was, I think, 4; but he had the faculty of observation developed in a most acute form, and in addition the gift of expressing the results of his observations in a most lucid and at the same time most humorous

manner. The result is that nearly every word of the book is worth reading, even if some of the principles it lays down are out of date in consequence of the new conditions of play resulting from the coming of the rubber-cored ball. For instance, he is very insistent on the necessity of 'sweeping' the ball away with a long, true swing, and no jerk, whereas it is common knowledge now that all the long drivers of the present day *hit* right down at the ball. The old-fashioned graceful swing, as exemplified by W. Park, Sen., is never seen among the younger generation. They are hitters pure and simple. In spite of this the *Art of Golf* is one of the most useful books for a golfer to study, because it is so essentially human and sympathetic; if any golfer has lost his game let him read the chapter on 'Out of Form;' he will be sure to find therein some explanation, probably the true one, of his lapse. But the book is not by any means all instruction; it is instinct with the enthusiasm the author felt for his favourite game. As, for instance: 'The game of golf is full of consolation. The long driver who is beaten feels that he has a soul above putting . . . your hasty player piques himself on his power of recovery. The duffer is merely one because every second shot is missed. Time and care will eliminate the misses, and what then? In golf while there is life there is hope.' Again, 'There is no such thing as a man uninterested in his driving;' and the following aphorism, 'To some minds the great field which golf opens up for exaggeration is its chief attraction. Lying about the length of one's drives has this advantage over most forms of falsehood that it can scarcely be detected.'

To the writer, Sir Walter Simpson's book marks at once the high tide of golfing literature and the beginning of a new era in the history of the game. From this time forward it seems to him that the literature of golf deteriorates; it loses the pleasant, light, half-humorous, half-serious ring, and tends to become more utilitarian. This change, sad to relate, synchronises with the great, though for a time gradual, spread of the game first to England, then to Ireland, the colonies, and now to 'the great globe itself.' It is to be feared that this is indicative of a change in the way the game is thought of and played. It is now stern, stark business; most of the old-fashioned lightness and charm have gone. True, in the multitude of books on golf that have been published during the last twenty years there occur bright spots, and occasionally one comes across a book that is not full of elaborate diagrams and snapshots of players in all kinds of positions, all intended to improve the reader's game, but which as a rule have the very opposite effect. Such include the Badminton book on golf, which is full of delightful humour, as would be expected when the articles are penned by such artists as Mr Andrew Lang, the late Lord Moncrieff, Mr Horace Hutchinson, and

Mr A. J. Balfour. The Rev. John Kerr's golf-book of East Lothian must be a source of continual interest and enjoyment to the thousands who spend and have spent happy hours playing golf on the many courses of the garden of Scotland; while there can be no better tribute to the memory of that best of golfers and finest of soldiers, F. G. Tait, than Mr J. L. Low's *Memoir*, with its introductory chapter by Mr Andrew Lang.

But, as we said before, the majority of the books published just now are strictly utilitarian. Such are Taylor on Golf, Vardon on Golf, Braid on Advanced Golf, Massy's book for French golfers (written, of course, in that language), and the two latest books, Ray on Golf and H. Vardon on *How to Play Golf*. We wonder how much help the average golfer gets from the perusal of these champions' advice. Personally I am always glad to meet a man as an adversary who tells me he has just been reading 'So-and-so on golf,' and knows now exactly what to do. The odds are he misses every shot. Still, golfers are

so constituted that they will read anything about their favourite game which comes from the pen of a great performer at it. As Sir Walter Simpson says, 'while there is golf there is hope.' The truth is that while it must be admitted these books of instruction are interesting, they are at the same time dull to a degree, because of their seriousness, and *that*, one must fear, is the reflex of the spirit in which the game is played now. There is no questioning the fact that the game of golf played by our ancestors as a cheery pastime has vanished; and in its place we have a game, if you like to call it so, but a business game. It is all striving for championships and medals, great and small, and biscuit-boxes and egg-boilers. And when you are not in the throes of one competition you are practising hard for the next. All the lightness and fun have gone. So it is with the golfing literature of the present day. Yet we still love the game and will go on playing it to the end of the chapter, and many of us still read every book on golf that is published.

THE MUTINEERS' TREE.

By F. CHAPMAN.

THE annual inspection of the One Hundred and Eighty-third Indian Infantry at Koonigaum by the General Commanding the Division had just been completed. The gallant regiment had marched past at the quick and at the double, had performed the bayonet exercise and the manual and firing exercises, and had been put through a few simple drill movements. The men had been asked if they had any complaints to make, to which question they, wise in their generation, had returned an unqualified negative; the staff-officer accompanying the general having pretended to examine the regimental books, and tried to look as if he understood all about them, had declared them to be correct and up to date. In short, the farcical annual programme had been acted out. The great man himself, after expressing to the soldiers his approbation of their smartness and efficiency, and his conviction that they would inevitably make mincemeat of the Russians or any other foes that might be opposed to them, had ordered the regiment to be dismissed. Then, with his thoughts dwelling on the good breakfast awaiting him, he gave a great sigh of contentment, as of one who felt that he had deserved well of his country, and had earned his day's pay twice over in one morning. He was accompanied on his homeward ride by his host, Colonel Crampton, the commandant of the One Hundred and Eighty-third.

General Stickleton, a tall, stout, well-favoured man, with a good-humoured, rubicund face, and white hair and moustache, had seen much active service. The deep scar running down the left

side of his face from temple to chin was a memento of the Sepoy Mutiny. He had returned lately to India, after a long spell of garrison duty in England, to assume command of the Bheelpora Division.

'Koonigaum recalls to my mind strange memories of the Indian Mutiny, Crampton,' said the general. 'It was here that I was wounded; here that I was obliged to perform the most unpleasant duty that fell to me during the whole of my soldiering. I didn't mind killing the mutinous scoundrels in the heat of action—liked it in fact; but stringing them up in cold blood, richly though they deserved it, was a different affair, and somehow went against the grain. We ran some of Nana Sahib's troopers to earth on the edge of a tank near Koonigaum, killed most of them on the spot, and hanged the remainder on the branch of an old peepul-tree. I recollect well a fakir cursing me while the execution was proceeding, and prophesying that I should suffer a similar fate. We left Koonigaum the same night, and from that day till I arrived here yesterday I have not set eyes on the place. I am curious to know whether the peepul-tree is still in existence; possibly it was cut down when Koonigaum was converted into a military cantonment.'

'How strange,' answered his companion, 'that you should have actually participated in the celebrated affair at the tank, accounts of which I have often heard from alleged eye-witnesses! Many of the inhabitants of the city declare that they witnessed the fight and also the execution of the prisoners.'

'That might well be,' said the general, 'for there was a large crowd of spectators, who, fortunately for us, neither joined in the fray nor attempted a rescue.'

"The mutineers' tree," continued the colonel, 'still exists, and so does the fakir, or rather a fakir, whom the natives declare to be the same man who interceded for his compatriots, and cursed the *farangis* officer. The tree and the fakir are the "lions" of the place, and are well worth a visit. What do you say to inspecting them on our way home?'

'By all means,' assented the general. 'I shall be much interested to see my old acquaintance again, though I doubt if he will recognise me after all these years.'

'The man is quite insane,' said the colonel, 'and cannot speak intelligibly; but, being harmless, is allowed to remain at liberty. There's not the least likelihood of his being able to recognise you. A remarkable peculiarity of the tree is that while one side of it, round half its circumference, is well-grown, with branches thickly covered with foliage, the other side is bare save for the long, lean, solitary branch, now withered and leafless, on which the mutineers were hanged. According to local legend, the whole of the branches on that side of the tree, with the exception of the one mentioned, fell off on the night of the execution. "The mutineers' tree" is said to be haunted by the ghosts of the murdered troopers, whose shrieks and groans and cries for vengeance are to be heard throughout the night. So implicitly do the men of my regiment believe in the ridiculous superstition that none of them will venture near the place after dark, and even the native officers will make a wide detour to avoid it. The fakir alone appears to have no dread of the supernatural, and probably makes capital out of the credulity of his fellow-countrymen. He has lived ever since the mutiny in a cell built against the trunk of "the mutineers' tree," immediately under the fatal branch. His prayer-carpet is spread at the door of the cell, and there, from morning to night, he sits, squatted upon his heels, soliciting alms from passers-by.'

Thus conversing, the two officers approached the historical peepul-tree, which grew in a large open plot of ground close to the mall or main road of the cantonment. There, sure enough, was the fakir, kneeling on his carpet, and swaying his body backwards and forwards in devotional attitudes, like the faithful at prayer. One lean, shrivelled arm was extended stiff and straight above his head. The finger-nails, which had been suffered to grow through the palm of the clenched hand, now protruded, claw-like, several inches beyond. It was a sickening sight. The ascetic, with half-closed eyes, was crooning and mumbling unintelligible sounds, meant as an appeal for charity, but gave no further sign that he was aware of the presence of visitors.

'Time has not dealt gently with the prophet of evil omen,' remarked the general. 'As I remember him, he was a man of powerful physique, very different from the miserable specimen of humanity now grovelling at our feet. The fellow had not always been in "holy orders," I fancy. He was suspected of having served Nana Sahib in various capacities—spy, confidential agent, or emissary of sedition, and even as a soldier. He had a narrow shave for his neck, and it was only his "cloth"—of which, by the way, he was not burdened with a superfluity—that saved him. Ay, that's the branch right enough! I recognise it by its straightness and great length.'

'The marks of the ropes are seared into it as if by red-hot iron,' said the colonel, 'though the natives vow that the branch has been touched by no human hands since the mutineers were hanged on it.'

The fakir, unconscious that the man before whom he was now abjectly prostrating himself was the hated infidel on whose head he had invoked the wrath of Allah and the Prophet, continued to utter his whining appeal for alms.

'I'm determined to discover whether the beggar recognises me or whether he is only shamming,' said the general, adding in a loud, commanding voice such as he might have used on parade, 'Get up, *fakere jee*. Don't you know who's speaking to you?'

An effect as dramatic as it was unexpected was produced by these words. The grovelling figure, as if moved by a galvanic shock, shot suddenly upright and confronted the speaker. The cloud had been lifted from the brain of the mad fanatic; the voice of his enemy had penetrated through the armour of insanity, awakening into life functions that had lain dormant for more than a quarter of a century. The dull, vacuous countenance assumed an expression of intelligence, the yellow bleared eyes gleamed with the fire of rage and hatred, the lips that had framed no coherent speech since they had uttered the malignant curse now spoke clearly and distinctly. 'Know you, accursed infidel! Yes, verily, I know you. Think not that your foul deed has been forgotten or condoned. As you caused others to suffer, so shall you suffer.'

The reaction was but momentary. The effort of standing upright taxed the strength of the fakir too severely; his frail legs tottered under him, he sank to the ground, spent and exhausted. Struggling and writhing with impotent rage, his mouth covered with yellow foam, an expression of venomous malignity on the distorted features of his shrivelled face, he mouthed and gibbered horribly as he lay spitting out a torrent of imprecations on his enemy, who meanwhile had turned away, leaving him to his own devices.

At the mess that evening General Stickleton was prevailed upon to narrate the history of the 'mutineers' tree; and the youngsters of

the regiment hung breathless on the words of the veteran who had seen so much hard fighting and had taken such a prominent part in the exciting events of the Indian Mutiny.

'It was after the siege of Cawnpore,' he began, 'where, as you all know, Nana Sahib was guilty of the basest treachery. After promising to allow the garrison to withdraw unmolested, he ordered his men to fire upon the fugitives; and the sepoy completed their devilish work by the massacre of the English women and children.'

'I belonged in those days to the Twenty-fourth Dragoons. My troop, commanded by Captain Lascelles, together with a detachment of Sikh cavalry, was told off to pursue a band of native horse, in which were said to be some of Nana Sahib's principal adherents who had fled from Cawnpore on the arrival of the avenging column. We numbered only one hundred and forty sabres, all told; but, intoxicated with the lust for vengeance—the watchword "Remember Cawnpore" ever on our lips—we felt more like tigers than men, thirsting for the blood of the enemy, and were ready to charge an army corps of them. How our frames tingled with eager anticipation, how the blood danced in our veins, how our grips tightened on our sword-hilts at the prospect of driving our good blades home, of striking a blow at the cowards who had dishonoured their manhood by the dastardly murder of innocent women and children!

'During the pursuit some of our men were killed in night ambushes by villagers; others, whose horses broke down, had to be left behind; but the rest of us pressed hotly onwards. The enemy, knowing the country better, and riding lighter than we did, led us a pretty dance. With our numbers dwindling daily we had almost begun to despair of coming up with the rebels, when an unexpected stroke of luck gave us the longed-for opportunity. The fugitives, having traversed some difficult mountainous country, and believing that the pursuit had been abandoned, relaxed their vigilance, and began to plunder villages by way of recompensing themselves for the hardships and privations they had suffered during the last few days. This was very bad policy on their part, as hitherto the villagers had befriended them, and had assisted them by every means in their power to elude their pursuers. We had frequently been thrown off the track by acting on false intelligence, and had grown chary of asking information of the countryfolk. One evening, however, our scouts brought in a villager who informed us that a large body of native troopers were encamped under a grove of mango-trees on the edge of a tank near the town of Koonigaum, and expressed his willingness to guide us to the spot. We were at first disinclined to believe him, but the man stuck stoutly to his assertion, declaring that he was anxious to be revenged on the mutineers,

who that very morning had plundered his property and insulted the women of his household. "You may shoot me, sahib," he said to Lascelles, "if my words prove untrue." "You may rely upon my doing so," was the dry rejoinder.

'We decided to advance on foot during the night—leaving our horses behind lest they should betray us by neighing—and to take up a position close to the enemy's camp with the object of surprising it at dawn. The guide, coupled to one of our troopers by a rope tied round the waist of each, was ordered to lead the way. Our route lay along a cart-track crossing some rice-fields. After advancing about five miles we distinguished some lights glimmering in the distance, which the guide assured us proceeded from the enemy's camp-fires; and presently our ears were saluted by the neighing of many horses, proclaiming beyond doubt the presence of cavalry.

'The mutineers, with characteristic carelessness, had neglected to cover their position with outposts, contenting themselves with posting a few sentries round the camp. We stole cautiously on till we had arrived within half-a-mile of our objective, when we spread out in skirmishing order and lay down in crescent formation with about ten paces between every two men, our object being to envelop the enemy, and shut them into the tank. So silently and skilfully was this manœuvre executed that our presence was unsuspected, though we could hear the sentries calling out to each other, and distinguish occasionally the words they said. After several hours of anxious waiting, a paling of the eastern sky, and a few molten bars of yellow and pink showing faintly over the horizon, warned us that the time for action was at hand. A whispered order having been passed down the line, we began to close in on the enemy, crawling on our hands and knees, and actually arrived within fifty yards of the picketed horses before the alarm was given. The sentry who detected us promptly discharged his piece, thus arousing his sleeping comrades. But the warning came too late.

'Springing to our feet with a ringing cheer and shouts of "Remember Cawnpore!" we dashed through the lines of horses, cutting their picket-ropes and causing a general stampede as we passed, and then charged the bewildered mutineers, knocking them over like ninepins. It was a rude awakening for them.

'The affair was soon over. We had slain most of our opponents and taken the rest prisoners. But the casualties on our own side had been severe, several of our party having been killed outright and many more wounded. Few of us came out unscathed from that memorable conflict. The Indian troopers are fine swordsmen, and their sharp, curved tulwars cut true and deep—witness the scar on my face, the result of a wound received on that occasion.

'There now remained to dispose of the captives. Most of us were for shooting them on the spot; but Lascelles declared himself in favour of hanging them. Thus it was that I found myself called upon to perform the duties of executioner.

I ordered the prisoners to be bound securely with picket-ropes and haled off to the peepul-tree, which then, as now, stood in an open space of ground.

'Arrived at the peepul-tree, I descried a long, straight branch growing out of the trunk at a height of about fifteen feet from the ground, which looked as if it had been specially designed for our purpose. I ordered the mutineers to be triced up, three at a time. The first trio had been led under the improvised gallows and placed in a row, a yard apart; the nooses had been adjusted about their necks, and I was about to give the fatal signal when my attention was diverted by the sight of a strange, half-naked human figure, with long flowing hair, rushing wildly forward from amidst the crowd of spectators. The fakir—for it was he—yelling wildly as he ran, imploring me to spare his countrymen, reached the cordon of sentries surrounding the tree; and, heedless of all warnings, endeavoured to force his way through. A dragoon had raised his sabre to cut the intruder down, when one of his comrades restrained him, saying, "Don't 'it 'im, Jack. Carn't yer see 'e's only a pore daft 'oly man. 'E won't do no 'arm."

'The fakir, profiting by the diversion, redoubled his yells, and the murmurs of the crowd rose into a sullen roar. "Seize and gag him!" thundered Lascelles, "and let the execution proceed." The fakir, gagged and bound, was laid under the tree on the very spot where his cell now is.

'The corpses, having been lowered to the ground, were decapitated by a Sikh trooper, to make sure, as he grimly observed. When all the prisoners had been hanged, and the last bearded head had rolled from its trunk, Lascelles ordered the fakir to be released. The holy man, spluttering and foaming with rage, stood up and cursed me solemnly in terms similar to those used by him this morning; and then, holding his right arm with the fist clenched straight above his head, exclaimed in solemn tones, "I vow to keep my arm in this position and never to lower it until my prophecy shall have been fulfilled." Then he slunk away and was soon lost in the crowd.

"Curses," as the Arab proverb says, "never tore a shirt;" and here I am, you see, still hale and hearty, though the malediction was pronounced more than thirty years ago.'

Shortly after sunrise the next morning Colonel Crampton was aroused by Falkner, the general's aide-de-camp, with the alarming intelligence that the night watchman had been found lying

strangled in the compound, and that the general himself had mysteriously disappeared. A servant reported that he had gone into General Stickleton's room to take away his clothes to be brushed; that he had found the clothes lying on a chair where they had been placed the previous evening; that the bed had evidently been slept in, but that the *sahib* was missing and could not be found anywhere.

It was just possible, thought the colonel, that robbers had entered the general's room in the night, and that the general had detected them, and, without troubling to dress, had pursued them. But how could that have happened without the whole household being alarmed? No, there must be some other explanation to the mystery. Then, as he recalled the fakir's words, a horrible suspicion occurred to him that his guest's disappearance might be due to the machinations of the mad fanatic. He would, however, speedily set his mind at ease on that score.

Horses having been swiftly saddled, Colonel Crampton and Falkner, armed with loaded revolvers, galloped off in quest of the fakir. On nearing the 'mutineers' tree' they were horrified to see an Englishman, whom they immediately recognised as their chief, with his arms pinioned closely to his sides, standing immediately below the very branch on which the rebels had been hanged, surrounded by several tall, bearded natives, one of whom was in the act of passing round their captive's neck the noose of a rope attached to the fatal bough. Around this strange group danced the mad fakir, gesticulating wildly, reviling his helpless enemy, and exhorting the executioners to lose no time in choking the life out of the infidel dog. Their victim, meanwhile, stood motionless and silent, apparently resigned to his fate. So intent were the actors in this strange drama on the execution of their design that they did not notice the approaching horsemen till two revolver shots crashing into the branches above their heads warned them that they were discovered.

Dropping the rope, the would-be murderers fled in every direction, leaving the fakir to confront the enemy. The holy man seized the rope in his left hand; and while making a feeble effort to pull it, was knocked down and trampled by the horses of the avengers.

He lay where he fell, and died, a false prophet, cursing with his last breath the fate that had intervened to rob him of his revenge and avert the fulfilment of his prophecy.

General Stickleton, on being released from his bonds, fell forward unconscious into Falkner's arms.

'Drugged!' exclaimed the colonel. 'A near thing, Falkner. One minute more and the general would have shared the fate of the men whose execution he superintended.'

When the general recovered consciousness he was unable to throw much light on the occurrence

of the previous night. 'I remember,' he said, 'awaking suddenly to find myself being forcibly held down in bed while a chloroformed cloth was being pressed over my mouth and nostrils. I could neither move nor speak. I have a hazy recollection of some black-bearded faces peering into mine. Then I lost consciousness. What followed is a blank.'

Suspicion fell on a band of Cabuli horse-dealers who had been encamped outside the native city, and who disappeared on the day of the abduction. It was subsequently alleged that these men were

not real Afghans, but were Indian Mohammedans, descendants of the dead mutineers, who, apprised by the fakir in some mysterious way of the visit to Koonigaum of General Stickleton, had assembled for the purpose of meting out poetic justice to the hated infidel. Be that as it may, the myrmidons of the false prophet were never caught; and the abduction by natives and attempted execution in a military cantonment of a British general is still regarded as the most daring outrage ever perpetrated in India in time of peace.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE VALUE OF 'POWELLISED' WOOD.

AN exhibition was held in London recently which was of far-reaching importance to the various industries engaged in wood-work, and which appealed very strongly to residents and workers in tropical countries where the ravages of the white ant prohibit the widespread use of ordinary timber. This was a display of furniture prepared from wood which had been subjected to the Powell seasoning and preserving process. The treatment is very simple, merely involving the complete saturation of wood with various saccharine solutions, the timber being placed in large tanks and submitted to a complete boiling operation. In this way the wood is rendered proof against dry-rot and the attacks of white ants. The process is rapid, only occupying a few days. To the furniture and other trades, Powellising presents many attractive features, the most conspicuous of which is the opportunity it gives to utilise certain woods which hitherto, owing to their softness, have been considered useless. Elm, for instance, does not meet with much favour at present owing to its extreme susceptibility to warp and to rot within a very short time; but treatment with the Powell wood-process changes its character very completely, as it is converted into a hard and extremely durable material, capable of taking a handsome finish. Seeing that elm is plentiful and extremely low in price, Powellising should result in its more extended application, since it can thereby be used with perfect satisfaction for purposes for which, at present, a more expensive and harder wood is employed. Gaboon mahogany is another timber which the wood-worker regards with disdain, owing to its softness; but after being Powellised it becomes a very handsome and hard wood. At the exhibition referred to several articles of furniture executed in these generally neglected woods were shown, and were in every way comparable with similar articles wrought from the woods most generally favoured, while their appearance was much more handsome, as

the grain and figure could be brought out to the best advantage. There was an oak table made from American red oak, which the cabinetmaker will seldom use except for cheap, shoddy articles. But the table wrought in the Powellised oak was in every respect as good as that made from the best grades of seasoned oak. Another advantage of the Powellising method was shown in this case. The red oak arrived in its wet state at the London docks, but was ready for working three weeks later. Had the ordinary methods been practised, from one to five years would have been required for the seasoning necessary to bring it to the commercial stage. Other common woods undergo a similar improvement from the treatment. It has been found, from experience, that the white ant will not attack wood so preserved, and specimens were shown of this wood in comparison with untreated wood which had been lying side by side in tropical districts. The untreated wood had been eaten completely away, only a thin shell remaining; the Powellised wood had not received a single mark from the insects. Similarly, yellow pine piles treated by the Powell process have been used in Australian waters, where the attacks of the teredo are of such a character that wood can scarcely be used with safety. Although Powellised wood is not designed wholly to withstand the ravages of the teredo, it has been observed that balks so seasoned will last twice as long as those which have not been so treated. Because of this success the inventors are carrying out experiments in order to secure a solution which will combat the teredo as successfully as it does the white ant, and it appears as if these investigations will be crowned with success. Railway sleepers submitted to this treatment have also proved the resistive effect of the process to rot and insect attack. Powellised wood can practically be worked as easily as the untreated material, and can be employed for almost any purpose.

TANTIRON, A NEW ALLOY.

In many industries, especially those concerned with the manufacture of chemicals, and in mining,

the utilisation of a lining for vessels exposed to the effects of corrosion is imperative. Hitherto, attempts in this direction have been confined mainly to lining the receptacles with porcelain, but the success achieved has not been complete. For such purposes a new alloy known as tantiron has been devised, and it appears to have met with very conspicuous success. It is an iron alloy, as its name implies, but has the appearance of steel. It has been tried as a substitute for porcelain in many large chemical works, and has been found to prevent the process of corrosion very completely. It is made in different grades to offer resistance to the various acids, and so forth, such as hydrochloric acid, acetic acid, iron chloride, &c. But possibly its greatest success has been in connection with the sand-filler pipes for the Rand mines of South Africa. The ground ore, quartz, and acid are transported through these conduits, and as may be imagined the corrosion is very severe. For years the authorities have been striving to mitigate this effect, and have had recourse to a variety of expedients, but without avail. Cast-iron pipes are useless, because they only last a week or so. Wood and porcelain linings were also tried, but the improvement was not marked. Finally, a tantiron lining to steel pipes was tried; and although these pipes have been in service for a whole year the effects of corrosion are scarcely discernible.

THE PRESERVATION OF FISH.

Though fish is prescribed as a valuable article of food it constitutes one of the most treacherous edibles, especially in hot weather, when fish-poisoning is rife. This is due to the fact that decomposition sets in very quickly; and although so-called cold storage is practised, the method is generally followed in such a haphazard manner that the last stage becomes worse than the first. Fish is one of the most difficult of food-stuffs to preserve in this manner, and the dangers of fish-poisoning have increased owing to the distances to which the trawling vessels have to go to make profitable catches, the immediately accessible fishing-grounds having been depleted. To preserve fish it is not necessary to freeze or to chill them; it suffices to keep them at a low temperature. But this does not afford complete protection against decomposition; it merely suspends it, the putrefaction being resumed directly the temperature slightly rises. This is a point which is often overlooked even by the careful housewife who has a refrigerator in the home. In order to ensure wholesome fish it is essential that they shall be in a wholesome condition before the cold temperature is applied, and the supreme difficulty is to ascertain the period at which, after being caught, they should be submitted to this low temperature. In some quarters it is maintained that this should not

be carried out until the fish has stiffened after death; but the time of this condition fluctuates considerably, being governed by climatic conditions and the species of the fish itself. The general practice is to reduce the temperature as soon as possible after the fish is caught. Directly the net is hauled in the fish are gutted and then thrown into the hold of the vessel with crushed ice and salt. In this condition fish will keep for a long period. When landed, the catch is packed into boxes, with crushed ice and salt, and despatched to the retail markets. This is the place where the danger arises. The fishmonger unpacks the box and transfers its contents to a block of ice on his slab. The side immediately in contact with the ice naturally keeps somewhat cool, but the opposite side, being exposed to the prevailing temperature, begins to decompose. Under these conditions it is difficult to see how fish-poisoning in the hottest weather can be avoided. It would be far better and safer if the fishmonger either kept his fish on the slab among the crushed ice and salt, or stored it in a refrigerator, withdrawing it as desired. Display might be sacrificed; but, on the other hand, the retailer would benefit, as he would soon earn the reputation of keeping his fish in a first-class and wholesome condition. That fish may be kept for long periods in safety, provided it is packed in a scientific manner, was revealed to the writer when off the Alaskan coast. The delectable dainty of those waters is the steelhead salmon, for which a bounty is paid, as it is not common, and in respect of taste is the king of salmon; and 90 or more per cent of the steelheads are despatched to the London market. They are brought into the cannery, immediately packed in ice, sent off on a six hundred miles' journey down the coast to Vancouver or Seattle, transferred to refrigerator cars, transported across the continent, and conveyed to the Atlantic vessels. By the time the fish reach the English market they have travelled nearly eight thousand miles, and have been nearly a month *en route*. In some instances I have seen fish despatched from the northern Pacific waters direct to London by boat, which involves passing twice through the tropics, and entails, perhaps, a four months' voyage; but when unpacked they have been found as fresh and as wholesome as a Scottish salmon caught and as wholesome as a Scottish salmon caught barely twenty-four hours previously. The same remarks apply to other food-stuffs. For instance, huge stocks of game are kept in the cold rooms of the London stores for months. Grouse-shooting commences on 12th August, but one can purchase prime birds in London before noon on that day. A little reflection will show that they could not have been brought from the Scottish Highlands; they were brought up from the cold rooms of the stores, in which they had been reposing since the grouse-shooting season of the previous year.

AN INGENIOUS EYE-SHADE.

The care of the sight is one of the most vital questions of the day, and it is a subject to which too much attention cannot be devoted. This is especially the case when working under artificial light. In the days of oil the lamp emitted a soft, yellow glow which was not trying to the eyes; but to-day the artificial light, as a rule, is a brilliant glare thrown from either the incandescent gas-mantle or the electric light. Working under such conditions causes eye-strain and fatigue very quickly. Decided mitigation may be obtained by working with tinted glasses, whereby the intense glare is reduced; but the average person evinces a strong and excusable dislike to such an expedient, as it suggests defective sight. An ingenious invention, however, has been placed on the market, where, although the shortcomings of the tinted glasses are removed, the eyes are given the fullest protection possible. This is a small and light shade, which will appeal to all who are compelled to wear glasses, and to whom the devising of ways and means of reducing eye-strain is of paramount importance. This shade is made of aluminium, is about an inch wide and about four inches in length. The front edge is given rounded corners, and it is provided with a longitudinal slot, into which the edges of the glasses are slipped. The rear edge is fashioned to the contour of the bridge of the nose and eye-sockets, so as to fit comfortably over the tops of the eyelids. There is no feeling of weight or inconvenience, and the eyelids have perfectly free movement. Being coloured green on the under side, and offering complete protection against light shining from above, the shade is most restful, while its small dimensions render it scarcely noticeable.

THE 'PAYE' TRAM-CAR.

There are signs that Great Britain is adopting, tardily it is true, a system of tram-car operation which has developed into a necessity in America. This is the 'pay as you enter,' or as it is termed briefly the 'paye,' system. Here it is an experiment; in America, where its advantages were recognised instantly upon its appearance, it is the rule. It is simplicity in itself; is a measure of protection to the passenger against the dangers of entering or leaving a vehicle while in motion; keeps the conductor always in his proper place—the footboard; and eliminates confusion and inconvenience. It provides a complete circulation method of handling the passengers. The conductor stands on the rear-board of the vehicle. In front of him is a box. The passenger boards the car, but before he can proceed to a seat he has to purchase a ticket from the conductor and place it in the ticket-box. Then he proceeds to his seat. Upon reaching his destination he leaves the vehicle, but in such a way that he does not foul the stream of in-

coming passengers. In this system each passenger is supposed to have the correct fare, and to hand it to the conductor, who merely has to deliver the ticket, and is not worried by giving change. So far as the British application is concerned it is not so perfect as that prevailing in America. In the former case the passenger enters the car at the rear and leaves by the front door. Where zone fares are in operation it is difficult to realise how the driver can tell whether the passenger has travelled beyond his legitimate distance or otherwise, and it is throwing duties upon him which should be avoided. The American system is simpler. There is a rear transverse barrier on the footboard. The incoming passengers pass along its outside, while those disembarking leave on the inside. The conductor, therefore, sees every one enter and leave, and as his duties are lightened he is able to observe whether a passenger is travelling beyond his distance. When the Americans took up the idea they were forced to extend the rear end of the vehicles by two feet or so, to allow the barrier to be introduced, and a similar arrangement should be possible upon the British cars. The system is much more economical in operation than that prevailing, and the passenger travels with less inconvenience. He does not suffer from having the conductor tread upon his feet every few minutes, and he can enter a vehicle without effort. Boarding or leaving a vehicle while in motion is impossible, as the conductor is on the lookout. More traffic accrues, because the official is able to detect waiting passengers. The ticket examiner is unnecessary, as no one can enter without paying his fare and dropping the ticket in the box, this fact being notified by the ringing of a bell. Any one who has travelled in America under this system resents the general British practice of collecting fares, and regards it rightly as being antiquated. There is another practice which the American companies advocate. This is the purchase of books of tickets, each representing the lowest zone fare, so that one or more tickets equal to the distance must be slipped into the box to travel the full distance.

THE EDISON MINERS' ELECTRIC SAFETY LAMP.

In the quest for the perfection of an electric lamp which may safely be used in dangerous mines, the efforts of Mr T. A. Edison have received recognition by the bestowal of the Rathenau medal of the American Museum of Safety. His invention is the best of its type which has been submitted to this organisation up to the present. The lamp is made in two forms, one being a self-contained and portable battery and lamp, while the second has the lamp separate from the battery, so that it can be attached to the miner's cap, while the battery is carried knapsack fashion on his back. In this type, once the plug is pushed into the socket of the lamp the miner cannot disconnect it and thus

produce a spark which might fire the mine. In the self-contained set the positive terminal of one cell is connected to its container, and the negative terminal of the second cell to its case, both containers being electrically connected. In this way the two cells can be placed within a steel case without insulation walls, and the whole locked to prevent tampering. The lamp is placed behind a small strong lens, so that a powerful light is emitted.

THROUGH ROUTES TO HEALTH-RESORTS.

No complaint can be made of the lack of guide-books for places near at home and every country abroad, and those are best which are handiest and answer most questions, like Bradshaw's *Through Routes to the Chief Cities and Bathing-Resorts of the World*, edited by E. Reynolds-Ball (Blacklock), of which the fifty-second issue, enlarged and practically rewritten, is published. The wandering and health-seeking Briton may here find not only how and where to travel, but can also consult tables of foreign moneys, postal-telegraph rates, lists of steamship companies, with vocabularies of the most useful words in the chief European languages. The maps and plans help the eye and assist the mind to grasp the information in a practical way. The reading of the lists of cures at continental bathing-resorts and those of the spas and health-resorts of Great Britain really comes as a revelation of the many ills that flesh is heir to. It may be worth while raising the question whether every town with a golf course is not also a health-resort. The new Lötschberg tunnel, providing a short route from the north to the Simplon line, is given here, with the lengths of the other Alpine tunnels. Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* is already old-fashioned as far as the time occupied is concerned. It is now possible to go round the world in thirty-seven days. The mere travelling round the globe may be accomplished within two months at a cost of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred pounds. Tours of seventy days are here outlined. The popular tour seems to be that from London to Egypt, Ceylon, India, Burma, Singapore, China, Japan, and British Columbia. The traveller may not count upon more than fourteen or fifteen clear weeks for sight-seeing during a six months' trip. The space given to the English Lake District looks meagre. Scotland, which affords such popular touring-ground for English and Americans, has also been very economically dealt with in regard to space. As so many English health-resorts are mentioned which are not spas, Scotland might have been represented by more than Bridge of Allan, Moffat, and Strathpeffer. Deeside, and the Strathspey district, including Grantown-on-Spey, are popular health-resorts, as are also the towns and neighbourhood of Stonehaven, Montrose, Forres, Nairn, Peebles, and many

towns on the Clyde, such as Dunoon and Rothesay, where is the best service of river steamers in the United Kingdom. The bibliographies giving the best books to read on different countries are an admirable feature of this useful volume.

OIL FROM SEAWEED.

There was a special oil-power number of *Cassier's Magazine* dealing with the development of the Diesel internal combustion engine, with large Diesel engines, British and continental oil-engine practice, and the present position of the gas-engine. This issue is of great value to the progressive engineer. In regard to our wasteful methods of using coal, Dr Diesel has stated that it will be found better to obtain oil from coal and use it in oil-engines than to burn coal under boilers, as we are doing to-day. A lecture by Professor Vivian Lewes, at the Royal Society, on the subject of liquid fuel is referred to, in the course of which he touched on the possibility of obtaining oil from seaweed. He mentioned the researches made by Mr E. C. Stafford, who showed that any kind of seaweed, when submitted to destructive distillation at a low red-heat, produced volumes of gas and an oily tar, which on redistillation yielded paraffin oil in large quantities. From one ton of common seaweed of the genus *Fucus* it is possible to obtain 6·7 gallons of oil. It is to be noted that at the Imperial Motor Transport Conference, when petrol substitutes were being discussed, Professor Vivian Lewes said that alcohol was undoubtedly the fuel of the future.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

STILL silence and the twilight's dusky hour
Holds all the garden in a soft embrace;
Moonbeams reflect the sadness of your face
Down in the pond, where water-lilies flower.
And while vague shadows deepen round the tower
Of yonder church, still, for a lingering space,
The outlines of the box-trees you can trace,
And smell the scent of roses from the bower.
So lightly o'er the pond the wind is borne
It scarcely stirs the lilies by its breath,
And yet a sadness falls; it seems that death
Broods o'er the garden's slumberous repose;
Leaves from the trees fall softly, and the rose
Sheds all its petals on the dewcawt lawn.
PHILIP RANULPH ALSOP.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE FEUD AT KALMACKS.

By H. HESKETH PRICHARD.

CHAPTER I.

HOLIDAYS, even when ordered by so high a medical authority as Sir Andrew M'Lerrick, do not last for ever; and it so happened that the interests of the mining amalgamation that had been the original cause of my overwork, and consequently of my long sojourn in the woods with Joe, demanded my presence in the city.

November Joe had bidden me farewell at the little siding known by the picturesque name of Beavers' Brook. 'Spect you'll be back again, Mr Quaritch, as soon as you've fixed them mining contracts, and then maybe we'll try a wolf-hunt. There's a tidy pack comes out on the Lac Noir ice when it's moonlight. The forest's wonderful still them frosty nights; a fellow can hear an owl miles and miles.'

I assured Joe that I would do my best to return; but, as a matter of fact, fate was against me all that winter, and it was only now and again that I heard from Joe, who had gone over the Maine border on a trapping expedition. Often and often, as I sat at my roll-topped desk and studied the outlook of eaves smothered in snow, and of bare telegraph-poles, my mind would switch off to picture November boiling his lunch-kettle in the lee of a boulder, and I would feel irresistibly drawn to close the desk aforesaid and go and join him. I was very sure of my welcome.

But the shackles of business are not so easily shaken off, and the spring had already come before another vacation in the woods had begun to merge into possibility. About this time I paid one of my periodical visits to Boston, and it was while I was there, in the office of my agents and correspondents, that Linda Petersham rang me up on the telephone and demanded my presence at lunch.

'But I am engaged,' said I.

'Then you must put off your engagement.'

'I don't see how I can. Will to-morrow'—

'No; to-morrow will do for him—whoever he is. I want you to-day.'

'What is it?'

'I will tell you when you come. I want you.'

I made another effort to explain my position, but Linda had said her last word and rung off. I smiled as I called up the picture of a small Greek head crowned with golden hair, a pair of

dark-blue eyes, and a mouth wearing a rather imperious expression.

The end of it was that I went, for I have known Linda all her life, and the fact that my breaking a previous appointment lost me the option of purchase of a valuable mine caused me little trouble; for to be able to pay for one's pleasures is one of the few assets of the very rich; and, speaking personally, I have all my life seized every opportunity of escape from the tyranny of the millions which I have inherited and accumulated. I have cared little for the pursuit of money, the reason perhaps why everything I have touched has turned to gold.

The Petersham family consists of Linda and her father; and though in business relations Mr Petersham is a power to be reckoned with, at home he exists for the sole apparent purpose of carrying out his charming daughter's wishes. It is a delightful house to go to, for they are the happiest people I know, and the moment one sets foot inside their doors one's spirits begin to rise. I said as much to Linda as we shook hands.

'That speaks well for my self-command, for I happen to be feeling pretty mean to-day. Come, we'll go in to lunch at once.'

I found myself the only guest—which surprised me, for the Petersham mansion has a reputation for hospitality.

'Really, Linda, this is very charming of you! I wonder how much Tom Gotchley or that young Van Horne would give to be in my place at this moment,' I said as we sat down.

Linda looked at me with far-away eyes.

'What! you mean lunching alone with me?'

'Yes; it is an unexpected pleasure.'

'Dear James, it is not a pleasure at all; it is a necessity! I want to talk to you.'

'So you said before. Go ahead, then; I'm ready.'

'Not now; after lunch.'

We carried on a fragmentary conversation while the servants waited on us, and all the time I was wondering what on earth Linda could have to say to me. It was evidently something of the deepest importance in her opinion, for she was

obviously absorbed in thinking about it, and answered my remarks at random.

When at last we were together in her special boudoir she began at once, 'James, I want you to do this for me. I want you to persuade pop not to do something.'

'I! I persuade him! You don't need me for that; you, who can make him do or not do anything just as you wish.'

'I thought I could, but now I know I can't.'

'How is that?'

'Well, he is set on going back to Kalmacks.'

'Kalmacks!' I repeated. 'Why?'

Linda opened her blue eyes upon me.

'Haven't you heard?'

'Heard what?'

'Where in the world were you last September?'

'Camped in the woods of Maine and Beauce.'

'That accounts for it. But you have heard of Kalmacks?'

'I know it is the place Julius Fischer built up in the mountains. He used to go shooting and fishing there.'

'That is it. It's a house you'd love; lots of good rooms, and standing away back on a mountain slope, with miles of view, and a stream tumbling past the very door. Father bought it last year, and with it all the sporting rights Julius Fischer claimed. The woods are full of moose, and there are beaver and otter. And that's where the trouble came in.'

'But Fischer had trouble from the day he went up to shoot at Kalmacks. He had to run for it, so I was told. Didn't your father know that? Why did Mr Petersham have anything to do with the place?' I exclaimed.

'Oh, it was just one of pop's notions, I suppose,' said Linda, with the rather weary tolerance of the modern daughter.

'They are a dangerous lot round there!'

'He knew that. They are squatters, trappers who have squatted among those woods and hills for generations. Of course they think the country belongs to them. Pop understood that, and in his opinion the compensation Julius Fischer offered and gave them was pretty inadequate.'

'It would be!' I commented. I could without effort imagine Julius Fischer's views of compensation, for I had met him in business.

'Well, father went into the matter, and he found that a good deal could be said for the squatters' side of the case, so that he did what he thought was fair by them.'

I nodded. 'If I know him, he did more than that!'

'That's nice of you, James. Anyway, he paid them good, high prices for their rights, or what they considered to be their rights; for in law, of course, they possess none. Every one seemed pleased and satisfied, and we were looking forward to going there this spring for the fish-

ing, when news came that one of father's gamekeepers had been shot.'

'Shot?'

Linda nodded the Greek head I admired so much. 'Yes. Last autumn father put on a couple of wardens to look after the game, and they have been there all winter. From their reports, they have got on quite well with the squatters, and now suddenly, for no reason that they can guess, one of them, William Worke by name, has been shot.'

'Killed?' I asked.

'No, but badly wounded. He said he was sure the bullet could have been put into his heart just as easily, but it was sent through his knee by way of a warning.'

'Those folks up there are half-savages.'

'Yes, indeed; but that's not all. Three days ago a letter came meant for father, but addressed to me. Whoever wrote it must have seen father, and knew that he was not the kind of man who could be readily frightened, so they thought they would get at him through me. It was a horrible letter.'

'Can I see it?'

Linda unlocked a drawer and handed me a piece of soiled paper. The words were written upon a sheet torn from an old account-book. They ran as follows:

'You, Petersham, you mean skunk! Don't you come in our wods unless yor willing to pay \$5000. Bring the goods and youl be told wher to put it, so it will come into the hands of riters. Dollars ain't nothin to you, but they can keep an expanding bulet out yor hide.'

'What do you think of that?' asked Linda.

'It may be a hoax.'

'Now, James, what is the good of saying such a silly thing to me? Father pretends to think the same. But, of course, I know these men mean business. And equally, of course, you agree with me! Speak out.'

I hesitated.

'Do you think it is a hoax?'

'Well, no, I can't honestly say I do.'

'Which means, in plain language, that if father does not pay up that five thousand dollars he will be shot.'

'Not necessarily. He need not go up to Kalmacks this fall.'

'But of course he will go! He's more set on going than ever. You know father when he's dealing with men. And he persists in his opinion that the letter is probably only bluff.'

'Does he guess who wrote it?'

'No; he has no idea at all.'

I considered for a little before I spoke. 'Linda, have you sent for me to try to persuade your father that it would be wiser for him not to go to Kalmacks?'

Linda's lip curled charmingly. 'I should not

put it just like that. I can imagine father's answer if you did. No! father is determined on going to Kalmacks, and I want you to come with us.'

'Us!' I cried.

'Naturally I'm going.'

'But it is absurd! Your father would never allow it!'

'He can't prevent it, dear James,' she said softly. 'Besides, what is there against my going?'

'The danger.'

She thrust out her round, resolute chin. 'I don't for a moment suppose that even the Kalmacks people would attack a woman. And father is all that I have in the world. I'm going.'

'Then I suppose I shall have to go too. But tell me, what purpose does your father think he will serve by undertaking this very risky expedition?'

'He believes that the general feeling up at Kalmacks is in his favour, and that the shooting at the warden, as well as the writing of this letter, is the work of a small band of individuals who wish to blackmail him. We shall be quite a strong party, and he hopes to discover who is threatening him. By the way, didn't I hear from Sir Andrew McLerrick that you had been in the woods all last fall with a wonderful guide who could read trails like Uneas, the last of the Delawares, or one of those old trappers one reads of in Fenimore Cooper's novels?'

'That's true.'

'What is his name?'

'November Joe.'

'November Joe!' she repeated. 'I visualise him at once. A wintry-looking old man, with a gray goatee and piercing eyes.'

I burst out laughing. 'It's extraordinary you should hit him off so well.'

'He must come too,' she commanded.

'He is probably a hundred miles deep in the Maine woods.'

'Then you must fetch him out, that's all!'

'If I can reach him I will. Give me a cable form or two; there is no time to lose.'

Linda brought me what I required, and bent over my shoulder while I wrote. I cabled to Joe:

'Come to Quebec immediately, prepared for month's camping trip. Most important.'

'QUARITCH.'

That was my first cable. My second was addressed to Mrs Harding, at Harding's Farm, Beauce, the little post-office where November periodically called for his letters. It ran:

'Am sending cable to November Joe. Hustle special messenger with it to middle of Maine if necessary. Will pay. JAMES QUARITCH.'

Linda read them both. 'Why Mrs Harding?' she asked.

'Because one capable woman is worth ten ordinary men.'

Linda looked at me thoughtfully. 'I do occasionally realise why you've been so successful in business, James. In spite of appearances, you are really quite a capable person. And,' she added impulsively, 'you are also a dear, and I am immensely grateful.'

Soon after I took my leave. The next day I received this reply from Joe:

'Expect me dawn Friday.—NOVEMBER.'

I rang up Linda and read out the message.

'Good for the old mossback!' said she.

(Continued on page 649.)

CONSTANTINOPLE AS I SAW IT.

By P. R. PRESCOTT.

THERE is an old Turkish saying which predicted that when the dogs should be driven out of Constantinople the Ottoman Empire in Europe would cease to exist; and this proverb must have weighed heavily on the minds of all those who visited the glorious city, the 'Threshold of the East,' during the spring of last year. The horrible story of how the dogs were transported to a desolate island, and there left to prey on each other and finally die out, was fresh in people's minds. The animals were a great nuisance on account of their numbers and savage behaviour, but they were useful as scavengers.

The Turco-Italian war was raging, but as yet no shadow of the terrible storm-cloud which has since burst over the dominions of the Sultan had appeared on the horizon. Never shall I forget the impression of impending disaster which lay

heavy on my heart as we steamed into the Dardanelles in the cool and freshness of a lovely morning in early March. It had been terribly hot in the Mediterranean, and the change from summer to spring was delightful. The sea and sky vied with each other to produce the most vivid blue, and the pure white of the distant mountains of Asia Minor stood out in startling contrast. It was no time to think of war, and yet that uncomfortable presentiment of coming disaster would not be driven from the mind.

At Chanak the great ship paused while the passports were examined, and on their proving correct we continued our way up that wonderful strait which separates East and West. Four Turkish man-of-war guarded the entrance to the narrow passage, but their smallness and their inefficient appearance would have made one

laugh if one had not been more in the mood for tears. Throughout the whole day—no vessel was allowed to go through between sunset and sunrise—we continued slowly on our way, with the sunlight glancing on the forts and the shining muzzles of the guns which guard both shores; until as night fell we emerged into the Sea of Marmora.

It was a most wonderful night. There was no moon, and the stars seemed so far off that they looked like infinitesimal diamonds in a setting of deepest lapis-lazuli. Not a ripple stirred the sea, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the throb of our own engines. Far away a distant lighthouse flashed its red and green lights over the waters; but save for this there was no sign that we were not in mid-ocean. All night long we were running up the Marmora, and we rounded Seraglio Point in the chill before the dawn.

To my mind the Golden Horn is one of the most beautiful places in the world, and I can never make up my mind whether I love it most with the morning sun sparkling on the rippling waves and dancing on the many-coloured cupolas and minarets, or at sunset, with the cypresses on Seraglio Point, the numberless mosques, and the forest of masts silhouetted black against a flaming sky, which turns from yellow to red and again to darkest purple. The Golden Horn is comparatively clean, too—clean at least when contrasted with the Bay of Naples or even with the harbour at Piræus; though even here it is no rare thing to see a dead cat, or, still worse, a cow, drifting to its watery grave; for the Turk shares with other Easterns the objectionable habit of throwing everything which he does not want into the sea. In spite of this, however, the Golden Horn is freer from smells than any other part of Constantinople. Yet, though the smells in Constantinople are perhaps worse than in most places, with the flagrant exception of the Holy Land and a place in the south of France I refrain from naming, and although the streets are full of mud, and there are holes in them which threaten to upset one's carriage at every turn, there is a charm about the city which, once felt, will never be forgotten. It would be possible to wander for weeks through the little winding streets—many of them so narrow that only pedestrians can traverse them, and others composed of almost perpendicular steps—without treading on the same ground twice. The wonder is that one does not lose one's way more frequently, so much do the intricate passages cross and recross one another.

At one moment we are in a street composed entirely of butchers' shops; then we turn a corner, and nothing but slippers meet our eye whichever way we look. Here we are probably tempted to stop and buy some of the nice red and buff coloured slippers to take home with us, they are so pretty and so cheap—cheap, that is, when we

have bargained with the vendor, for at first he will of course ask an exorbitant price for them. Look at him, though. Even as he asks you for five times as much as his goods are worth, you will see a twinkle in his eye; he knows quite well that you are not such a fool as he pretends to think, and he would be very much surprised, and would despise you too, if you gave him even half the sum he asks.

With your slippers under your arm you continue on your way, keeping your eyes carefully on the ground to avoid stepping ankle-deep into some pool of slimy mud. After passing through many equally narrow alleys only distinguishable one from the other by the difference in the goods exposed for sale, and having passed the sellers of sweetmeats, vegetables, and many other things, you at last grow tired of the bazaars and decide to seek luncheon at the Tokatlon Hotel.

However, on your way down to the Galata Bridge you are lured into the shop of a dealer in embroideries and carpets. I use the word 'shop' advisedly, for the street we are now in, though no whit cleaner or sounder underfoot, is yet slightly wider than those we have just left, and is lined on each side with a row of shops which can actually boast glass windows. In these superior establishments we find that French is spoken quite fluently, and every now and then a word of English falls from the lips of our host; after using which he will probably pause for our approving smile. You may think that 'host' is the wrong word to apply to a dirty-looking ruffian in a fez, who is trying his best to cheat you over the price of his goods; but his manners are so excellent, and his smile is so pleasant even while he lies to you, that, were it not for the *rahat lakoum* and coffee which he presses so generously upon you, you would feel that it was he who was honouring you by allowing you to look at his wares, not you who were doing him the favour of buying them. Oh that Turkish coffee! Though I live to be a hundred I shall never learn to like it; the oftener I drink it the more I dislike it, and yet it is impossible to refuse it when it is so politely offered.

Now, having spent more money than you can really afford, you still linger on admiring the lovely carpets which are spread out one by one before your longing eyes. I have seen better specimens in Cairo, and one particular silk Persian carpet that I once saw in Jerusalem has an immortal place in my memory; but the carpets which you see in Stamboul will make your mouth water. The rich, subdued colours which are to be found nowhere but in the East, the wonderful designs, and the soft texture of the whole leave nothing to be desired, and the only wonder is that people with the eyesight and the patience to make them are to be found in the world. But the pride which the carpet-makers take in their work is a lesson to many of us. You go

through one of these shops into the dingy little courtyard behind, and here you find a collection of boys and girls of all ages, whose eyes light up with pride as you examine and praise their work.

But I know you must be hungry, so let us wend our way back to Pera, and climb the hill to the Tokatliou Hotel. I wonder how many people go backward and forward over the Galata Bridge each day! Pause for a while and watch the crowd as in never-ending file it passes before our eyes. Here we see a group of Turkish boys dressed in European clothes, save for the scarlet fez, which is never discarded by loyal subjects of the Sultan; and there two or three women in black silk robes, laughing and chatting gaily with their veils thrown back. The lower class Turkish woman is not nearly so strictly veiled as was the custom twenty years ago. In fact, that, among other signs to be noted in Constantinople at the present day, seems to point out that the power of Mohammed is declining, almost imperceptibly perhaps, but yet unmistakably. But to the crowd on the bridge. If it were a muddy day these women would tuck their flowing white skirts into huge knickerbockers somewhat resembling the garments which are worn by small English children on the seashore. This keeps their dresses clean and dry, while at the same time leaving both their hands free. Do you see the old man in the green turban? He is a man to be much respected, for he has made the holy pilgrimage to Mecca, and has kissed the very stone on which the Prophet used to sit. Those smartly dressed women in the curious little carriage are Greeks. They make a study of the art of dress, and are often more marvellously arrayed than the Parisians themselves. An old man with a water-skin, a cart drawn by two beautiful, sleepy-eyed, cream-coloured bullocks, a woman veiled so closely that one fancies that she may have come from one of the little-frequented islands in the Levant, where the rule about veiling is still very rigorous, are all among the crowd. So the ceaseless pageant continues hour by hour and day by day.

The streets on the Pera side of the Golden Horn are wider, and there are quite a number of European shops. This is one of the fashionable quarters of Constantinople, and many of the houses are extremely large and comfortable. However, though one would prefer to be staying on this side of the bridge, compared with Stamboul it is supremely uninteresting, except for the Yildiz Kiosk and two or three other palaces. But you are just as eager as I am to cross the bridge once more; so let us return to Stamboul as quickly as we can.

There is a dear little mosque not far from the Foreign Office, the courtyard of which is the home of countless pigeons; and I never go to Constantinople without visiting this courtyard and taking a few handfuls of grain to its feathered

inhabitants. I have many times tried to take a photograph of the pigeon mosque, but the pigeons themselves have always prevented the effort being a success.

If, after leaving the pigeon mosque, you turn down a gently sloping street running due west, you will come in time to St Sophia itself; but if you are driving, and your charioteer has divined, with his unerring instinct, that you are a tourist, the horses will be stopped at the side of a graveyard on the left-hand side of the street, and he will point out to you with pride the tomb of the present Sultan's grandfather! Nor will you be allowed to proceed on your way till you have properly admired it.

One other pause you will want to make before you reach St Sophia, and that is to see the Constantine Pillars. In a level square of waste ground there are three or four holes, which you will probably take at first for the heads of wells. But get a piece of paper and light it, and throw it down one of these holes, and you will see a wonderful sight. Just before the paper burns out, many, many feet below, you will catch a glimpse of a vaulted roof upheld by slender round pillars; and you will imagine a huge dark dungeon stretching away apparently unendingly beneath the very ground on which you are standing. Horrible stories are told of how during the Armenian massacres hundreds of victims were thrust into these gloomy caverns; and, though the stories probably lose nothing in the telling, there is without doubt a substratum of truth beneath all the gruesome embroiderings.

And now at last we reach the Mecca of our wanderings, the magnificent Mosque of St Sophia, standing with head proudly erect in conscious superiority over the lesser mosques of Stamboul. In the great open space on the west of St Sophia stands the triple serpent from which the Delphic oracle once ruled the lives of men, and which was brought to Constantinople centuries ago. One head of the serpent is broken off, but may be seen, together with many other interesting things, at the museum, which is well worth a visit when one has a little time to spare.

It is now almost twelve o'clock, and if we wait for a few minutes before entering St Sophia we shall see the muezzin come out on to the little platform on one of the minarets, and hear his call, and see the faithful Mohammedans go in to pray. I must say that when I heard the call to prayer for the first time it was a terrible disappointment to me. I had just been reading several books on the faith of Islam, and, full of ideas gathered from these books, I expected to see every Moslem, no matter what he might be doing, pause in his work, spread his mat, and repeat his prayers at the appointed time. This, however, is far from what really happens. The Mussulman who has nothing else to do may say his prayers at midday; but for the most part no heed whatever is paid to the muezzin.

St Sophia, as everybody knows, was built as a Christian church in the sixth century; but ever since the year 1453 it has been a Mohammedan mosque. When you go inside you will notice that the carpets which cover the floor are all laid in a crooked manner, as the Mohammedan of course prays with his face towards Mecca. There is something extraordinarily weird about the inside of a mosque. It is so dark and bare, and the chant of the worshippers who sit cross-legged on the floor reciting passages from the Koran or repeating the name of Allah in monotonous sing-song voices sounds almost unearthly. They will look at you curiously as you slide along in the slippers which are always so much too big for you; but they will never pause in their toneless chanting. There is quite an art in keeping these slippers on. As long as there are no steps to go up or down it is a fairly simple matter; but try to ascend a flight of stairs and they invariably fall off. And woe betide you if you do not notice when this happens! Your missing slipper will be picked up by the old man who

looks after the mosque, and he will put it on again for you, muttering angrily the while, luckily in a language which you do not understand. High up on the walls, and only discernible in two or three places, are the remains of the golden mosaics which once decorated the whole interior of the mosque, but which were obliterated when the Turks took Constantinople. It is difficult to make out what were the subjects of these mosaics; but if you make an expedition to see the city walls you will find a little mosque just inside them which is really the gem of Stamboul. Like St Sophia, it was originally a Christian church; and though part of it has been destroyed by fire, it still contains some very wonderful mosaics, the gold and colours of which are as fresh as if they were done yesterday.

Constantinople was once surrounded by very strong walls, which must have been well-nigh impenetrable; and though we can trace their great length, it is only here and there that from the remains we can picture to ourselves the great strength of this matchless city, which was for so long the capital of the Eastern Empire.

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

By MARIAN BOWER.

CHAPTER VI.

SEBASTIAN rode into Villemarnier before twilight fell; but he had hardly entered by the great iron gates of the courtyard, and his mind had scarcely strayed back to the last time when he passed out a fugitive, than he missed Pierre Faguet. Instantly he knew where the man had gone. The ex-lackey had gone to strut through the rooms where he had once opened the doors obsequiously. It was impossible to imagine honest, dignified service from such a man.

Hastily Sebastian led his horse into the great stables, called to one of the guards to feed it, heard the man sulkily intimate that perhaps he might, and hurried round to the gravel sweep which fronted the château.

With his first glance Sebastian knew that he had been right. The door at the head of the flight of steps was open. He sprang up the steps, and hastened into the narrow hall. He looked into the room to the left; no intruder was there. He crossed over to the right, where there were three salons, one opening out of the other, French fashion, and hurried through the first of them. In the second he came on Faguet—on Faguet standing in the middle of the polished floor, with his red cap on his head and his thumbs in the arm-holes of the new tricoloured vest he had somehow managed to come by since the morning.

Faguet turned with an impertinent leer as

Sebastian entered; for if he had ever felt even a spark of gratitude towards the man who had taken him without 'papers'—that is, without properly authenticated sansculotte vouchers for the individual's zeal and political opinions, which were of such tremendous importance at this particular moment—he had overcome the feeling before they were well out of Tours; and Sebastian recognised that not only would he have impertinence to deal with, but malicious hostility into the bargain.

Faguet came up to the man who was supposed to command him, and tapped Sebastian familiarly on the arm. 'I take this little dog-kennel for myself,' he announced. 'Red is my fancy;' and he jerked his thumb towards a long sofa of crimson brocade. 'Where do you intend to settle yourself, *citoyen*? In there?' indicating with a second movement of his thumb the third salon. 'It's all white, and white is as cold as the *ci-devant's* face. Or in there?' swinging himself about and thrusting out a mud-stained riding-boot in the opposite direction. 'You can take your choice of what is left, since I have made mine.'

For a moment the proposal held Sebastian dumb. He had either to say no word or to kick Faguet out of the room.

The vagabond, of course, quite mistook the silence. 'Everything is as good as new here,' he went on, as if explaining to an inferior in-

telligence. 'The windows were not opened twice a year, wasting the people's good things, while Ma—the Pestilential, that is—sat upstairs in the turret like a sparrow on a house-top, too fine to let any one but that old woman of hers go up to her. Now you'll see.' And to show that he spoke in earnest, this man, who that very morning had been without a roof above his head of any sort, sat himself down in one chair, while he sprawled his feet on another.

Sebastian saw Faguet prepare to take his ease, and turned away. The vagabond might lounge on every piece in that room hung with crimson and gold if he pleased. The series of salons meant nothing to Sebastian now, and the costly decorations as little, because he had learned that Madame de Villemarnier rarely entered the rooms. His thoughts were fixed on the turret—he knew not which of the two—she habitually used, which she held so sacredly her own that, though men-servants usually penetrated into all parts of a house in France, no one but that austere woman in black, whom he recollected so perfectly, ministered to her there.

Sebastian went towards the door again, and as he went he knew he must exercise all his ingenuity not only to get to that turret room alone, but to keep Faguet and the other Patriots out of it.

In the meantime he had plenty of work before him. He had to talk over with the ten men he had brought with him the business on which they had come, and to show them the lie of the ground. The Patriots were willing enough to beat the bushes all that summer afternoon; they were by no means averse to rummaging in the granaries; they even submitted the pigeon-house to a thorough overhauling; but when the twilight was sweeping great shadows over the grass-land before the house, and the sky, which had grown more overcast each hour since they set out from Tours, was giving the promise of a dull night, of rain even, and it came to a question of selecting sentinels for the night, the sansculottes one and all assured Sebastian that they had done as much as could be expected of any one man for that day. They had earned their rest, they assured him. They had ridden far, and they were all hungry. Sebastian, though ordinarily he would have raged at such supineness, agreed readily enough. When the Patriots had eaten and drunk—above all drunk—they would be sure to sleep, and while they slept he promised himself he would explore the house; he would visit the room where Madeleine de Villemarnier had passed so much time.

He therefore proposed a feast to celebrate the occasion. The suggestion was received with acclamation. After that came the vexed question of where they should eat. Faguet was all for the dining-room, so that he might sit at that particular table in one of those particular high-backed chairs. But the guard proposed they should have

the meal in the kitchen. It would be handier to take things straight off the fire than to carry them up a flight of stone steps, for, as in most French châteaux, the offices were a floor below the reception-rooms. Sebastian, of course, but from very different motives, agreed to their suggestion. The men ate a hearty meal; they piled up a roaring fire regardless of the temperature without, since they could get logs for nothing from the outhouse; they drank liberally of the wine that Faguet knew where to find in the long series of cellars scooped out beneath the kitchen again in that same living rock that came to the surface down by the river, where Sebastian had hidden in the cave.

'There's more wine, but the entrance into the farthest cellars is locked,' Faguet announced, as he came back with the bottles under his arm. 'This will do for to-night, and by to-morrow the doors will open easily enough, I warrant.'

Sebastian encouraged his company both to eat and to drink. He stayed until the majority of them were anoring. He especially observed that Faguet, who had relinquished the isolated splendour of the salon for his share of the heat and wine, was sleeping as soundly as the others, and then he stole out of the kitchen.

Sebastian thought that it was past midnight when he came again into the hall. He knew something of the plan of the house, and he fumbled to find the arch through which the stairs wound up to the first floor. As he pulled back the leather curtain which still hung before it a gleam of brightness shot through the unshuttered window. It was the moon, and she was riding fitfully in and out of heavy clouds. The glimmering light showed him the stairs and lighted him on to the long corridor. This corridor ran all the length of the middle portion of the house, and was bounded on one side by a row of windows, which let in more moonlight; at the far end, to the right, was the chestnut-wood door of the Medusa room, and somewhere near must be another staircase leading up to the turret which overtopped it.

Yet Sebastian did not recollect having seen such a door. But then, all through his illness, he had never dreamed that the turret above him was occupied. He had always pictured Madame downstairs, out on the terrace, walking in the cool of the evening under the stately trees.

He paused a moment to ask himself if Faguet had been telling the truth. 'He determined to make sure. He went along, and as he went he examined carefully every inch of the wall. He had to pull up once or twice for that capricious moonlight. At length he saw what he had suspected all along might be there—one of those masked doors still so frequent in French houses; and as he marked the thin crack of its opening he recollected—he was sure that he recollected this—that a high coffer of Florentine work,

ebony inlaid with ivory, had stood in this precise spot when he was at Villemarnier before. Then, if this door led into the turret, there must be another way there as well.

He had to insert his sword before he could open the door, but when he swung it back he saw that it led to a very narrow winding staircase. So far, so good. There was a certain exultation in Sebastian's heart as he mounted those steps. There were not many, for they were very steep; and then he stood before another door, and opened it by the same means. As he did so the moon came out again, and, shining in through a window on his left, showed him that he was within the turret. With his first glance Sebastian knew that he was in the particular room which he was seeking for. There were evidences of a woman's occupation on every side. He had only time to mark that there was an air about it as if it had but recently been lived in, that there was a warm breath about it as if of human occupation, and then he was left in the darkness again.

He began to feel his way round. He experienced a certain pleasure in groping past a high chair where Madame de Villemarnier had probably sat, past a little table where he could feel that books still lay, past a high embroidery-frame—she had perhaps stitched between its bars that quilt in the Medusa room; and then his fingers touched another chair, and from its form he felt sure that it must be a prie-dieu.

He had got so far when the moon came out again, and he saw that, facing him, in a kind of niche made in the round of the tower, since the room within had been panelled into an octagonal shape, was a little shrine, and that on the narrow shelf before it stood a single unusually tall yellow wax church candle.

Sebastian merely saw in the tall candle a piece of good fortune. He determined to light it. He felt for his flint and tinder, brought them out, and finally produced a spark; and as the wick smouldered in his hand he was visited by the feeling that he was being watched. He jerked his head over his shoulder. All was shadowy and dim. He laughed at his own folly. He lighted the candle. Now he could take his time and see all that was to be seen. He glanced first at the shrine. It was a picture of the Mother of Sorrows, and above her head—it caught his eye at once, set into the gold of the canopy—was a yellow star made either of some precious stone or, as it was quite large, more probably of skilfully coloured glass.

The next moment he turned quickly about. After all, the thing which interested him was the room, the chairs and tables, the trifles among which Madeleine de Villemarnier had lived her life. He went up to the table. One of the books on it was lying open. There was a pencil-mark below a line on a printed page. He bent down quickly. Perhaps Madeleine had underlined a

sentiment which spoke to her heart. He lifted his head, disappointed. The phrase was commonplace enough. It was only something about the night and the rising of the moon. He looked farther along. On the flat of the wall by the right of the little window he caught a glimpse of a portrait. One impetuous stride brought him before the picture. He looked at it for an instant; then, swinging round, he went back to the shrine, snatched up the candle, returned, and held the flaming wick so that all its light might fall on that one small oval picture framed in a rim of bright metal. He had not been mistaken. It was a painting of Madeleine de Villemarnier as Sebastian remembered her when first he saw her at La Collette.

He gazed until his arms dropped slowly, until his eyes fell, until a sigh was forced from him. Once more the same urgent desire had come to him which had visited him in the crowded, noisy streets of Paris. He was harried, hurried, by the imperative longing to undo his own work. He turned away again, and then, still fighting with himself, still striving to stifle his better self, he replaced the candle, and a moment or two later, just as if it were witnessing against him, he blew it out angrily. And as he did so, as he stood with his sin, do what he would, knocking at his heart, for the second time he felt as though some one, or something, alive and breathing, was very near to him. He was so possessed with this notion that he grasped his sword and faced about, and at that very moment, as if Nature herself had determined to take a hand against him, the moon came out again and showed him anew that miniature on the wall.

There seemed to Sebastian, as he lifted his eyes once again to the daintily tinted face, to be something about this room that he could not bear. Hurriedly he made for the door; and there—driven this way and that, as he never had been before in all his life of adventure and the quick decision—he stumbled back toward the window, put up his hand, and with his head still down, as fearfully, as furtively, as if he were stealing an idol from a shrine, he laid hold of the frame of the miniature. It required quite a pull to get it away. But at length Sebastian secured it, thrust it hurriedly into his vest-pocket, and without a single glance about him stumbled out of the turret. At least he would prevent Faguet's dirty fingers from touching the picture, and that was the whole scope of his thought at the moment.

He hurried along the corridor into the hall before he asked himself where he was going; then he knew that he could not go down into the kitchen and take his place among the guard. He unfastened the door leading on to the terrace. He stepped out into the soft night, and leaned up against the light rail, with the great stillness of the country before him, with the river but

such a little way off; and as he thought of that great rushing stream, and all it had once stood for in his life, he wondered if Madeleine de Villemarnier had escaped to England by it. And as he pictured her so far away he all at once bent quickly forward, his whole body stiffened, his head, with its uptilted chin, thrust well forward. He had seen what he was sure was a light down in the direction of the river. He waited a moment. It came again—a single, steady gleam. It was not a star. It could not be a star; it was too low down.

Sebastian watched eagerly. The light had gone out, and even as he told himself that, it came again, dipping this time, waving to and fro. It was undoubtedly a signal. Something, then, was going on down by the river. He listened with all the might of his ears, trained by the exigencies of his life as an Adventurer, to catch the faintest sound. Sebastian threw back his head, every instinct of the chase alive in him. Was some fugitive escaping? Was some Pestilential hidden in that very cave by the river where he had found shelter himself; and if so, to whom was he signalling?

Sebastian laughed aloud as he got to this point. With a round oath he asked himself if it was not that marvellous luck of his serving him again. It seemed as if, his conjecture, flung out at the merest venture, might be a true one after all. What if Villemarnier had been made a centre of evasion for Pestilentials? What if he had chanced on the heart of one of those organisations—and there were many—for conveying aristocrats out of France? Then, as he thought of this, he pictured the place, the power, he could command at Tours, and he told himself that he was on the highroad to being something more than a mere local celebrity, that the day

might be at hand when he would be a man that even the great Robespierre would have to reckon with.

The next moment his nimble mind shot aside from anticipations of the future to the practical considerations of the present. If those were signals being flashed from the river, there must be some one looking out for them, and, what was more, some one answering them. He began to gird at himself for having been in the house so long and having found no trace of such an answer.

Then he stepped back, as if a great discovery had chanced on his mind, and the next moment he began to run quickly down the steps from the terrace and over the gravel-sweep on to the stretch of undulating turf, dotted with big trees, most of them chestnuts. He hastened to a point where he could see along the full length of the château, wheeled sharply round, and looked upward.

He had recollected that tall—that unusually tall—candle before the shrine in the turret room; he had recollected that star of yellow in the canopy. What if the organisation used Madeleine de Villemarnier's own room for their purposes? Sebastian recollected the warm feeling he twice had there that some one had seemed so near to him.

He could see the mass of the turret, uprising black in the gray darkness that immediately precedes the breaking of the dawn; he could even make out the needle-like point of its spire. But if he looked at the masonry he was not aware of it; for as he raised his head he was persuaded that there had been an instant—a mere flash of time—when the yellow light gleamed out from the turret like a star in a dark sky.

(Continued on page 643.)

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUST.

By the Right Honourable Lord GREY.

THE Public-House Trust movement is deserving of the support which it is now receiving as the advocate of 'disinterested management,' and as the promoter of the only system of constructive temperance reform ever attempted in this country upon a comprehensive scale. So well is this system now established in some parts of the country that it is possible to judge how far the experiment has been justified by results. For the decision of this question it is necessary to appreciate, to some extent, the difficulties which it had, and still has, to face, and the limitations prescribed by lack of any sufficiently large area over which it can exercise a monopoly without fear of desperate opposition.

The view taken by those who advocate the Public-House Trust system is that any reform which can touch the masses of the people must

come from within the public-house as well as from without, and the two main points that are aimed at may be shortly stated to be, first, the regeneration of the house by converting it from a mere drinking-den to a house of genuine refreshment fit for all classes of people, and the reconstitution of the working-man's side of the house on the lines of a club which will be under the control and jurisdiction of magistrates. The second point is to gain for the public, as far as is possible consistent with any inducement to people to provide share capital, the monopoly value which attaches to a license for the retail sale of alcoholic liquors.

It seems almost to have been forgotten that the original object of the granting of a license to a public-house was that it should serve as a convenient adjunct to an eating or catering house

and was not at all intended to be an authority to carry on, solely or mainly, a liquor business. In those days it was considered to be a convenient practice to eat and drink at the same time, under the same roof. At the present time the working-man's eating-house is generally situated upon separate premises, and is often absent altogether. It is this distortion of the original purpose, this outrage on common-sense and common convenience, that constitutes one of the chief arguments against existing conditions; and it is strange that in none of the recent debates in Parliament upon the subject of the liquor problem was this point made clear.

This Public-House Trust policy of reform from within the public-house is every day gaining more adherents from the ranks of magistrates and those best qualified to judge. Support of the movement has been stimulated by the effect of repressive legislation, which has resulted, not in the wished-for diminution in the consumption of alcoholic liquors, but in the diversion of 'the trade' into clubs, which are untrammelled by any such restrictions of control as apply to licensed houses. You may bring water to the people, but you cannot make them drink it by Act of Parliament.

One reason of the prejudice against licensed houses is due to the tied-house system, which has caused them to be regarded as providing so many outlets for the products of a particular brewery or distillery. The tied system has annihilated the original class of innkeeper, and has substituted a very different class of mere beer-sellers. The plan, character, and tone of the houses have been entirely altered, with the result that licensed houses, instead of existing for the convenience of the rest, legitimate refreshment, and amusement of all classes, have estranged a large proportion of the population.

The method adopted by the Public-House Trust as a remedy for the present condition of affairs is to obtain licensed houses either by purchase or on lease, free of any tie, and to work them by means of managers who are well qualified as caterers and hosts. The managers are paid a fixed wage and commissions upon all takings other than those for alcoholic liquors, and this plan has proved, as figures show, a direct encouragement to the non-alcoholic side of the business.

Another effect of the Trust scheme has been to stop sales on credit in the bars, as well as the 'long pull' or giving of over-measure. Perhaps the most patent feature of the average Trust house is the difference in its appearance and of its condition compared with that of the ordinary house in which the trade is conducted. Obviously, where the only profits that can be made are attributable to the trade of the house itself, there is more inducement to provide good accommodation than in the case of the tied-house, where the chief profits are made on the

supply of beers to the house. Hence, instead of a dingy air of tawdry magnificence, enhanced by flaring lights and illuminated advertisements of somebody's whisky, gin, or brandy, will be found dainty decoration and bright pictures, and the scent of flowers in place of the fumes of beer. Commodious rooms and small tables with music and games ready to hand take the place of the shabby loose-box which usually serves as a bar.

A request for food in the average Trust house is promptly met by a readiness to serve a well-cooked and well-served meal, at a price to suit all classes, instead of by a curt refusal or regret, or by grudging service of unappetising food in surroundings of the most undesirable kind. Music and games, which are each a feature, have been found to divert attention from the desire for drink, and newspapers are handy for all who care to look at them. Surroundings and atmosphere are of inestimable importance in their influence upon the habitué of the public house.

Comprehensive statistics relating to the movement, by reason of the scattered nature of the experiment, and owing to the fact that the managers of some companies themselves retain the non-alcoholic takings or part of them, are not available; but the figures relating to one of the companies may be published as an example of the effect of the system upon temperance. The Home Counties Public-House Trust (Limited), with offices at Radlett, Herts, now controls forty-seven houses of every sort and kind, from the large country inn to the inn in the slum area and mining village. In this case, while in 1903 (with a smaller number of houses) the non-alcoholic takings were but 12 per cent. of the whole, in 1912 they had risen to no less than 48 per cent. of the total revenue, a striking increase when it is remembered that the majority of the houses were before their acquisition by the Trust of the meanest description and in a horrible state of disrepair and uncleanness.

The extent of the non-alcoholic business of this company may be gauged from the fact that in one house alone, where the total number of meals served daily to working men when the house was first taken over was thirty, the number has now risen to no less than one hundred and fifty thousand a year, and this although the total available number of customers has rather diminished than otherwise. Other figures of a similar kind upon a somewhat smaller scale could be quoted to show the enormous increase in non-alcoholic sales.

The record of the Home Counties Public-House Trust (Limited) may again be quoted in judging of the effect of the movement on public order. In ten years, upon a low computation, eleven millions of customers have been served in this company's houses, which employ over four hundred persons. In all that time not a single

prosecution of any employé has ever been commenced, and this although four-fifths of those served were of the working-classes, and a good proportion of them dwellers in poor and populous neighbourhoods where licensing prosecutions are by no means a rarity. It is sometimes suggested, by those who do not know, that Trust houses are too superior to be patronised by the working-classes; but the above statement shows the falsity of such an allegation.

It cannot be denied that alcoholic sales sometimes increase in Trust houses; but this is due to the fact that only the best liquors are sold. While the number of customers may be increased, however, the *per capita* consumption has undoubtedly lessened. In fact, so much impressed are 'the Trade' by the success of the system that one or two brewery firms have actually agreed to let their houses previously tied for all commodities upon entirely free terms to one of the Trust companies, upon a profit-sharing basis, and several houses are being operated upon these terms. An extension of this system opens up unlimited possibilities to Trust companies for obtaining houses. The number of available houses is ample for some time to come without the aid of legislative assistance, and it only remains for the public to subscribe sufficient share capital to enable houses to be acquired either by purchase or on lease.

Trust companies have amply proved their capacity to earn the maximum dividend which it is within their power to distribute, and large sums have besides been placed to reserve and distributed to objects of public utility. Three hundred and eighteen houses are now controlled

by Trust companies in various parts of the United Kingdom.

The supply of suitable managers far exceeds the demand, for the pay is excellent, and no manager, except through pure carelessness or dishonesty, can lose his own money. The system insures him against loss, and enables him to share in the gains. The frequency of inspection and the chance of promotion encourage energy and care, and a free hand gives full play to individual talent; and so the system is as much for the benefit of the publican as it undoubtedly is for the public. Experience of every class of house, from the first-class country hotel to the house in a slum area or a mining village, has been obtained. The same system obtains in all, and each has accommodation at uniform tariffs for all classes of visitors. Cleanliness and good cooking can be generally relied upon, as touring motorists and cyclists as well as the working-man have been quick to appreciate. Indeed, it is the uniformity of the houses of most of the companies, largely brought about by continuity of system, which so impresses the observer. In short, the copartnership of directors and managers working together in the interests of temperance has succeeded even beyond the dreams of the originators of the scheme; and if this has been the case within a comparatively short period of time, and with the limited means at the disposal of its promoters, it is not difficult to believe that the success of the Trust system will so influence public opinion that the dream of to-day that the temperance problem has been solved will become the accomplished fact of tomorrow.

ANGLO-INDIANS.

By G. R. GLASGOW.

THERE always seems to be an extraordinary misconception about Anglo-Indian society in the minds of ordinary stay-at-home English people, and it would be rather amusing to find out exactly what image is presented to a suburban mind by the mere name.

Even the word India, unguardedly used at a dinner-table, is enough to throw a wet blanket over the cheeriest party. In some vague, elusive manner it suggests to many people something dull, boring, un-English, of which they know very little, and for which they care less; but when one ventures a step farther and mentions Anglo-Indians, one feels that one has almost figuratively jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, and there is nothing but a shocked expectancy on the faces within range.

I have, for instance, lately come across a bright little book called *Wayside India*, an impressionist sketch of a scamper through India in the cold weather, an expedition which should certainly

tend to charity with all men, to the sweeping away of cobwebs, and the destroying of myths. But, competent or incompetent, dull or clever, every writer of such books must fling a little mud at the Anglo-Indians, and the worst of it is that some of the mud sticks. *Wayside India* goes just a step farther, and hardly allows that Anglo-Indians are human.

In every community there is a percentage of more or less worthless persons. Even in England the men are not all brave, nor the women all virtuous; and in a comparatively small society, such as the society of India, the light that beats on its members is fiercer than the light which beats upon a throne, and the exceptions are more noticeable than the rule. Every one knows every one else, at least by reputation; and the doings of Simla are shouted from the house-tops of Calcutta. But, after all, it is a small percentage; as small, compared with the whole, as is the 'smart set' of London, of which

we hear so much, compared with the illustrious whole.

The first mistake seems to lie in imagining that Simla is some Olympus where the gods live always, unchanging, frivolous, careless; whereas, in reality, most of those who are 'caught up' are there for a few seasons only at the very best, and have waded through the terrors of innumerable hot weathers in the plains to get there. And truly they deserve their reward.

I wonder what ideas 'the plains,' 'the hot weather,' 'the rains' convey to ordinary English people, who have perhaps lived all their lives at home, or have paid a four months' visit to the East between October and February? Do they realise that the heat of the Punjab is generally one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade; that women, exhausted and depressed by the heat, with the care of delicate babies, the anxiety and worry of small incomes to meet large expenses, have to spend tedious days behind closed doors, in darkened rooms, to hear the hot winds howling against the *tattis*, and find the outside world like the mouth of a furnace at six o'clock in the evening? Can they imagine what it means to try to write with a *punkah* blowing on to the floor every paper that is not weighted down; to have nothing to look at outside but dry, yellow grass and long, white, dusty roads until there come the welcome rains, with the doors flung open, and the parched earth drowned and refreshed? Then, in their train, prickly heat and mosquitoes, and a perpetual vapour-bath of discomfort? Then the leave-season, and the exodus to the Hills—the fresh, cool wind from the snows meeting you as you wind up and up; the short season of gaiety, dances, picnics, dinners—sixty days and no more; and again the inexorable moment of return?

Very often the wives go up earlier—in May perhaps—or children are sent up with *ayahs*, for the journey is easier now, and not so expensive as it used to be, and it is cruel to keep English children on the plains unnecessarily; but, even so, the whirl of gaiety is short-lived, and is only a very small part of everyday life. Let us at least make the best of it, and not whimper. Courage and patience are rewarded of the gods.

For Indian life is real; it is open-minded and wholesome and very kind—it has large horizons, and in common difficulties and common dangers lies its saving grace. It is full of fears, which lie always at the background of the bravest mind, but which may at any moment start full-armed into the foreground—spectres of disease and death and bloodshed, of which we talk so comfortably at home. Over and above all that is the tragic shadow of separation, which is the keynote of Anglo-Indian life—separation for many tedious months of every year from husbands on the plains, separation for years and years from babies and growing boys and companionable daughters, because of climate, education, character—quite unavoidable always, but always a tragedy. At the

best, one misses what a thousand years of happy after-time can never give back; at the worst one loses everything. And yet we laugh and dance and are as happy as circumstances permit. We cannot live always at the fever-heat of renunciation. If we choose what we consider the lesser evil, and stay with our husbands, we will not embitter his life with black looks and tears and re-cremations. He has his anxieties too. We take life as we find it; it is ungracious, ungrateful, always to want what one has not got, and yet the ache is there.

As a rule there is more time than in England. The climate precludes a rush, and if you are strong enough to cope with the heat, you have infinitely more opportunity to improve your time and talents than you have at home. In most stations there are reading societies, drawing-classes, working-parties, all the paraphernalia for self-improvement for which married women at home can find so few free hours, and this consoles one for a great deal. Talents which in the rush of life would have fallen into disuse are the consolation of many lonely women, and sometimes quite unexpected gifts are discovered.

Speaking broadly, every one in India is good-hearted. It is no longer a luxury of the rich in money, the rich in divine gifts; it is the common heritage of the life. If any one is going to a new station, it is quite the most ordinary thing that he should be invited to stay, bag and baggage, children and dependants, at the bungalow of some previously unknown inhabitant until his own house is ready to receive him. If any one is ill, it is the expected thing that you will take him into your house and nurse him to convalescence; every one does it, and it is not considered worthy of remark. It would be much more remarkable not to offer. A bungalow is supposed to expand in the most extraordinary way; its doors are always graciously flung open. It is not an Englishman's castle, but a thousand better things—a casual ward, a hospital, a nursing home—and the master is only the steward of his pay!

Doubtless, because of this, friendships formed in India have some especial quality of their own. They need not necessarily be everlasting, so they are more lightly formed; separation comes so often, and so unexpectedly, that if we waited to find out who every one's grandfather was before being friendly, we should very soon be left solitary, with no consolation but our own family tree. In England it is, of course, impossible to make friendships in the same way. We are always more or less settled, and it is important to know something about the surroundings and relations of people to whom we are attracted, before tying ourselves down to an intimacy which may become impossible. But in India people come and go, and the airy web of sympathy and kindness can at first be easily broken if desired; but it is curious how often greater knowledge only

strengthens the fabric, and how enduring these friendships are! Nothing alters them; nothing breaks them. Cemented by a common exile, sharing the same outlook, the same pleasures, the same sorrows, as we do, it is extraordinary how the texture holds! Perhaps it is because we understand each other, and talk a common language.

If you speak to people at home of little wars, of disease, of some one who is dear to you lying ill of enteric or swept away by cholera, they are kind and sympathetic; but they do not see with your eyes, they cannot put themselves in your place. To them war is a pageant where heroes fall and victory is the climax. Unless they know the agony of personal loss, there is a glamour over it which prevents them focussing rightly. A hospital to them means a carpeted ward, with soft-footed nurses, every surgical appliance, every comfort that art or science can suggest, where life is encouraged, death held at bay, and the patient is the centre of an organised system. He need not think or plan or worry; he has only to live and breathe. That is what the kindest sympathiser understands by a mortal illness. But if you speak to a woman who has known the lights and shadows of a wider life, there is no need for words to express her sympathy; it is there always, ready, understanding. She only says, 'I know,' but it expresses everything. She knows the raid on the frontier, the repulsed attack of frenzied Ghazis that means perhaps a solitary heroic death, a grave that no one will ever visit, hot with sunshine, drenched with the rains, one of the milestones on the Road of Empire—a son, a husband, a brother. Illness speaks to her of sudden epidemics of cholera or enteric. One day there is the usual round of work and gaiety, the next the wings of the Angel of Death sweeping across the station, picking out victims here and there. A few hours' illness, hurried sales of the 'effects,' a meeting of the widows' fund committee, money granted for a passage, the 'Dead March' eternally sounding; and in a month the old routine, with bungalows swept out and relet to those who have got the death promotion, and a few crosses to mark a cholera camp. Or, again, a long illness in a frontier station, the regiment or the battery gone,

leaving the flotsam and jetsam of the sick to struggle back to health as best they can. No hospital, no comforts, very often no necessities; tinned milk, a hard straw mattress, a couple of kind and willing orderlies, a devoted doctor who by dint of superhuman efforts, and in spite of everything, pulls them through, or fails—far oftener fails. It is mostly on the patient's pluck and endurance that recovery depends. Wealth can buy nothing where there is nothing available. Love can give only love; it has no purchasing power on life.

There is something extremely irritating in the complacent remarks of a certain class of Englishwomen on their more adventurous sisters. How often I have tingled with useless passion when some turn of conversation has betrayed the fact that I have lived in India! The immediate concentration of spectacles and condemnatory eyes, the smooth condolences. 'How glad, how thankful you must be to have left that country of gossip and frivolity behind you, to be safe in this sheltered country—with us!' Sometimes I have been silent—it is so useless to try to force your points of view on other people; but once I was tempted to say that I never knew what gossip was until I came to an English country town, and the look of shocked incredulity on every face made the effort really worth while. England is England, and no other place can ever be *home*; but is one *glad* and *thankful* to leave half one's life behind—the better half?

I am middle-aged, and these things can be said to me with impunity. I am no longer looked upon as one of those to whom frivolities, flirtations, ambitions can apply; no one would hurt my feelings by suggesting it. So as a rule I keep my own counsel, and defend the young and light-hearted because of their courage and their youth.

There are so few old people in India! The public opinion formed by the middle-aged is almost entirely wanting, and it is a great, an incalculable loss. But I too was young once; I too have held my breath at difficult places, and felt the fear of death and separation tugging at my heart. I am one of those who *know*, and I see nothing to forgive, because I understand.

THE WARNING.

By IGNOTUS.

SQUELCH! clop! The monotonous sound had been ringing for hours in Denham's ears as the column plodded its weary way through the swampy morass of the Sierra Leone hinterland, true West African fever-belt. Oblivious as he was of his extraordinary good fortune in getting into a 'show' so soon after his arrival in the country, the sound of feet clumsily withdrawn from the thick, fetid mud and water was borne to him

with an especial sardonic interpretation, or so it seemed to him, when he recalled the last occasion on which he had listened to it—a carefully arranged shoot over an Irish snipe-bog only three months ago! What an age it seemed! And now, instead of the well-loved Green Isle, with its crowded memories of sport and boundless hospitality, all that his tired eyes beheld was an endless vista of marsh and so-called

bush-paths, punctuated at intervals with solitary palms and scrubby bush.

The occasion was one of our small wars, consequent on the policy of peaceful penetration, phrase beloved of certain orators; and the cause a somewhat tactless resentment shown by the aboriginal rulers to the said policy, which, amongst other inconveniences, showed an increasing reluctance to countenance such well-established native customs as cannibalism and human sacrifice.

The column, one of several operating independently in the district, comprised within itself a force of two companies of infantry rather less mobile than usual after their heavy journey, one seven-pounder field-gun which—travelling dismembered on 'boys' heads for facility of transport—looked rather like a toy than a weapon capable of dealing out death and destruction, a maxim-gun on its movable tripod mounting, and the usual miscellaneous collection of oddities yclept 'boys,' carrying on their heads the food and ammunition of the little force; for, owing to the presence of the tse-tse fly in this benighted spot, no horses exist, and all transport is effected on men's heads, even the sick and wounded being carried in hammocks nailed to wooden slats, each corner of which a man supports.

The ruler and leader of the little force was Hammersley, a man who was known up and down the length of the 'Coast' by reason of his years of honourable service, many of which had been passed in such warfare as the present, and who, by virtue of his past experience no less than by the magnetic control he exercised over Europeans and natives alike, was fully equal to the task allotted to him.

Barthropp, the captain of James Denham's company; Tuson, a subaltern commanding the other company; with Rice, a gunner in charge of the seven-pounder and the maxim, composed the remainder of the executive force on which Major Hammersley had to rely; while a civil surgeon attached for duty, and two white company-sergeant-majors, one to each company, completed the little handful of white men in the column.

As necessity is the mother of invention, so might it truly be said that financial crises of more or less severity constituted the reason for the presence of most of the officers in West Africa; yet it is but fair to say that certainly two of them had come out on the off-chance of such an opportunity as they were now engaged upon; while dislike of the life in the home battalion and an ever-increasing reluctance to act as perpetual recruit-instructors accounted for the two non-commissioned officers, good men both—Settle, the Englishman, a shining example of what the service, with its discipline and ordered method, can make out of such unpromising material as a bricklayer's labourer; and O'Brien, of a famous Irish fighting corps, with

the true adventurer's blood that that distasteful country keeps permanently on tap.

They had now been three days on the march, and though they were operating in a trappy, difficult country, only partly and spasmodically mapped, all had gone well. Indeed, to use Settle's words overheard at a halt, 'all 'ad gone without an 'itch,' possibly a more providentially true statement than he was aware of, bearing in mind the crawling pests of a native hut in which the force nightly bivouacked.

The usual routine had been observed and the game played with strict adherence to rule on both sides. Alamami, the native chief, whose obstinate determination to walk in the ways of his forefathers had rendered the expedition necessary, having previously been warned, had been ordered to present himself at the headquarters of the district for trial, and if necessary execution. Not altogether unnaturally perhaps, he had refused; and, to emphasise his point of view, the unfortunate envoy had returned bearing Alamami's cartel in the shape of a nose slit down the middle and the loss of his right ear.

On receipt of this defiance stern measures became necessary, and Hammersley and two other column commanders were sent to scour the country and apprehend the passionate upholder of the past.

Up to the present no fighting of any consequence had taken place. The usual blood-stained rags had been found at intervals distributed along the bush-paths, the native sorcerer's *ju-ju*s or witchcraft to turn the white men's blood to water and their wits to wool. The customary solitary sniper had been met with, his ancient *bundook* (musket) lashed to a tree commanding a turn in the path down which the force must come; while a bolt-hole for the hero had been carefully cut in the bush behind, along which he could vanish after pulling the trigger, and the customary toll had by these means been taken of the advance guard—all of which signs to the war-worn West African soldier point to the gradual collection of trouble ahead; and yet Hammersley was dissatisfied and ill at ease.

Although, if the maps supplied him were to be trusted, he was but some seven miles from the chief town of Alamami's district, a collection of thatched mud-huts on a small knoll overlooking the surrounding swamps, he had met with no organised resistance such as he was entitled to look for; no salvo of musketry from a stockade built across the path he must travel, with the potleg whizzing *zing* in a gentle crescendo as it passed overhead; no charge of savages from the bush by the side of the path, shouting the unintelligible war-cries and seeking to use the column as a chopping-block. It puzzled him; and what added to the mystification he felt was the depressing recollection of his last night's dream.

Hammersley was a man of sound nerves and abstemious habits, as little likely to indulge in

morbid self-introspection as any man alive, and yet the previous night, lying on his camp-bed in the palaver-house of a deserted village, he had dreamed of his own grave. On a small mound surrounded by the depressing, unmistakable West African scenery, he had plainly seen a grave, the headstone carrying the letters HAM in bold black relief on the white background. He had awakened trembling and crying, and in response to an inquiry from the doctor, who was awake and smoking, as to whether he were ill, he explained that he had had a bad dream, and, turning over, had tried to go to sleep again. But it was of no use; the dream had been too vivid; sleep would not come, and he had lain awake quaking (for no man can see his own end unmoved) till the officer in charge of the outposts had come to his bedside at 4 A.M. with a reminder that it was time for réveille.

As dawn broke the sleeping forms round him quickened into life, and the cheerful bustle of the bivouac made his fears seem groundless; but a chill and vivid remembrance of the tombstone hung about him all day, and did nothing to lessen his perplexities as to the enemy's behaviour.

Musing thus as he marched, he was roused from his reverie by the sound of a shot ahead, followed almost immediately by a dropping fusillade as if a target only partly visible to the advanced guard had suddenly decided to run the gauntlet of that body, affording the men in turn a little moving-object practice.

At the sound the labouring column creaked slowly to a halt, and from the turn of the path in front Corporal Shorunkah could be seen hastening back with a report from the officer in charge of the advance guard.

The curt message it held—'Stockade in front apparently strongly held; bush lighter at sides; turning movement possible; have one man hit'—served to dissipate the last shreds of Hammersley's gloom; and while the path in front was hastily swept clear of men to allow the seven-pounder to come into action, orders were given for two sections of infantry to swing out right and left into the bush, thus getting in rear of the stockade, enfilading the enemy if seen, or in the last resort taking heavy toll of him as he vacated the stockade in consequence of the pressing attentions of the rest of the force in his immediate front.

Such evolutions take time, and it was not until an hour after their despatch that news was received from the section leaders as to their whereabouts, so that the frontal attack could be commenced.

The time had not been wasted by the seven-pounder, which, finding it could make but little outward impression on the strongly built wooden stockade, reinforced with a thick earthen fire-proof front, had amused itself by lobbing a few shells upward and over the stockade in the

manner of a howitzer; and as Rice took care to alter his angle after every few shots, the chorus that arose from inside testified very gratifyingly to the alarm and despondency, if nothing worse, that was happening within.

This result had not been attained without payment, as the gunlayer's body, lying where it had been dragged when he fell dead across the trail, showed; while a rapidly crimsoning bandage on Rice's head marked the passage of a jagged bit of potleg that had taken toll as it flew. Nevertheless the gunners were well satisfied; the elation of the seven-pounder gun's crew being only surpassed by the annoyance of the maxim-men, who, from the limited nature of the range and the impossibility of piercing the stockade, had not yet come into action.

However, everything comes to him who waits; and, on news arriving from the flank, the storming-party previously detailed skulked cat-like up the side of the bush-path, and when near enough planted their gun-cotton at the foot of the stockade, touched off the time-fuse, and ran back.

The seven-pounder, which had continued its attentions to the defenders of the stockade till the last, ceased perforce as the crew went to ground in the thick cover; and as the angle of the stockade blew in with a mighty crash and detonation, scattering stones, tree-stumps, and earth broadcast, the defenders could be seen swarming like ants when the top of a nest is carelessly removed. Not a moment was lost.

The infantry, who had been waiting like leashed hounds, with bayonets fixed, opened fire independently at the word of command on the struggling mass within, who were jostling each other underfoot in their eagerness to escape by the gate in the rear—an eagerness that was not lessened when the infantry ceased firing, and, led by Hammersley and his officers, completed their demoralisation by a charge.

The now panic-stricken savages redoubled their efforts to escape, and the flanking parties in rear took heavy toll of such as came within their purview; while the last touch of horror was supplied by the maxim, which, brought up by its eager carriers at a run, hastily put together, and the feed-belt inserted, coughed and sputtered lead into the late valiant defenders wherever a target offered.

Fearing his men might get out of hand, and anxious to re-form, Hammersley now ordered the 'Cease fire' to sound; and, the officers reassembling their men as speedily as possible, the roll was rapidly called with a view to counting casualties. The little force had lost heavily. In addition to the losses already detailed, one flanking party had had a man killed outright and another impaled on a buried bamboo stake; while the few minutes prior to and during the charge had cost Hammersley twelve killed and wounded, among the former Sergeant-Major

O'Brien, who, hit in the mouth with a poisoned arrow, had fallen and died in hideous convulsions as the mixture began to tell on his system.

Nevertheless, considering the brilliant little action fought, the butcher's bill was light, and putting the killed and wounded into hammocks, the former to be buried in camp that night, the little force, considerably cheered, took the road once more.

It was now late afternoon, and with the memory of the heavy day's march and the trying fight, Hammersley determined to halt for the night at the first convenient opportunity.

To this end, he himself marched with the advance guard; and, the native village on the knoll coming into view shortly after, and proving on careful reconnaissance to be deserted except for a decrepit, toothless old hag, the tired column halted for its night's rest, the advance guard turning itself automatically into pickets, while the main body entered and took possession.

The most important point was the allotment of a field hospital, and for this purpose the palaver-house, a mud-floored building with a thatched roof but no sides, was set apart, being both central and by absence of walls comparatively cool.

An alarm-post in case of sudden attack being settled and pointed out to the men, the exterior of the village was surveyed, and some scrub near enough to afford shelter to an enemy was cut down; after which the tired men were allotted quarters and dismissed for an evening meal. The ration call sounded, food was served out; and so rapid is the restorative effect of food and rest that the men, who two hours before had seemed thoroughly exhausted, began to chatter and sing. The bugle sounded again, and the half-company detailed for night picket, well fed and rested, paraded under Lieutenant Denham, and proceeded to relieve the advance guard, who were still in their old positions; while a burial-party was told off, and began the sad duty of preparing one large grave for the men who had fallen in that afternoon's fight.

The advance guard came in and were fed; the dead were reverently laid to rest, Hammersley reciting the burial service from his little field manual; and, with the quickly gathering darkness, a hush gradually settled down over the bivouac as the fires waxed dim and the men settled themselves to sleep.

It might have been some three hours later that the camp was aroused by the sentry's challenge of 'Who go dar?' quickly followed by a shot, replied to at once by the now well-known song of the potleg as it began to hum busily overhead.

The pickets opened fire, and the sleeping camp awoke to busy, ordered tumult, men falling in on their alarm posts, stragglers rushing up with their accoutrements in their hands, and in the

centre of the village the 'boys' lying flat on their faces beside their loads.

After a few moments' suspense, and as the men were fixing bayonets to repel a possible rush, a voice was heard asking for 'de majah,' and Hammersley, to his great regret, heard that Denham had been hit. A handful of savages had crept up in the dark, and on being challenged had let drive a ragged volley, and vanished again into the night.

The doctor went out with a hammock and some dressings. But the poor lad was already *in extremis*, and nothing could be done; indeed, within a short time he had breathed his last.

Tuson was sent to the pickets to take charge, and the men were dismissed.

Then, and then only, did the tragic significance of his dream strike Hammersley. He had indeed seen a gravestone, but it was poor Denham's and not his; and with this explanation his heart gave a bound, and the cloud of misery that had wrapped him about, intangible and yet overpowering in its strength, vanished.

THE MOUNTAINEER

TO V.

LET laggards cramp their limbs on lowland paths,
In sheltered valleys pace in measured ease,
With graceful steps in purple Scottish straths,
Through Irish glens and flower-prink English leas.

I, in the cloudlands and abreast the sky,
The regions seek of deep, untrodden snow;
Oft there in dream my soaring spirits hie,
Oft there in deed my climbing footsteps go.

By crag and cornice, precipice and peak,
By shadowed scarp and glacier of steel,
Through vaporous seas of mist the heights to seek,
Up where the sun barque lays a golden keel.

Through glistening sheen of frost my vision takes,
By billowy waves of snow aslant the skies,
A glimpse of far, deep, slumbering inland lakes
As blue and dreamy as my lover's eyes.

The cry of torrents, music to my ears;
The drift of clouds, that shroud me in their veils;
The cliffs sheer flung, close questioning my fears;
The splitting ice-floes and the threatening gales.

No fancied wrongs away my peace to hunt,
No fretted fears for dreams oft dreamed in vain;
Nothing but this, to take my staff and front
The mist, the snow, the avalanche, the rain.

Or when my Queen, snow-pale, holds court alone,
A star-crowned maiden cold and pure and white,
Disrobed of mist and cloud, upon her throne,
The climber to her levee doth invite.

Above her brow a tent of wondrous blue;
Upon her bosom gems of sparkling frost;
This is the Queen to whom my faith is due,
This is the lure to which my fate is tossed.

This be the love I bear her, proud and strong;
These be my wishes, passionate and best;
Living to serve my manhood's purpose long,
But, dying, I would die upon her breast.

A. STODART WALKER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE UNFORTUNATE LADY.

By the Rev. DAVID SMITH, M.A.

THIS story, which ends in a humble cottage in St Ninians, near Stirling, and in a grave which cannot now be identified in the churchyard of that village, begins in Glamis Castle, the seat of the Earls of Strathmore. One May morning in the year 1728, Charles, the sixth Earl of Strathmore, left the castle and rode into the neighbouring town of Forfar to attend the funeral of a daughter of Mr Carnegie of Lour. In those days a funeral was an occasion for much eating and drinking, and this one was no exception to the rule. The ceremony may be said to have begun with a dinner, at which the bereaved father entertained the earl, his own brother James Carnegie of Finhaven, Mr Lyon of Bridgeton, and others. After dinner came the funeral, and after the funeral the company adjourned to a tavern; and from the tavern they went to call on Lady Auchterhouse, a sister of the Carnegies and a widow, who no doubt entertained them in the usual fashion. When they left her house it was getting dark, and they were all more or less under the influence of drink. During the day Bridgeton had spoken very rudely to Finhaven, sneering at him because he had no son, for being unwilling to marry his daughter to Lord Rosehill, and for being in debt. Finhaven seems to have borne these insults with great meekness. Perhaps in his befogged condition he did not quite realise what was being said. As they passed along the streets of Forfar, however, after leaving Lady Auchterhouse, Bridgeton pushed Finhaven into a dark kennel, where he fell in the mire. That insult touched him to the quick. Struggling to his feet, he drew his sword and rushed on his tormentor, who, having no sword of his own, tugged hard at the handle of the one which the earl carried. The earl interposed between the two in an attempt to prevent mischief, with the result that he received Finhaven's sword-thrust in his own body. The wound was mortal. In two days the earl was dead.

In the following August Finhaven was tried on a charge of deliberate murder, and would likely have been found guilty but for the courage and ability of his advocate, who was Robert Dundas of Arniston. Witnesses came forward who swore they had heard Finhaven use

threatening language against the earl, and the judge told the jury they were not entitled to consider anything but the facts of the case. Dundas, however, advised them differently; and the jury, taking into account the whole circumstances of the tragic event, brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' The trial was a famous one in the history of Scottish jurisprudence, because it established the right of a jury to take into consideration the law as well as the facts of a case.

When the Earl of Strathmore died he left behind him a widow, the Countess Susan, who was only eighteen years of age. She was the second of three daughters of the Earl of Dundonald; and of the other two, one became Duchess of Hamilton and the other married the Earl of Galloway. The three sisters were famed for their beauty. Lady Susan, after her marriage, was known far and wide as 'the bonny Countess of Strathmore.' For eighteen years after the death of her husband the Countess Susan remained a widow, not, it is said, from any lack of suitors of high degree. At the end of that period, when she had reached the ripe age of thirty-six, she offended her own family and startled the world by marrying her groom, George Forbes, a tall, handsome man about her own age, who had entered her husband's service when a boy, and remained in her employment after his untimely death. In books that chronicle the doings of the peerage Forbes is called her ladyship's factor, and is also said to have been Master of Horse to the Pretender; but there can be no doubt he is correctly described as her groom. He does not seem to have taken kindly to the proposal of marriage which the countess made him, but he yielded, and the marriage took place on the 2nd of April 1745. What the world thought of this strange alliance may be learned by reading the following extract from a newspaper of contemporary date:

'One of the most extraordinary marriages which have marked our own, or any other, period was performed this month at Castle Lyon, when Susanna, the far-famed beauty of Strathmore, married Mr Forbes, one of the men-servants in her employ. The wedding was a very quiet one, being distinguished by the absence of personages such as one usually looks for at such ceremonies

in which a person of high rank is concerned. A considerable amount of curiosity will, no doubt, be entertained by many as the result of such an unusual alliance. There are rumours that the lady's example may be followed in other directions, and that an embarrassing ambition appears rife among servitors in many of our great families. It would seem as if many grooms of superior appearance were like to lose their employment on being suspected of aspirations not agreeable to heads of families by whom they are retained, and who have beautiful daughters.

When next, in the year 1754, the curtain rises on this strangely matched pair we find that they have separated. The countess is dying in Paris with none but strange faces about her; her husband is keeping a livery-stable in Leith; and their only child, Susan Janet Emilia, who had been born in Holland in 1746, is being educated in a convent in Rouen. When the countess died Forbes married, as his second wife, a woman of his own rank, to whom he often spoke of his daughter who had remained in the French convent after her mother's death. At last he commissioned the captain of a vessel that sailed to France to bring her to Leith, where she made her home with her father and step-mother and their babies. The arrangement was not a happy one. Susan was now a girl of fifteen, her father was a stranger to her, and the rough ménage of the keeper of a livery-stable was distasteful to the convent-bred girl. She evidently became the drudge of the household, and there is reason to suspect that she was harshly treated by her father and stepmother. The position became intolerable, and one day, with half-a-guinea in her pocket, she ran away, and, crossing the Forth, wandered about in Fife until her money was spent and her strength nearly gone. In this sad plight she knocked one night at the door of a farmhouse and asked for something to eat and a night's shelter. The farmer, whose name was Lauder, took her in and gave her what she asked; and when he and his wife heard her story they took pity on her, and invited her to make her home with them, an invitation which she gladly accepted. At this point Forbes drops out of our story. The last we hear of him is in 1766, in which year he proved the will of the Countess Susan on behalf of his daughter, who at that time was living with the Lauders in Fife. What the countess had to leave I cannot tell. She is said to have been extravagant, and her jointure as widow of an Earl of Strathmore would die with her. Her daughter Susan, who was her only child, does not seem to have benefited appreciably by her mother's will.

Susan, or Janet, as the Lauders preferred to call her, was very happy in her Fifeshire home. Anne, the daughter of the house, soon became her fast friend; and Anne's brother John fell in

love with her, and they were married when she was eighteen. Changes, however, came to the farmhouse as the years sped. The old farmer and his wife died, and misfortune fell on John and his wife. They had to leave the farm, and when they did so they migrated to St Ninians, where John became tenant of a nursery which lay in the angle between the Glasgow and Bannockburn roads, and where they took up their abode in a low-roofed house of one storey in the Red Close.

How long the Lauders lived in St Ninians I cannot tell, because I do not know when they came to the village. I have had many a chat, however, with an old lady, who died a few years ago, and who in her girlhood was a near neighbour of Mrs Lauder during the last ten years of her life. My old friend had no recollection of ever having seen the husband, from which we may conclude that John Lauder died some years before his wife. She told me also that Mrs Lauder, the daughter of the countess, was greatly respected by her neighbours, who seem to have known her history. They pitied her for her misfortunes, and her superior education and refinement of speech and manner evidently made an impression on the simple folk among whom she lived. In St Ninians she was known as 'The Unfortunate Lady,' and also as 'Mem Lauder,' because she insisted on the children saying 'ma'am' when they addressed her. My old friend also told me she had often heard of Mrs Lauder being visited by a lady who came in a carriage, and who was said to be her mother's sister, the Countess of Galloway.

At one time during the latter part of her life Mrs Lauder seems to have been in great poverty. Probably that was due to the loss of her husband. Nine or ten years, however, before her death a few influential people in the neighbourhood of St Ninians who knew her story and were aware of her poverty drew the attention of her cousins, the Earls of Galloway and Dunmore, the Duke of Hamilton, and Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, to her circumstances, with the result that they provided her with an income of one hundred pounds a year for the rest of her lifetime. Her end was sudden. One morning, in the year 1821, when she had reached the age of seventy-five, her neighbours noticed that her house in the Red Close had not been opened as usual; and when they effected an entrance they found that 'The Unfortunate Lady' had passed away during the night.

This is a sad story, but it is worth while noticing that there is no hint of any moral delinquency in it. When Lady Strathmore and her groom married they did a very foolish thing, and that is the worst that can be said of them. And their daughter and her husband were evidently very much respected in their own humble walk of life. Janet Lauder said of her

husband, 'There never was a more true and noble man than John Lauder, and I am proud to have been his wife.' No doubt it was Mrs Lauder's humble station in life in contrast with

the high social position of her mother and other relatives that drew forth her neighbours' pity and secured for her the name of 'The Unfortunate Lady.'

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

CHAPTER VII.

'*NOM de nom!*' he muttered between his teeth, and set off back as hard as he could go toward the house. While those fools slept in the kitchen their prey must be escaping. He bounded up the steps, and as he did so the flap of his coat caught on an iron knob of the balustrade. Impatiently he put up his hand to wrest it free; but as his hand went down it touched the metal rim of the miniature sticking out of the pocket of his vest. The mere touch pulled him up, stopped him, panting, half-way between the gravel and the terrace. He leaned against the rail, all his exultation suddenly ended. He was visited by a fear that might be unreasonable, but which was so poignant, so acute, that it cut across his purpose, and damped even his ferocity and his self-seeking.

He was possessed by the notion—and in his heart he knew that he called it a premonition—that if he hunted for Pestilents this night he should find Madeleine de Villemarnier in his bag. He leaned against the railing, breathing hard. His fingers—as if they were acting independently of his will—strayed back to his pocket, and brought out the miniature. Still with the feeling that it was not he himself who was responsible for what he was doing, he took the oval out and raised it. He brought the picture upwards and pressed his lips to it.

The next moment Sebastian's arm fell to his side, and he, with his nerves of iron, with his heart steeled against every voice of pity, of humanity, was trembling like a leaf. He shivered as if a cold blast had suddenly blown over him; he turned about, and, a pace at a time, very slowly, with his head bent and his eyes lowered, began to go down the steps. He knew now that the time when he could hide his heart from his own consciousness was past. He knew that he loved Madeleine de Villemarnier, that he must have loved her ever since she threw his life back at him. It was characteristic of the man, of his habit of prompt decision, of implicit acceptance of facts as they were, that he never tried to deny this revelation, never tried to push it aside or to juggle with himself.

But if there was inward plain speaking enough, there was little joy. Most men look back on such a moment as a bright patch in their lives. Sebastian was not even a whit happier for the discovery. He was but possessed with a dreary sense that his was a love that could never hope

for fulfilment; and, as he told himself that, the dominant emotion in his mind was a dull anger to think that to the life, difficult enough, wearing enough, which he habitually led would henceforth be added this new handicap; that at all times, that at any moment, he would be liable to see himself and his actions as Madeleine de Villemarnier's great clear eyes would look on them.

He went on, over the grass, found a bench under a tree, and sat down on it. He deliberately put his back to the river and to any further signals that might come from it. Let the Patriots sleep on; he was not going to awake them. For all he cared, a Pestilent—may, twenty of them if they liked—might slip down the Loire that night. He would let them all go willingly for the sake of Madeleine de Villemarnier. On the morrow Jacques Sebastian might be Jacques Sebastian again. As long as this night lasted he would be a man who could love as other men did, who would dare much, and sacrifice as much, for his love.

He leaned back with his head against the gnarled trunk of the great tree. He had not yet slept, and he knew that he would not sleep this night. He looked before him, away to the east, where the first streaks of the coming dawn were lighting up the horizon. He had held the miniature all this time in his hand; now, though he could not make out a single line of the face, he put his fingers softly over it, and even when he ceased to touch it he still went on holding it.

He sat still. He watched the growing of the light, all the tender flushings of the sunrise; how the old white house first glimmered a pearl-like gray, and then, as the sun rose, became a bright white; he watched how the green seemed to rise out of the neutral shadows to colour the turf; he heard the calling of the birds; he saw the sparkling of the dew at his feet; and then, breaking in, spoiling all that was hushed, all that was pure, he saw the slouching figure of Faguet coming down the steps of the terrace toward him.

Sebastian had never felt a greater distaste. He pushed the miniature into his pocket, and sat still.

Faguet came along, and as he advanced he scowled suspiciously.

'Do you want me?' Sebastian began when the lean youth, with a face showing more sallow in the clear morning light, with hair guiltless of

brushing and hands innocent of water, stood before him.

'No,' retorted Faguet; 'but I couldn't think where you had got to. It seems a droll thing to find you out here on a bench like a beggar when you could take your pick of rooms in there. Now, *citoyen*'—and unbidden he seated himself at Sebastian's side—'since we are all comrades, and each one is as good as another, you may as well tell me what little game you have been up to.'

Sebastian moved a little farther aside; he took up the flap of his long coat—the one that had been torn on the railing—and removed it from possible contamination with Faguet's person.

The youth saw the action, perhaps guessed its meaning, for he thrust out both his legs and lolled back. 'Well,' he went on, more insolent than before, 'you had better tell me. I say, what game have you been up to?'

'To none,' Sebastian was beginning.

Then Faguet saw that torn flap of the coat. 'You got this sleeping, I suppose?' he sneered, and he pointed to the rent.

With an impetuous movement Sebastian wrenched his garment away and sprang to his feet.

But as he did so Faguet was up as quickly. The rim of the miniature was visible in Sebastian's vest; it had been disclosed as the coat was dragged open. Faguet had seen its gleam at once, and he had instantly supposed that it was made of gold. He laughed shrilly.

'*Nom de nom!*' he cried out, 'you have been busy, I see, *citoyen*. It is share and share alike now, you know. Let us see what you have taken;' and as he said this, before Sebastian could realise that the miniature was exposed, Faguet, with a dexterity which spoke to the training of his youth, had whisked the miniature out of Sebastian's pocket.

The youth caught but one glimpse of the face looking out from the ivory background, when Sebastian's iron grasp wrenched it out of his hand, but that one look was enough for him. He stepped back. As a precaution—for his wrist still tingled—he put a width of the turf between himself and the big man before him. Then he moistened his lips and leered slowly. '*Bon!*' announced Faguet; '*très bon!* Now we know why this fine commissioner from Paris was so anxious to appropriate Villemarnier. It will make a good hearing for the Patriots in Tours. It will even be interesting information to our comrades downstairs in the kitchen. I think, my fine friend'—and as Faguet said this he backed still farther away, well out of arm's-length—'you will ride back to Tours this very evening, but hardly as you came out. I knew when I awoke and missed you that you were up to something. I thought you had gone to fill your pockets before better men than you had a chance. But when I tell the *Citoyen* President what was your particular fancy, I don't think he

will make any difficulty about granting me a new set of papers; and, *parbleu!* if they know a zealous Patriot when they see one, they will make over this nice, snug little job here to me.'

Sebastian heard the harangue to the end. He folded his arms and lifted his eyebrows. 'You are a fool, Pierre Faguet,' he announced; 'and you are wrong in your calculations again. If I was necessary to the great Robespierre yesterday, I am indispensable to-day. While you snored in the kitchen I was at work. I have found out the very thing I came here to learn.'

As he said this Sebastian turned back to his seat and settled himself on it anew. He crossed one leg over the other and laughed aloud. '*Tiens!*' he went on, as Faguet neither moved nor spoke, 'have you not even the sense to see that your little game is up?'

The vagabond raised his head and ruffled his mop of unkempt black locks. 'What,' he muttered uneasily, 'have you discovered?'

Sebastian replied with another smile. 'My friend,' he said smoothly, 'it seems you will not learn by experience. I regret it, because the man who cannot learn by experience is a man doomed to failure. You defied me yesterday, and I let you off. You have endeavoured to defy me again to-day, and I really do not see what there is to prevent my denouncing you when I send word back to Tours of what I saw down by the river last night.'

Sebastian leaned back. He gave the words a moment or so to filter into Pierre Faguet's brain; then, when he saw by the lowering brows and the twitching lips that the vagabond was uneasy, he sprang to his feet and threw out his arm. 'Pierre Faguet,' he thundered, 'I am not sure that it is not my duty to put you under arrest at once. You lived at Villemarnier in the'—he could not help a moment's faltering—the *ci-devant's* time. You were mightily anxious to get back. How do I know that you are not a Loyalist in disguise? How do I know that you are not an agent for the escape of Pestilents? How do I know that the lights I saw by the river were not flashed to you; that you were not answering them?'

Pierre Faguet cowered before the commanding voice, and he began to whimper, to protest. Sebastian put out his arm and fastened on Faguet's shoulder, shook him as if he were a rat, and then, assuring him that he was not even worth the trouble of being put under arrest, let him go. When Sebastian was alone again, after the slouching figure had darted like a frightened rabbit into one of the doors—in the basement of the house this time—he leaned back and laughed contemptuously. 'The strong man,' he told himself, 'is always king over weak fools.'

He chanced to forget the times in which he was living; he chanced also to forget the instructive fable of the lion and the mouse; and when he went in to find if the guard had recovered from their carouse, the first thing he heard was

that Faguet, who had said he was going down into the cellars to bring up more wine, had not returned, and was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEBASTIAN awoke with a start. His first glance, in that moment of hardly coherent thought, was at the prospect facing him. He saw he was sitting before a window, and that that window looked out on to a vista of sky and greenness; then he began to remember where he was. He was back in the Medusa room at Villemarnier.

For the time being he had got rid of the turbulent band that he had brought with him. He had seen, soon enough, that something must be sacrificed to them. So he had abandoned the gardens and the outhouses. The Patriots might wreck, destroy, pillage there as much as they pleased. But since he had turned a deaf ear to their forcible hints with regard to the château itself—they were for stripping it from attic to cellar, and then setting it on fire—they were by no means satisfied, and had departed, muttering that one *sansculotte* was as good as another, and that no one should have over his head a better house than his fellows.

Sebastian knew that their discontent must be appeased, or his own position would become perilous; but he had no mind to beat the woods for fugitives that day. He even refrained from posting a guard by the river, and he said nothing of that convenient cave where he himself had sheltered. Instead, no sooner did he find himself alone than he slipped up to the Medusa room that he might look once again at each well-remembered item; and there, overcome by his memories, by the new knowledge that the last few hours had awakened in him, he drew the high-backed chair, in which he had so often sat while he was recovering from his wounds, as near to the window as he dared, and seated himself in it. Then, thanks probably to the fact that he had not closed his eyes all the previous night, he must have fallen asleep.

He was awakened by a light touch on his shoulder. Sebastian only just felt the pressure of soft fingers. He sprang to his feet. He wheeled about and shot a sharp glance upward. But though he half-opened his lips he did not utter a word. His speech was arrested before it became sound. In front of him stood Madeleine de Villemarnier.

A pause—a long one—followed.

The sun shone without; the light played on the dark chestnut beams of the roof; the gleam of the summer day showed every tint, every shade in the great square of tapestry on the wall; a bee fussed in at the open window, droned along past Madeleine, down the length of the room, knocked itself against the high chest,

and turning about, lost itself in the intricacies of the bed-curtains and their fringe, and began to protest angrily.

Both the man and the woman, standing not a foot apart, who had met again so strangely, so unexpectedly, seemed to wait until that buzzing ball of black-and-yellow should be housed to its mind; and then, when the hum was stilled, Sebastian found his voice.

'You here?' he ejaculated, as though he must have some other testimony than the evidence of his own senses.

'Yes,' answered Madeleine de Villemarnier very slowly, very coldly. 'It is I. I still inhabit the house that is lawfully mine. Had you forgotten that it belonged to me?'

Sebastian flung up his head. '*Ciel!*' he cried, he who had not spoken of Heaven for years—'*Ciel!* I thought you had emigrated. I thought you had escaped to England.'

The woman before him half-smiled as she stepped back a pace. She raised her great eyes and looked full into the dark, troubled face before her. 'Jacques Sebastian,' she began, and every syllable uttered by the vibrating voice seemed to the man listening to be a reproach in itself, 'why are you here?'

'I was sent,' he stammered.

'Sent!' echoed Madame de Villemarnier.

'By whom?'

Sebastian looked down at the face awaiting his reply. He put his hand to his sword; then he let his fingers drop.

'By whom were you sent?' reiterated Madeleine de Villemarnier, and he knew that he would have to reply.

'By Robespierre,' he jerked out.

'By that man!' she exclaimed; and though she must have expected some such answer, she recoiled a pace at the very sound of the name that symbolised such woe to her and to such as she. In an instant she recovered herself. 'On what errand were you sent?' she went on.

'To prevent escapes by the river,' answered Sebastian, who knew that every word he was saying told against him, and yet could neither temporise nor evade.

'And why were you selected?'

'I knew the river—the country,' the man before her mumbled.

Madeleine de Villemarnier nodded. She glanced out of the window. Perhaps she was recalling to herself what peculiarly good opportunities Sebastian had enjoyed of knowing this country and the mighty stream. She turned back. 'Did you choose Villemarnier for your headquarters,' she demanded, 'or was it indicated to you?'

'I selected it,' Sebastian cried out, and this time his voice was quick, was eager.

Madame de Villemarnier heard the new ring in the tones. When one goes all day and every night in peril of death one notices the slightest

variation in a voice, the least alteration in a smile. She paused a moment as if it were a lead to her, and, obviously, she substituted the one word 'Why?' for whatever she might have been about to say.

But the simple monosyllable pulled up Sebastian. Why had he selected this particular white-fronted old château? He had not known at the time; he knew now, and if he told her, how would she receive the news? In his turn he asked a question. 'Why are you here?' he demanded. 'What are you doing here? Where have you been hiding?'

Madame de Villemarnier looked at the big man before her. Her eyes marked his long blue coat, his striped vest, above all the band of tri-coloured stuff wound round his waist and the rosette of the same red, blue, and white pinned on his lapel, and she smiled contemptuously. 'Monsieur,' she said, and purposely she used the forbidden term of polite greeting, 'must I remind you again that this is my own house?'

With an impetuous movement Sebastian made as if to thrust the taunt from him. 'Tell me,' he demanded, 'where have you been hiding?'

Madeleine smiled softly. 'Monsieur,' she replied, 'since I suppose to-day must end my stay, and that now you and your men are here I must go, I will tell you. Villemarnier must have been built for just such evil days as these. There are cellars, one opening out of the other, with turnings and windings, that would hide twenty people at least. They communicate with the house by a staircase scooped out of the thickness of the wall, and that staircase leads up to the turret'—

Sebastian broke in on the explanation. A new thought had occurred to him. What if it were Madeleine de Villemarnier in person who was assisting the fugitives to escape by the river? What if—he had suggested it to gain his own ends—Villemarnier was a rallying-place for evasions, and the woman before him planned them, and assisted to carry them out? Then—then it was he—he, who loved her as he loved no one else—who had drawn attention to her, who had put her in the direst peril!

In that brief space of time, while he thought of all this, he realised how a man might make his own punishment: he knew that for some sinners at least the penalties of hell do not wait until the breath has gone out of the body. His retribution would walk side by side with him every hour, every minute, he lived unless he could save Madeleine de Villemarnier.

In that moment was born Sebastian's firm

resolve to save her at any price, at any cost. 'Tell me,' he thrust in urgently; 'what are you doing here?'

The tall woman drew herself up proudly. 'I do not blush to own what keeps me here,' she answered. 'I have nothing to be ashamed of.' She drew back a step and threw up her head; and Sebastian, looking hard at her, with all his mind filled with a great desire to serve her at least once, saw, not that she had left off that disfiguring, tight widow's cap, not that she was dressed in a dimity gown, with a frilled mob-cap on her head, as any peasant might have been, but that her hair fell over her brow again, that in her eyes was, if not happiness, at least peace; and he knew that what he was to hear next would explain to him how this woman had put corroding grief behind her, how she had risen to peace, to the quiet heart that follows high resolve and proportionate achievement.

'Jacques Sebastian,' she went on, 'your conjecture or your information was right. Villemarnier has been a centre of evasion for months. I am the head of the organisation. I could have saved myself; I could have fled from the country, from such monsters as you and your master; but I chose to stay. Do you know why?'

She looked up at him, and seemed to demand an answer, but Sebastian stood before her dumb. 'I will tell you,' she went on. 'I vowed to save so many lives or to perish myself. Each man I assisted, each woman, would atone for my husband's sin, for the sin that you forced on him, for the sin that therefore lies at your door. Every life saved would take one misdoing from the account of Armand de Lière, since I, his wife, his widow, made it my offering for him; since each time I put all I had to give—my life—in jeopardy for him. I set myself a task. I said fifty lives shall owe their salvation to the memory of Armand de Lière, and I grew happier in the work, confident that I should accomplish the number I had set myself.

'Yesterday, when I saw your band ride up to the château, when I saw that you, Jacques Sebastian, were at the head of it, I all but despaired. I had passed down forty-six fugitives; there were three under this roof, under the very roof that sheltered you, but awaiting nightfall to set out.'

She paused, but still Sebastian neither moved nor spoke. He felt as if he were listening to the voice of Fate, as if he were seeing with his own eyes how the finger of Destiny works on human lives.

(Continued on page 653.)



INDUSTRIAL PEACE MOVEMENTS.

By E. T. GOON.

NEARLY as many working days have been lost by strikes and lockouts in the last three years as in the preceding twenty. These recent huge and costly labour disputes have stimulated various industrial peace movements. Copartnership, for instance, is being strongly advocated. A Bill dealing with the matter has been introduced in the House of Commons to test feeling, and there are more unlikely eventualities than a serious legislative attempt to compel employers to share profits with their workmen. Compulsory arbitration too is getting within propinquity of practical politics. Statutory wage-fixing boards have been established, not merely for certain badly organised and low-paid occupations, but for the strongly organised and comparatively well-paid mining industry. With increasing frequency the State is stepping in between capital and labour as conciliator, arbitrator, and even dictator. Industrial councils, conciliation boards, wages boards, labour Acts, wage Acts, safety Acts, &c. have sprung up almost like mushrooms lately. And, significantly enough, strikes have increased in number and magnitude. Surely it is time to take stock.

Unfortunately we have arrived at no fixed principle either in our legislative or administrative or voluntary efforts to solve labour problems. For an industry where men worked barely fifty hours a week, including meal-times, we recently got an eight hours a day law. We have other cases where men, and even women, work eighty hours a week, but no limitation is imposed. In one labour dispute, where the men happen to be strongly organised and highly independent, the State steps in, and with dramatic suddenness enacts a minimum wage law regarded as a Socialist dream only a few weeks previously. In another labour dispute, where the workmen's forces are much weaker, the State simply 'keeps the ring.' Again, on the voluntary side, we have employers' associations and workmen's unions cordially co-operating in one group of industries on the collective bargaining plan, while in another group we stick tenaciously to the policy of individual bargaining and no outside interference.

It may be laid down, broadly, that it is possible to promote industrial peace—or as much peace as is compatible with human nature—on two main lines. One is by way of State control; the other is by goodwill. But in either case the measures or methods must be complete. We see that our recent haphazard policy of a little compulsion here and a little voluntary effort there is useless. Although we have arrived at no fixed principle yet—indeed, we seldom so much as discuss the advisability of seeking

any clearly defined policy—we do seem to be drifting into a very definite channel leading to an easily conceivable state of society. At our present rate of progress we shall soon arrive at a stage where compulsion will have elbowed goodwill clean out of the race. The employer will not be able to bargain with the workman. The workman will only be permitted to do so many units of labour—lay so many bricks per day, for instance—and he will not be allowed to change his employment, or residence, or perchance his diet save on the authority of a network of statutory boards and committees. The employers' association and the workmen's union even will be unable to make any agreement save on lines laid down by law and approved by Whitehall wisacres. Boards of bureaucrats will fix, pay, and spend wages according to the heights, weights, ages, &c. of the workmen. The employer will have to submit every book, bill, order, and account to some inspector.

This recent pronounced increase of State interference in labour affairs has failed to promote peace. But from this it does not follow that industrial peace cannot be obtained by State action. It can—at a price. The condition of success in this respect is that the State action, or control, or compulsion is thorough. So far, the State has not been thorough-going in its labour policy, and disputes have been aggravated. Just in proportion as the State has shown an increasing disposition to settle disputes between capital and labour, so have capital and labour more and more failed to settle their own differences. In fact, the differences have been intensified as a direct outcome of the State policy. Let it be known that the State will remain neutral, that it will do nothing except preserve law and order—in other words, make employers and workmen distinctly understand that they must settle their own differences on their own responsibility, and abide by the results—and such differences will seldom become acute, and never insoluble. Both parties, and the leaders of both parties, will count the cost and consider the consequences of drastic action, as far as they can, before they decide upon such action. But let it be known, as is now the case, that no matter how extravagant the demands on the one side, or how unreasonable the refusal of concessions on the other, if the worst comes to the worst the Government may step in and afford a more or less dignified retreat for the most wanton transgressors, and you put a big premium alike on extravagant demands and unreasonable refusals, and, of course, on industrial war. The worst type of agitator, like the worst type of employer to some extent, thrives upon

this policy of State interference. If a movement succeeds, the agitator takes the credit; if it fails, he blames the Government. He simply gambles on the State policy, on the principle of 'Heads I win, tails the public loses.' It is just this reliance upon the Government 'doing something' that is at the bottom of most of our big strikes. It would be well for the State immediately to make up its mind either to carry this interference policy to its logical conclusion, or drop it altogether. The present half-hearted attitude may lead to disaster when the next spell of depression arrives. We are cultivating a revolution!

On the particular question of compulsory arbitration it may be observed that both law and opinion are moving in this direction. The Sweated Trade Boards Act and the Miners' Minimum Wage Act are substantial legal instalments of arbitration. Mr Tillett's persistent advocacy of the principle is having effect outside if not inside the ranks of organised labour. In the recent great London dock dispute the dockers' union offered monetary guarantees in respect to the observance of agreements; many employers are beginning to talk of the legalisation of collective labour bargains; and there is a clearly perceptible rise of opinion in favour of regularising the entire relationship between capital and labour through some form of arbitration, coupled with penalties. But it is doubtful whether this would prove satisfactory if applied. To set up arbitration courts to hear both sides and then make awards may seem eminently fair and practical on the face of it. It is open, however, to serious objections. To begin with, the cases would be stated and the awards based, of necessity, upon the existing facts, figures, conditions, &c. Assuming a wage rate advance to be the result, what could there be to prevent the employer, in some cases at any rate, so rearranging the work, recasting the methods, reclassifying the grades of labour, and docking special allowances as to deprive the workmen of at least a part of the benefit of the award? On the other hand, assume a reduction of pay rates, the men might slacken their efforts and so deprive the employer of some of his rights. Of course some people will contend that the same objection may be raised to all agreements, or that men and employers will take all the advantages that offer in all circumstances. That is not so. Two parties making a voluntary agreement, based upon goodwill, are not strongly tempted to get behind the spirit of such a bargain. But when compulsion comes in goodwill goes out, and there is every temptation for the beaten party in a compulsory settlement to take all the advantages possible. The Miners' Minimum Wage Act is a case in point. The employers feel that they have been coerced after they voluntarily offered all they could afford, and the men are smarting under disappointments.

Again, on the broad question of labour discontent, what possible labour or wage arbitration could cover the trouble that is due to advancing commodity prices and taxes? The purchasing power of the shilling has as much to do with the labour problem as the wage rate per hour. So has the feeling that exists between man and employer. An arbitration that fixed the wage for the hour's labour, but failed to limit the price of bread and bacon, would do little good. A compulsion that worsened the relationship between capital and labour would certainly do harm.

Another industrial peace suggestion that should be subjected to practical criticism is that of copartnership. The idea that capital and labour should be partners, sharing management and profits, may pass very well as an abstract theory. Indeed, there may be—in fact, there are—cases where employers and workmen successfully apply the copartnership or profit-sharing principle. But these are exceptional cases. Before we accept copartnership as a remedy for labour discontent—certainly before we legislate with a view to compelling employers to share profits with their workmen, as some are already suggesting—we must examine the principle on its merits. On this point the supreme fact to observe is that the capitalist and the labourer occupy two such fundamentally different positions that these two persons cannot be brought into any fair and square partnership. Please note that the capitalist can, and as a common custom does, invest his capital in several separate enterprises, whereas the labourer can only be employed by one firm. See what follows. Take an illustration. Take the coal trade, for this above all others is in need of copartnership if copartnership is a remedy for strikes. In any year, or at any time, we have some colliery companies making abnormal profits, some making moderate profits, some making no profits, and some losing money. This circumstance may be due to natural advantages or difficulties, to the 'age' or otherwise of the mines, or to good or bad management. Now, would it be fair for the men at one mine, for a whole year, or perhaps for several years on end, to have much lower earnings than their neighbours at another mine working no harder? That is how copartnership would work out. If labour were to share in the profits it would have to share in the losses somehow. In consideration of the big bonuses in the best years, the standard wage would have to come down, unless there were direct deductions from wages, in the bad times. In any case the men in one mine or shop would be getting far more than the men in another mine or shop, and that would not promote peace.

Capital, it must be clearly understood, can afford to wait for its dividends, but labour cannot wait for its wages. Again, when capital is sunk in an enterprise it remains fixed, whereas labour

is fluid. And yet again, capital is to a large extent impersonal, while labour is practically purely personal. A capitalist, being able to spread his investments over many enterprises, can afford to lose on some because he is gaining on others. He can balance profits against losses. But the labourer can only draw wages from one employer at a time. He cannot balance matters like the capitalist. And he must be fed every week and every day. He cannot live on nothing one year in the hope of double wages the next. A colliery company is formed to get a certain block of coal, the lease running for, say, thirty years. All that time the capital is fixed, and the good years must be set against the bad. Five years may be spent sinking and equipping. There are no returns. In the second five years coal may be got, but still there are no profits, as unexpected difficulties are met—water, for instance. So ten years go without capital getting any dividends. In the second ten years there

may be dividends ranging from 3 to 30 per cent. In the last ten years, when the workings are getting remote and the cost of haulage and road upkeep is abnormal, the profits go to vanishing-point, or there may be actual losses. How is labour to share in the profits? Are men to have less than what is called a living wage for at least half the thirty years in consideration of bonuses in the best years of the mine's life? Besides, the same men are not employed over the full period. Are the men employed in the worst years to have meagre wages, and those employed in the best years to have artificially high wages? In other industries it would be much the same. To-day we have certain shipbuilding firms losing money while others are earning substantial dividends. Would it lead to industrial peace and contentment to ask the men in one shipyard to accept thirty shillings a week while their mates in another yard, working no harder, were getting three pounds a week?

THE FEUD AT KALMACKS.

CHAPTER II.

ON Friday I got Joe—who, true to his promise, had, I heard, arrived at dawn in Quebec—on the long-distance telephone, and by that means arranged that he should meet us at Priamville, the nearest point on the railway to those mountains in the heart of which the estate of Kalmacks was situated. I myself arranged to accompany the Petershams.

Into the story of our journey to Priamville I need not go, but will pick up the sequence of events at the moment of our arrival at that enterprising town, when Linda, looking from the car-window, suddenly exclaimed, 'Look at that magnificent young man!'

'Which one?' I asked innocently, as I caught sight of November's tall figure awaiting us.

'How many men in sight answer my description?' she retorted. 'Of course I mean the woodman. Why, he's coming this way. I must speak to him.'

Before I could answer she jumped lightly to the platform, and, turning to Joe with a child-like expression in her blue eyes, said, 'Oh, can you tell me how many minutes the train stops here?'

'It don't generally stop here at all, but they flagged her because they're expecting passengers. Can I help you any, miss?'

'It's very kind of you.'

At this moment I appeared from the car.

'Hallo, Joe!' said I, 'how are things?'

'All right, Mr Quaritch. There's two slick buckboards with a pair o' horses to each waiting, and a wagonette fit for the king o' Russia. The road between this and the mountains is flooded by beaver working in a backwater 'bout ten mile

out. They say we can get through all right. Miss Petersham needn't fear getting too wet.'

'How do you know my name?' asked Linda.

'I heard you described, miss,' replied Joe gravely.

Linda looked at me.

'Good for the old mossback!' said I.

Her lips bent into a sudden smile. 'You must be Mr November Joe. I have heard so much of you from Mr Quaritch! You were in the Maine woods when you got his cable, weren't you?'

'Yes. Mrs Harding sent it along by an Indian. He near missed me, but I come on his tracks following my line o' traps. I guessed from them he had a message for me.'

Linda opened her eyes. 'You guessed from his tracks that he had a message for you? I don't understand.'

'It's plumb simple,' said Joe. 'He kept cutting for my trail all along the line o' traps, but never visited none o' them. An Indian won't never pass down a line o' traps without having a look to see what's caught, he's that curious unless he's in a hurry and got some object. And why should this Indian come chasing after me so fast unless he had a message for me? But I'm talking; and, anyways, I got the message.—Give me them bags, Mr Quaritch.'

We went out and loaded our baggage upon the waiting buckboards. One of these was driven by a small, saw-toothed man, who turned out to be the second gamekeeper, Puttick.

Mr Petersham asked how Bill Worke, the wounded man, was progressing.

'He's coming along pretty tidy, Mr Petersham; but he'll carry a stiff leg with him all his life.'

'I'm sorry for that. I suppose you have found out nothing further as to the identity of the man who fired the shot?'

'Nothing,' said Puttick; 'and not likely to. They're all banded together up there.'

On which cheerful information our little caravan started. At Linda's wish, Joe took the place of the driver of Mr Petersham's light imported wagonette; and as we went along she gave him a very clear story of the sequence of events, to all of which he listened with the characteristic series of 'Well, now!' and 'You don't say!' with which he was in the habit of punctuating the remarks of a lady. He said them in a voice which not only emphasised the facts at exactly the right places, but also lent an air of subtle compliment to the eloquence of the narrator.

And so we went onward, at first over flat expanses of muddy plain, splashing axle-high through the mire of the so-called road, until at last the purple mountains ahead of us began to turn blue, hardening again to green as we neared the foothills. And all the time I found myself envying November Joe.

When we stopped near a patch of pine-trees to partake of an impromptu lunch it was his quick hands that prepared the camp-fire, and his skilled axe that fashioned the rude but comfortable seats. It was he, also, who disappeared for a moment to return with three half-pound trout that he had taken by some swift process of his own from the brook of which we only heard the murmur. And for all these doings he received an amount of open admiration from Linda's blue eyes which seemed to me somewhat exaggerated.

'I think your November Joe is a perfect dear,' she confided to me.

'If you really think that,' said I, 'have mercy on him. You do not want to add his scalp to all the others?'

'Many of the others are bald,' she said. 'His hair would furnish a dozen of them.'

So the afternoon passed away, and as it became late we entered great tracts of gloomy pine woods. A wind which had risen with the evening moaned through their tops and flung the dark waters of innumerable little lakes against their moss-bordered shores.

I noticed that Puttick unslung his rifle and laid it among the packs upon the buckboard beside him, and whenever the road dipped to a more than usually sombre defile his eyes, quick and restless as those of some forest animal, darted and peered into the shadows. The light of the sun was fading when there occurred the one incident of our journey. It was not of real importance, but I think it made an impression on all of us. The road along which we were driving came suddenly out into an open

space, and here, in front of a shack of the roughest description, a man was engaged in cutting logs. As we passed he glanced up at us, and his face was like that of some medieval prisoner—a tangle of wild beard, a mass of grayish hair, and among it all a pair of eyes which seemed to glare forth hatred. It may have been, indeed it probably was, merely the rooted and natural dislike of strangers so common to the mountain districts; but to us, wrought-up with the stories we had heard, there was something ominous about the wolfish face.

It was already dark when we arrived at the house, a long, low building of surprising spaciousness, set literally among the pines, the fragrant branches of which tapped and rustled upon the windows. In the midst of a peaceful countryside it would be hard to imagine a more delightful summer residence, but in this wild district the gloom of the thick woods that surrounded us on all sides was daunting.

We went in, and while dinner was preparing Mr Petersham, Joe, and I went into the room where the wounded gamewarden Worke lay upon a bed smoking a pipe, with a candle guttering on a chair beside him.

'Yes, Mr Petersham,' said he, in answer to a question, 'when you went away last fall I did think things was settling down a bit; and, indeed, all was quiet enough through the winter. I'm not saying that there wasn't some trapping done, but it was most all over the lands where you gave liberty. The squatters, wild as they are, seemed contented like; and though they wasn't friends with us gamewardens—which couldn't be expected—they wasn't enemies either. Well, Friday a week ago, while Puttick was on the eastern boundary, I thought I'd go up to Senlis Lake, where last year Keoghan had the brook netted. I went along, but I was a bit late starting, so that it was dusk before I got my camp tidied up to rights. I was making a fire to boil my kettle when a shot was fired from the rocks up above, and the next I knew was that I was hit pretty bad through this knee.'

'From how far away was the shot fired?'

'Eighty yards, or maybe a hundred.'

'Go on with your story.'

'As I say, it was coming on dark, and I rolled into a bush for cover; but whoever it were didn't fire at me again. I don't think he wanted to kill me; if he had he could have put the bullet into my heart just as easy as in my leg. I tied up the wound the best way I could. Lucky the bullet hadn't touched any big artery. Next morning I crawled up the hill and lit signal-smokes till Puttick came. He brought me in here.'

'I suppose Puttick had a look round for the tracks of the fellah who gunned you?' said November.

'He did; but he didn't find nothing. There was a light shower between dark and dawn,

and the ground on the hill above there is mostly rock.'

'Well, Bill,' said Mr Petersham, 'I'm sorry you got wounded in my employ. I suppose you have not the slightest suspicion as to who it was that fired at you?'

Worke shook his head. 'Nary notion,' said he.

Such, then, was the story of our coming to Kalmacks; and for the next two or three days we spent our time fishing in the streams, the only move in the direction of the main object of our visit being that Joe, whom Linda insisted upon accompanying, walked over to Senlis Lake, and had a look at the scene of Worke's accident. The old tracks, of course, had long since been washed away, and I thought with the others that Joe's visit had been fruitless until he showed me the shell of an exploded cartridge.

'The bullet which went through Bill Worke's leg come out o' that. I found it on the hill above. It's a 45/75 central fire Winchester, the old '76 model.'

'This is a great discovery you and Miss Petersham have made.'

'She don't know nothing about it,' said November. 'It's best she shouldn't, Mr Quaritch.'

'Do you mean to say you found this and never told her?'

Joe smiled. 'There's nothing much to it, anyway. She lost her brooch somewhere by the lake, and was looking for it when I found this.' Joe indicated the exploded shell. 'The mountains is full o' 45/75 Winchesters, 1876 pattern. Some years back a big ironmongery store down here went bust, and threw a fine stock o' them calibre rifles on the market. A few dollars would buy one, so there's a sample in pretty nigh every house, and two or three in some. Howsoever, it may be useful to know that him that shot Bill Worke carried that kind o' a rifle. Still, we'd best keep it to ourselves, Mr Quaritch.'

'All right,' said I. 'By the way, Joe, there's a side to the situation I don't understand. We've been here four days and nothing has happened. I mean, Mr Petersham has had no word of where to put the five thousand dollars blackmail these criminals are demanding of him.'

'Maybe there's a reason for that.'

'I can't think of any.'

'What about the sand?'

'The sand?' I repeated.

'Yes; haven't you noticed? I got Mr Petersham to have two loads o' sand brought up from the lake and laid all round the house. It takes a track wonderful. I guess it's pretty near impossible to come nigh the house without leaving a clear trail. But the first rainy night—I mean, when there's rain enough to wash out tracks'—

'They'll likely come?'

'Yes, they'll likely come.'

But, as it happened, Joe was wrong. I believe that his reasoning was correct, and that it was the fear of leaving such marks as would enable us to gather something of their identity that kept the enemy from pinning upon our door the letter which finally arrived prosaically enough in a cheap store envelope that bore the Priamville post-mark. The contents of this letter were as follows:

'Petersham, you go alone to Butler's Carn 11 o'clock Friday night. Take the dollars along; you'll be met there and can hand it over.'

Below was a rude drawing of a coffin.

Petersham read the note out to Joe and myself.

'Where's Butler's Carn?' he asked.

'I know it,' said November. 'Butler's Carn is on a hill about two miles west of here.'

'I suppose you won't go?' said I.

'With the money? Certainly not!'

'You can hardly go without it.'

'Why not?'

'You would be shot down.'

'I'd talk to the ruffians first, and then if there was any shooting around I guess I'd be as much in it as they would.'

'I suggest that we all three go,' said I.

But Joe would have none of this plan. 'There's nothing to be gained by that, Mr Quaritch. You bet these fellahs'll keep a pretty bright lookout. If they saw three o' us coming they'd shoot as like as not.'

'We can shoot also, I suppose?'

'That's true, Mr Petersham; but it ain't likely we'd hit any one. These chaps'll hide in among the rocks. They'd see us plain, for there is a bit o' a moon; but we shouldn't get an eye on them. No; we can't do no good that-a-ways,' said Joe.

'Then how can we do any good, as you call it, at all?'

'I was thinking I might slip right along to Butler's Carn, and maybe get a look at the fellahs.'

'No,' said Petersham decidedly. 'I won't allow it. You say yourself you would be shot.'

'I said *we* should get shot, not me alone. Three men can't go quiet where one can.'

'You think they will be at Butler's Carn whether I go there or not?'

'Sure. They want to know if you're giving in, and they won't be able to tell unless they go and see. Now, Mr Quaritch, you tell Mr Petersham there ain't much danger for me, seeing I've learnt to move quiet all my life. I'll try my luck to-night.'

And so it was finally arranged, though not without a good deal of argument with Petersham.

The evening fell wild and windy, but with a clear sky save for occasional fleecy clouds that raced across the face of the moon. Joe took advantage of one of these dark intervals to drop

out of one of the back windows, and was immediately swallowed up into the night.

'That's a fine fellow!' remarked Petersham.

I nodded.

'The kind of fellow who fought with and bettered the Iroquois at their own game. I wonder what he will see at Butler's Carn.'

It was past midnight when Joe appeared again. Petersham and I both asked for his news.

November shook his head. 'I've nothing to tell; nothing at all. I didn't see no one.'

'What! you mean that no one came after all?' exclaimed Petersham.

'Not that I saw.'

'Where were you?'

'Lying down on top of the Carn itself. There's good corners to it.'

'You could see well round, then, and if any one had come you would not have failed to observe them?'

'Couldn't be too sure. There was some dark times when the moon was shut in by clouds. They might 'a' come them times, though I don't think they did. But I'll know for certain soon, unless it comes on heavy rain. There's a fine little lake they calls Butler's Pond up there. You take your fish-pole, Mr Quaritch, and we'll go

over at sunrise, and you try for some o' them trout while I take a scout round for tracks.'

This we did; but, search as Joe would, he failed to discover any sign at all. He told me this when he joined me at breakfast-time.

'Evidently no one came,' I said, as I watched him fry the bacon over a small fire.

'That's so.'

After I had caught a nice string of trout we walked back to Kalmacks, circling round the house before we entered it. The sand lay undisturbed by any strange footstep; but when we got in we found Mr Petersham in a state of the greatest excitement.

'One of the blackmailers has had a long talk with Puttick!' he told us.

'What?'

'Incredible as it sounds, it is so.'

'But when was this?'

'Early this morning, some time after you and Joe started. This is how it happened. Puttick had just got up and gone down with a tin of resin and some spare canvas and tin to mend that canoe we ripped on the rock yesterday. In fact, he had only begun working when he was startled by a voice ordering him to hold up his hands.'

'By Jove! what next?'

(Continued on page 664)

A FORTNIGHT IN ARCADIA.

By JOHN N. MACIVER, M.A.

LAST summer, feeling in great need of a change, I paid a visit to a quaint little village in Uig, in the extreme west of the island of Lewis. For a holiday I could not have come to a better place. I wished for rest, and I found it in the murmur of the restless ocean; I desired peace, and I found it among the eternal hills; and I dwelt among a charming people whose simplicity I loved. It was not long before I came in contact with them, for in this part of the world the people go in and out of each other's houses all day long without any knocking at doors or formalities of any sort. The village ladies have not their 'Last Thursdays' or 'First Tuesdays,' like their more up-to-date south-countrywomen; they are 'at home' to each other every day and all the time. The house where I stayed had an ever-open door, and men, women, and children would troop in and out all day as the fancy took them. When they left they would tell others of the advent of a stranger in their midst. Then the dairy produce began to pour in. It began with the cousins (for this seems to have been the land of my forefathers). These made practical proof of their cousinship by bringing me presents of milk and cream, and such-like. Then the rest of the *cailleachs* (Gaelic for old women) determined that they would not be outdistanced in hospitality by a set of mere

cousins, and brought their homely country presents and laid them at my feet. As it was, my hostess was making it her sole aim in life to fatten me up, if eggs and oatmeal and milk could do it, so that my sensations at this time were much akin to those of a prize-turkey in December. The number of eggs I ate was prodigious. I started by counting them, but soon discontinued the practice, partly through apprehension, partly through the mental strain involved. I got into the habit when I had consumed one egg of looking for another, and being ready for another still if it should be forthcoming, for a single egg for breakfast or tea is a phenomenon not known in these parts. The minimum of two came in very hard at breakfast-time, after the enormous plate of porridge overflowing its banks, in itself a formidable and terrifying spectacle. Eggs, indeed, were so plentiful in this bucolic land that the people used them as money, and bought their groceries with them at the local merchant's, who happened to be my host. The latter made some profit out of them by sending them to Glasgow. I thought it so quaint at first to see them coming with eggs in their aprons or their handkerchiefs or in pails! I smiled at first, before I got used to it, to hear them ask for two eggs' worth of this and three eggs' worth of that, and half-a-dozen eggs' worth of something else. There was quite

a large element of confusion about the egg-money system. I knew this to my cost, for one day I had charge of the premises myself. The merchant was away on a visit somewhere, and I had obtained his consent to act as his deputy for one day. It seemed to me that country-shopkeeping promised untold delights, but this promise was not fulfilled by actual experience. Money transactions on the whole did not cause me much uneasiness, but when the eggs came on the scene mental labour took the place of the promised pastime. There were times when I could do nought but scratch my head in desperation, and I had continually to run to the house opposite to ask the merchant's wife concerning egg-problems which were driving me crazy, not knowing but that in the interval all the goods had been stolen. When I came back with the correct information to meet a particular case there would be more cases waiting, more customers with their confounded eggs ready for me who was not ready for them. And, apart from the eggs altogether, the whole place was seething with problems and difficulties. I had never realised before how difficult it was to weigh soft-soap, or how to serve it neatly when it was weighed. Customers were by no means obliging enough to confine themselves to safe things like sugar and tea, but persisted in asking for things which were hardly fair to the powers of an amateur salesman. They would ask for flannelette and other weird commodities without a thought of pity for me, and would demand fingering or knitting wool without a blush, though this latter was especially worrying to me. I did not know how much was a hank or what was 'ply,' so I had to get these details from the customers themselves. Before I had done with that fingering it was a tangled skein which few could unravel. I never could stop the flow of paraffin at the precise moment which ensures just measure and yet escapes disaster. Indeed, the doling out of paraffin was by no means as easy as I had imagined, and the amount I spilled on the floor not only infected both myself and the sundry goods with undesirable odours, but was a cruel blow to the welfare of the establishment. When I was asked for an ounce of 'poison' I did not administer to the customer a homily on the sacredness of human life, for I knew that poison was the name locally given for one of the dyes used in the manufacture of Harris tweed. Some of my orders involved little profit, notably those of the boys who stole rotten nest-eggs and came boldly demanding an egg's worth of sweets.

It was quite delightful to have come to a land so primitive that even belief in witchcraft had not quite died away, and where no one doubted the efficacy of 'second-sight.' Even in my short visit there was great excitement in the village over a case of supposed witchcraft, where a certain old woman was accused of bewitching her neighbour's cow. It was believed by all that

a tragedy was to take place at the pier. A certain seer had beheld in a vision the drowning of a fair-haired boy. More he would not say; but he knew all about it, he knew exactly who the boy was, declared the people as they shook their heads in awe. Thus it was that when children played about that pier they were warned off by fierce gestures and rough words, and it was only by dint of the most uncommon stealth and cunning that a fair-haired boy could get near the place. There were other uncanny places too. One day, having had poor success at trout-fishing, I changed my loch. Along with my wee, bare-legged gillie, I repaired to a far-away loch on the top of a mountain. When I got back and mentioned where I had been I was received with solemn faces and reproachful glances. It seemed I had gone to the most uncanny place of all, where they were 'seeing things.' In this case, however, the seers were not so accommodating in the matter of details as the pier-prophet. Since there was no mention of age or sex or colour of hair, I had as good a chance as any one else of finding there a watery grave. It was very clear, however, that I was not the victim intended, for I had given Fate some beautiful chances in my journey over the most crazy and slippery stepping-stones imaginable to a sweet, honeysuckle-scented islet in the middle of the loch.

These things may sound ludicrous to the dwellers in more populous places, but it is not by any means surprising that amid the mysterious silences of these hills imagination should be so firmly rooted in the mind. There is something infinitely charming in the lone, undulating moorland, and a fascination in the melancholy murmur of Hebridean seas; but there is something of terror also, and of awe. So it was not surprising as I lay awake at night that I should catch a new note in the boom of the ocean out there in the darkness that I had never heard before. It was not the rippling laughter of happy, sparkling blue seas I heard, but the voice of a cruel monster yearning for human lives; and it was almost with a shudder that I pictured that lonely tarn on the wind-swept mountain-tops, with its slippery stones and its oozy black depths waiting, waiting to receive its prey.

I was always made exceedingly welcome in the houses which I visited, and some of the most pleasant hours of my sojourn were spent around the glowing peat-fires of these humble homes. A while we would all sit talking; then the housewife would make stealthy visits to her cupboard, the first indications of the good fare soon to be forthcoming. If the edge of my appetite were sufficiently keen I felt armed and well prepared; but if not I had good reason to quake and tremble, for in these parts hunger is a virtue and gets more scope to work upon than the orthodox afternoon fare of other places; there is no toying here with paper-thin bread and microscopic

cakelets. The solids varied in different houses, but the liquid was always the same—pure, rich cream, with something in it of the freshness of the breezy heather-hills. I never felt queer afterwards, thanks to the wonderful air of the place; though in other parts of the world a similar dose of that delicious but heavy fluid would have given me a magnificent headache.

Some charming types I met with in these houses round the bright fires at the *ceilidh*, the gathering where men and women—plainly adorned, it is true, or even ludicrously clad, but full of the real courtesies of life—came together to chat and tell stories. I have not space enough to single them out, but old Blind Mary I must mention. She was a sort of female bard. She had composed several Gaelic songs, and she will tell you with pride that one of them was sung in London. In former days she had gone to America, and while there nostalgia gripped her heart-strings, and she was moved to sing a song of sorrow when she thought of the dear Hebridean Isle which was separated from her by a weary waste of seas. It was such a song as the Hebrews of old sang when by Babel's streams they wept as their hearts remembered Zion. Of all her songs this

was her masterpiece, for it gushed straight from her heart. All day long she sits crooning it in a pathetic, quavering voice, and every now and then her face lights up as she pictures the singing of it in great London itself. Mary is old now, and totally blind, but she is content to be back once more among her own people in the land she loves. She cannot see the purple hills or gaze at the glory of the moorland sunsets; but the lowing of the Highland cattle sounds sweetly familiar in her ears, and the sea sings peace to her heart as it moans on the sands or thunders on the cliffs.

At length I had to leave this abode of peace and tranquillity and speed to regions where eggs and cream are less bountifully provided, but where civilisation is a stronger force. Often when I grow weary of the populous places and my heart cries out for the great gift of silence, I fain would hide me among those hills and dream. There are times when the melancholy ocean of the west is crying and calling to me, as it sobs for ever and aye on these glittering, golden sands, and I sigh for that loophole of retreat through which one can get such a tiny peep at the great and distracting world.

A FORGOTTEN ECCENTRIC.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

IN any gallery of eccentrics a place will surely be found for John Meggott, who is better known as John Elwes, which name he assumed in his fiftieth year, when he inherited the property of his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, of Stoke College, near Clare, Suffolk.

John Meggott was born on 7th April 1714, four years before the death of his father, a wealthy brewer, who had purchased an estate at Marcham, in Berkshire. Educated at Westminster, where he was a contemporary of Lord Mansfield, he contrived to leave that historic seminary with a minimum of knowledge. From Westminster he went to Geneva, where he developed the one accomplishment of which he was master—riding. To books he was so indifferent that after he left school he never again opened one, which may in part account for the fact that, though in Switzerland he was introduced to Voltaire, whom he was said somewhat to resemble in appearance, in after years, while he could remember the qualities of the horses he rode at the time, he had no recollection of anything at all about the great man. In worldly wisdom, as in learning, young Elwes (as he may be called to save confusion) was as an infant in arms; only, not being an infant in arms, he had to pay dearly for his ignorance. Not knowing what to do with his money, he was easily gulled by promises of a high rate of interest to

put large sums into wild-cat schemes, and many plausible rogues profited by his stupidity. It was only after he had lost the twenty-five thousand pounds he put into a scheme to build ironworks in America that he became more wary.

In his relations with his uncle, who was mainly distinguished for his thoroughness as a miser, Elwes did, however, show himself possessed of intelligence. Sir Harvey Elwes had come into the family property when it had been so deeply involved by the extravagance of his father, Sir Jervaise, that, instead of the handsome rent-roll that should have been his, the net income was only about a hundred pounds. Sir Harvey vowed that if he lived he would clear the estate, and to this end he practised a rigorous economy. He not only kept his word and paid off all the encumbrances, but left behind him a hundred thousand pounds in money. At the time of his death in 1763, when he was more than fourscore years of age, he was worth, at a rough computation, a quarter of a million sterling, while his annual expenditure never exceeded one hundred and ten pounds. This was the result of a minute economy which, at first compulsory, had soon grown into a confirmed habit. All his life he forswore any kind of pleasure save hoarding his money; he deprived himself almost entirely of fires and lights, and he

ate only those things that could be obtained for nothing on the estate. His only extravagance was an occasional meal at an inn in his own village of Stoke with Sir Cardwell Firebrace and Sir John Barnardston, wealthy men who were also careful of their money. After the repeat all three always disputed over their share of the bill; and one day, when they were noisily arguing with the landlord, a wag cried, 'For Heaven's sake, step upstairs and assist the poor! Here are three baronets worth a million of money quarrelling about a farthing.' And yet there are folk who say that Sir Pitt Crawley in *Vanities Fair* is a caricature!

John Elwes knew his uncle's character so well that when he visited him he used to break his journey at an inn, and change his attire for a worn-out coat, a tattered waistcoat, and a pair of much-darned worsted stockings. Such a nephew was dear to the heart of the old man, who left to him his entire property. The heir showed his gratitude by laying out in state the miser at his seat. 'It is well,' was the caustic remark of one of the neighbours, 'that Sir Harvey cannot see it.'

That John Elwes had the taint of miserliness in his blood is not surprising, for not only did he inherit it from his father's family, but his mother, who was the possessor of a great fortune, died from lack of proper nourishment, and left a hundred thousand pounds. The taint was noticeable even in Elwes's youth, though it was not then so marked as it afterwards became. At the age of twenty-five he was known in fashionable circles, was a member of Arthur's Club, and was badly bitten by the prevailing mania of gambling. He played deep, and on occasions would sit at the table through the night; indeed, like Disraeli's young Duke, he confessed he had once played without intermission for two days and a night, and that when the party broke up the room was knee-deep in cards. Sometimes he lost very heavily, but his loss would not have been so great had those from whom he won always paid him in money and not in I.O.U.'s, for it was one of his doctrines that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money. It was his habit when he played late to walk from Arthur's to Smithfield, where he would sell his own cattle, and then there was the strange spectacle presented of a man who had been playing for thousands haggling with a butcher over a shilling.

It was among his pet economies never to hire a postchaise—the idea of his having a travelling-carriage of his own is inconceivable—or to have a meal at an inn. He took with him a few hard-boiled eggs and some bread, and rode from London to Berkshire by the road out of London which had the fewest turnpikes. Sometimes he even contrived to escape the toll by making a detour across fields. 'Never pay a turnpike if you can avoid it,' was one of his sayings. Before

he inherited Stoke College he lived on his estate at Marcham, but he could never bring himself to keep the house in repair. His nephew, Colonel Timma, heir to the entailed properties, once stayed at Marcham. One night when he was there it rained heavily, and he found the rain streaming through the roof on to his bed. Twice he moved the bed, and twice found the same thing happen. At last he found a corner where the roof was weather-proof. The next morning at breakfast he told his uncle what had happened. 'Ay! ay!' said his host. 'I don't mind it myself; but for those that do, that's a nice corner in the rain.' Yet the man who would not repair his roof, when he went to Suffolk kept foxhounds, the one instance of his spending money for pleasure. Needless to say, however, every possible economy was practised even in this direction. 'Scrub, in *The Beau's Stratagem*, when compared with Mr Elwes's huntsman, had an idle life of it,' wrote one who knew him well. 'This famous huntsman might have fixed an epoch in the history of servants; for in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows; he then prepared breakfast for Mr Elwes or any friends he might have with him; then, slipping on a green coat, he saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as he could; then running into the house to lay the cloth and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses, diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night.' The man stayed for many years, though his master used to call him an 'idle dog,' and ask if 'he wanted to be paid for doing nothing.' His wages were four pounds a year. He certainly bore out Elwes's saying, 'If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half-done; but if you keep three, you may do it yourself.'

In spite of such traits, however, Elwes could at times be generous. On one occasion, when Lord Abingdon had a match for seven thousand pounds, the odds of which were largely in his favour, he was distressed because he had not the money to put up, and must retire. As soon as he heard of this, Elwes, unsolicited, lent Lord Abingdon the full amount required. On the same day he went without dinner, and thus saved eightpence. He was, indeed, a kind-hearted man, and was always desirous to serve his neighbours—the more willingly if it did not involve expense. Two maiden ladies were threatened with excommunication, and at the eleventh hour went to Elwes to explain to him that they were desirous to make submission to the clerical authorities. Elwes started at once for London, riding throughout the night so as to arrive in time. The old ladies wished to show their gratitude for his

trouble and expense, and inquired of a friend how best they could do so. 'My dears,' said he, 'is it expense you are talking of? Send him sixpence—send him sixpence, and he gains twopence by the journey.'

A present was a short cut to his heart, and was the easiest approach to his purse. This became known, and many contrived to take advantage of it. A wine merchant sent him some wine which he assured the recipient was 'very fine,' and soon after obtained a loan of some hundreds of pounds. 'It was indeed very fine wine,' Elwes commented subsequently, 'for it cost me twenty pounds a bottle.' Elwes had at times a pretty humour. An indifferent shot once lodged some pellets in the miser's cheek. When he expressed his alarm and regret, the injured man begged him not to worry. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'I give you joy of your improvement. I knew you would hit something by-and-by.'

When Elwes was sixty years of age Lord Craven suggested that he should stand as the parliamentary representative of Berkshire, and he consented to do so on condition that he incurred no outlay. He was returned, and sat at Westminster for twelve years, at the end of which period, some expense being involved and opposition threatened, he retired into private life. In the House of Commons he never spoke, and though he supported Lord North and Fox, his vote could not be counted upon as a matter of course. He voted as he thought proper on each question; he was essentially an independent member. Nobody could buy him, for he wanted nothing; and the only time in his life he was thoroughly frightened was when he heard that Lord North proposed to ask the king to confer a peerage upon him. 'I really believe had such an honour fallen unexpectedly upon his head it would have been the death of him,' Edward Topham wrote. 'He would never have survived being obliged to keep a carriage, and three or four servants, all perhaps better dressed than himself.' Elwes spoke appreciatively of the author of *The School for Scandal*. 'There is not,' he declared, 'a better man in the whole House than Mr Sheridan.' Pitt, however, was the man he most admired. 'When I started in Parliament Mr Pitt had not come into public life,' he once remarked; 'but I am convinced he is the Minister for the property of the country. In all he says there are pounds, shillings, and pence.' He paid Pitt a yet greater compliment when he said, 'After all the experience I have had of public speakers and members of Parliament, there is only one man, I think, who could talk me out of my money, and that is young Pitt.'

'All great fortunes are made by saving, for of that a man can be sure,' was the moral he drew from the heavy losses he had sustained in his youth, and he proved the truth of his adage by amassing eight hundred thousand pounds. The

'insanity of saving,' as it has been called, grew upon him as he advanced in years. He let his mansion go to rack and ruin, until in the neighbourhood it was facetiously called 'the poorhouse.' To save fire he would sit in the kitchen, and in his dotage only just escaped marrying his servant. Yet his bodily health endured to the end, and in his last year he said, 'I am as young as ever. I can walk, I can ride, and I can dance; and I hope I shall not give trouble even when I am old.' He was then seventy-five years old. At that age, living in miserable squalor and haunted by fears of poverty, he passed away, on 26th November 1789, without a friend in the world, and regretted by none.

HEATH.

GLORY of the mountain height,
Home of beast and bird;
Hardy are the men who tread
Where your notes are heard;
High, uplifted, is the theme
Wakened by your call,
Hills that catch the rising beam,
Where eve's splendours fall!

Glorious are the blossomed sprays
Of the heath-bell flower;
Glorious are the ghostly paths
Where the rushes flower;
Lonely is the lapwing's call,
Rising from the sod,
Where a thousand tiny flowers
Lift the heart to God.

When the moon across the peaks
Silvers moss and whin,
And the haunted paths between
Lie a braid within,
Ghostly heroes well might meet,
Ghostly whispers rise.
No Man's Land on this highway
Opens to the eyes!

Oh, the valley is so sweet,
Level, low, and long;
Gentle ways where grasses meet,
Full of scent and song;
But the odour of the hay
Is not half so dear
As the sharpened heathy scent
Drunk by strollers here!

All the world belongs to God,
All is beauteous too;
But the heroes of our kind
Trod the mountains blue—
Men who lifted up the race
From a low decay,
Found a home amid the heath,
Sang their pride away.

Bees are singing in the blooms
As I homeward go,
Gorses roll their flossy flowers
Wondrous row on row;
Rushes trammel walking feet,
Whortleberries shine;
Oh, a walk across the height
Kindles force divine!

W. J. GALLAGHER.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ON SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING WEAK-MINDED.

By the Rev. R. F. DIXON.

I HAVE long since accepted the fact that I am not a strong-minded person. At a remote period in my existence this was not so apparent to myself, and I fondly cherished the notion that in my case the possession of a pointed chin, a slack-lipped mouth, and a pair of hazel eyes was not infallibly indicative of a weak and irresolute character. When we are young we always regard ourselves as exceptions to general rules; but as time went on and I got into the thick of life's hurly-burly, the conviction slowly but irresistibly bored its way into my inner consciousness that I was like all the rest of the men of my mould, and fundamentally lacking in that force and steadfastness of purpose, that doggedness and tenacity of aim, without which, according to all established authorities, success is impossible. Yet there are, I cannot help thinking in the retrospect of a fairly long and not wholly unsuccessful life, some considerations to console one for the lack of what is called a 'strong character.'

In the first place, we cannot all have strong characters. What a world this would be if every man and woman of us had an iron will, and were endowed with the fixed and unalterable determination to go his or her own way regardless of others! Imagination recoils at the thought. Life would be a perfect pandemonium. Hell, I should say, would be a place peopled with individuals of strong character, all intent upon getting their own way, and unwilling to abate an iota of what they considered their just and lawful rights.

One very obvious advantage of being what is called weak-minded is the ease with which one forgives and forgets injuries. To the strong-minded, the people of deep feelings and tenacious memories, and an exalted, not to say exaggerated, sense of self-respect, the forgiving of injuries costs many a pang and inflicts wounds which never entirely heal. But to weak-minded people such as myself, who, as the American bishop put it, have 'good forgetories,' it is the easiest thing in the world, and comes quite natural. Instead of brooding over our wrongs and meditating ways and means of getting even with those who have wronged us, we simply forget them. We have such a moderate sense of our own worth and

importance that we are readily brought to acknowledge the fact that it always takes two to make a quarrel, and that in any serious disagreement there are always faults on both sides. And when any conciliatory move is made on the part of the aggressor we always meet it at least halfway. In such cases the strong-minded person is generally hardened and confirmed in his antagonism, for advances on the part of an antagonist are generally construed as an acknowledgment of wrong-doing and the justification of his own action. As a rule they only deepen his resentment, and induce contempt as well.

Again, the weak-minded man is apt to take a more impartial view of things than the strong-minded. He is able to see both sides of a question, and to put himself in other people's places. On the other hand, the strong-minded man of very deep convictions and pronounced and well-defined opinions or prejudices, when forced by the irresistible logic of facts to change his opinion on any subject, suffers terrible tortures. It is like tearing up a full-grown tree by the roots; and he feels humiliated and almost disgraced, and is apt to cherish resentful feelings against those who have been instrumental in enlightening him. The weak-minded man is saved all this. He soon adapts himself to his new opinions. He feels no resentment toward those who have put him in the wrong, because he has a modest estimate of his own wisdom and the value of his own opinion on any subject.

The weak-minded man, furthermore, has the capacity for adapting himself quickly and easily to new conditions. He is not immovably 'set in his ways.' He does not get rooted to some particular locality. He soon accustoms himself to new surroundings, makes new acquaintances easily, and soon feels perfectly at home. With the strong-minded man how different! How slowly, painfully, and imperfectly he accommodates himself to his new surroundings! In fact, he never gets perfectly fitted in. There is chronic friction; he is always chafing over some sharp edge; the corners will not wear down. He tries to bring his surroundings into harmony with himself, instead of himself into harmony with his surroundings; and, as the whole is

always greater than the part, he is bound to make a failure of it, and to suffer proportionately.

In the matter of the making of friends surely the weak-minded man has the advantage. Being adaptable and without very marked and pronounced likes and dislikes, he makes friends quickly and easily. He soon gets into their ways, and is able to enter into their feelings without any difficulty, and become one of themselves. The strong-minded man is slow to make new friends. He finds it very difficult, in some cases all but impossible, to adjust his own outlook to that of his new acquaintances. He lacks the capacity—one of the most precious mortal man can possess—of making new friends in after-life.

Again, the weak-minded man soon gets over trouble and disappointment. Wounds soon heal, and seldom rankle. He may be easily discouraged, but he is just as easily encouraged. If small difficulties cast him down, small successes lift him up. He is incapable of despair. Then if one course of action fails he has no difficulty in changing his tactics; and even if he finally fails altogether he is easily consoled. Not so with the strong-minded man. He is not easily

daunted, it is true; but when failure does come, as come it must at times to all of us, he is crushed and humiliated, and loses his self-respect. At any rate, failure to the man of great fixity of purpose and a very strong sense of self-esteem is a terrible blow, and he is bound to suffer infinitely harder and longer than the man who finds it comparatively easy to change his aims and methods, and does not stake his earthly happiness on getting his own way just how and when and where he has planned.

When all is said and done, the world and the fullness thereof do not wholly belong to the man with the big square jaw. He counts for a good deal, I know, and he generally thrusts himself into the front rank and gets the biggest share of the 'good things' that are going; but I often doubt whether he gets as much out of life as is generally imagined, or fulfils any higher or more useful purpose than the other fellow who knows when he is beaten, and can gracefully and contentedly accept the inevitable.

After all, it does take all kinds of people to make a world; and God must love weak-minded people, so called—that is, the people who are born to be led rather than to lead—because He has made so many of them.

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME DE VILLEMARNIER looked at him curiously. He was listening to her in a way she had not expected him to do. She felt that behind was something that she did not understand, which she could not take into account. For a moment—since, of course, her first thought was that it must be something to make things harder, not easier, for her—she was dismayed. Then, urged by her vow, spurred by the overmastering desire to complete her atonement, she took new courage.

'I say I almost despaired when I saw you, Jacques Sebastian,' she went on. 'I was wrong. Providence is more merciful than men. You did not set fire to the house at once as I expected; you did not even turn loose your creatures to pillage it; but, instead, you yourself were led to save where you had come to destroy. It was you—you yourself—who gave the signal that told my boatman, a hero who risks his life night after night, that the fugitives would come down, as had been arranged, to him.'

'When you came into the turret, do you recollect that you lighted the tall candle on the shrine? Its glow showed through the yellow star in the canopy; then you removed it, and there was dimness for a little space; then you brought it back; and finally you blew it out, and so you gave the signal that all was well. And thus, thanks to you, a woman has gone down the river

to join her husband who is waiting for her on the English ship just within the bar; a boy—such a young boy, but with a man's heart—has gone to find his relatives in London; and with them has gone, too, an old man, the last of his race, with his head all white and his shoulders bowed by the sorrow that you, and such as you, have laid on him; and each of them as they reach safety will not forget the one thing I have asked of them: they will kneel and pray that the sin of Armand de Lière may be forgiven him.'

Sebastian heard all that was being told him, but his mind fastened on but one circumstance. 'Then,' he cried, 'it was you who were in the turret—you. It was you who were near to me. I felt that it was you.'

'It was I, watching you all the time,' she said. 'The wall has a double panelling. There are places where I could look through.'

The big man let the question of the masonry go. He groaned aloud. He turned about and went to the window. Everything was smiling without; only from the vegetable-garden, in the hollow on the opposite side, he heard coarse laughter. The Patriots were busy in the sun tramping through the box borders, tearing up the fruit-trees. They would soon be finished there, and then Sebastian feared the turn of the house would come, unless they could be headed off on to the scent of an aristocrat; and how

could he set them to watch the river now, when he had heard who despatched the fugitives down by it?

Sebastian laid his two hands on the sill, and bowed himself over them. What was he to do? What must he do? How could he hide Madame de Villemarnier, how save her life? Nay, would she so much as condescend to owe her life to him?

She began to speak again. 'Jacques Sebastian,' she resumed, but reluctantly this time, as though it hurt her pride, her woman's niceness, even to touch on this aspect of the case, 'have you forgotten that I gave you back your life?'

Sebastian came over from the window, his teeth set, his chin square.

'I have never forgotten it! As there is a heaven above, I have never forgotten it!' he protested.

'And yet you are back here, and you have confessed on what errand you came and who sent you!' Madeleine returned.

The man clung to his one poor scrap of defence. 'I thought you had escaped to England,' he reiterated.

Then Madame de Villemarnier came very close to him. She stood up straight before him, and raising her head, looked him full in the face. 'You took my miniature from the wall last night,' she began.

'I did,' he confessed.

'Why?' she asked.

He flung out first one hand, then the other. What could he tell her? What would she believe if he told her?

But she gave him no time to determine. 'Jacques Sebastian,' she said, 'I wondered then if it was your better self working in you, some remorse maybe, some recollection of all that lay at your door. And so I have come to you to-day to remind you that once in a lifetime every man is given an occasion, a little space, in which he may atone.'

Sebastian looked at her. She was thinking of his sins, not of him. As Sebastian with a heart to be touched, to be moved as other men's might be, he was nothing to the woman before him. In her mind he only stood for a very great wrong-doer, and she was but offering him the chance to lift one at least of his misdoings from his overweighted shoulders.

It made things harder for him, but he accepted it. 'What do you want me to do?' he ground out.

She answered him at once. 'I told you I had vowed to save fifty lives. You yourself brought the number up to forty-nine last night. I still lack one. I have come to appeal to you to withdraw your guards from the river—for the coming night at least. I am here to pray you—even you, Jacques Sebastian—to see nothing, to hear nothing, from now until dawn to-morrow.' She stopped, stood with her eyes on his face, awaiting what he might say.

The bee suddenly began to bethink itself of the desirability of changing its quarters. It fussed out of the curtain-fringe, toured up and down the whole length between two dark beams, and then, finding its way toward the light and space, buzzed out by the open window.

Both the man and the woman, with life and with death between them, waited until the insect had sped on its way. Then Sebastian turned to Madeleine. 'And if I were to do this thing?' he began slowly.

She thrust in upon him. 'Do it! Be deaf, be dumb to-night!' she cried out to him, 'and you shall not suffer. You shall have what will raise you high even with Robespierre. You shall capture the leader of the organisation. I will surrender into your hands. You shall take me to Tours. You shall'—

Suddenly Sebastian sprang at her. His face was livid, his eyes were wide open and dark with horror, and his breath was coming in great laboured gasps. 'How dare you?' he panted. 'How dare you?'

From sheer amazement Madeleine de Villemarnier drew back; she waited for him to speak, to explain himself.

It took Sebastian a moment to get himself in hand. He breathed as one who had been plunged into deep water and all but drowned; he turned from her, and his great shoulders shook. At length he came back. 'Do you not understand?' he demanded, his words grinding out one by one. 'Do you not understand? I want your life, not your death. If I do what you bid me, will you live—not die?'

He asked the question, and for a long time no answer came. Madeleine de Villemarnier looked at the strong man before her; her eyes examined every feature of his scarred, lined face, then her gaze dropped. 'I do not understand,' she articulated.

Sebastian came nearer. 'Listen!' he said. 'I want your life, not your death. I want you to live—not to die.'

'Why?' she faltered.

It had come to the supreme moment at last. Sebastian knew it was time for him to speak. He looked at the one face that was all the world to him—looked humbly, supplicatingly, as if he hoped, but was by no means certain, that he would be understood. 'Why?' he echoed. 'Because I love you!'

He had said it, and she answered with the one thing he had been afraid of all along—she recoiled from him.

He shot out his hand after her. 'Stop!' he cried, as she slipped yet farther away from him. 'You do not understand. I ask nothing from you. I expect nothing from you. I only wish you to live. I only know that if you have a spark of mercy in you, you will not let the weight of your death rest on my head.'

His appeal moved her, bewildered her.

'I do not understand,' she cried. 'What am I to do?'

He smiled gently, softly. She was so very near to him when she was confused, pitiful, and so dear. He came up to her and stood close beside her. 'I do not ask you to trust me,' he went on. 'But if you could!'

'I must,' she answered. 'Don't you see I must?'

That was not the trust he wanted. He knew that, and she knew it too.

Sebastian let it pass. It was part of his punishment, of that punishment which was beginning already, that he must let it pass. 'I ask but one thing of you,' he said. 'I will be deaf to-night, as you bid me; I will be dumb too. Somehow the men with me shall be as blind as myself, as hard of hearing; but on one condition'—

'And that is?' she breathed.

He looked at her a moment before he answered. He put out his hand as if to take hers, then drew it in again. 'It is,' he answered, 'that when your fiftieth fugitive goes down the river you go too; that you go to England, and that you remain there.'

She looked up at him as she heard these words, and paused. She was arrested by the thought that the one stipulation was not for his own profit, not for his own gratification, but for his own undoing. 'I do not understand,' she breathed more to herself than to him.

Sebastian heard her, and contradicted her. 'You do understand,' he said. 'I have told you that I love you. That explains everything.'

As the big man said that, as he set down the beginning and the end of his motive and his action in those simple words, a mocking laugh rang into the room.

Instantly Sebastian's hand flew to his sword; instantly he knew that the struggle was at hand, and that it might be not only for the life of Madeleine de Villemarnier, but for his own as well. He looked in the direction of the great chestnut door; but Madeleine knew better. She swung round; her eyes shot towards the big square of needlework, and as she moved she put out her hand, took hold of Sebastian's arm, and indicated the Medusa tapestry on the wall.

Amazed, Sebastian looked as she directed. He saw the figure of the enchantress swing out of its setting; he saw—and he took particular note of this, as one does mark trifles in supreme moments—that the eyes of the woolwork had been so arranged that they would fall back and afford a space for living eyes to take their place and see what was going on in the room.

'The staircase from the cellars!' Madeleine gasped, and as she spoke Pierre Faguet walked through the border of the tapestry into the light.

The ex-lackey came along, his pistol in his

hand, a swagger in his gait. He made a couple of steps over the floor, then stood with his back against the great carved post of the bed. It was obvious that he felt quite confident, perfectly able to cope with Sebastian and the situation. His first look was for Sebastian. 'I have caught you, my fine friend,' he observed, and he thrust out his hand with the pistol in it, and his dirty finger on the trigger. 'This time, my fine commissioner from Paris,' the lean youth went on, 'you will not bluff Pierre Faguet. This time he knows you for what you are. This time the little catch is his, all his own; though if anybody squeaks'—and now he darted a glance towards the woman whom he had served—'I have but to fire my pistol, and two of the Patriots—they are watching outside—will be here before the smoke is out of the window.'

He stopped. He was so mightily pleased with himself that he was in no hurry. Sebastian, on his part, made no answer. With his quick faculty for seeing all round a situation, he had made up his mind that Faguet's vanity and greed might yet be the youth's undoing. The young man wished to claim all the honour, and, what was more, all the current coin, to be made out of the capture. Therefore he had trusted to himself and to his pistol alone, and if that pistol could but be knocked out of his hand, if he could but be stunned, silenced, then there might yet be a chance for Madeleine de Villemarnier.

Sebastian stood with his arms folded awaiting his moment. Madeleine looked sideways at him. His silence, what seemed to her almost suspiciously like submission, puzzled her. Her eyes questioned him, and he looked back at her. There was, perhaps, more in his glance than he knew. It drew another laugh from Faguet, and made the vagabond lower his arm that he might indulge his mirth with the greater ease.

'There,' cried Faguet, 'look at our commissioner from Paris making eyes at a'—

The high, coarse voice never completed the sentence. Sebastian forgot prudence, all thought of the propitious moment. He merely sprang forward, only raised his strong arm, he but up-lifted his doubled fist and brought it down heavily.

The danger was that the pistol might have gone off, and that it might have brought up the rest of the Patriots; but it rolled out of Faguet's nerveless hand on to the soft mat beside the bed, as Faguet himself went down and lay like a log.

Sebastian went up to the prostrate form and bent over it. He had always known how to fell a man; he had owed his safety to his fists before, but he had never felt such satisfaction as he experienced now.

Madeleine followed his gaze. 'Is he dead?' she questioned.

'No,' answered Sebastian. He straightened

himself and looked across at Madeleine. 'No,' he repeated; and then he added significantly, 'but dead men tell no tales.'

She answered with a gesture of horror.

Sebastian saw the movement and went up to her. 'See,' he said softly, 'you shall have his life too if you will promise to save yourself.'

Madeleine waited a moment. Again the thought was for her, all for her. The tears came into her eyes. 'What will you do with him?' she asked, woman-like turning aside from the main issue because that main issue was all but too much for her.

But Sebastian was at work already. He was arranging a gag, and he knew—no one better—how a man might be silenced. Next he took the stout, hand-woven linen sheets, wrenched them into strips, and bound Pierre Faguet, legs and arms; and when Sebastian had reduced the unconscious man to about the shape of a mummy he set him up against one of the bedposts, tied him to it, and finally arranged the brocaded curtains about him. If any one wanted to find Pierre Faguet he must search the room very carefully.

That took but a little while. Sebastian worked with a will, and once Faguet was thoroughly tied up, he came back to Madeleine and stood beside her.

'Now,' he said urgently, 'you must save yourself. You cannot stop in the house. You must escape by the cellars. Where do they lead to?'

She answered him quickly. 'To the cave by the river where you found refuge.'

'There was no such way out when I was there,' he exclaimed.

'No,' answered Madeleine de Villemarnier. 'It was your hiding there which gave me the idea. The cellars already extended very far underground; they were the remains of a still older house, hollowed out to store provisions during a siege. We had only to make a short passage. We have used that way every night.'

Sebastian nodded, and asked another question. 'Your boatman cannot be back yet,' he said. 'Have you another boat?'

'Drawn up in the cave for an emergency,' she answered.

After that Sebastian stood a moment thinking hard. It was only just past midday. It would not be dark for eight hours at least. For eight times sixty minutes Madeleine de Villemarnier would run the risk that Faguet might somehow work himself out of his bonds, or that the Patriots might come to look for him. He had spoken of two men on guard below. Sebastian was inclined to think that this was bluff, but he felt that he must make sure. He decided to creep up to the window and peep out. There was no one on the gravel path, no one in sight; but still the men might but have gone away for a moment. He stopped, with the

fresh breeze blowing in on him, listening intently. He could hear laughter; he could hear shouts of merriment. The men were drinking hard. When they were riotously intoxicated nothing would keep them from burning down the château, but it might stop them from keeping a watch on the river.

As he made these deductions he knew what he must do. He marched to the bed and pushed back the curtains. Faguet was still unconscious, but Sebastian saw signs that he would presently return to his senses. Sebastian stood looking at the unlovely face. He had a feeling that if he left this man alive it would be his own undoing. It would be so easy, so fatally easy, to twist a strip of the sheet. It had but to be drawn a shade tighter round that dirty, long, yellow throat. Sebastian's hand went out; it fell to his side. Madeleine de Villemarnier had desired that this vagabond should live.

Sebastian pulled the red cap off the shock head, wrenched the rosette from the flap of the second-hand blue coat, and crushed both of the emblems into his pocket. He just looked once more. He asked himself, if it came to the question of a life for a life, whether his might not turn out the better one in the end; and then he went resolutely away. He would atone; he would pay the price. If Faguet lived and he, Sebastian, died, might it not be that some added good, some additional happiness, would come to Madeleine?

He went back to where she was standing and looked searchingly at her. His plans were maturing in his mind. She little guessed that he was telling himself that her costume might pass for that of a peasant woman, but that he dreaded her air of distinction. 'Come,' he said, 'if Madame will show me the way. We must be going.'

'We?' she echoed, and threw up her head.

'Madame,' said Sebastian, 'I am going with you, to aid you.'

She heard. Then she looked at him and protested. 'Jacques Sebastian,' she cried, 'you have done wrong all your life. Can I trust you to do right now?'

His face flushed and paled again. For the moment he resented the question. It seemed to him that he was being thrust back, asked to begin all over again; and then he recollected how deep must grow the roots of her distrust. He paused a moment, doubtful if anything he could do, if anything he could say, would make her believe. If he thought of any elaborate oath, of any long protestation, he thrust them aside. He merely stood up straight before her. 'I swear to you,' he said very earnestly, 'that I purpose good, not harm.'

The voice, the man's mien, above all the steady gleam of his eyes, assured Madame de Villemarnier. She stepped impulsively forward and put her hand on his. 'I trust you, Jacques Sebastian,' she said. 'Will you come with me now? I know the way. Shall I go first?' She turned to the Medusa tapestry, and Sebastian

edged towards the worked figure, fastened up again the eyes of needlework, and closed the very ancient door behind him.

After that he went up to Madeleine, and stood beside her on a ledge of landing, with a trickling light filtering through from a narrow loophole more than half-covered with ivy. Above them the steps, worn with time, or perhaps with the passage of feet, led up to the turret room; below them they continued down to the cellars, but with a landing and a concealed door on each level.

'That,' whispered Madeleine when they came opposite the next door, 'opens into the white salon. It is the way I used when you were ill. I often looked at you through the Medusa's eyes.'

Sebastian nodded, and hastened her down. Not that he was in a hurry to cut short their time together—their last time together, as he already knew it must be; but what he was making up his mind to do, what he had already made up his mind to do before he left the Medusa room, was better accomplished as quickly as possible. Indeed, its success depended on its being carried out at once.

He and Madeleine were soon in the cellars. She knew her way, and where to find a supply of candles and the necessities for lighting them. With the flickering flame to guide them, they went on. In spite of the summer day, in spite of the sun shining without, the cellars were cold, cold as death Sebastian could not help telling

himself. But the thought hardly dismayed him. Hitherto he had clung to life at any price; he had twisted that way, this, to save his neck; now it was coming into his heart that there was something greater even than life itself.

He followed Madeleine with this new consideration softening his face, lighting his eyes. It took them some little time to reach the cave. After the first few cellars, where the floors were paved with tiles, and doors shut off one from another, the spaces became but larger or smaller holes scooped out of the rock, and they wandered and turned, looped now this way and now that, so that Sebastian saw how easily any one entering the passages and not knowing the way might be lost. Then they came to the new passage itself, the one addition made in these terrible times. It was merely a long neck, not high enough for Sebastian to stand upright in, and when it ended they were in the cave.

Sebastian heard the familiar rush of the river. The willows before the entrance were green again; their shadows patterned the floor with lace-like designs; but within the cave he no longer saw the bare sand on the ground, no longer the shelving stone walls. It was filled with signs of human habitation; and even as he followed Madeleine a man sprang to his feet, cast one hasty glance at the new-comers, and then, as he ejaculated the one word 'Madame!' put his back to the wall.

(Continued on page 676.)

THE MALISSORICHIEF. AN ALBANIAN AMONG THE FRANKS.

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

HE was a man of about five feet ten in height, with broad shoulders and lean flanks, straight as a dart, and firmly set on his legs. He looked a mass of steel and whipcord, and any one who had tried conclusions with him in a rough-and-tumble fight would have judged such a description rather an understatement of the case.

It was evidently a gala-day with him, for he was dressed in all his best and newest. His trousers were tight and close-fitting, made of white felt embroidered with black silk. Round the calves and ankles they were moulded to his legs, but over the foot they spread out something like spats. His waistcoat was also of white felt, embroidered with black silk, double-breasted, and adorned with full sleeves, beneath which and at his throat showed the gauze of his shirt, a garment which he did not usually wear, but which he had put on in honour of the occasion. On his left breast hung three silver medals, two of which showed that he had served the Padishah in the Russian war, while the third was a British

Crimean medal which he had inherited from his father. In his red *sila*, or pouch-belt, were thrust a couple of gold-inlaid flint-lock pistols from Prisrend and a splendid silver-hilted yataghan with a Damascus blade—arms which he valued more than his life. Over his shoulders he wore a short black felt sleeveless jacket, and on his head a white felt skull-cap, round which was wound a gauze scarf or turban with the ends coming under the chin and falling over the back. On his feet were raw-hide sandals over thick white socks, an unusual thing for him to wear, which marked that he was going to some ceremony where it would be etiquette to remove his shoes. His face and hands were like leather; in his ears he wore silver-gilt rings, and on the little finger of his right hand the heavy silver ring of the mountain dandy. His moustache was long and bristling, brushed away from tight-set lips; his nose was aquiline and well shaped, and his eyes dark and piercing under his heavy brows. He stalked with a leisurely stride, like a king among men, his right hand resting on the

carved silver hilt of his yataghan, and his quick, hawk-like eyes turning to right and left as he went in search of a possible enemy. In spite of his fierce appearance he was a Christian, and according to his lights a fervent Catholic, for he was Nik Leka, a chief among the Skreli, a tribe of the Malissori of the north Albanian mountains.

Presently this proud and magnificent personage turned across a little bridge that spanned a stream by the roadside, and strode up to a huge gateway, upon which he knocked as one who has a right to demand entry. A guttural voice hurled a question through the solid oak, and he replied with such dignity that the broad portals were at once thrown open by a *kavass* in *justanelle*, scarlet jacket, and a belt full of pistols, who grunted a welcome to him, to which he responded with an equally benevolent growl. Then, as he was on a mission of peace, he turned into the *kavasshane* almost with an air of proprietorship, and handed over his weapons to the occupant, much in the same way as a rich Frank deposits his wife's diamonds with his banker. But in Albania pistols are more valuable than diamonds, for on them life may depend from one moment to another. Then he gave a shake to his waistcoat, now disencumbered of its burden, and mounted the broad flight of stone stairs leading to the old, deep-eaved house.

At the top of the steps stood the Consul-General, brought out by the clatter of his visitor's arrival, who welcomed him with outstretched hand, which Nik Leka shook rather bashfully after hurriedly giving the Turkish salutation. Then it became evident that the chief was nervous, he who would have faced a Turkish regiment without blenching. He shuffled off his sandals, and stood hesitating in his coarse white socks. But the Consul-General seized him by the hand, and, talking reassuringly as one would to a child, led him, walking slightly in advance, across the hall to the inner room, which had once been the harem of the old house, and was now the dining-room of the Consulate-General. Then the reason of the chief's slight nervousness became apparent. In the dining-room were assembled the rest of the family, and, appalling to contemplate, the ladies. Nik Leka had been of some service to the Consul-General, and as it was impossible to offer him money, he had been invited to luncheon *alla Franca*.

When he entered the presence of the Frankish ladies he absolutely refused to sit down, but remained standing, flashing his eyes a trifle shamefacedly at the Consul-General's wife and daughter, and salaaming with a simple dignity which no courtier could have surpassed. To Nik Leka his womenfolk acted as servants; they waited upon him at all times, and when he ate they stood humbly by until he had finished before they ventured to take the dish aside and

eat among themselves. He had been told that the Franks allowed their women to eat with them, and even with other men, but he had hardly believed this to be true; so, for fear of transgressing, he stood quite still and salaamed again, giving a greeting in guttural Albanian. He did not feel abashed at the ladies being unveiled, because mountaineer women never hide their faces, and, except that they are as servants in the house, are treated with the greatest respect.

Happily the tension was relieved by the arrival of dinner, brought in by Noce the body-servant, who was an Albanian townsman, and who could hardly stifle his grins at the thought of a mountaineer eating *alla Franca* in the master's harem. But he discreetly subdued his smiles, for Nik Leka had sharp eyes, and a long brass ramrod in his belt downstairs, and it might be that he would remember in the future on a country road any untimely mirth on Noce's part.

The chief was given the place of honour at the hostess's right hand, and with evident misgivings entrusted himself to a chair, and forbore the attempt to curl his legs up under him, which he was sharp enough to see would certainly entail disaster. Out of the corner of his keen eyes he watched to see how his hosts acted with the strange objects in front of them. At every moment there was something new—a napkin, a multiplicity of knives, spoons, and forks, plates, and a table covered with strange and outlandish utensils, even flowers, such as no mountain house had ever contained. At home when he ate meat or cheese he simply squatted down before the low table on which the food was placed and drew his sheath-knife, a knife that did equally well for cutting up meat, bread, and cheese, or for finishing off a wild boar or an enemy; but here this superfluity of unaccustomed tools puzzled him. He would not betray his ignorance; for, though he did not mind not understanding the ways of the Franks, he knew that Noce was familiar with the use of all these things, and the thought half-shaped itself in his mind that perhaps a mere townsman might be mocking behind his back at his want of knowledge. So with marvellous adroitness he watched his hosts and imitated them in every particular; and Noce, who was bursting to prove his superiority, did not dare to offer the slightest hint to the great warrior.

And a great warrior Nik Leka was. Rumour credited him with having slain many men, but all of them with the strictest attention to the etiquette of the Albanian mountains. Moreover, he had bearded the Pasha, or rather one of his officers, in the Konak itself, with thousands of soldiers all round, and with only one or two of his attendants within hail. It happened when he was visiting the Vali Pasha about some tribal affair, and he and a lesser chief were at the council with the Pasha and all his officers. He was simple and haughty in his attitude and

language, and so irritated a major newly arrived from Constantinople, who did not understand the ways of mountaineers, that the unwary officer ventured to tell the dog of a Christian not to speak so freely in the presence of his Excellency the Vali Pasha. Nik Leka knew enough Turkish to understand him without the help of the interpreter. In two bounds he was across the room, had seized the officious major by the throat, and was about to avenge himself for the insult, when he was dragged from his victim by half-a-dozen of the council, who knew that the major's life might pay for his ignorant speech. Nik Leka was only pacified by an assurance from the Vali Pasha that the major had spoken out of an empty head, and by a humble apology forced from the astonished offender, who could not understand such an attitude on the part of a Christian who was not even a Frank. Nik Leka returned to his seat on the divan, where he sat through the rest of the proceedings with his moustaches bristling like those of an angry tiger. During the remainder of his stay in Albania the major from Constantinople took good care never to offend in that way again, and Nik Leka's reputation increased accordingly both in the city and in the mountains.

But for the chief himself a luncheon *alla Franca* was a much more serious and awe-inspiring event. In spite of the novelty of all around him, by watching carefully he managed to do as the Franks did, and his native tact and dignity pulled him through with hardly a slip. There are not many topics of conversation common to a mountaineer chieftain and a Frank, even a Frank who understands the native mind as the Consul-General did; but with Noce for interpreter, and an adroit series of questions, the talk never flagged more than was necessary to allow Nik Leka to make a hearty meal in his unaccustomed surroundings. The luncheon was plentiful but not elaborate. The chief's palate was used only to the plainest food, and he drank no wine, nothing but water fresh from the deep well in the yard by the *kavasshana*. Handicapped as he was by having to manipulate his food with strange instruments, and by being deprived of the proper use of his fingers, the natural means of conveying food to the mouth, which in their

foolishness the Franks neglect, he made a hungry mountaineer's meal, and happily forbore to return thanks for the hospitality in the Oriental manner.

He must have been as relieved as his hosts were, though neither side showed it, when the coffee and the cigarettes were handed round, for there he was in his own country. With coffee and cigarettes he was to the manner born, and the *zarfs* in which the little cups were placed extorted his first tribute of admiration, for he knew them for worked silver from Prisrend, and could appreciate them as a connoisseur, whereas the trappings of the luncheon-table were so many Frankish mysteries to him. For his own comfort he was not offered another chair, but was conducted to a broad, low divan at one side of the room, on which he could curl up one leg under him in comfort. A little octagonal table was placed in front of him, on which stood his coffee-cup and ash-tray; and after smoking the cigarettes and drinking the coffee, which custom enjoined on him, he salaamed with stately dignity to the ladies, and was again conducted across the little hall to the door by the Consul-General. There he once more put on his raw-hide sandals, and with a warm interchange of compliments in their respective and mutually unknown tongues, the Consul-General and he parted at the top of the steps, both heartily thankful that the ceremony had gone off without a hitch.

The *kavass* returned Nik Leka his pistols and yataghan with the added respect due to one who had successfully broken bread with the Konsolos Pasha in his harem, and who was apparently none the worse for the ordeal. There may have been an extra touch of stateliness as the chief strode through the wide gateway into the street, but it would not have been noticed by any but his nearest friends. He had too much native dignity to show astonishment at anything; though it is more than probable that his experiences at the Frankish feast provided material for his abrupt and staccato style of conversation for a long while afterwards. Anyhow, he looked upon the entertainment as a kind of additional medal upon his breast, almost ranking with the silver Queen's head which his father had won in the Crimea, and which he wore by the right of inheritance beside his own decorations.

THE FEUD AT KALMACKS.

CHAPTER III.

'WHY, he held them up. He had no choice. And then a man stepped out from behind the big rock that's just above where the canoe lies.'

'I hope Puttick recognised him?'

'No; the fellow had a red handkerchief tied over his nose and mouth; only his eyes showed under the brim of a felt hat that was pulled low

down over them. He carried a rifle that he kept full on Puttick's chest while they talked. But I'll call Puttick; he can finish the account of the affair himself. That's best.'

Puttick answered to the call, and after running over the story, which was exactly similar to that we had just heard from Petersham, he continued: 'The tough had a red handker tied over his ugly

face, nothing but his eyes showing. He had me covered with his gun to rights all the time.'

'What kind of gun was it?'

'I didn't see; leastways, I didn't notice.'

'Well, had he anything to say?'

'He kep' me that way a minute before he started speaking. "You tell Petersham," says he, "it's up to him to pay right away. Tell him unless he goes at once to Butler's Carn and takes the goods and leaves them there on the big flat stone by the rock he'll hear from us afore evening, and he'll hear in a way that'll make him sorry all his life. And as for you, Ben Puttick, you take a hint and advise Old Man Petersham to buy us off, and he can't be too quick about doing it either. If he tries to escape, we'll get him on the road down to Priamville." After he'd done talking he made me put my watch on the canoe—that I'd turned bottom up to get at that rent—and warned me not to move for half-an-hour. When the time was up I come right away to tell you.'

'How was the chap dressed?' inquired Joe.

'Like most of 'em. Dark old coat and ragged pair of trousers and moccasins.'

'What colour were his socks?'

'Couldn't see. He had his trousers stuffed into the kind o' half-boot moccasins that buckle at the knee. The stores at Priamville are full o' them.'

'Was he tall or short?'

'Medium-like.'

'Which way did he go when he left you?'

'West, right along the bank.'

'You followed his trail after the half-hour was over?'

Puttick opened his eyes. 'He didn't leave none.'

'Left no trail! How's that?' cried Petersham.

But Joe interposed. 'You mean he kep' to the stones in the bed o' the brook all the time?'

'That's it. And, anyway, if I'd got fooling lookin' for his track I'd 'a got a bullet in me same as Bill Worke,' ended the little man.

'They're all watching for us.'

We were silent for a moment. Then Petersham turned to Puttick.

'What do you think of it, Ben? You have some experience of these squatters up here. Do you think they mean business?'

'There ain't much fooling about these mountain men,' Puttick answered bitterly. 'And now I says this to you, Mr Petersham—and I can't never say nothing stronger—if you're minded to stay on here at the place, you must pay.'

'You know well enough I don't intend to pay.'

'Listen a bit, Mr Petersham. Here's my notion. You'd best pay if you don't want'—The warden paused.

'What—what? Go on!'

'If you don't want Miss Petersham hurt or killed.'

'My daughter?'

'That's how I read it. What else could he mean? He said you'd be sorry all your life.'

'Good heavens! even the most hardened ruffians would not hurt a woman.—You don't think it possible?' Petersham turned to me.

'I think that Linda runs a very great risk by staying.'

'Then she shall go.'

But when Linda was called and the facts made clear to her, she absolutely refused to leave Kalmacks.

'You will force me to pay the money, then,' said Petersham, 'though I am well aware that this demand will only be the first of many. Whenever these blackmailers want a thousand dollars—say, or ten thousand dollars—they know they will only have to ask me to supply them. But I can't risk you. I'll pay.'

Joe turned to Petersham. 'If you climb down now I'll be right sorry I ever come with you. I don't hold with backing down under a bluff.'

I, who knew Joe, was surprised to hear him offer so definite an opinion in such strong terms; but Linda clapped her hands.

'It's all nonsense, isn't it? Why, if any one attempted to hurt me Joe would make him regret it.—Wouldn't you, Joe?' And she flashed him a glance of her glorious eyes.

'I'd sure try to hard enough,' replied November. —'And now, Mr Quaritch, I'll ask Ben here to show me just where the fellah stood when he held him up this morning.'

So Joe went down to the brook, and I went with him. We were soon beside the canoe which Puttick had been mending.

'Here's where I was, and there's where he stood,' said Puttick, pointing to a small mass of rock close by. 'And there's the place I set down my watch.'

November glanced over the details, and then followed the bank of the brook for some distance. Presently he returned. 'Did you strike his trail?' asked Puttick.

'No; the stones lead right away to the lake, and like as not he came in a canoe.'

'Like as not,' agreed Puttick, and resumed his work on the canoe, which had been so rudely interrupted earlier in the day.

We found Linda in the living-room arranging some fishing-tackle. She at once appealed to Joe. 'Oh Joe, I want to try some of those English flies Mr Quaritch brought. I'm going to fish, and I want to use this two-jointed pole. Will you fix it for me?'

Joe took the rod, and as he examined it said, 'I'd like you to make me a promise, Miss Linda.'

'What is it?'

'Not to go out at all to-day.'

'But, Joe, it's such a lovely day, and you know you thought all that man's talk with Ben

Puttick was bluff; that there really is not any danger.'

'I didn't say that, Miss Linda.'

Linda looked at him in surprise. 'But you advised father not to send me away!'

'I know,' Joe smiled. 'And Mr Petersham is that angry. He won't speak to me.'

'You don't think I'm in danger?'

'You're in great danger, Miss Linda.'

'From whom?'

'It's hard to say.'

'But I can't stay indoors indefinitely. And, anyway, I don't believe they would attack a woman; though if they did you would catch them, Joe.'

'I dunno; and it wouldn't be much good after they'd hurt you—perhaps hurt you bad.'

'Then you must go out with me, Joe. If you are with me they will not dare'—

Joe had fixed the fishing-rod by this time. He handed it back to Linda. 'Look here, Miss Linda, if you'll stay in the house just over to-day I shouldn't wonder but it might be quite safe for you to go out to-morrow—and ever after.'

'Joe! you mean you have discovered'—

'No, I ain't discovered nothing much; but if you stay in the way I ask maybe I shall.' Joe took up his hat.

'Where are you going?' I asked.

'Over to Senlis Lake, Mr Quaritch. Will you see Ben Puttick, and tell him I won't be back till latish, and will he cook the potatoes and the corn-flour cakes if I don't get back to time!—Miss Linda, will you please tell every one, even your father, that you have a mighty painful head, and that's why you're staying in?'

'All right,' said I; and, taking my rod, I went down to the brook and fished throughout the morning. The rise, however, was poor, so I returned to the house, and after lunch I took a book and sat with it in the veranda, where presently I was joined by Linda and Mr Petersham.

'It's cool here—the only cool spot in the place to-day,' remarked Petersham.

'Yes; and don't the spruces smell sweet?' said Linda. 'Joe cut them to give me shade.' She pointed to a row of tall saplings propped against the rail of the veranda so as to form a close screen. 'Joe always thinks of things for people,' she added.

Petersham glanced from me to Linda. 'If your headache is bad you had better lie down in the house,' he said.

'It is ever so much better; but I'll fetch some smelling-salts.'

I was about to offer to bring them for her, when I caught her father's eye behind her back and remained where I was. As soon as she had gone in Petersham stepped up to me and whispered, 'To give her shade!' he repeated.

I looked round and nodded.

'There is always shade here,' he went on. 'The sun can't get in through the pines on this side; the wood is thickest there.'

'That's true,' I agreed, looking at the close-grown junipers that stood in front of us. 'Joe stacked these saplings against the rail for some other reason.'

'Of course! He knew that Linda would very likely sit here, and he was afraid.'

'Afraid of what?' said Linda suddenly from behind us. 'No one could hurt me here. Why, I could call for help, and you are both here; you could protect me.'

'Not against a rifle-bullet,' said Petersham. 'For my sake, go in, Linda!'

As he said the words, from far away came the sound of a shot. Distance robbed it of that acrimony with which the modern rifle speaks, and it struck a dull, even a drowsy, note upon the air of that languid afternoon in late spring.

'What can that be?' cried Linda.

As if in answer came the sullen far-off sound three times repeated; and then, after an interval, a fourth.

'Shooting!' cried Linda again, very white, her blue eyes wide with terror. 'And it's from the direction of Senlis Lake!'

I knew it was, and I said what I tried to think. 'It's probably Joe shooting at a bear.'

'Joe would not need to fire five times,' she answered cogently.

'No. Where's Puttick?'

'Ben! Ben Puttick!' roared Petersham.

But, loud as was his voice, Linda's call rose higher.

'Here I am!' We heard Puttick's voice from inside the house, and he ran out a minute later.

'We heard five shots from Senlis Lake,' I said. 'We must start at once, you and I. Mr Petersham will stay with Miss Linda.'

Puttick looked me in the eyes. 'Are you tired of your life?' he asked grimly.

'We have no time to think of that. Get ready!'

'There were five shots,' Puttick said deliberately. 'I heard 'em myself. That means Joe's dead, if it was him they shot at. If we go we'll soon be dead too.'

'We can't leave him. Come along! We must go to his help.'

'Think a bit afore you hurry. If we're shot they'll come on here,' Puttick looked at me.

'Oh you coward!' cried Linda.

Puttick turned a dull red. 'I'm no coward, Miss Linda, but I'm no fool. I'm a woodman. I know.'

'There is a good deal of sense in what Ben says,' I put in. 'I think his best place is here with you; he shall stay to help you in case of need. I'll go and find Joe. After all, it's as likely as not that he was firing, or perhaps some one else was firing, at a bear.'

With the words I jumped down the veranda

steps and ran out along the trail from the clearing. I heard Petersham shouting something, but did not stay to listen; every minute mattered if Joe had been attacked.

I ran for the first few hundred yards, but then realised that I could not keep up the pace. I knew the general direction of Senlis Lake, and made toward it. Fortunately there was a fairly clear trail, upon which I saw here and there the print of moccasins which I took to be Joe's; and later it proved that in this I was right.

I shall not easily forget that race against time, for, to tell the truth, I was sick with fear and the anticipation of evil. Around me spread the beautiful spring woods; here and there grouse sprang whirring away among the pines, the boles of which rose straight into the upper air, making great aisles far more splendid than in any man-built cathedral.

All these things I saw as in a dream while I hastened forward at the best pace I could manage, until from a rising knoll I caught a glimpse of Senlis Lake. The forest path here rose and fell in a series of short, steep inclines. I laboured up these little hills and ran down the slopes.

Suddenly I came to a turn, and was about to rush down a sharp dip when a voice, seemingly at my side, said, 'That you, Mr Quaritch?'

'Joe! where are you?'

'Here.'

I followed the voice, and, parting some branches, saw Joe lying on the ground. His face was gray under its tan, and a smear of blood had dried upon his forehead and cheek.

'You're wounded!' I cried.

'His second passed through the top o' my shoulder.'

'His! Whose?'

'Him that shot at me.'

'We must find him!'

'Sure! He's above there.'

'Where?'

'He lies about ten paces west o' that small maple.'

'You saw him?'

'Hardly. He had a black hat; I saw it move after he fired his fourth, and I shot back. If you'll give me your arm, Mr Quaritch, we'll go up and take a look at him.'

With difficulty and with many pauses we reached the top of the little ridge. The dead man lay, as Joe had said, quite near the small maple. The bullet had entered his throat. He was a long-haired, black-bearded man of medium size.

Joe leaned against the maple-tree and looked at him.

'I seem to know the fellow's face,' I said.

'Yes, you seen him the day we come cutting wood by the shack.'

'Now, Joe, lean on me, and we'll try to make for home;' for I saw he was very weak.

'Must just look around, Mr Quaritch. See here! he was smoking his pipe. Look at the ashes—a regular handful of them. He must 'a lain for me all o' an hour before I come along. Here's his rifle—a 30-30. Wonder who he is.' Joe lay back panting.

'You're not able to walk,' said I. 'I'll go back to Kalmacks and get a rig to bring you home.'

'No, Mr Quaritch, it would never be right to do that. It would give the other fellahs warning.'

'The others?'

'This dead fellah's partners.'

'You think he has some, then?'

'One anyway. But let's be moving. Cut me a pole so that I can use it as a crutch.'

I did as he asked, and we commenced our long, and for him painful, walk back.

As we walked Joe gave me in little jerks the story of his adventures. 'I started out, Mr Quaritch'—he began.

'Why did you start out? That's what I want to know first of all.'

'Seemed like, if we didn't get ahead to find about them fellahs soon, something bad might happen.'

'You mean you think they would have shot at Miss Petersham?'

'Likely. You see, they was hustling a bit to make Mr Petersham pay up. Them that fixes blackmail don't like delay; it's apt to be dangerous. I travelled along, keeping as good a lookout as might be, but seeing no one. When I got to the lake I went across to the camp where Bill Worke was fired at—you mind Miss Linda dropped a brooch there? I had a search for it, but I didn't find it, though I come across what I'd hoped to find—a lot o' tracks—men's tracks.'

'Who had been there since Saturday?'

'Huh! yes, on'y about two days old. After a while I built a bit o' a fire and cooked a pinch o' tea in a tin I'd fetched along. Then after lunk'—Joe always called lunk 'lunk'—'I started back. I was coming along easy, not on the path but in the wood, about twenty yards to one side, and afore I'd gone a quarter o' an acre a shot was fired at me from above. The bullet didn't strike me; but as I was in a wonderful poor place for cover, just three or four spruces and half-a-dozen sticks o' wild raspberry, I went down pretending I'd got the bullet, pitched over the way a man does that's got it high up, and I took care to put the biggest spruce trunk between me and where I think the shots come from.'

'Sometimes, if you go down like that, a man'll get rattled-like, and come out and show up, but not this one. Guess I'm not the first he's put a bit o' lead into. He lay still and fired again, got me in the shoulder that time, and I gave a kick and shoved in among the

raspberry canes; had some of them whitey buds in my mouth and was chewing o' them, when the fellah shoots twice more, both misses. Then he kind o' paused, and I guesses he's going to move to where he can make me out more clear, and let me have it again.

'I see the black hat on him for a moment, and then I lets drive. I tried to get up to have a look at him.'

'Surely that was risky. How could you know he was dead?'

'Heard the bullet strike, and saw the hat go backward; man never falls over backward when he's shamming. I couldn't get to him—fainted, I guess. Then you come along.'

Evening had fallen before we ultimately arrived at Kalmacks. We approached the house with care, and entered by a window at the back, as Joe thought it possible the front entrances might be commanded from the wood at the front.

We went at once to the room where Worke was lying, and Joe gave him a rapid description of the man he had shot.

'That's Tomlinson,' said Worke at once. 'Them two brothers lives together. What have they been doing?'

'You'll know afore night,' replied Joe. 'What are their names?'

'Dandy is the one with the black beard, while him they calls Muppy is a foxy-coloured man.'

'Thank you!' said Joe. 'Now, Bill, if you keep them names to yourself I'll come back in half-an-hour and tell you who it was shot you.'

On leaving Worke we went to the living-room, where Petersham and Linda were finishing their supper. At Joe's appearance Linda started up and ran to him.

'You're wounded!' she cried.

'It's nothin' much, Miss Linda.'

But as we laid him down on the couch he seemed to lose consciousness. Linda, holding Joe's head upon her arm, put brandy to his lips. He swallowed some of it, and then insisted upon sitting up.

'I must bind up your shoulder; we must stop the bleeding.' Linda's distress and anxiety were very evident.

'It's very kind of you, Miss Linda; but there's Mr Quaritch, he's a bit of a doctor,

and he'll save you the trouble. It is only a scratch. And there's something we ought to do first.'

'The thing we are going to do right now and first is to dress your wound.'

And Joe had to give way. With her capable and gentle hands Linda soon dressed the wound, and afterwards insisted on sending for Puttick to help him to his bunk. To this Joe raised no objection.

He was sitting, white of face, propped with cushions when the gamewarden entered the room. Puttick gave him a sharp glance.

'So you've got it,' said he. 'I warned you. Lucky you're not dead.'

'Yes, ain't it?' returned Joe.

Well I knew that soft drawl, which November's voice never took except in moments of fiercest tension.

'You'd best join your hands above your head, Ben Puttick. Lock the thumbs. That's right!'

Joe had picked up my revolver from the table and held it pointed at Puttick's breast.

'He's mad!' screamed Puttick.

'Tie his hands, Mr Quaritch.—Miss Linda, will you please to go away?'

'No, Joe! Do you think I'm frightened?'

'Huh! I know you're brave; but a man acts freer without the women looking on.'

Without a word she turned and walked out of the room.

'Puttick's going to confess, Mr Petersham, went on November.

'I've nothing to confess, you fool!'

'Not even that story you invented about the man with the red hanker across his face—the man who wasn't never there?'

'What's he ravin' about?' cried Puttick.

'Have you forgot them long-haired Tomlinson brothers that?'

The effect of this speech was instantaneous on Puttick. Evidently he leaped to the conclusion that he had been betrayed, for he turned and dashed for the door. We flung ourselves upon him, and by sheer weight bore him, snarling and writhing, to the ground, where we quickly overpowered him.

(Continued on page 682.)

THE KAISER.

By RICHARD THIRSK.

THERE is no monarch who is more discussed, or concerning whom opinions are more at variance, than the German Emperor. He is constantly before the public in one capacity or another, and the complexity of his character gives rise to the many contradictory judgments men pass upon him; for he is a strange mixture of strength and weakness, of fixity and glaring

inconsistencies; a man of great talent, but lacking somewhat in the ability to apply and concentrate. While his interests are so numerous as to touch life at almost all points, his impatience prevents him from excelling in anything. This does not, however, limit the scope of his ambition, which is to stamp his impress indelibly on the pages of German history, and, according to his professed

motto, to leave his empire and the world better than he found them.

In the process of accomplishing this he has made few friends and many enemies. Those who know him best respect him, while those who can only judge of him by the evils arising out of his headstrong and impatient character are inclined to condemn him. His friends understand his good intentions; his enemies see only the grave misfortunes arising from them, and, finding no good in them, they are agreed that he is a nervous epitome of the excitable age in which his lot has been cast.

Like all rulers who have protested their good intentions, the Kaiser is constantly having further evidence of the bitter truth that it is the evil that men do which lives after them, while the critical world gives no credit for good intentions which are not successfully carried out in action. It is one of the Kaiser's misfortunes that so many of his good intentions end in compromising situations, clashing with the interests of others, rousing suspicion and mistrust. Nor does the assurance that they have been prompted by a strong sense of right and wrong justify them, or help to lessen the ugly consequences following upon them.

It cannot, therefore, be said that the Kaiser's actions are always consistent with his motto. Much of what he does is attributed to his headstrong impulsiveness. Forgetting the dignity and responsibility of his office, he is made unreasonable by his impatience, which causes him recklessly to precipitate events which he has not foreseen, throwing across the European horizon the shadow of gathering war-clouds. His dreaded impetuosity is the thorn in his flesh; it has alienated from him the sympathy of his subjects, and it has heaped upon his head the indignation and wrath of the people of other nations.

When he gives way to his impulses the Kaiser gets beyond the control of his Ministers, who feel the same concern for his movements that a nursemaid feels when her uncertain charge gets into the drawing-room. He cannot wait until slow-moving diplomacy has completed its course, nor can he entrust action to another less responsible than himself. In his blunt, soldier-like fashion, devoid of all sense of humour, and without pausing to reflect for a moment upon the possible results, he tells the world exactly what he thinks. When the world presumes to thwart him he lays his hand upon his sword-hilt, warning it that he is prepared to go to the last extreme.

Firm in the belief of his own importance, and strong in the power which his position gives him, he sets at defiance the scoffs of his detractors and the gibes of his critics. Doubtless it would be better for his own peace of mind if he gave them less occasion to take notice of him; yet he cannot be otherwise than straightforward. The heroic is his ideal of the true nobility of man,

and, since he is himself a hero, he courageously gives his convictions words or acts, totally regardless of what the world may think or say. Hence the Kaiser brooks no interference in State affairs. He is the State personified. Not even the smallest details of its working are beneath his care and attention. It is to him his domain, and the people, to whom his word is law, are, so to speak, his tenants. He is, in truth, a feudal king transplanted into the twentieth century. This accounts for the predominance of his individuality and personality in home and foreign politics. In all things are felt the pressure of his hand and the influence of his mind. In order the better to control the situation, he endeavours, as far as his busy life will permit him, to keep abreast of the times in all that concerns public as well as private life, and is ever ready to impart his knowledge on any subject or to express his opinion of any particular movement. Surely no better compliment could be paid him than the curious fact that what is the Kaiser's opinion to-day will be the opinion of Germany to-morrow.

How much the empire owes to its Kaiser cannot yet be told; it is only since he came into the title that it has passed through its marvellous evolution from a dreamy agricultural country into a great industrial state. In this movement the Kaiser has always been in the forefront, using all his influence and power to foster and encourage progress. Granted that he has not always grasped the real significance of movements destined to make history, it must be admitted that on this subject at least his view has always been clear and penetrating. He has watched the process with the instinct of a keen business man, fully alive to its benefits and adopting such wise measures as are likely to lessen the evils arising out of it.

Versatility alone might make him famous, for he is equally at home with all men—theologians, professors, artists, musicians, politicians, gardeners, and builders. But versatility has its limitations, and the sphere in which the Kaiser is most ambitious to shine is the one in which he ofteneast fails—that is, diplomacy. Whenever there is a dispute among the Powers he assumes the rôle of a diplomatist, thrusting himself impatiently into the foreground to assert Germany's rights, and it is in the foreground that he usually finds himself left alone after the diplomatists of other nations have disappeared, taking the spoils with them. In him the soldier and the diplomatist do not meet. His appearance is looked upon with a foreboding of evil. Yet in spite of this he never tires of assuring the nations that his greatest ambition is to go down to posterity as William the Peaceful, most probably because he realises that he has come in one of those breathing-spaces when his country is preparing for the next great struggle. Yet in the same sentence in which he assures his neighbours that he wishes to live at peace.

with them he also warns them that he is ready to give them battle whenever they want it. He never preaches his peace sermons without having his sword at his side, and there is in his manner a hint that he is prepared to draw it.

The weight of his crown rests heavily upon his head, and there is reason to believe that the Kaiser is an unhappy and a lonely man. He is unhappy because he is always misunderstood; whatever he does, people are suspicious of him, misconstrue his motives, and distrust him. He is a lonely man because his royal dignity raises him above the companionships of other men. Even in the few friendships which are permitted him fate has been unkind; and not so very long ago he had to banish from his presence some courtiers in whom he had placed his confidence, and who had to answer before a public court for their conduct, where the revelations made were little short of a national scandal.

A stickler for etiquette, he has hedged himself round with all manner of forms and observances. At the Berlin Court much of the pomp and circumstance of medievalism has been revived, over which the Kaiser presides with the earnest dignity of a valiant knight of old. As becomes the spirit of the age to which he harks back, the Kaiser sets the example by cultivating that Imperial dignity and confidence in himself which give him the appearance, when in uniform, of being every inch a Kaiser. Yet the weary lines deepening in his face suggest that this show of glorious life is more artificial than real, and the sadness of his expression indicates only too clearly that he is more a partner of the sorrows of life than of its joys, that he has endured a large share of its sufferings and disappointments.

There is firmness in the cold gray eyes through which he looks out sternly and defiantly upon the world. Without seeming to take much notice, he is conscious of everything that is going on around him. At reviews commanding officers are in constant dread of any little irregularities taking place, which his sharp eye is sure to detect at once. He can make men feel uncomfortable by his power of fixing them with his searching glance. An instance of this happened while he was returning from a military function. Among the crowds gathered to watch the soldiers file past were a number of workmen, whose expressed intention in being there was to show their dissatisfaction with the Government by permitting their Kaiser to pass by them in silence. Seeing this, and evidently surmising their intention, the Kaiser swung out of the procession, and riding straight to where the malcontents stood, he saluted them. In this position he remained staring at them until they were forced to acknowledge his greeting by taking off their hats to him, and as His Majesty again joined the procession they cheered him. With such expressions of the Social Democratic spirit the

Kaiser has naturally no sympathy. In fact, he looks upon the whole movement as an insult to himself, and is suspected of favouring strong measures for its suppression. The only political parties he can tolerate are those which favour his Government and aid him in carrying out his schemes. In politics his sympathies are limited to the narrow sphere of what he feels to be his own interests. He cannot bear being thwarted, and often sets the whole of the opposition parties against him by condemning them one and all.

In its calmer moods the nation looks to its Kaiser for the solution of many of the problems which confront it, and which must be solved in the near future. It feels that slowly, though surely, those forces which at periodic intervals have altered the map of Europe are still at work, and that another change is imminent. Whither the movement is tending and what the change is likely to be are little more than matters of surmise. The Kaiser, in the rôle of a prophet, professes to see clearly the drift things are taking, and has said to his people, 'Our future lies on the water.' This has become a German motto or watchword, which one sees writ large wherever one goes, and with it the added injunction that they must speed into this future 'full steam ahead.' By what chart the ship containing 'the salt of the earth' is steering its course is only vaguely foreshadowed: has the Kaiser not told us that 'Germany must hold in her hand Neptune's trident'?

As an earnest that he means business, the Kaiser is setting his political house in thorough order. He has established a Colonial Office capable of considerable extensions when the time is ripe for such, and he has warned his people that though they may flatter themselves upon possessing the largest army in the world, they cannot afford to rest content until they have a navy of corresponding dimensions. Being a man of action as well as a man of words, he is setting the example, and is the moving spirit in the present enthusiasm for constructing battleships. On this large navy he has set his heart, and he is determined to have it at all costs. Probably then he may find that his interests clash with those of other countries, and the use to which the navy is put may reveal the secrets of the chart.

This suggests the subject of the German night-mare which every now and then excites Europe to the most extraordinary frenzy, occasioning much foolish speechmaking and still more foolish propaganda, all of which would be comical were it not for the tragedy underlying it. The net result of it all is merely to swell Germany with a still greater idea of her own importance, and to hasten her on in the course she is taking. In spite of all that may be said, she will go on building warships as long as she has money to do so, and the only reasonable solution to the

new problem which her ships raise in other nations is for such nations to keep pace with her in the building process, and, when they can, to build two ships for every one Germany builds. Those nations likely to be affected by German aggression must be prepared against the time Germany is ready for them; but these preparations are likely to be much more effective if gone about silently and without unnecessary fuss. Already there are indications that the financial strain caused by all this activity is almost at the breaking-point, and financiers would not be surprised if this condition sooner or later ends in a crisis. Patriotic appeals, in which every man is called upon to do his duty, are not having the desired effect, since few men, even the most patriotic, can be made to believe that tax burdens heavier than they can reasonably be asked to bear are a necessary part of their duty, especially during times of peace. Herein lies the root of much of the grumbling against the Kaiser. While the nation is as covetous of greatness as he himself is, it considers that it is the methods he employs to attain that greatness which are imposing upon it the extraordinarily heavy tax burdens. His answer to those who rail against him is as terse as its method is drastic. In a recent speech he told them to quit the kingdom, as he only wanted to reign over worthy men who considered no sacrifice too great which might add to the prosperity and well-being of their native land.

Besides this struggling and striving to make his country great among the nations as a fighting and a commercial Power, the Kaiser is ambitious to see it supreme in science, learning, and art, and in all things which mark the progress of civilisation, adding to the beauty and the pleasure of life. He often expresses the fear that industrialism may tend to destroy the finer instincts of the race, and this evil he hopes to counteract by the refining influence of the arts. He also fears that the ruthless materialism which Germany has embraced may rouse to wrath the God of its fathers; therefore he is heart and soul in every movement for the spread of religion among the people and increasing the hold of the Churches upon them. He has raised the status of the clergy, and it is mainly due to his influence that Sunday has come to be generally recognised as a day of rest.

Though he is noted for his piety, the Kaiser can on occasion shock those who make less pretence. In this as well as in other things he is a contradiction of himself. Side by side with his great fondness for ceremony and the pomp attendant upon his public life, in his private life he is one of the most modest and plainest-living men within his realm, observing in all things the strictest moderation and severest simplicity. While in some things he is lavishly extravagant, he can also be as niggardly as a miser. Sometimes he rules with a rod of iron;

at other times he is mild almost to the suspicion of weakness. On occasion he courts popularity, but when the humour strikes him he declares himself totally indifferent to blame or praise.

Since he is a man of many parts, ambitious to excel in all, the Kaiser does his best to pack away into his days as much as he possibly can, and the marvel is how he manages to get through so much work. He is up betimes and at his desk soon after six o'clock in the morning. When in residence at Berlin he may be seen soon after eight walking in the Tiergarten, accompanied by the Kaiserin or other members of the royal family. Here he mingles with the people hurrying to business, returning their salutes as he goes. As a rule he pays the Chancellor a visit on his way back to the palace, spending half-an-hour with him in discussing the various questions of State interest. Then follow the conferences with the chiefs of the services and Ministers, when he gives counsel and signs the numerous documents which are daily brought for his perusal.

This, together with his correspondence, occupies most of the forenoon. In the intervals he finds time to skim through the newspapers and periodical publications in search of articles dealing with State affairs. Such articles are cut out and sent to the departments which they concern, the important passages being underlined, and a few questions regarding them pencilled on the margin in the Kaiser's own handwriting, to which answers must be forthcoming without undue delay. This interest is not confined merely to German publications. He is well informed upon the opinions circulating in foreign prints. Naval topics are of especial interest to him, and the library on board his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, on which he spends so much of his time cruising during the summer months, is almost entirely composed of volumes on the navy, written in English. There are few books of outstanding merit appearing in any of the three languages in which he is thoroughly at home with which he is not acquainted. The frequent use he makes of quotation in his speeches bears ample testimony to this, and to his genuine appreciation of good literature, proving him to be a bookman and a scholar of no mean ability.

An incident which took place at the opening of the Berlin Cathedral affords a good illustration of the Kaiser's enthusiasm for learning. Among the guests at the palace banquet in honour of the occasion was an English bishop who has always been a favourite at the German Court, and who is admired by the Kaiser for his knowledge of German literature. On his place at the table the bishop found a note from the Kaiser referring to a critical study of Kant which had just appeared in England. His Majesty stated that some of the arguments in the criticism did not

appear to him to be altogether just, indicating in a number of little ellipses the points to which he took exception, and concluding with an invitation to the bishop to meet him in the library after the dinner was over and have a quiet chat with him on the subject. They met—fortunately for the bishop he had chanced to read the work—and the Kaiser, becoming so interested in the discussion, forgot the flight of time, until, long after midnight, the anxious Kaiserin came to remind her husband that after such an unusually busy day it was high time to finish the discourse, no matter how interesting it might be.

After luncheon the Kaiser indulges in a short nap prior to taking riding exercise, from which he returns in time for tea. This is a very informal repast, to which distinguished visitors, university professors, and a few public men are invited, and encouraged to converse freely on those topics for which they may be noted.

Dinner seldom lasts more than half-an-hour, and is over in time for the theatre or the opera. When his duties permit of it, the Kaiser prefers to spend the evening quietly at home over the chess-board with some old general. Chess is his favourite game, and he is a keen player, who takes a beating badly, though he professes a generous admiration for any opponent who manages to carry off the *mark* stakes. When the game is particularly interesting he may sit up until late to finish it; but the palace lights are usually out before the midnight hour has struck, and only the measured tread of the sentinels is heard breaking the silence.

These are the divisions punctuating the Kaiser's 'at home' days. Yet such days are not altogether typical, for there are the military days, when he holds reviews, criticises manoeuvres, or plays war-games with officers across the mess-table; there are the naval days, when he inspects the fleet, watching it go through evolutions, and sees that all is square and taut on the water; there are the gala days, when all his time is devoted to Court functions; and, besides, there are the travelling days. Mention of the travelling days excites the risibility of his subjects, who declare that these days take up most of his time, and have accordingly nicknamed him the 'travelling Kaiser.' This craze to be always on the move is a manifestation of something more than his restless energy. It is only when he is hurrying along within hearing of the revolving wheels that he finds relief from the constant pain in his ear. Yet on these occasions he is far from idle, since he continues to receive the daily reports of chiefs and Ministers.

Whether at home or abroad he is seldom seen in civilian dress. The habit of wearing uniform has become second nature with him, so that he neither feels nor looks comfortable out of it. He holds that every soldier should be proud of his uniform, and that mufti is not in keeping with

his dignity. Therefore he sets the example by wearing constantly one or other of the two hundred odd uniforms preserved in his wardrobe.

The Kaiser is the cultured expression of the spirit, the ambitions, and the sentiment of the new German Empire. His constant striving after a something he cannot define, a something which he conceives to be greater and better, is merely a reflex of what one experiences throughout the length and breadth of the land. Because he is a man of action he does not represent that easy-going type of German which has passed away so completely as only to exist in the pages of bygone history. He is typical of the active, strenuous, enterprising era of expansion and development of which Germany is merely at the beginning. He has all its impulsiveness, its excitability, and its faults, as well as some of its advantages. He may not have a genius for governing, nor even be a born leader of men, but he is endowed with a natural instinct which enables him to point out the way in which men ought to go. Though his reign has so far not been marked by any outstanding event except the building of the navy, it is nevertheless one of the most progressive periods—in fact, one might safely say altogether the most important—in the whole course of German history, and during it he has tried to do his duty honestly and well, as he has conceived it, and to prove himself worthy of the greatness of his high calling.

OLD HARVEST SONG.

WE have tramped behind the straining team that
drew the creaking plough,
We have sown the seed when spring was here,
and see our harvest now!
How the sun that glitters coldly through the frost
of autumn morn
Gilds the wheat-sheaves on the hillsides, and the
valleys rich with corn.
Not in vain, not in vain have we sown the
golden grain,
The harvest crowns the valley-slopes and rustles
on the plain!

When the autumn sun is setting, then beneath
the harvest moon
Ye shall see the sickles gleaming, ye shall hear
the gleaners' tune,
Till the last corn-sheaf is gathered, and the heavy-
laden wain
Through the gray mists of the valley rumbles on
the homeward lane.
Not in vain, not in vain have we sown the
golden grain,
The harvest crowns the valley-slopes and rustles
on the plain!

W. G. M. DOBIE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE ULSTER PLANTATION.

By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of *The Gateway of Scotland, &c.*

UNLESS an Englishman has read Irish history, and a good deal of it, he is almost sure to cherish the generally accepted convention that three of the four Irish provinces are inhabited, the landlords perhaps excepted, by a people of the old native Irish stock. The enduring Danish settlements, the successive waves of English immigration, both military and pacific, to say nothing of the French Huguenot influx, all count for nought, but are merged in the vague term 'Irish blood.' We are fortunately not concerned here with this tangled story. It will be enough that according to the best authorities an analysis of the sources of population in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, taken as a whole, would give something like even proportions of Celtic and Teutonic blood, to use loose but popular terms.

Everybody at this moment, however, has some idea of Ulster as pre-eminently the alien or colonist province. It is not a mere matter of interest to historical students, but one of practical and political urgency. Everybody who reads a newspaper at all must be familiar with the frequent discussions on the relative proportion of colonist and native stock, as roughly indicated by religious statistics. I don't think, however, most people have any clear idea of the origin of this coexistence of two antipathetic communities in a single small province, or why the colonist has not become assimilated to the native stock like the previous waves of English immigration to the southward. Nor is this for lack of easily accessible information, and that, too, of the minutest kind, concerning these first British Protestant settlers. We have not only contemporary reports and papers on the subject, but as regards six counties have a detailed survey giving the name, origin, and much more of every colonist-landowner—his acreage, tenantry, with the number, size, and condition of his buildings, and his farming affairs.

Now, Ulster, though to-day the least Irish, was in Elizabeth's time very distinctly Irish, and more untouched by outside influences than even Connaught. One overseas people, to be sure, had through the sixteenth century much traffic both in war and peace with the present county of Antrim, and had settled there in considerable numbers; but these were near neighbours of a

kindred race and habits, mainly Scottish Gaels of the west coast and islands. In the long, chaotic wars of the Tudors in Ireland these people were almost as anti-English as the native septa. Scotsmen of another kind, farmers and staunch Presbyterians, also flocked into Antrim later on, to say nothing of a not very durable Cromwellian soldier-settlement. County Antrim, and probably Down, no doubt justify the popular notion of a 'Scotch-Irish' country, to use an old and useful Americanism. But we are not concerned here with Antrim at all. Its colonisation is much too involved a story for elementary and brief treatment, though clearer than any in the fact of the county's blood affinity with Scotland.

The settlement of the other six Ulster counties of Donegal, Derry, Armagh, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Tyrone is so very much simpler as to be capable, I trust, of creating some interest even in brief narration.

Now, the Irish chiefs had been turned into feudal lords and actual owners of all the tribal lands by the application of English law to Ireland, so that the attainder of a chief and alienation of his property affected the whole community, who had thus automatically become mere rent-paying tenants in the eyes of the Government, and liable to eviction at law. When the two great Ulster chieftains, the Earls Tyrone and Tyrconnel, who had so long defied the English Crown, were ultimately subdued and driven out, their domains, roughly corresponding to the six counties above enumerated, were escheated to the reigning king (James the First), and the opportunity was seized of settling them with an English and Scotch population. These were the years when the Elizabethan adventurers had developed into the early Jacobean colonisers, and the fever was at its height. Virginia, the West Indies, New England, and Newfoundland were being seriously undertaken, and Ireland offered a handier and less rough, but perhaps more dangerous, opening of much the same kind.

The county of Derry was bestowed on the various London trading companies to develop as it might seem good to them, with certain restrictions. The other five counties, or, to be precise, all the good land in them, were surveyed into tracts mostly of one thousand, one thousand

five hundred, and two thousand acres, virtually regardless of the native Irish occupants. The latter's business, to be sure, had been mainly that of graziers, and their buildings of slight value; but they were pushed out into the bogs, wastes, and mountains, with the exception of a few of the better sort, who, though shifted, were allotted definite tracts of smaller size upon the fringes of the colonists. Of the larger tracts now offered by the Crown with clear title there were something over two hundred, many of them, as it appeared from later survey, controlling and virtually attaching considerable areas of contiguous waste land. These were offered on terms of a lease for ever at sufficiently tempting figures to counterbalance the discomforts of a semi-colonial career with rather more than its danger—to wit, about five pounds to the one thousand acres. They were saddled, however, with precise conditions, partly to prevent absentee speculation and partly to ensure the safety of the colony. Other tracts again were given to Trinity College, Dublin, and to the Anglican Church thenceforward established in Ireland, and placed in possession of the old Catholic endowments. But the adventurers and planters of 1609 and the immediately subsequent period represent the personal interest of this business.

There is a tendency to speak of the Ulster Protestants as if they were all of Scottish origin. Letting this pass as being only an exaggeration of the Scottish affinities of Antrim and Down, we have a pretty definite basis to start from in the six counties, since the two hundred and eighteen important estates were exactly divided, and with design, between English and Scottish planters; and, furthermore, each county, except Derry (controlled by Londoners), was apportioned, though with no such precision of equality, to both nationalities in usually separate groups. Besides this body of gentlemen planters and their dependants, there were two other kinds of grantees—namely, *servitors* and native Irish. The former were officers, mainly English and Scottish, but occasionally Irish, who had served through the long wars which resulted in the expatriation of the two earls and the confiscation of this enormous territory. For their military experience they were usually planted in localities where the expelled Irish might prove most threatening. While the surveyed estates of the alien grantees I have already spoken of were called 'proportions,' those who took them up were 'patentees,' and the individuals who actually entered into possession 'undertakers.' The former usually became the latter, but sometimes assigned or possibly sold their rights. It is interesting at this date to note the names and origin of these English and Scottish gentlemen who adventured themselves, their families, and their dependants in this blood-stained Irish battle-ground, and squatted down with the war-

like race they had dispossessed hanging vengeance around their skirts, biding their time, which came in 1641. A great many of them were knights, and many bore famous names both north and south of the Tweed. Numbers of them were younger sons of country gentlemen; but all had to be more or less capitalists.

The conditions were that within a specified time each 'undertaker' should put up buildings of a certain specified description, and plant upon his property a certain number of dependants. He was to build a bawne—that is, a defensive wall—and within the bawne 'a castle of stone' erected on properties of two thousand acres and upwards; on lesser grants a 'house of stone, with slate roof,' satisfied the regulations. Personal residence, or at least the residence of a relative or genuine representative, was expected. The number of tenants and workmen to be imported, for whom the lord of the manor was required to build or assist in building houses, does not seem to have been precisely defined.

But it will be better to dispense with any further and unimportant details, pass over the first five or six years of the 'plantation,' and take a brief look round with Captain Pynnar, who was commissioned by Government to traverse the country and report progress. A few instances from his report will give a picture of the whole. It must first be stated, however, that the 'undertakers' were either forbidden to take Irish tenants or limited to a small number, and it is not surprising that these injunctions were often overlooked, with the expelled tribesmen hungry for land all around them, and imported tenants often unavailable.

We will take the county of Cavan, and one of the very few 'proportions' of three thousand acres. This is held by Sir James Hamilton in the precinct of Clanchie allotted to Scottish 'undertakers,' and is called Castle Aubigny. There is a strong bawne of lime and stone eighty feet square and fifteen feet high, with flankers. Within it is a castle of five storeys, with four round towers and the roof just ready to be slated. 'Himself keepeth home therein with his lady and family.' Upon the land are planted eight freeholders of British birth, and descent with from one to five hundred acres apiece, eight leaseholders with an average of one hundred acres apiece, and twenty-five cottars with a patch of land and common rights. Pynnar also finds upon these lands 'good tillage and husbanding in the English manner'—a quite exceptional discovery at the time of his report. The notice closes, like all the rest, with the significant statement that there are 'eighty men fit to be in the army.' Here in the English precinct of the same county is another energetic 'undertaker,' John Taylor, Esq., on one thousand five hundred acres, with a bawne and castle thoroughly finished, and himself and family already dwelling in it. (In the estate are seven freeholders, seven lease-

holders, and ten cottars. Most of these tenants dwell in a village containing fourteen houses and a water-mill. But as yet 'there is no great store of tillage, and there are fifty-four men armed.' The next neighbour, with two thousand acres, is Thomas Waldron, son and heir to Sir Richard Waldron, deceased. He has a bawne of sods, but much fallen down, and a completed stone house where his mother and all the family dwell. Mr Waldron has built a 'town' of thirty-one houses, all inhabited by English, and erected a windmill. He has fifty-three families and eighty-two men 'very well armed.'

In Fermanagh, which is more English than Scotch, John Sedbarrow (one thousand acres) has a tumble-down bawne and no house, and is apparently non-resident, and so are several of the eighteen British families he has planted.

Most of the 'undertakers' have introduced tenants of their own nationality, Scottish or English respectively; but Archibald Atcheson, a Scotsman, has a mixed following. Their leases, which Captain Pynnar saw, were 'drawn but not yet signed.' Sir James Craig, his neighbour, had already a castle five storeys high, and a platform for cannon on the bawne. And so through all the five counties, with occasional exceptions, such as that of Sir Hugh Worrall, who has built a bawne and a stone tower within it, 'standing waste. He hath no freeholder nor leaseholder, and but three poor men which have no estates, all the land being inhabited by Irish.'

Pynnar reckons the number of men able to bear arms at about eight thousand in all, with one hundred and twenty-six castles, mostly with bawnes, and one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven dwelling-houses of stone or timber after the English manner. All is by no means well, however. There is still a great want of buildings. The English tenants are as yet shy of using husbandry because of the doubtful tenure of their position, and because they have not sufficient stock for grazing. The Irish, being purely graziers, seem well provided with cattle, the result being that subletting, the curse of Ireland in after years, had already begun, many of the English farmers letting their holdings illegally to Irish graziers, and living idly on the narrow margin. 'If it were not for the Scotch,' says Pynnar, 'who practise ploughing, the country would be in danger of a grain famine.'

The Scottish settlers came mainly from the south-west counties—Hamiltons, Cunninghams, Humes, and Stewarts being much in evidence. Many significant old English names catch the eye at once, such as Phetiplace, Willoughby, Sacheverell, Talbot, Remington, Ridgeway, Poyns, Roe, and so forth. Whether the English stock maintained through the troublous and murderous days that were to come in the civil wars (1641–51), their numerical equality with the Scotch is outside our purview here. Pynnar, an Englishman himself, held the prospect of such equality as

doubtful. The change of condition and climate was much less severe to Scotsmen, unaccustomed at home in those days to comforts that were general among the English farming class. It is probably the old story that Scotsmen make the best settlers, though at that time, unlike to-day, their agricultural methods were far behind those of Englishmen. A considerable proportion of the latter, too, came from East Anglia and the southern counties. Still, after all, it was Englishmen, not Scotsmen, who founded and did the spade-work of our West Indian and North American colonies. The London companies—the Goldsmiths, Grocers, Fishmongers, Ironmongers, Mercers, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Clothworkers, Skinners, Vintners, Drapers, and Salters—had three thousand two hundred and ten acres each of the county of Derry. Pynnar reports these portions as either under an agent or let on a long lease to an 'undertaker' of condition. They were mostly in a backward state, and occupied, for lack of immigrants, by Irish tenants—which the surveyor regards as undesirable and dangerous.

One cannot accompany Pynnar from house to house through the six counties, with the intimate details related of each, and avoid casting one's mind thirty years forward to the fearful massacre of the colonists by the expelled Irish, and the terrible vengeance taken by Cromwell, and the further chaos of the Williamite wars, with the sieges of Derry and Enniskillen, at the close of the century. In the fates and the fortunes of all these sturdy Protestant colonists what a wealth of drama must lie hidden in family histories! The English civil wars, with their courtesies, their humanities, their modified sequestrations, and comparatively light butcher's bill, seem almost kid-glove affairs when compared with what Irishmen, both settlers and natives, went through in the seventeenth century.

When all was quiet through the eighteenth century, and the English and Irish Anglican Parliaments held the country in the hollow of their hand, what a madness it was, from the British point of view, that by invidious laws, both sectarian and commercial, the sturdy Presbyterians of the north were driven by thousands and thousands to North America with a bitterness in their hearts as deep as any that burned within the Celtic Catholic emigrants of a later day! A hundred thousand left in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and were the best pioneers and makers of new states that America ever had. This is why Americans call all Ulster Protestants Scotch-Irishmen, though numbers of these Presbyterians were of English Puritan stock. Proceeding usually to the western frontier of that day, these people became colonists for the second time almost within a century. Hence, and perhaps from their rather grim Calvinism, their great qualities as pioneers. One would think this continuous drain of Ulster Protestants, mainly Presbyterians, from about 1700 to 1774

would have reduced the proportion of Scottish to English blood in Ulster. But, on the other hand, Scots continued to move in there for long after James the First's 'plantation,' which was not the case with the English. Creed is a kind of rough test, and Anglicans and Presbyterians are numerically about equal to-day in Ulster.

Intermarriage, however, between the two prevailing Protestant stocks, to say nothing of blends with the native Irish, must have so confused the issue as to make such estimates impossible. But at any rate the rather too common tendency to speak of Protestant Ulster as if it were wholly Scottish in origin is obviously absurd.

THE MEDUSA ROOM.

CHAPTER I.

SEBASTIAN heard all the reproach, all the incredulity, in that man's one exclamation, and he knew that he himself had drawn it forth—he with the significant badge on his blue coat and the tri-coloured sash about his waist.

But it was Madeleine who spoke for him. 'My friend,' she said, as she looked before her, 'you need not be afraid. You can trust'—

She turned to Sebastian. Perhaps she thought that now he would reveal his real name. Sebastian understood her gesture. He hesitated an instant. Had he been going to live he might have proclaimed himself, might have set himself to work out a worthier life as Sebastian de Richemontecœur; but he was going to die. He knew he was about to die. He bent his head. Let Sebastian de Richemontecœur rest in oblivion. It would at least spare his family something.

Madame de Villemarnier looked at him. She understood that he did not mean to speak. 'You may trust Monsieur Jacques Sebastian, Monsieur de Belleville,' she said. 'He has already delivered me from one of our enemies.'

The man she addressed bowed low. He was young; he was finely built; and even his ragged garments could not hide the gracefulness of his figure, nor want and privation mar the fine lines of his face.

Sebastian examined that face narrowly. On this man, on his daring and his nerve, must depend the success of the scheme for saving Madeleine. He stepped forward. 'Monsieur,' he said, 'you mistrust my costume. I do not wonder. I cannot explain, but will you remember that Madame de Villemarnier herself has vouched for me?'

The fugitive bowed.

'Monsieur,' resumed Sebastian, 'I must beg you not only to trust me, but to be guided by me.'

The young man took a step away from the wall. He stood upright, and looked hard at Sebastian. 'What do you want me to do?' he said.

'To take care of Madame de Villemarnier until she reaches England,' answered Sebastian; 'to defend her should need arise, and to give your life for her.'

Madeleine heard the ringing words, and she stepped impulsively between the two men. 'Jacques Sebastian,' she cried, 'come with us too. Leave this, and be a man, not a monster.'

The man she addressed turned and looked at her. 'As I live,' he said vehemently, 'the past is past. It is ended.'

'It is ended, Jacques Sebastian!' cried Madeleine.

'It is ended,' he reaffirmed.

Madame de Villemarnier covered her face. She stepped back. These two, men both of them, might do what they pleased now. She had gained the greatest thing of all. She had won back a man's soul for him. She went toward the willows and looked out. Indeed she had done well to hold her hand and spare; and as she thought of that, it was not her own life, her own safety, she had in her mind, but the regeneration of one man, the atonement for another.

Meantime, as she lingered by the waving green, with the water singing to her as it passed, with little puffs of soft summer air fanning her tired face, Sebastian was explaining the circumstances to the man before him.

'The château up there,' he began, 'is in the hands of the sansculottes. It is but a question of hours at the most, more probably of minutes, before they pillage and fire it. Then they will come on the secret way. You, monsieur, must be gone before they think of coming down to the river and beating the banks. You and Madame de Villemarnier must set out at once.'

'Now,' cried the young man, 'in the broad daylight? It is courting capture.'

'Not,' returned Sebastian—and he smiled as he shook his head—'if you go my way.'

'Your way?' echoed De Belleville.

'Yes,' answered Sebastian. 'You and Madame must go down the river, not furtively as *émigrés*, but rowing in mid-stream, and'—and now Sebastian spoke very slowly, very impressively—'you, monsieur, must take my coat, you must wear my scarf about your waist, you must pin my rosette in your lapel; and Madame must take the one I have in my pocket, and on her head—the one I have in my pocket, and on her head,' he repeated, as though thinking of the great thing he was asking her—'she must wear the red cap I have brought with me.'

He saw the wave of colour come over De Belleville's face. He knew the young man's first impulse was to refuse to save himself under

such colours. Then he looked from him to Madeleine. 'Madame,' he said as he crossed to her and looked down at her, 'you promised you would live. It is the only way.'

'And you, Jacques Sebastian?' she cried.

'I will follow you,' he added steadily.

Madame bowed her head. Both men took it for her consent.

Sebastian stripped off his coat. He took the rosette out of his button-hole, and the other one out of his pocket. He looked at Madeleine as he held the two of them in his hand.

Again she understood him. 'Jacques Sebastian,' she returned, 'if I must wear one of them, give me that which you have worn yourself.'

He crossed at her bidding and held out the rosette.

Madame de Villemarnier took it and looked at it. 'And what will you do yourself?' she asked.

'I have other things—my credentials,' he mumbled.

'And you will be safe?' she went on.

'I shall be safe,' he answered boldly.

She let her eyes drop. She put up her hand and fastened the rosette in the folds of her fichu. 'Jacques Sebastian,' she said softly, 'may Heaven reward you!'

It has done so,' he cried out urgently, quickly, 'if you have forgiven me.'

She smiled and held out her hand. He dropped on to his knee and lifted it to his lips.

It was but a little moment apart—a fleeting space given up to a man's great devotion and to a woman's tender pity. Then Sebastian rose. It was the time for action, not for feeling. He turned about and went back to De Belleville. He began to push the boat towards the opening of the cave, while Madeleine stepped back towards the tunnel to make the last preparations for her flight.

As soon as Sebastian saw her disappear he took from his pocket the strip of parchment tied with the tri-coloured ribbon that he had tossed on to the table before the National Assembly of Tours.

'These are my credentials,' he whispered to De Belleville. 'They give me very ample powers. They give me the right to requisition both men and boats from Tours to Nantes. Take them, and they will serve you to-night. But to-morrow'—and here Sebastian smiled grimly—'they might do you more harm than good, so lose no time in making use of them.'

De Belleville glanced down at the superscription on the face of the parchment: 'Authorisation to the Citizen Jacques Sebastian from the Head Committee for National Defence in Paris.' He understood and estimated all that the gift might mean to him, what the parting with it would entail on the man who was thrusting it into his hand.

'Monsieur,' he began, 'you condemn yourself.' Sebastian waved that consideration aside. 'Take it,' he returned, his voice urgent, imperious; 'it may help to protect Madame de Villemarnier.'

This time De Belleville bowed low. If he had required to be told of Sebastian's feeling towards the woman who had done such a wonderful work in helping the harried and persecuted to escape, he knew now.

To the young man that disposed of all hesitation, all argument. 'Monsieur,' he said deferentially, 'you are a very brave man. I do not think I have ever met a braver. I thank you for giving me the opportunity of serving Madame de Villemarnier and you also.'

Sebastian bowed again, and with the movement he somehow brushed aside De Belleville's enthusiasm, and brought him back to the business of getting the boat into the water. Both the men knew that the launch presented the moment of the greatest danger. Once they were in the stream, between the tri-coloured emblems and the credentials De Belleville could trust himself to make up a plausible story; but if a Patriot watching on the bank should ask inconvenient questions as the boat took the water, there was no doubt that they would be difficult to parry.

But the little craft slid into the river, and not a sound followed, no sudden apparition of a watcher's figure, no urgent shouting voice.

De Belleville took the oars, and Madame de Villemarnier stepped in after him.

Sebastian watched her go, watched her seat herself; he saw her turn her head; he saw her look long towards the fringe of willows. He was sure that her lip trembled.

That was their farewell. Not a word spoken, not a wave of the hand; only the boat gliding down the stream, only the figure in the stern turning round for one last look.

Sebastian's first impulse as he saw the boat disappear was to stroll out into the open, to invite capture. There was a moment when he felt that he had accomplished the utmost required of him, when he felt that he had renounced all, and that the end had better come as speedily as possible. Then he reflected that to draw attention to himself at once would be to put dangers in the way of Madame de Villemarnier's escape. The boat must get away unmarked. If even an hour went by and no one started in pursuit, allowing for the rapid drift of the current on the one hand and the difficulties of communication on the other, her safety was pretty well assured.

So Sebastian dropped back just within the willows at the mouth of the cave, and as he sat there, as he caught glimpses of the quick stream, saw the waving of the trees, the trembling of the reeds, a bird skimming the surface of the water, a fish leaping in a shallow, the call of life began to speak to him again.

If he could escape and not die he had the right. There was no sin in trying to save his head. If he had the chance to begin life anew, why should he not take it? He began to resolve these things in his mind, and as his thoughts cleared he saw that to die without purpose would do nothing to serve the woman he loved. Therefore he determined to wait until nightfall, and then to steal into the woods or down the river. On the morrow he would be missed, the search for him would begin, there would be a price on his head; and he, who had hunted down men and women just to serve his own ends, would be tracked, trapped in his turn. He half-smiled to think of the reversed positions. He knew all the dangers before him, all the difficulties; but he also knew that if any man had the chance of getting down to the coast, he had. He knew all manner of nooks and corners in which a pursued man might lie hidden.

He began to be elated at what was before him. He began to think of what he would do when he reached England, how he would prove himself, and then become known to Madeleine de Villemarnier again.

In his eagerness he crept still nearer to the edge of the stream, and as he peeped out from the fringes of willows he became conscious of wild shouts, of noisy singing. He listened very attentively. He knew at once what it meant. The Patriots who had been sleepily overcome the previous evening were riotously merry now. Sebastian kept very still a moment longer. He listened to the snatches of song, to the fierce yells. He told himself that circumstance was working in his favour. If the sansculottes were all busy round the château it doubled his chances of escape.

He wished he had a boat, and he would have chanced it, and set out at once. He saw a log floating in the stream, and he was about to wade into the water and mount on it, when he stopped, standing with one hand drawing back the willows. A sudden thought shot across his mind. Suppose the Patriots finished up the afternoon's amusement by firing the château? And suppose Faguet was still gagged, bound to that bedpost? It meant death to the ex-lackey, a horrible torturing death, unless he had got free. Sebastian had never known a knot he tied come unfastened.

As he realised this his first feeling was of satisfaction. The vagabond richly deserved to die. Sebastian let his hand fall, and stepped out a pace on to the sand. He intended to dismiss Faguet from his mind; but as he stood there with the blue sky above him, with the beautiful scene marred only by the ribald laughter floating on the wind over the brow of the rocks to him, Faguet would not be dismissed. Sebastian remembered—he could not help remembering—that Madeleine de Villemarnier had wished that the vagabond should live, not die.

Sebastian stood up on the strip between the overhanging brown rocks and the quick-rushing stream. He asked himself what he had to do with Faguet's plight. He tried to assure himself that he had enough to do to save himself without thinking of a vagabond whose only impulse had always been to betray him, Sebastian, and then supplant him. Next, since even those personal arguments did not suffice, he reminded himself that Faguet might have got free, that he might be singing and yelling and dancing with the others.

Sebastian strove to thrust away the doubt. But something within would be listened to. He could not get away from the thought. If the castle were fired and Faguet were still bound to that bedpost in the Medusa room!

Sebastian battled with himself but a moment longer. Then he realised that he had no choice. Since Madeleine de Villemarnier had willed that Pierre Faguet should live, not die, he must set about saving him. He knew exactly what it would entail. The vagabond was quite capable of conducting his rescuer to the guillotine bound with the very strips that had been unknotted from about his own person.

But once resolved, Sebastian swept all thoughts of the consequences aside. He would rescue Faguet if he could. After that let to-morrow take care of itself.

He had to decide on the best means of getting back to the château. To go over the grass was so much the quickest, but it was also the most likely to end in detection. He determined to try to make his way back by the cellars. They were intricate, he knew; but he had an instinct for locality. The trouble was he had taken so little notice as he came along. All his mind, his eyes, had been concentrated on Madeleine.

Sebastian, once resolved, did not wait a moment. He set out joyfully. It was his service for Madeleine. Faguet's life should be an atonement for the taking of Armand de Lièvre's life. True, Madame de Villemarnier would never know what he had done for her; but, he asked himself, was not the essence of true service that it should demand neither recognition nor payment?

He set out. He threaded his way easily through the narrow tunnel. It was the series of cellars which presented the difficulty. Once or twice he missed his way. He had brought with him the only candle he could find in the cave, and began to fear it would not last long enough. He began to face the possibility of being lost in the darkness; then he chanced unexpectedly on the opening which led to those cellars that were paved and had doors. The way after that was easy enough. He came to the foot of the winding steps leading up to the turret. So far not a sound had come to disturb the cold, clammy, underground stillness. Now he stepped

cautiously, and mounted up to the level of the domestic offices. He leaned against a loophole, a round opening not more than six inches across, covered with a lattice of barred iron ribs. He could just see out.

His eyes were but a few feet above the gravel-sweep. He listened, and as he waited the shouting and the singing came nearer, than the tramp and the patter of many feet, and a leaping, jumping jumble of legs raced past him. The Patriots were dancing round the château, and Sebastian was just telling himself that the true *sansculotte* fashion was first to set a house on fire, and then to circle, leaping, singing, bawling, round the bonfire it made, when a puff of smoke drifted past the loophole, and after it a smell of burning.

The Patriots, then, had not departed from the customary programme, and Sebastian told himself he had no time to lose. He hurried up round the next great, steep curve, and came to the little door that led into the white salon. There were thin wreaths of smoke wedging themselves through the narrow cracks here, and Sebastian decided that the first floor must have been set alight, not the offices below. He hurried upward yet once again. He stood before the entrance to that fateful Medusa room. He hastened to the door, fumbled a moment with the spring, and as it opened and he pushed aside the tapestry a volume of smoke met him. The Medusa room was full of smoke, and Faguet might yet be tied to the bedpost! Sebastian sprang forward to the bed. He could feel Madeleine's beautiful quilt; he could feel the fringe of the hangings; but he could hardly see, so dense was the cloud of thick, gray, suffocating smoke.

He stumbled to the window and smashed a pane. That let in air; that let in light. It let in, too, the yelling of the voices below, and as Sebastian leaned up against the sash panting for breath he realised that he had drawn attention to this room. He had no time to think of that, no time to mark that the Patriots had stopped their dance. He did not stop to see that three men were looking up angrily to the window, their pistols ready pointed; he did not hear the growl, '*A bas les Aristocrates!*' Still less did he know that two strong men were dragging a barrel beneath the window. He hastened back to the bed and pulled aside that heavy brocade curtain. Faguet was still there, Faguet returned to his senses, Faguet with his eyes starting from his head and dilated with fear, Faguet with his face blotched, with great livid patches showing out against the white of the linen which bound him fast.

Sebastian slashed first at the bandages over the mouth. He had tied them so securely that they were not easy to unfasten. As he worked the smoke in the room was increasing, he was finding it harder to breathe, while just behind

that chestnut door it seemed to him was the sullen roar of flames.

Then a new horror was added: there was a shout without; a thick volume of black smoke burst in by the window, a suffocating smell. The Patriots had found a barrel of tar. They had emptied it below the window, and they were dancing and leaping for joy to think that no Pestilent could live in that heat, among those suffocating fumes; and as they sang, as they danced, the flames caught hold of the ivy growing up the tower, and, licking it, sent curling, heavy tongues of smoke in by the loopholes, then into the Medusa room by the opening into the tower.

Sebastian saw the darkness coming in by the window, coming in through the Medusa's figure, coming in between the chinks of the great chestnut door. He gave one final cut at Faguet's bandages, and the vagabond, seeing his plight, seeing the smoke, smelling the fierce fire, hearing the roar of the flames, no sooner found his mouth free than he began to yell. His cry was so piercing that it must have surmounted even the din of the roaring fire, for it was answered by a volley of shots at the window.

Sebastian heard the discharge, and knew that it was hopeless to think of escape; but still he worked at the man's bands. He cut the one about Faguet's arms, and the vagabond replied with a scream even more piercing than before. Sebastian cut the last one about his legs; and Faguet, realising that he was free, with never as much as a look at the man who had come back to save him, made a leap to the window.

In that cloud of thick, black, belching smoke he appeared a dim, uncertain figure, but still a human form. His appearance was a signal for a second discharge of pistols. Faguet threw up his arms, uttered a cry that was cut short in the middle, and then fell back. Sebastian could see the figure stumble and then fall into a heap. He knew that he had given his own life, and it had availed nothing. He stumbled toward the window in his turn and gasped for breath; he had the instinctive seeking of the suffocating for but one breath of fresh air; and then he drew himself up. With the smoke wreathing about him, with the flame upon him, Sebastian pulled himself upright and folded his arms. He waited—waited for a shot to do for him what it had done for Faguet. He knew it was the end, and his cracked, blistered lips smiled. He was content, not dismayed; he had made his atonement; he had proved himself. The flames were close upon him; the smoke eddied about him.

Sebastian was still smiling, and in his ears was the rushing of the water bearing Madeleine de Villemarnier on to safety, and in his eyes was not the blinding smoke but the vision of her smile.

THE END.

AUTUMN ON HELIGOLAND.

A GREAT BIRD-MIGRATION OBSERVATORY.

By A. LANDESBOROUGH THOMSON, M.A., M.B.O.U.

WITH the shortening days come great flights of birds of many kinds, heralding the descent of winter in the North. How is it we see so little of these vast movements? Partly because they are largely nocturnal, and partly because we have always so many birds that even some thousands of resting migrants, when spread over a large countryside, may escape the notice of all but the most exact observers. Thus, if we wish to see migration at its best we must sojourn on some lonely island where native birds are few in number, and where resting travellers naturally concentrate. Many such stations exist round the British coasts, but it is to that classic example of a migration observatory, the island of Heligoland, that we would transport the reader in imagination.

Not only does Heligoland lie on one of the great flight-routes of migrating birds, but it possesses those advantages already alluded to as essential to a first-class observation-point; furthermore, there are often diurnal passages of great magnitude forming a spectacle of imposing grandeur. The fame of this little island is also the fame of an ardent naturalist, who devoted a long life to the study of its wonders, and made them known to science. Gätke's death was followed by an interregnum of several years; but now the work goes forward again, and observations are being made and recorded in a more modern and exact way. Heligoland has also a special interest for us in that it was for many years a British possession, and was ceded to Germany only in 1890, in return for important East African concessions. In modern international politics it has an importance due to its recently constructed batteries and naval harbour.

Our first vision of Heligoland was after three or four hours' steaming down the Elbe from Hamburg, and three more of open sea. There before us, from the restless waters, rose a flat, green-topped table of bright-red rock. The cliffs are two hundred feet in height, and at high tide the waves dash right against their base, except on one side. Here a little low ground is the site of part of the town, and is called the Unterland; the remaining houses are perched on the Oberland above, and a stair and a lift connect the two parts. The island is about a mile long, and triangular in shape, the narrow northward end being open grass-land for the most part, but becoming more and more enclosed by the military authorities.

Surely it is a land of contrasts, this little isle, which in its chequered history has owed allegiance to so many thrones! On the one

hand we have the modern fortifications and barrack buildings, and on the other the old houses and narrow alleys, with the English street-names still legible. Side by side lie the great naval harbour and the landing-stage for the hundreds of trippers and health-seekers who come here as to a watering-place. Its attraction is understandable; the town is quaint, the cliff scenery unique in Germany, and hay-fever is unknown! Good bathing may be indulged in on the Dune, a little sandy ialet a mile or two from the main island.

On old maps the Dune is joined to Heligoland by an isthmus, and on the most ancient they are both included in an island of much greater dimensions. One can well believe that such a transformation has occurred, for the wastage can be seen on every side at the present day. The soft red shale, banded with light sandstone, offers little resistance to the immense powers of the sea. All along the cliffs one notices pillars and arches being excavated, while their predecessors are tottering to ruin; and in places the Germans have had to build concrete walls to prevent further erosion.

So much for the general interest of the place, though volumes could be written, for we must now consider the birds. An example of the advantages of Heligoland as an ornithological station was vouchsafed to us during the first twenty-four hours of our stay. On the afternoon of our arrival we walked round the island, thoroughly searching the open part of the Oberland. This we found to be teeming with wheatears, rising from the grass at every step. There must have been about two hundred in all, although almost no other birds were seen. Next morning there were not more than two or three dozen, and in searching Heligoland we were searching all the dry land within a radius of more than thirty miles. In a Scottish country district of that size many more than two hundred wheatears might rest for a day unnoticed. But even if they did not disperse, and were therefore observed, a negative observation on the following day would not decide whether they had merely travelled half a mile or dispersed slightly, or whether they had really migrated, as we knew our Heligoland birds had done.

Another day we saw a migration actually in progress—the passage of the swallow, proverbial type of a Northern summer visitor. All through the forenoon, as we sat in the autumn sunshine near the narrow northern apex of the island, the swallows came in over the sea from the north-east in the teeth of a southerly gale. No large flocks were seen; but, on the other hand,

scarcely a minute elapsed without the arrival of a fresh party of from half-a-dozen to a score of birds. They seemed to fly low over the sea, but rose as they approached us to the level of the cliff-tops. We could not make them out at any distance, for the observer can find no worse background for small birds than gray, moving water. The stream was continuous and the direction unvarying, so far as we could judge. Each party rose to our level on the top of the north point, flew unhesitatingly along the western side of the island, and disappeared again at the south-western corner. Not one in a hundred quitted this line or stopped to circle round; none seemed inclined to break their journey so early in the day, in spite of the contrary elements. The whole was for us just a momentary peep at one of the countless tiny channels by which the bird-life of northern Europe was then ebbing southward.

Another day it was yellow wagtails that were arriving and passing on, but not in the same numbers or with the same regularity as the swallows. Again it would be a solitary owl, a stray lapwing, or a few starlings that were for a few hours part of the island's avifauna. In this way we saw enough to convince us of the station's advantages, and to get a fuller understanding of Gätke's observations.

But meteorological conditions remained unfavourable, and we were not rewarded by any of those vaster phenomena described so vividly in the pages of *Vogelwarte Helgoland*. Let us read, for instance, the summary of the visible diurnal passage of the starling in the autumn of 1878. Early in June came a few old birds in worn plumage, birds which had probably remained unmated or had early lost their broods. On 20th June came the first great flights of young birds of the year, migrating by themselves in advance of their parents though only a few weeks out of the egg. These youngsters continued to pass till the end of the month to the extent of thousands daily. In early July the daily passage was estimated in tens of thousands, and on the 25th the movement closed with the passage of 'immense multitudes.' Two months followed, during which no starlings, young or old, were to be seen. But on 22nd September old birds, now in fresh plumage, passed in flights of many hundreds. During October the flights increased to thousands, and on the 14th the movement reached a climax with 'starlings in hundreds of thousands.' By the end of the month the great flights had ceased, but through November and even up till 18th December they continued to pass in frequent 'daily flights of from forty to sixty individuals.'

Such is the nature of a typical diurnal migration as observed from Heligoland. The nocturnal movements, there as elsewhere, pass unnoticed for the most part; but something of their nature may be gathered from the birds which are

found resting on the island during the day. Occasionally, however, weather conditions are favourable for the actual observation of the flights. On dark nights, with overclouded sky and misty air, the glare of the lighthouse lantern at Heligoland or any other station has a fatal attraction for the birds, and the naturalist who is fortunate enough to be present may see such a scene as Gätke describes in the following passage:

'The whole sky is now filled with a babel of hundreds of thousands of voices, and as we approach the lighthouse there presents itself to the eye a scene which more than confirms the experience of the ear. Under the intense glare of the light swarms of larks, starlings, and thrushes career around in ever-varying density, like showers of brilliant sparks or huge snow-flakes driven onward by a gale, and continuously replaced as they disappear by freshly arrived multitudes. Mingled with these birds are large numbers of golden plovers, lapwings, curlews, and sandpipers. Now and again, too, a woodcock is seen; or an owl, with slow-beating wings, emerges from the darkness into the circle of light, but again speedily vanishes, accompanied by the plaintive cry of an unhappy thrush that has become its prey.'

Of the modern contributions to the ornithology of Heligoland we need say little here. Already four bulky reports are in the hands of students of migration, and we shall soon be given by their author, Dr Weigold, a new insight into the problems which Gätke set rather than solved. In the meantime too much theorising is being carefully and rightly avoided.

One quite new feature in migrational study since Gätke's time is the method of bird-ringing now widely used both on the Continent and the British Isles. Nor is this side being neglected. Special numbered rings are now in use, bearing the inscription: 'Return [in English] Zool. Stat. Helgoland.' But instead of referring to such results as have already been obtained, we shall conclude by quoting one of our own results which is very relevant to the subject.

Gätke always supposed that most of the westerly trending autumn migrants which he observed reached British shores before proceeding southward, though returning more directly in spring, he thought. We now know that few, if any, birds follow such a route; but an example of a stray bird wandering from Scotland to Heligoland is afforded by the case of a young herring gull marked by us (with an 'Aberdeen University' ring) as a nestling on the Aberdeenshire cliffs in June 1912, and shot at Heligoland on 9th September. In reporting the event, Dr Weigold informed us that they had had seven weeks of north-westerly winds. This link between Scotland and Heligoland may give an interest to this slight description of that great bird-station.

THE FEUD AT KALMACKS.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME hours later we sat round November Joe, who was stretched upon the couch. Puttick had been tied up and imprisoned in the strongest room.

'No, Mr Petersham,' Joe was saying, 'I don't think you'll have much more trouble. There was only three men in it. One's dead, one's locked up, and I dare say we'll find a way of dealing with No. 3.'

'What I don't understand,' said Linda, 'is how you found out that Puttick was in it. When did you begin to suspect him?'

'Last night, when Mr Petersham didn't go to Butler's Carn. The fellahs who promised to meet him never put in there either. That was queer, wasn't it? Of course it would mean just one thing—that some one had told 'em that Mr Petersham weren't coming. There was only us three and Puttick knew. So Puttick must have been the one to tell.'

'But, November,' I said, 'Puttick never left the house, for you remember you found no tracks on the sand. How, then, could he let them know?'

'I guess he waved a lantern or made some other sign they'd agreed on.'

'But why didn't you tell me all this at once?' exclaimed Petersham.

'Because I weren't sure. Their not going to Butler's Carn *might* ha' been chance. But this morning, when Puttick comes in with his yarn about the man with the red hanker across his face that made him hold up his hands and threatened him when he was mending the canoe, I begun to think we shouldn't be so much longer in the dark. And when I went down and had a look around by the river I knew at once his story was a lie, and that he'd got an interest in scaring Mr Petersham away.'

'How did you know that?'

'You mind Puttick said the fellah come just when he was *beginnin'* to mend the canoe? I took a look at the work he'd done on it, and he couldn't ha' got through it all under an hour. He'd fixed a little square of tin over the rent as neat as neat. And then wasn't it queer the fellah should have come to him there, in a place he wouldn't be in not one morning of a hundred?'

'You believe he made up the whole story, and that no one came at all?'

'I'm pretty sure of it. There wasn't a sign or a track; and as to the fellah's jumpin' from stone to stone, there's distances of fourteen and sixteen feet between. Still, he might ha' done it, or he might ha' walked in the water, and I were not going to speak till I were sure.'

'Go on. We're still in the dark, Joe,' said Linda.

'Well, Miss Linda, you remember how Puttick advised Mr Petersham to pay or go, and how I told him to stick it out; and when I'd given him that advice I said to you that I was going across to Senlis Lake, and asked Mr Quaritch to tell Puttick. I thought there was a good chance that Puttick would put on one of his partners to scare me. You see, nobody knew which way I were going but you and him, so it'd be fair certain that if I were interfered with it would prove Puttick guilty.'

'That was clever, though you ran a horrible risk. Was there any particular reason why you chose to go to Senlis Lake?'

'Sure. I wanted to see if any one had been over there looking for your brooch. On'y us and Puttick knew it was lost, and you'd said how your father had paid dollars and dollars for it. When a thing like that's lost woodsmen'll go miles to try to find it, and Puttick must ha' told the Tomlinsons, for there was tracks all around our fire where we boiled the kettle.'

'Do you think they found my brooch?'

'Hub, no! I picked it up myself five minutes after you dropped it. I on'y kep' it, pretendin' it was lost, as a bait like. I've told you what happened to me coming back, and how I had to shoot Dandy Tomlinson. His shooting at me after I was down gave me a surprise, for I didn't think he'd want to do more than scare me; but I guess it was natural enough, for Puttick was gettin' rattled at me always nosing round.'

'It's all very clear, November, and we know everything except who it was that shot Bill Worke.'

'I guess Muppy Tomlinson's the man.'

'What makes you think that?'

'Bill were shot with a 45/75 Winchester. Both Puttick and Dandy Tomlinson carries 30/30s. Muppy's rifle is a 45/75.'

'How can you know what sort of rifle was used to shoot with? The bullet was never found,' said Linda.

'I picked up the shell the first time I was over with you.'

'And you never told me!' said she. 'But that doesn't matter. What I'm really angry with you for is your making me promise not to go out yesterday, and then deliberately going out yourself to draw their fire. Why did you do it? If you had been killed I should never have got over it.'

'And what 'ud I have done if you'd been killed, Miss Linda?'

'What do you mean, Joe?'

'I mean that if one o' the party I were with

got killed in the woods while I was their guide, I'd go right into Quebec and run a boarding-house or become a politician. That's all I'd be good for!"

CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH Dandy Tomlinson's bullet had passed through Joe's shoulder it had left a very ugly wound; but the young woodman's clean and healthy life stood him in good stead, and the process of healing went on rapidly. The chief trouble was his weakness, for he had lost a large amount of blood before I found him.

We had fetched a doctor from Prismville, who left a string of instructions, which Linda carried out as closely as she could. Indeed, she would have devoted most of her time to Joe, but he managed to make her spend a good part of each day out of doors. Sometimes he would beg for a fish for his supper, and she must catch it herself to prove how well she had profited by his teaching during the previous autumn; there were half a hundred things he suggested, not one of which was obvious or trifling, until I marvelled at his ingenuity.

During those days he perforce kept his bunk, where he lay very silent and quiet. I usually found him with his eyes shut as if sleeping; but at the sound of my footsteps, if I were alone, he would raise his eyelashes and look gravely at me.

"You are finding the time long, Joe?" I said on one occasion.

"No, Mr Quaritch; the hours slip past quick enough. I've never had a lie-by and a while for thinking since I've been a man. There's a good few puzzles to life that wants facing one time or another, I s'pose."

"Which puzzle is it that you are facing now?"

"Mr Petersham wants to be the making of me."

"Then you're about the luckiest young man in the Dominion!"

"But I have everything I want! Besides, I ain't done nothing for him."

"What about saving his daughter's life?"

"Huh! you'd have done the same."

"I have no particular anxiety to be shot."

Joe shook his head. "If you notioned Miss Linda was to be hurt you'd not stand off running a bit of a risk to stop it?"

"Perhaps not."

"Just so; and I feel his kindness is more'n I deserve. He'd make me head-warden here for a bit first, and then send some kind of a professor to teach me how to talk and fix me up generally." He paused.

"Well, that sounds very reasonable," I commented.

"And after they'd scraped some of the moss off me he'd put me into his office."

I hid the astonishment I felt at this announcement. "After that?" I asked.

"After that it'd be up to me to make good. He'd help all he knew."

"It sounds a very brilliant future for you, November."

Joe was silent for a moment. "It does, Mr Quaritch," he said at length in a different tone. "And it gives me something to think about. So they caught Muppy all right? Him and Puttick'll find prison a poor place after the woods."

"I can feel for them," said I, "for I am leaving the woods to-morrow myself. I must get back to Quebec."

He turned his eyes upon me with a look I had never seen in them before.

"That so, Mr Quaritch?"

"Yes. It is lucky the two men from St Amiel's have arrived, as it leaves me free to go. The new wardens are sure to be satisfactory, as you recommended them to Mr Petersham. Besides, all the trouble seems to be over; the squatters are contented enough; the blackmailing plot evidently lay entirely between Puttick and those two scoundrels the Tomlinsons."

"Huh, yes! It was put up among them three, I guess. Kalmacks is safe enough now; there's no call for you to stay longer. Charley Paul and Tom Miller is two good men. I've known 'em since I was a boy down to St Amiel. Mr Petersham won't never have no better."

"As to that, you'll be here for quite a while yourself."

He made no reply, and when I turned from the window to look at him he was lying with his eyes closed; and, thinking he was tired, I left him.

At the end of the south veranda was situated a small detached room which we had turned into a workshop, and early the same afternoon I went round there to repair a favourite fishing-rod.

The veranda was empty as I passed through it, but presently Petersham joined me. He did not speak, but sat down in an arm-chair beside the bench where I was working, and, pulling a bundle of letters from his pocket, began to open and look them through. "That fellow November Joe is an infernal fool," he said presently. "He is a dolt without an ounce of ambition."

"In his own sphere"—— I began.

"He is all very well in his own sphere, but he should try to rise above it."

"You think so?"

"Are you mad, James?"

"He has done uncommonly well for himself so far," I said. "He has made good use of his brains and his experience. In his own way he is very, very capable."

"That is true enough, but he has got about as far as he can go without help. As you say, he has done all this for himself. Now I am ready to do a good deal more for him. I'll

back him in any line of business he chooses to follow. I owe him that and more. Heaven knows what might have happened to Linda but for him! Those ruffians Puttick and the Tomlinsons were wild to lay hands on money. If Joe had not been here they would probably have been successful. Perhaps they might have kidnapped her or hurt her in the hope of putting the screw on me!

'You owe a good deal to November.'

'I am well aware of it,' replied Petersham. 'I am convinced I owe him Linda's life.'

Something in his tone showed me his further meaning. I dropped my fishing-rod and stared at him. I knew Linda had enormous influence over her father, but this was beyond imagination.

'You'd never allow it!' I exclaimed.

'Why not?' he retorted angrily. 'Isn't Joe better than the Hipper dude, or Phil Bitsheim, or than that Italian Count with his pedigree from Noah in his pocket? Tell me, where is she going to find a man like Joe? Why, he's got it in him to do things, *big* things, and I hope I'm a good enough Republican not to see the injustice of nailing a fellow down to the spot where he was born.'

'But November would never dare look so high! He's modest.'

'He'll get over that.'

'I doubt it,' I said. 'Besides, you are reckoning without Linda. How do you know that she'—

'Naturally, I don't know for sure about Linda,' he answered shortly; then, glancing at his watch, he got up. 'Just about time to get my mail ready.'

We had been speaking in low tones, for the subject of our conversation naturally did not lend itself to loud talk; and, besides, during the last quarter of an hour or so a murmur of voices from the veranda had warned us to be careful. We had not shut the door leading to the veranda, as it was the only one, and we needed it open for light and air. Petersham walked toward it; but, instead of stepping out, he turned and laid a hand like a vice on my arm.

'Quiet! Quiet for your life!' he whispered. 'She must never know we were here!'

'But, Joe, you're mistaken! Joe, I wish it! It was Linda's voice, shy and trembling as I had never heard it.'

'Ah, that's all your great goodness, Miss Linda, and I haven't earned none of it.'

I pointed frantically to the door. 'We must shut that door and shut out those voices.' But Petersham swore at me under his breath.

'Damn! you know those hinges screech like a wild cat! It can't be helped, for it would kill her to know we heard a word of this.'

We crept away into the farthest corner of the workshop; but even there phrases floated to us, though mercifully we could not hear all.

'But father would help you, for you know you are a genius, Joe.'

'All I could ever do lies in the woods, Miss Linda; woods' ways is the whole of what I know. A yard outside a wood, and the meanest chap bred on the streets could beat me easy. I can't thank you nor Mr Petersham the way I'd like to, for my tongue is slow.' Here his voice fell.

A period of relief came to me; for some minutes the interchange of speech, low and earnest as it was, reached us only in a vague murmuring.

'But if you hate the city life so much you must not go to the city.' It was Linda again. 'Live your life in the woods. I love the woods too.'

'The woods is bleak and black enough to them that's not born among the trees. Them that 'as lived outside allus wants more, Miss Linda. The change of colour, the fall of the leaf, the snow, by-n-by the hot summer under the thick trees—that's all we want. But it's different for them that's seen all the changes of the world beyond.'

A long interval followed before the voices became audible again.

'Oh no, no, Joe!'

Petersham clutched my arm once more at the sound.

'You're so young, Miss Linda, you don't know. I'd give my right hand to believe different, but I can't. It wouldn't be best—not for you.'

November's tone moved me more than Linda's passion. He was a man fighting it out against his own heart. I knew well the power of attraction she possessed, but somehow I had not guessed how it had worked on Joe. When I came to think of it, I understood how blind I had been, that the influence was inevitable. It was not only her beauty, it was more than that. November, untaught woodman though he might be, had found in her the answering note to his own high nature. I had indeed been right in so far that he had not dreamed of aspiring to her; nevertheless the episode would mean pain and loss to him, I feared, for many a day.

Once more I heard him.

'Don't you think I'll be proud every hour I have to live that you was so good to me, Miss Linda? I shan't never forget it.'

'Joe, I think I hate you!' she cried, and then the quick tap of her footsteps told us she had run into the house.

There was absolute silence for a minute or two. At length Joe sighed heavily, and with the slow, laborious movement of weakness went to his room.

When all seemed safe Petersham and I stole out of hiding like thieves; and, though we exchanged no word, Petersham was swearing

violently under his breath until he shut his office door.

Rather to my surprise, November Joe came out for a while after supper, because, he said, it was my last evening at Kalmacks. Neither he nor Linda gave any sign that anything unusual had passed between them. Indeed, we were gay enough, and we had Charley Paul in to sing us some French-Canadian songs.

After saying good-bye as well as good-night to Linda and her father, I followed Joe to his room.

'I won't wake you up in the morning, November,' I said. 'There's nothing like rest and sleep to put you on your legs again.'

'I've been trying that cure, Mr Quaritch, and I won't be long behind you.'

'Oh, where are you going?'

'To my shack on Charley's Brook. I'm kind o' homesick like, and that's the truth.'

'But how about Mr Petersham's wish to give you a start in his business in New York or Montreal?'

'I'm not the kind of a guy for a city, Mr Quaritch. All the chaps'd get turning round to stare at the poor wild fellow; and I'd sure be scairt to sleep in one o' them high houses, anyway!' he laughed.

'But you would soon get used to city ways, and perhaps become a great man, and rich!'

'That was what the mink said to the otter. "Go you to the city and see the sights," says he; but the otter knew the only way he'd ever see the city would be around some lovely girl's neck.'

November Joe had no idea how far I could read into his fable.

'And what did the otter say?'

'Huh! Nothing. He just went down his slide into the lake, and got chasing fish; and I guess he soon forgot all right he had missed seeing the city.'

'And how about you, Joe?'

'I guess I'll get chasing fish too, Mr Quaritch.'

When I arrived at the dépôt at Priamsville in the morning, to my surprise I found November Joe there before me.

'Why, Joe,' I exclaimed, 'you're not fit to travel!'

'I thought I'd go on the cars with you, Mr Quaritch, if you'll have me. There's a good many times to change before we gets to Silent Water, and I'm not so wonderful quick on my feet yet.'

'You'd better come right through to Quebec,' I said, 'and let my sister feed you up for a few days.'

But he insisted on leaving me at Silent Water, and I sent a wire to Mrs Harding to look after him. During the journey I spoke several times of Kalmacks, but November had little or nothing to say in reply.

He soon grew strong again, and he wrote me of his trapping and shooting, so at any rate he is trying to forget all that he renounced at Kalmacks. But will Linda have no further word to say? And if she—— I wonder.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN INGENIOUS VEIL-HOLDER.

AS a rule the comfortable and dignified arrangement of the veil is a constant source of anxiety to 'my lady.' The general method of arrangement is to pass it completely over the headgear, to the detriment of trimmings and embellishments. For this reason the veil has encountered considerable obloquy; but the increasing popularity of motoring has rendered it indispensable. An ingenious inventor, realising the feminine difficulties, has perfected a striking and effective solution. It comprises a fine corrugated and oxidised wire, smooth and flexible. One end of this is attached to an artistic but small and simple ornament, which matches any shade or style of hat and trimming, so that it is not rendered unduly conspicuous. The other end of the wire is threaded along one end of the veil, and then along the top and down the other end, the corners of the veil being taken at a curve. After the veil is threaded upon the wire the free extremity of the latter is bent round the

upper edge of the hat, about an inch from the rim, and the free end of the wire is then passed through loops provided in the back of the ornament. The wire can be pushed through these loops as desired to secure the requisite tight fitting of the veil to the hat, and it remains automatically in this position. It will thus be seen that the veil is attached without inflicting any damage whatever to the trimmings. The hat is not injured by the attachment, nor is any stitching required; while the holder can be transferred from hat to hat in a moment. The veil always retains its position, and cannot be disarranged, damaged, or torn by the wind. The holder is adjustable to a hat of any shape or size, and the wearer can arrange the veil to any desired form in a few seconds.

A SAFETY-ENVELOPE.

Many ingenious devices have been brought out for the purpose of protecting correspondence against illegal examination during transit, but the majority have failed to establish their prac-

tical value. A South African inventor has now patented an envelope giving greater security against tampering than the ordinary envelope. This novelty is of the conventional shape and size, the only difference being that on the external surface of the flap, over the gum-line, a suitable word, such as 'Intact,' or even the address of the sender, is printed in some readily soluble ink. When a person endeavours to ascertain the contents by releasing the gum of the flap either with steam or moisture this ink immediately runs, thereby conveying intimation to the addressee that the letter has been tampered with. The idea is very simple, and certainly achieves its purpose remarkably well. But there is one slight drawback, since letters delivered on a wet day are liable to be soiled with rain or dropped on damp ground, and as moisture causes the ink to run, undue suspicion might be created when there was no cause for it. One of the most effective methods of sending important correspondence and paper-money through the post which the writer has ever seen is that adopted on the American railways. The money received for tickets and so forth at a station is despatched daily to the head-office. The dollar bills are slipped in a flat condition into an envelope of sufficient size to receive them. The envelope-flap is then sealed down with the gum, and the sender pierces a hole in the centre of the package, through which he passes a piece of string, carries it round the lower end of the envelope only, ties the string, and seals the knot with wax. At the head-office the letter is opened at the flap-end, but without breaking the seal. This exposes one end of the batch of bills, which are then counted, and if the total coincides with the advice note the seal is broken and the bills withdrawn; but if there is a discrepancy between the total of the bills and the advice note, the official, without breaking the seals, returns the packet to the sender with remarks concerning the difference in the totals. The sender is able to see at a glance that he has made a mistake, because the seal is intact, and a note could not have been withdrawn from the envelope without tearing it from the centre to one end. The system admits of no dispute whatever. A similar system is also used by a certain firm in connection with its important correspondence between various branches, only in this case a needle and thread are passed through the centre of the sealed envelope and its contents, and the thread likewise passed round one end, tied, and sealed. In this way the letter is certain to reach the addressee without being tampered with *en route*, as the letter must be torn in any attempt to extract it.

ENORMOUS LOCOMOTIVES.

Without actually seeing the huge locomotives recently built in America for the Virginian

Railway it is difficult to realise their colossal proportions. Each engine, without the tender, is about equal in weight to a couple of our largest express locomotives with their tenders. The tender weighs nearly one hundred tons, and carries twice the weight of coal and nearly three times the quantity of water that can be accommodated on the biggest express tender in this country. The length of each engine is greater than our largest engine and tender combined, while the diameter of the barrel part of the boiler is about double that of any locomotive in use on British railways. The furnace measures twelve feet by eight feet, and the floor consists of bars, forming an enormous fire-grate. The underbody or chassis of these locomotives looks like those of two separate engines, each having two cylinders with four pairs of coupled driving-wheels. There is also a pair of small wheels at each end of the complete arrangement. These locomotives are capable of developing nearly five thousand horse-power, or enough to drive an ocean liner; and one of the furnaces consumes four tons of coal per hour when the engine is hauling a full load. The engineer, as the driver is called in America, who controls one of these mighty engines is an important personage. He has three assistants—two men to stoke and one to oil the mechanism. A train weighing one thousand five hundred tons can be pulled along by one of these monsters; but this huge weight represents a comparatively small goods train on an American railway, and it is proposed to use two of the new engines, together with a slightly smaller one of an earlier type, for the heaviest work. The three engines all pulling together can haul a train weighing more than four thousand tons over a very difficult track with steep gradients and sharp curves, the rise being nearly one hundred feet per mile for a considerable distance. These enormous trains are for carrying goods, or 'freight,' as the Americans term it; but of course the trucks are huge compared with many of our railway wagons, which only hold about eight tons each. An American freight-wagon carries from forty to fifty tons, and itself weighs another twenty tons, so that a train of, say, sixty of these trucks loaded with heavy material such as coal or ore would easily make up the weight quoted. On British railways coal-trucks fully loaded weigh about fifteen tons each, and thirty-five of them would be considered a heavy train.

HYGIENIC TROPICAL UNDERCLOTHING.

In the 'Month' for the issue of May 1908 attention was drawn to the urgent need for reform in the character of underclothing for tropical wear, and intimation was conveyed as to how safety from a broiling sun and increased comfort might be obtained by the use of a material of a non-actinic kind, so that the dangerous rays of sunlight which are actinic

and provoke sunstroke and stomachic disorders owing to their action upon the spinal column might be rendered innocuous. At that time non-actinic clothing was difficult to procure, despite the fact that the cowboys, ranchers, and other workers exposed to the sun's rays in tropical climes have always favoured a flaming red shirt. The publication of the paragraph on the subject prompted an enterprising British firm to undertake the manufacture of the material advocated. Many difficulties of a technical nature were encountered, such as rendering the colour fast; but these were eventually overcome, and to-day non-actinic underwear is readily procurable. That a promising and remunerative market awaited any such display of initiative is proved by the results achieved. This tropical clothing has met with widespread appreciation throughout the world, and has proved especially valuable and hygienic to those forced to toil in India and other climes where the sun is unbearable. The fact that the cowboy shirt was favoured by the workers on the sunburnt plains was explained as a device to obviate frequent washing, but that was not the reason for its adoption. The cowboy washes his red shirt just as often as he would a white linen garment; but he will never fail to point out that he experiences less fatigue and physical prostration when wearing red than when he is clothed in other colours. It is not the heat which plays such havoc with the human system, but the pernicious blue rays in sunlight. A lady in the most brilliant summer days will admit that she feels greater relief under a red sunshade than under any other colour, just as the same colour protects the cowboy. Were non-actinic clothing worn in the tropics generally, less outcry would be raised concerning the dangers of toiling there. Such clothing must be manufactured of precisely the necessary colour, so that the harmful blue rays are absorbed, and experience has proved that a scientific blending of red and orange gives a more efficient protection than any other.

NEW ZEALAND FLAX IN SCOTLAND.

Considerable interest is being displayed in the attempts that are being made to raise the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*) in Scotland. This fibre is well suited to the manufacture of rope and twine, and in view of the magnitude of that industry it is surprising that efforts to supply such a raw material on a commercial scale have not been made previously. As a matter of fact, everything depended upon an efficient decorticator, and this appears to have been realised. Gumming-up was a difficulty attending the reduction of this flax to fibre owing to the large proportion of gum which the stalk and leaves contain; but apparently with the new machine this trouble is not experienced, since the fibre is separated cleanly from the

leaf, and the useless parts of the plant discarded rapidly from the machine, so that clogging does not occur. Evidently no apprehensions are entertained concerning sufficient supplies of this flax to render a decorticating mill a paying proposition, as the plant appears to thrive well on the Scottish bog-lands. Should this prove to be the case, the plant will offer an economical use for tracts of marsh-land; and should the yield of some two tons of finished fibre per acre of flax-growing land be maintained, there is little doubt but that a successful industry will be established. The plant appears to be taking kindly to all the Scottish counties. Once the experiment proves successful there is every indication that it will be taken up extensively, as after it is planted it requires no further cultivation. This is greatly in its favour, because, although reclaimed bog-land often constitutes the finest virgin soil for agriculture owing to the wealth of decayed vegetation, the process of reclamation involves expenditure which does not yield a profitable return.

AERIAL PROPELLER-DRIVEN BARGES.

The high efficiency of the aerial propeller in aviation has suggested another possible field of application. This is in connection with navigation upon inland waterways. Various experiments have been carried out to ascertain the possibility of propelling barges by this means, and on the whole they have proved satisfactory. Some practical experiments are to be carried out upon the Yorkshire canals, and the results will be awaited with interest, as success in this direction offers a cheap method of converting such craft to power propulsion. The organisation exploiting the aerial propeller has perfected an appliance whereby the propeller may be raised or lowered while running, so as to permit the craft equipped therewith to pass beneath low bridges and also through confined tunnels. Operating costs are stated to be low, as the propeller is driven by a cheap form of internal-combustion engine using a low-grade fuel.

THE SCIENCE SIDE OF THE KINEMATOGRAPH.

The kinematograph is rapidly asserting its value and utility as a handmaid of science. The recent International Medical Congress revealed a number of new wonders as unfolded by animated photography, the bacterial and X-ray applications in particular arousing intense interest. With regard to the former, motion-photography presents a means of following the most minute life in full animation, which is almost invisible with the ultra-microscope, or, if visible, can only be followed with the greatest difficulty; while X-ray kinematography opens up quite a new field. One is enabled to follow on the screen the whole process of digestion, the movements of the bones and muscles in performing different

actions, and so forth. The strides which have been made in this branch of the art are astonishing. In the early days the long exposure necessary rendered motion-photography well-nigh impossible; but to-day the pictures can be taken in such rapid succession as sixty images per minute. Formerly the process generally followed was direct; that is to say, the object was placed between the camera and the Crookes tube. Now the general procedure is to photograph the image as presented upon what is known as a reinforced type of fluorescent screen, which brings out the details with extreme brilliancy. In conjunction with the microscope many new marvels are being presented to the man in the street, such as the beating of the heart of a minute insect. Also, we are enabled to follow the changes that take place in the crystalline structure of steel when submitted to severe strains and stresses, the course of a bullet in flight, the movement of a bee's wings, and the action of a steam-hammer. In fact, the applications are limitless. Moreover, the value of the invention as a means of teaching the young is appreciated more and more every day. The eye seldom forgets what it sees, though the ear often loses track of what it hears; hence the value of motion-pictures as an educational appliance. One school in Paris has been teaching its pupils by this means for the past two years with extreme satisfaction, the natural history, physics, chemistry, and electricity courses being probably the most successful. The moving-picture newspaper has also arrived in France. In the French capital there is a theatre devoted exclusively to news of the day and to local events within an hour of their occurrence, the subjects being edited in precisely the same manner as a newspaper. As later and fresh incidents arrive they are given greater prominence, the older items being condensed severely or eliminated to make way for the scenes of red-hot intelligence. Edison is also encouraging the use of motion-pictures in the home. His apparatus is small, compact, and as light as possible, though at present it is expensive. Non-inflammable films are used, so that the fire-danger is reduced to the minimum. Pictures up to four by five feet can be thrown upon the drawing-room screen, the dimensions varying with the size of the apartment; and the American inventor has discovered a means of economising the length of film necessary to provide a useful length. He has so reduced the size of the image that three rows of pictures can be printed upon a film less than an inch in width. The result is that upon a ribbon eighty feet in length sixteen thousand pictures can be printed, which is equivalent to one thousand feet of film. But the home kinematograph is a somewhat intricate and elaborate apparatus, involving either acetylene or electricity as an illuminant, while the cost of the films is deterrent to popular use.

COOKING IN CASSEROLE DISHES.

Miss Marion H. Neil, author of *How to Cook in Casserole Dishes*, believes that cooking in casseroles, or earthenware dishes, has come to stay. It may be explained that in many cases of casserole cooking the material is first prepared in the frying-pan and then transferred to the earthenware pan to finish cooking by a long, slow process which develops the true flavour of the food being cooked. Miss Neil is of opinion that the sooner the casserole becomes an indispensable part of our kitchen outfit the better, as its use makes for economy of materials, time, and labour; and food-stuffs too tough for ordinary cooking may often in this way be served up in a tender condition. In 1829 James Nasmyth, the afterwards famous engineer, invented for himself this method of cooking his dinner, though not in an earthenware dish, when he started work in London. Excellent features of casserole dishes are, that all risk of metallic contamination is avoided, the lining cannot scale, and in the cooking the contents cannot become tainted or discoloured; they are also easily kept clean, their use is economical, the cooking is slow and even, and the flavour is well brought out. In preparing fruits and vegetables, especially for canning, the earthenware is not attacked by fruit acids. In a home where meal-times are irregular, the dish can be kept waiting for a considerable time without deterioration. The amount of water, liquid, or stock in which the article is to be cooked should be relatively small, and should be seasoned. For stews or ragouts it is better to cook the meat in a nicely seasoned sauce, so that it may absorb the flavour in cooking. The time should usually be multiplied by two; that is, if the recipe calls for thirty minutes, cook in the casserole in the oven for about sixty minutes. The heat of the oven should be rather less than two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit in order that the liquid in the casserole may simmer and not boil. When vegetables are to be cooked a small amount of water, in many cases seasoned stock, should be used.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ALMOST FREE.

AN EPISODE OF ST HELENA.

By JAMES BANKS.

CHAPTER I.

MY interest in the little romance which I am about to relate was brought about in a very prosaic way. Business had taken me to a country mansion, there to give an opinion on some old family silver to which the present owners of the house had so far neglected to pay any special attention.

The mansion was one of those old, rambling, whitewashed houses built in the Elizabethan style, which seemed to be the favourite architectural design about the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, having a high elevation to the front and sloping downwards to the outhouses in the rear.

Its position was picturesque to a degree, standing on the edge of a broad plain, close in to the base of a range of low hills which rose in a gradual slope from the edge of the lawn. Away to the north and west the horizon was bounded by a circle of lofty mountains, clad at the time of my visit in a mantle of purest white. Eastward, but close at hand, a range of hills, draped in the same chilly garb, completed the vista in that direction.

The immediate surroundings were natural in the extreme. The gardener's art was conspicuous by its absence, and the branches of the trees surrounding the house beat a lively tattoo on the walls as they swayed in the wind. The interior of the house was in keeping with its outward appearance. Long, narrow passages gave access from one point to another; heavy stone staircases led to the upper regions; the rooms were large and lofty, and rather badly lit by the small, many-paned windows.

The maid who answered my summons ushered me into the dining-room of the mansion, a large, oblong apartment, having a door at each end. The furniture was massive, and in keeping with its environment, and a choice collection of old silver graced the sideboard.

One side of the room was completely covered with old family portraits, men and women dressed in the fashion of a bygone time, testifying to the long lineage of the owners. But among them all one stood out supreme, arresting and compelling the interest of the onlooker.

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The figure was that of a lady in evening-dress. Her hair, dressed high on the head, with a curl at each side of the face, bespoke the fashion of the early part of the nineteenth century. The complexion was dark, the brow broad and open, giving the idea of strength of will; but it was the expression of the eyes and mouth which gave to the whole countenance the compelling influence on the gaze of the beholder. The eyes were of a dark-brown colour, and so cleverly had the artist caught the expression of those beautiful orbs that they almost seemed to scintillate with life. The lips were full and red, suggesting a nature responsive to life and its pleasures; and at a first glance the portrait gave the idea of a beautiful woman to whom fate had been generous in its gifts. But, viewed from a different standpoint, another expression seemed to breathe from the canvas. The eyes had a sad look, the lips appeared to have the slightest contemptuous curl, and the effect on the beholder was an appearance of disappointment and regret. Interested in this striking example of the artist's genius, I studied it from every point of view, only to have my attention more deeply aroused as I tried to imagine the history of the lovely face before me.

Occupied as I was, I failed to notice the entry of the master of the house; and when, after a prolonged look at the picture, I turned away, I was rather nonplussed to find him eying me with evident curiosity. His first remark showed that he also had come under the spell of the picture.

'Wonderful, isn't it?' he said.

I expressed in a few words my interest in the painting and in the personality portrayed, stating my belief that, whoever had been the original, she was no ordinary woman.

'Before you,' the master replied, 'you see the portrait of the wife of a former master of this house, a lady of birth, endowed by nature with gifts of no mean order, an affectionate daughter, a loving wife, and yet withal a traitress to her family and her country. Before you is the likeness of a victim of one of the greatest tyrants the world has known; and when we recollect how, under the spell of his power, men for-

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got their interest, women their honour, how even his captors would have made him an idol, we forget her faults in the personality of her tempter.'

The result of our conversation ended in my having access to the diary and letters of the woman we had been discussing, and the outcome of an exhaustive examination is the following story.

Among the passengers who sailed from Portsmouth, in the ship-of-war *Dauntless*, in the spring of 1817 were a young officer, Captain Gordon, and his wife. The destination of the ship was the island of St Helena, and she was taking out relief troops to the garrison there. During the weary weeks occupied on the passage the conversation naturally turned on the strange personality whose presence on the island was the reason of the voyage; and, as was common at the time in all classes of the people, there were those present who sided with and others who declaimed against the attitude of the custodians towards their prisoner. Stories of his brilliant military strategy were told by men who had fought against him, and who in the same breath cursed and admired his terrible influence; and, as a matter of course, those among the company who were destined to be his jailers were keen listeners to all that was said.

Captain Gordon, who had been engaged in the closing campaigns of the great Continental struggle, had little of sentiment in his ideas about the course pursued with regard to the prisoner; but the effect on his wife of the many heated discussions was to raise in her mind a halo of romance about the fallen Emperor, destined before long to bring to sudden and calamitous ruin a life which in ordinary circumstances had nothing but prosperity and enjoyment in prospect.

The illusion about the wonderful personality of the captive received fresh fuel from the sense of oppression and fear painfully evident among those in authority on the island. The nervous, petulant Governor, who kept himself and all under his sway in a state of continual unrest and tension, the elaborate system of guards, the rumours of plans and schemes of escape, and, above all, the determined seclusion of the captive himself, all helped to increase the interest of a highly strung and romantic woman in a nature so commanding and mysterious.

Life in Jamestown was, under the prevailing circumstances, a weary existence for one fresh from home and friends, and little wonder is it if the cause of this isolation should fill the thoughts of Captain Gordon's wife. But it was some time before the lady had any opportunity of coming into contact with the fallen Colossus. The wind-swept plain of Longwood was a *terra incognita* to most of the inhabitants. A deep ravine formed a natural barrier between it and the inhabited parts of the island, and the system

of guards made it almost impossible for any one to come into contact with the little Court of the prisoner. The mystery which hung over all only deepened a curiosity already excited to breaking-point.

Young Mrs Gordon, to while away the hours, which very often hung heavy on her hands, explored the deep recesses of the chasm which, as it were, split the island in two. Here, at least—in fact, here alone on the island—were peace and quiet both for mind and body. In its solitude she felt removed from the tension and friction of the military community, and its natural formation sheltered it from the strong winds which almost incessantly swept across the island. At one point a small valley ran at right angles from the larger embrasure, and an exploration of it revealed a scene unlike any other on the island, recalling by its fresh green verdure a memory of the old homeland. All around the little glade presented a pleasant prospect to the eye, and a spring of clear water bubbling out of the ground and overshadowed by a willow-tree completed a picture refreshing in its memories to one exiled from home and country. In circumstances such as those in which Mrs Gordon was placed, the smallest pleasure was quickly magnified in importance, and many an hour's enjoyment the little glen gave her, exempt at least from the irksome feeling which seemed to hang over those in authority on the island.

Months dragged slowly along, and still her curiosity regarding the prisoner at Longwood remained unsatisfied. So far as she was concerned, the only indication of his presence on the island was the restraint imposed on all by the nervous fears of the Governor. But ere long her curiosity and wishes were to be gratified. Her excursions abroad had for a time been stopped by a prolonged spell of wet and foggy weather; but at last the sun had broken through, and she hastened to take advantage of the welcome change. Custom had become a habit, and instinctively she turned her steps to what had become her favourite haunt. As she climbed along the banks of the little stream she became aware for the first time that her asylum of refuge had another visitor besides herself. Her first thought on seeing the figure of a man some distance ahead was to stop and retrace her steps; but with that feeling of confidence which seems to be the birthright of educated Englishwomen, she continued on her way as if oblivious of his presence. The paths converged to a point near the spring, and as they met, the gentleman, stopping aside as she passed, wished her 'Good-day, madam.'

Raising her eyes to acknowledge the salutation, Mrs Gordon started back, glanced at the stranger, and made as if to fall on her knees before him. In the figure before her she recognised the object of her dreams, the hero around whom she had

created a halo of romance, and whose very name had exercised a powerful influence over her. Divining her intention, Napoleon, with that gallantry which, when he chose to exert it, formed one of his principal charms, said, 'Kneel not to me, madam; a prisoner has no right to homage.' It was a few minutes ere Mrs Gordon sufficiently recovered her composure to study the figure before her, and her first feeling was one of disappointment. His dress was shabby, his figure stout and ungainly, his face hollow and sunken, as if disease either of mind or body were preying upon him. Her dreams of his overwhelming personality seemed to melt like mist before the sun. But this feeling was only transient; almost as soon as it had crossed her mind she felt she was in the presence of one born to command, and, with a feeling of dread, she felt that she herself was being brought under his influence. The power of utterance seemed to forsake her, and she waited for the Emperor to speak again. When he did so it was in a tone of apology, as if he sought to excuse himself for trespassing on her privacy.

'This little valley has been to me a retreat in times of sadness and depression; and, should I end my days in captivity, here will I be laid to rest.'

The tone of his voice expressed even more than the spoken words his feeling of dejection, and pity for the captive welled in the heart and showed itself in the expressive features of the listener. What captivity meant to such a man with such a career behind him flashed like a vision across her mind, and emotion prevented her replying to his words of apology. With a courteous 'Good-day,' the Emperor turned on his heel and retraced his steps, leaving her alone in possession of the valley.

An instinctive intuition kept Mrs Gordon from again visiting the scene of her meeting with the Emperor. It seemed as if some invisible power were warning her of the danger of playing with fire, and her next meeting with Napoleon was of his seeking. It was his custom at intervals to ask the officers of the garrison and their wives to dinner, and Captain Gordon and his lady were honoured with an invitation. There could be little doubt in her mind that this was the outcome of their former meeting, but a feeling of womanly diffidence prevented her mentioning anything about it to her husband. At Longwood she saw Napoleon in a different light. Here at least all the semblance of majesty was kept up, and the miserable surroundings only served to accentuate the deference paid to the fallen monarch by his retinue. The host on this occasion seemed to be in a bantering mood. His conversation turned on the rumours of attempts at escape and the nervousness produced on his guards, topics anything but pleasant to his guests. To Mrs Gordon he seemed specially to address many of his remarks; and before

her departure he made her aware that he knew of her breaking off her visits to their first place of meeting, and laughingly twitted her on the effect he seemed to have produced on her.

Her companion at the table was a new arrival at Longwood, a young Corsican priest who had come out as religious adviser to the little community. As the company were preparing to leave he drew Mrs Gordon aside, and whispering into her ear, 'Be at the fountain to-morrow,' abruptly left her.

Turning to interrogate the speaker, Mrs Gordon found him giving his attention to another guest, and the look of abstraction with which he met her glance warned her to take no notice of him. The night was a trying one for Mrs Gordon; her husband seemed annoyed by the turn the conversation had taken during the evening, and the impression that something mysterious was in the wind left him undecided whether to confess his alarms to the Governor or to use his own powers of observation to justify his doubts. Mrs Gordon felt depressed and in a degree alarmed by the message given so secretly, and more than once was on the point of letting her husband know about the incident; but a desire to do nothing which might lead to further restrictions on the prisoner kept her tongue-tied.

The morning broke dull and misty, a strong wind driving the fog in thick clouds over the island, and as she set out towards the trying-place the rain was descending in torrents. Nature seemed in the same mood as herself, dull and depressed. As she entered the little hollow, which she had so often frequented because of its restful seclusion, she found another person there before her. Clad in the long cloak and cocked hat made so familiar to all by many portraits, Napoleon was pacing restlessly up and down as if impatient at her delay. His face was clouded and anxious, as though conflicting emotions filled his breast, and when he first became aware of her presence he seemed to hesitate before advancing to meet her. When he spoke it was with hesitancy, as if the whole idea were distasteful to him.

'Madam,' he said, 'I asked you to meet me here; my purpose, to beg a favour; and only the opinion formed from your attitude on our former meeting, that you sympathise with one no longer powerful, prompts me to make this request. A ship sails for France to-morrow evening; it is imperative that I send a communication to the captain. All connection with the outer world being denied us, I appeal to you to deliver a small packet to the commander.'

During the time taken to utter these words, Napoleon fixed his eyes on Mrs Gordon as though trying to read her inward thoughts, and the intensity of his gaze showed how anxiously he awaited her reply. To say that a request so sudden and direct astonished the recipient

would be putting a mild interpretation on her feelings.

'I cannot. I cannot do anything unknown to my husband,' she muttered; but the faltering tone in which she spoke showed that even then her sympathies were with the suppliant.

Napoleon was not slow to follow up what he thought to be a sign of compliance on her part; and, with one of those sudden strokes of policy which had so often marked his career, he threw himself completely on her mercy.

This little part, he said, was a link in a carefully prepared plan. Various messengers at

different times had completed the arrangements, and the latest arrival at Longwood had come out in a ship whose captain was willing to take the risk of assisting in the escape. The ship was a swift one, and, given an hour or two's start, he was confident of success. The information to be conveyed was where to pick up the fugitives, and what to do in the event of arrangements miscarrying. The commander himself was to await instructions in Jamestown that day; and, as it was almost fatal for any one from Longwood to enter the town, he appealed to her to assist him.

(Continued on page 708.)

SOME LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF LIFE.

By M. WINIFRED JONES.

THE fact that there were no less than eight Russians present at the celebrations of the centenary of the battle of Borodino, held on the 8th of September 1912—the battle being fought in 1812—proves what a closely connecting link there is between ourselves of the present day and the great events and great figures of the past. These eight Russians had been sturdy youngsters in 1812, their united ages amounting to between nine hundred and one thousand years, the youngest of them being one hundred and nine.

There died in February 1912 a lady, Mrs Mary Matilda White, of Fulham, in the one hundred and second year of her age, who had lived in six reigns, and who remembered seeing George the Third walking in Kew Gardens. The enormous changes seen in such a lifetime must make existence occasionally seem a fantasy; from the days of sedan-chairs and post-chaises to the mail-coach and railway, and then finally the motor-car and aeroplane, exhibits almost the entire evolution of locomotion; while the changes in fashions, habits, manners, and ideas make practically a new world.

It was in the year of grace 1912 that there died the 'Warsaw Jew,' who, according to the *Jewish Chronicle*, remembered seeing Napoleon, and with him died probably the last man who could boast of this fact, unless one of the eight Russians mentioned above could do so.

A short time ago there died in Australia a man who remembered seeing Napoleon a prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*; and the vivacious author of *Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures* records that she had 'spoken to an old lady who saw Napoleon land in Lulworth Cove. . . . My old friend's father was a china merchant who had dealings with the Sevres pottery-works, and she had had to learn French to help him with his correspondence and conversations with the travellers who came over from that hated country to obtain china clay and show patterns

and designs for china to the English warehouses. My friend was born in the year 1784, and therefore was a young girl at the time of the Terror, of which she had one most dramatic recollection. One of the Sevres men came into the office, and she was sent for to act as interpreter. He had seen the head of the Princesse de Lamballe carried past his windows on a pike. Any sign of pity for the unfortunate creature would have been dangerous indeed; but he could hardly refrain from tears when describing the tragedy, and he added, "Horrible! most horrible! But she looked so pretty I could have kissed her." . . . When my friend was married she went to live close to her sister, and among the hills that overlooked the sea, her husband being one of the old yeomen farmers. . . . He was too close to the sea to refrain from smuggling; indeed, no one did refrain in those days, and gentle and simple alike all joined gladly in defrauding His Majesty's revenue. The press-gang also was a terror, and when her husband did not return at his usual hour, the wife suffered agonies of torment lest he should have fallen into the hands of the preventive officers or been pressed. . . . One special night he was so late that she could no longer stay indoors, and she set out over the hills to look for her missing spouse. She knew that a special cargo was expected, and that the preventive officers were drawn away to a great dinner given by one of the gentry whose position put him above the suspicion that was yet most undoubtedly his due. Still he did not return, and she went on and on until she found herself running down the hill that leads into the cove. She had seen a suspicious-looking ship standing in near the land. Could this be the revenue cutter after all? And were the men on the lookout for the cargo that must at the moment be in the act of being run in? As she reached the cove a longboat came rowing swiftly and silently into the moonlit space, and she had just time to lie down behind some rocks when the

boat's keel grated on the shore, and two men got out of the boat, while the sailors kept her afloat so as to be ready to push off once more in a moment should they be disturbed. Description had made her familiar with the appearance of Napoleon. To her horror, she recognised him; and by listening to his conversation she discovered that he was discussing with one of his officers whether it were possible to land his soldiers on that particular portion of the coast. They had a map, over which they pored for a few minutes, which naturally enough appeared to her hours. Finally Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, ejaculating, "Impossible!" and went back to the boat, and he and his officer were rowed quickly out of the cove into the open sea. The instant they were away she rose to her feet and ran for all she was worth up the coastguard path to the lookout. There was the frigate, and she remained watching until the boat reached her; the men ascended the side, and the frigate slipped away in the moonlight out towards France. . . . She lived to be about one hundred and four.'

The landing of Napoleon has always been a firmly rooted tradition, I believe, on the Wessex coast; and is not the incident used by Thomas Hardy for one of his short stories? The thought inevitably crosses the mind, could she, and had she, been able to raise the alarm, how many lives and how much tribulation might have been saved!

The climate of Ireland is, we know, favourable to longevity; but surely one of the oldest of women was living in 1898 in a Mrs Anne Armstrong, of Spanish Point, in County Clare, who, born early in 1781, remembered the Rebellion of 1798 very vividly, having lost friends on both sides. In 1897 there was living, at Ealing, Miss Perceval, the youngest but one of the twelve children of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, who, although but seven years of age, retained a vivid recollection of the assassination of her father while entering the lobby of the House of Commons, owing to the misdirected vengeance of a man named Bellingham, whose object was to kill Lord Leveson Gower, then Ambassador to St Petersburg. Another of Miss Perceval's recollections was of a visit to Windsor Castle when George the Third was king, on which occasion the queen was so pleased with the little girl that she led her away to the terrace and chatted to her for some time.

The Rev. E. H. Curwen, rector of Plumbland, Carlisle, since 1875, gave some most interesting recollections to an audience at Workington last year. His grandfather had residences at Hampton Court and Bushey Park, and among the famous men who visited him was William the Fourth, who was so much at home that he kept a pair of slippers there in order to dine in comfort, and who was actually dining there when he received the news of the death of

George the Fourth and had to make a hasty departure. Bulwer Lytton, Thomas Moore, Lever, Marryat, John Wilson Croker, James and Horace Smith of 'Rejected Addresses' fame, were all regular visitors. Lytton was a great dandy, and his whiskers were much blacked, and he used to wear two gold pins joined by a gold chain in his flowing silk cravat; while Moore was so tiny that Mr Curwen's grandmother always placed a big cushion in his chair so that he might not sink out of sight. Perhaps most interesting of all was Mr Curwen's recollection of having spoken with people who had listened to Mirabeau's torrential eloquence the afternoon before the Great Revolution began, and with people who had seen Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette guillotined.

Mrs Charles Bagot, of Levens, who died recently, recalled dancing as a débutante with the then Marquis of Huntly, who asked all the young girls to dance with him in order that in days to come they should be able to say they had danced with a man who had been a partner of Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries.

In her delightful volume of recollections, *The Fourth Generation*, Mrs Janet Ross mentions that she knew well the two Misses Berry, the intimate friends of Horace Walpole, and as a child had been to tea at their house, at which all the wit and learning of their day and generation so gladly assembled. The Misses Berry knew France prior to the Revolution; and the Terror and the death of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette were to them matters of contemporary history.

One of Mr Gladstone's recollections was of being taken as a child to see Hannah More, the friend of Johnson, Garrick, and Burke, who presented him with a copy of her *Sacred Dramas*, and who made him a charming speech, of which he only remembered the beginning, 'As you have just come into the world, and I am just going out of it'—Freeman the historian was a pet of Hannah More's as a child; while Macaulay, a child of four, received her, when his parents were out, with the greeting that if she would come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits!

A letter appeared in the daily press in 1910 from a gentleman who, though only fifty years of age, knew a woman in the south-west of England who could remember John Wesley (who died in 1793) placing his hands on her head as a child.

Last year, too (1912), there died Mr S. C. Robey, son-in-law of Major-General Lockhart Gallie, who led the forlorn hope at the siege of Badajoz, was present at the burial of Sir John Moore, and was through all the Peninsular war. Mr Robey himself remembered receiving from the driver of the mail-coach as it raced along the road the intimation of the death of William the Fourth and the accession of Queen Victoria.

The writer, too, can remember an old woman in Manchester some twenty years ago whose one great recollection was the arrival in her native village of the mail-coach covered with ribbons in celebration of the victory at Waterloo.

Possibly one of the most remarkable chains of continuity was given by a correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian*, who related how 'there came over in the retinue of William the Conqueror in 1066 a knight and his family, which included an infant who had been born in Normandy in the previous year. This child married late in life, and had a son born in 1147, who also married, and had a son born in 1230. The latter's son, born in 1311, was a priest, . . . who at the age of ninety-five (in 1406) baptised one of the daughters of the family to whom he had acted as chaplain. This lady lived to a great age, and when one hundred years old, in 1506, held my grandfather's uncle in her arms. The latter was born in 1506, when his father was twenty years old; and the father, marrying again at the age of eighty, had another son, born in 1567, whose son (born in 1650) was, of course, the nephew of the child born in 1506, and was my grandfather. My father was born in 1733, and I in 1815, so that I am now ninety-seven years old (1912), and I am thankful to say I am in full enjoyment of all my faculties.' As the writer aptly summarises the facts: 'My grandfather's uncle was held in the

arms of a lady who had been baptised by a priest whose great-grandfather came over with William the Conqueror'—a truly marvellous chain taking us far back towards the beginnings of our history.

Finally let us quote Thackeray's interesting chain, which he gives in *The Four Georges*: 'A very few years since I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George the First. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door, had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George the Third; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the Court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time, have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield, and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maids of honour of George the Second's Court; of the German retainers of George the First's, where Addison was Secretary of State, where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse, when Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote.'

THE DEADLY SLEEP.

By BREW MOLOHAN.

THE expression on the man's face was not good to see. A shaft of sunlight, striking through the window, threw into prominence the forbidding lower jaw, usually concealed by a sparse beard, and the dark circles round the eyes showed vividly against the sallow skin as his gaze followed the boy.

Ralph passed from one object to another, examining each with interest. A bundle of assegais, an old flint gun, some curiously carved paddles, one after another held his attention; and the man had a story to tell about each which appealed to the adventurous spirit of the boy.

'Those paddles!' he remarked. 'If Gombo could speak he would tell of an exciting chase down one of the remote tributaries of the river Niger, where the expert handling of those paddles saved us from a painful interview with a tribe of bloodthirsty savages.'

He did not add that the wrath of the tribe was aroused by an attempt to raid their store of ivory and gold-dust.

'That iron collar! Despite the interference of our countrymen, a certain amount of slave-dealing still goes on in the interior. That collar

was around Gombo's neck when he escaped from the Arabs.'

The boy was standing before a bundle of short spears held in a hide quiver. The watching eyes narrowed to points of green fire as the lad took one of the weapons and endeavoured to draw it from the others. For a breathless instant the man was silent; then, as if a doubt seized him, he remarked quietly, 'Better not touch those spears, Ralph. The Manchis who manufactured them are generally conceded to be past-masters of the art of poisoning. A scratch would be fatal.'

The boy completed his tour of the room, and flinging himself into a chair, exclaimed, 'I say, Cousin Rupert, what an adventurous life you must have led in Central Africa!'

The other blew a cloud of smoke. 'Yea,' he replied, 'there was no lack of excitement. What with savage beasts and savage men and a savage country, it took a man all his time to keep his end up.'

His tone as he spoke was curiously at variance with the expression seen on his face a few moments before. A shrewd observer would have detected in it the most insidious form of flattery that a man can pay to a boy—that of equality,

and would have guessed that he was endeavouring to win his confidence and friendship.

'You must find it terribly dull now. I cannot imagine how you can settle down here.'

The greeny eyes glittered as, with a sardonic smile, the man rejoined, 'Well, you know, Ralph, blood is thicker than water. After one has been a wanderer for years the old country pulls, and I was lucky to find The Hermitage empty.'

'I was hoping that you would stay with us at Ashley Ferrara. There is plenty of room.'

'No, thanks. There is too much of the rover in my veins to submit to the conventions of society. The Hermitage suits me exceedingly well. I can indulge in my hobby to my heart's content, and, when the whim takes me, go away, leaving everything in charge of Gombo. By the way, I received a couple of monkeys from Jamrach's yesterday, and have had them placed in the palmhouse. Would you like to see them?'

The boy assented eagerly. This newly found relation, who had lived such an exciting life and had such a fund of adventurous stories to relate, was already rather a hero in Ralph's eyes. His collection of tropical animals was also a great source of interest.

'I will ask Gombo to bring a bunch of bananas. If you feed them occasionally they will soon become friends.' He pulled the bell as he spoke.

A negro, his face terribly disfigured by a scar that stretched from the cheek-bone to the point of the chin, entered. Rupert Hartmann rapidly spoke a few sentences in a strange language. The man started violently, and, glancing at the boy, threw up his hands as if in supplication, the dusky features quivering with emotion. Hartmann half-rose from his seat, his eyes again narrowing to slits of green, and hissed a sentence between his clenched teeth. Gombo turned and shambled out of the room, reappearing a moment later with the bananas, which he handed to his master. As he closed the door he shot a long look at the unheeding, bright-faced boy.

'What did you say to Gombo?' inquired Ralph. 'I don't think he wants me to see those monkeys to-day.'

'He thinks you will frighten them. I believe,' Hartmann added confidentially, 'that Gombo is jealous if anybody but himself feeds them.'

The palmhouse, situated in a corner of the garden, was embowered in a profusion of the hardier exotic grasses and shrubs, which gave the place quite a tropical air. It was a long, lofty structure of the usual horticultural type, and, an unusual circumstance in buildings of this kind, the roof and sides were everywhere coated with green paint. Hartmann lifted a small shutter which covered a square of clear glass. 'The new arrivals are in that cage near the end,' he said. 'They are pretty little things. I dare say they will be a bit wild at first, but they will soon come to know you.'

As he took the key from his pocket Gombo emerged from the other side of the building, and, placing himself in front of the door, made some signs to Hartmann. The man scowled threateningly, and seizing a stick, made as if to strike him. The negro cowered; then, with a gesture of fear, turned and fled towards the house.

'Gombo seems to have taken leave of his senses. I shall have to reason with him presently,' declared the man grimly as he fitted the key. 'You take the bananas, and do not hurry. Move gently so as not to alarm the animals. Place the fruit inside the cage, and wait until they come for it.'

The boy, holding the bananas in both hands, walked slowly through the house, pausing now and then to examine a snake in its glass prison or the forms of lower tropical life moving in the numerous aquaria. In front of a cage where a chimpanzee was confined he held up a banana invitingly. The animal, seemingly half-asleep, looked at him drowsily, and made no effort to seize the proffered dainty. He placed the fruit inside the bars, but the brute was not to be tempted, gazing at him with lack-lustre eyes, which it seemed to find a difficulty in keeping open.

The new arrivals were confined in a cage right at the end of the building, and as the boy approached they uttered short, sharp cries of fear and fled up the tree-trunk, from which they watched him with dancing eyes. He held the bananas invitingly for some moments, and as they made no movement to descend, he placed them gently inside the cage, and withdrew to a little distance. The timorous animals swung lightly to the ground, and seizing a handful, scampered aloft again, chattering as they greedily devoured them. He again approached, but the little creatures were too shy to descend; and turning to smile his disappointment to his cousin, he caught sight of Gombo in the background. When the negro saw that he was observed he beckoned hastily. Ralph immediately walked to the door.

Rupert Hartmann fumbled with the lock for quite an appreciable time before he turned the key.

'You should have stayed longer,' he observed. 'The more they see of you the tamer they will become.'

'I thought Gombo beckoned me,' rejoined the boy, looking around for the negro.

'Gombo!' snarled the other, turning swiftly. 'You must have made a mistake. He is indoors.' He walked hastily around the house, but the negro had disappeared.

'Well, what do you think of my purchases?'

'They are pretty little things, but awfully shy. They don't seem to make friends very easily.'

'You must persevere. Come down occasion-

ally and take them bananas, and they will soon look for you.'

'By the way,' resumed the boy, 'Sally, the chimpanzee, is getting very lazy. She hardly opened her eyes, and wouldn't take the trouble to come down for a banana. Her coat looks rough, too, and she wouldn't even brush the flies off. The flies in there are a bit of a nuisance,' he continued. 'I suppose they are attracted by the heat.'

After Ralph had left, his cousin walked to the rear of the house, where the negro was engaged in some menial occupation. With a bound, Hartmann bore him to the ground. Snapping a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, he dragged him into an outhouse, where he tied the unfortunate wretch to a post, and lashed him until his arm ached with the exertion.

Ralph Ferrars became a frequent visitor to The Hermitage, and on each occasion his cousin found a pretext for making him linger in the palm-house.

'I thought that as it is such a fine day you would like a walk after your journey,' said Mrs Ferrars, 'so I have only sent the station cart for your luggage. Are you a walker, Mr Clinton?'

'Well, I am rather afraid that it is not my strong point; the climate of Uganda is not conducive to more personal exertion than is really necessary.'

'But I am getting him out of his lazy habits,' supplemented his sister. 'I believe he has walked more since he came home than during the whole time he was away.'

'It is awfully kind of you to include me in your invitation to Amy, Mrs Ferrars,' said Clinton. 'I shall thoroughly enjoy a visit in the country.'

'I hope you will not find it too dull,' she replied. 'We can provide you with a horse, and there is plenty of game if you care for shooting.'

'There, Harry! See how lucky you are to be blest with a sister who has hospitable friends!' laughed Amy.—'I am sorry to inflict him on you, Edith, but he is so lonely in town that he would probably get into mischief while I am away;' and she flashed a mirthful glance at her brother. 'By the way,' she added, 'where is Ralph?'

A look of anxiety crept into Mrs Ferrars's eyes. 'I am a bit worried about him,' she replied. 'He hasn't been at all himself lately. Dr Hudson is attending him, and says that he is thoroughly run down and wants careful nursing.'

'Ralph run down!' exclaimed Amy in astonishment. 'Why, he was one of the healthiest boys I have ever known. I am so sorry, Edith dear; but surely it can be nothing serious?'

'He being the only child, I probably worry myself unnecessarily,' replied Mrs Ferrars doubt-

fully; 'but, really, I am very anxious about him. I don't think Dr Hudson is quite satisfied either; he recommends me to take him abroad for the winter. The boy is very low-spirited and so lethargic; why, sometimes he falls asleep over his meals. I shall take him to the south of France next month; although his cousin, Rupert Hartmann, laughs at my anxiety, and says that there is no such air in the world as we have at Ashley Ferrars.'

'Rupert Hartmann!' repeated Amy. 'Is he the long-lost cousin that you mentioned in one of your letters?'

'Yes; we really knew very little about him until he came to England about eighteen months ago. My husband had an elder sister who married an Austrian, against the family's wishes. Rupert Hartmann is the son. He has been abroad all his life—in Africa, I fancy; and only returned a few months after my husband's death.'

'Has he come to settle down?' asked Clinton. 'If so, he will find it a great change from Africa.'

'Yes. He has taken a house, The Hermitage, about a mile from here, and lives alone, except for a negro—a mute—who looks after him. He is very kind to Ralph,' she added, 'and often has him there. Ralph is very keen on natural history, which, as it happens, is also a hobby of Mr Hartmann's. He has quite a collection of animals, particularly monkeys, at The Hermitage.'

Harry Clinton was interested. 'He must find it difficult to keep them well, particularly if they are tropical monkeys,' he observed. 'The climate of this country is against them.'

'He has a large palmhouse, where he keeps his menagerie, as Ralph calls it; but I do not think he is very successful—with the monkeys especially. Ralph often tells me, after a visit to The Hermitage, that some of them have died.'

They had by this time come through the woods, and the mansion, on a slight eminence, stood directly in front of them. It was a striking example of Elizabethan architecture, enlarged and added to by successive generations of the family. Flanked by the trees on either side, and with a narrow stretch of water in the foreground, it presented a most imposing appearance.

'What a beautiful house!' exclaimed Clinton. 'By Jove! it furnishes a contrast to the corrugated iron buildings that form our sole pretensions to architecture in Uganda.'

Mrs Ferrars smiled. Praise of her beautiful home always pleased her.

'Any visitors, Mary?' she asked of the trim maid who opened the door.

'Mr Hartmann, ma'am, has been to see Master Ralph, but he didn't stay long.'

'Rupert Hartmann is so kind to Ralph,' said Mrs Ferrars to Amy; 'he is constantly bringing him books and fruit.'

Amy Clinton was astounded at the change in the lad's appearance since she had last seen him.

His face was thin and haggard, and he had completely lost his boyish verve and vivacity. His movements as he rose to greet them were heavy and lethargic, and he had a curiously dull look in his eyes.

'My dear Ralph,' she exclaimed, 'whatever have you been doing to yourself? Let me introduce my big brother who has come all the way from Uganda.'

The boy's eyes brightened for a moment as he grasped the hand Clinton held out. 'You come from Central Africa, Mr Clinton?' he said. 'So does my cousin Rupert. Do you know him?'

'No,' laughingly; 'Central Africa is a big place, and the white men are rather scattered out there.'

A tired look crept into the boy's face; and seeing it, his mother said, 'So you had a visitor while I was out, dear.'

'Yes; Cousin Rupert came in to tell me about some more monkeys he has received. One of the old ones is dead.'

'He seems to have had luck with them,' observed Clinton, seeing that Mrs Ferrars was endeavouring to keep the boy interested. 'I suppose the cold doesn't suit them.'

'I don't think it can be that,' replied the boy. 'Their house is always heated, and Cousin Rupert has reproduced, as far as possible, their natural surroundings. They are never disturbed either. In fact, I am the only person who is allowed into the house during the daytime; even my cousin and Gombo only go there in the evening.'

'That is curious,' returned Clinton. 'I shouldn't have thought it mattered. What is the objection to seeing them by day?'

'My cousin thinks they are more easily disturbed during the day than at night.'

'Perhaps you will be able to take Mr Clinton to The Hermitage to-morrow, Ralph,' said his mother. 'I expect he would like to go.'

'Unfortunately, Rupert is going away for a few weeks, and there will be nobody at home but Gombo. Somehow, I fancy that Gombo doesn't like me to go into the palmhouse. I am certain that on several occasions when my cousin was out he pretended not to hear me. Rupert thinks he is jealous.'

A fortnight elapsed, but there was no improvement in the lad's condition; the lethargy, if anything, seemed to become more pronounced each day. Clinton sought to rouse him by taking him shooting and riding, but to no purpose; the extraordinary languor that possessed the boy became more accentuated as the weeks passed by.

It was a chance remark from Dr Hudson that first raised Clinton's suspicions regarding the nature of the disease. The doctor had dined at Ashley Ferrars on the second evening of their visit; they had met several times since then, and the two men had contracted a sincere liking for each other.

Clinton was returning to lunch one day with a gun over his shoulder when he met Hudson, who had called in to see the boy. They exchanged greetings.

'How do you find Ralph?' asked Clinton.

The doctor frowned perplexedly. 'As you know, Clinton, a medical man never confesses to ignorance, but I must tell you that this case puzzles me. Ralph was as healthy and robust as one could wish. Suddenly, for no reason in the world, he became thoroughly run down. I have done everything possible to restore him, but without effect. It is this confounded sleepiness and lethargy that worries me, and the fact that on almost every occasion I see him there is an additional complication—nothing to speak of, but still troublesome. To-day, for instance, his glands are enlarged.'

Clinton started. 'His glands, did you say?' he asked quickly.

'Yes. Of course there is nothing strange in that. I could understand it in an ill-nourished body, but Ralph has been such a particularly healthy boy that in his case it is extraordinary, and almost leads one to suppose that, although every symptom points to debilitation only, there must be something more. I may tell you in confidence that I am very uneasy about him, and intend to have a specialist down. You know, of course, that if anything were to happen, that African cousin is the heir to the property.'

Clinton stood stock-still, his brows meeting as an ugly thought flashed through his brain. Before they parted the doctor had recounted to him the whole history of the boy's illness from the first.

The same evening he spent a couple of hours with Ralph, and their conversation was mainly about Rupert Hartmann and his collection of tropical animals.

Harry Clinton sat by the window thinking deeply. The sky was unclouded, and a myriad of stars shed a subdued light over park and wood. For hours he sat there, the silence being broken only by the quiet whisper of the wind in the trees or the weird hoot of an owl from the adjoining woods. Once he started violently as the shrill, agonised scream of a hare from the meadows beyond told that a hungry fox had claimed a victim.

He had now no doubt as to the nature of the disease from which Ralph was suffering, and he had also a shrewd suspicion of the manner in which it was contracted; but before further steps were taken, absolute proof was necessary.

Placing a revolver and an electric torch in his pocket, he made his way downstairs, and selecting a thick stick from the rack, let himself into the night. Striking for the edge of the woods, he made for a path leading in the direction of The Hermitage. It was dark under the trees; but Clinton had made himself thoroughly ac-

quainted with the grounds, and held his way swiftly. Now and again a sudden crash in the undergrowth proclaimed the hurried rush of one of the creatures of the night; and once, when he trod on a dried stick, there was a tremendous flapping of wings as a flock of wood-pigeons burst from a tree overhead, where they had been roosting.

Making a detour, he found himself in front of The Hermitage, and, from the edge of the woods, examined it with care. All was in darkness. Still keeping to the woods, he made his way to a big elm-tree, which, growing in a meadow outside, flung a massive arm over the high garden wall. Climbing the trunk, he crawled out on the branch, examining the garden, and particularly the palmhouse, for some time before letting himself drop quietly to the ground. The door of the palmhouse, as he had expected, was securely locked; but in a few minutes, with the aid of a brace and fretsaw, he stepped inside.

For the moment the excited chatter of monkeys and the damp, heated atmosphere recalled midnight experiences of the African jungle, and a grim smile played on Clinton's face as he produced the torch. If his suspicions were correct, he would prefer taking his chance with a man-eater to spending an hour in this house between sunrise and sunset.

Flashing the light, he stepped to an exotic plant and carefully scanned the underside of the leaves, but without result. Another plant was examined; this time with success. He had found the object of his search—a dull, commonplace-looking fly.

Next morning at breakfast Clinton addressed his hostess: 'If you and Amy will excuse me, I should like to run up to town to-day to see a friend of mine who has just returned from the East Coast.'

Mrs Ferrars smiled her assent, but his sister gave a little pout of impatience.

'Really, Harry, it is too bad of you to steal off like this. Do you find the strain of entertaining two women too much for you? When will you be back?'

'I shall come down by the seven o'clock. I really would not go but that it is important.'

'Do not heed her, Mr Clinton,' said Mrs Ferrars; 'I will send the dogcart to meet you.'

When Clinton returned that evening he was accompanied by Dr Hudson and a tall, angular, clean-featured man, who, as Amy expressed it afterwards, had the word *medico* written all over him.

Seeing the startled look on Mrs Ferrars's face as she came forward to greet them, Clinton said hurriedly, 'Allow me to introduce Dr Mackellar, an authority on tropical diseases. I have a confession to make, Mrs Ferrars,' he added; 'something has arisen which made me suspicious that Ralph is suffering from an illness which is almost unknown in this country. I have given my

reasons to Dr Mackellar, and he considers them so convincing that he has come down, by the wish of Dr Hudson, to examine the boy.'

Mrs Ferrars turned deathly white, and sank half-fainting on a couch.

'Mr Clinton—doctor!' she gasped. 'Ralph. Oh, tell me—he is not!'

Dr Mackellar took her hand. 'Be brave, madam,' he said. 'Do not needlessly alarm yourself. From what Dr Hudson tells me, the disease, if it be the one I fear, has not reached the worst stage. If you will allow me to examine him, I will tell you the whole truth.'

After what seemed a lifetime of anguish to the women, the doctors returned. Mrs Ferrars staggered to her feet. 'Doctor,' she choked—'doctor—tell me—my son, my little Ralph!'

The gaunt Scotsman patted her shoulder soothingly. 'Be of good cheer, Mrs Ferrars,' he said; 'your son is very ill, but, thanks to Harry Clinton, we know the nature of the disease and are in time to check it. He is suffering from a tropical malady commonly known as the sleeping-sickness. I have analysed a little of his blood, and find that although the disease has made progress, there is every hope of a cure now that its nature is known. I may add that had it not been for Clinton the boy would have been dead in six months. Nothing could have saved him. Your son, Mrs Ferrars,' he continued, 'is the victim of a diabolical plot, and one that in ordinary circumstances would never have been discovered. The disease, although little known in Britain, is the most terrible scourge we have in Central Africa. It is caused by the bite of the tsetse-fly, an insect not unlike the common house-fly, which carries the infection into the system as it sucks the blood.—I should like to hear, by the way, how your suspicions were aroused, Clinton. It is the first case, to my knowledge, where the infection has occurred in England.'

'Well, Mackellar, I have no pretensions to be a medical expert, but I saw a great deal of the sleeping-sickness on the company's estates near Nairobi. It was only a few days ago, when Dr Hudson, describing the symptoms, mentioned by chance that Rupert Hartmann was heir to the property, that my suspicions were aroused. I ought to have guessed it from the first; but the fact that the disease is caused by the tsetse-fly, and that the fly cannot live in this country, completely blinded me. The cause of the disease was a mystery, but every clue pointed to Rupert Hartmann. It was strange that he should have arrived in this country a few months after the death of Ralph's father. His collection of animals would, of course, pass as a hobby natural in a returned African; but it was not until I thought of the sleeping-sickness that I realised the significance of their being fed at night, and of the fact that Ralph was the only person who entered the house during daylight. The fly,' he continued,

turning to Mrs Ferrars, 'feeds only from sunrise to sunset. After that it settles on a leaf and goes to sleep. It was also peculiar that Hartmann should suddenly have gone away when he learned of my arrival. Coming from Uganda, I might or I might not be acquainted with the tsetse, but he was taking no chances—knowing that the negro would not open the house if Ralph and myself called. There was also the fact of the green paint; the fly cannot live if exposed to sunlight. The monkeys, too, were constantly dying; if the insect cannot get human blood, it feeds on animals, monkeys especially, passing the infection to the next animal it bites. Putting all these things together, I could only come to the conclusion that Hartmann actually kept flies in the heated palmhouse, and that the collection, as a collection, was a fraud, placed there by the fiend for the purpose of feeding the insects.'

'It is the diabolical cleverness of the scoundrel that amazes me,' exclaimed Hudson. 'Knowing the taste of the boy for natural history, he must have inveigled him into the palmhouse time after time under the pretext of feeding the animals, with the certainty that sooner or later he would be bitten, and that it was almost outside the bounds of possibility that the nature of the disease would be discovered.'

Mackellar nodded. 'Yes; the symptoms would point to half-a-dozen different maladies.'

'Although my suspicions almost amounted to certainty,' resumed Clinton, 'I wanted absolute proof; so last night I perpetrated an amateur burglary and broke into the palmhouse, where

I obtained several specimens of the tsetse-fly itself.'

Extract from the 'Southern Weekly Gazette.'

'MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY AT ASHLEY.'

'A sensational tragedy is reported from Ashley, a village near Chalden. A gentleman named Mr Rupert Hartmann and his negro man-servant were found dead on Thursday morning under circumstances which leave no doubt that they must have died at each other's hands.

'The deceased gentleman returned from the Colonies eighteen months ago, accompanied by a black servant named Gombo. This man is described as being of a sullen, morose disposition; and a whip having been found near the bodies, it is thought that his master had occasion to correct him. From the position of the remains, it is conjectured that the black attacked and wounded Mr Hartmann with a poisoned spear, and that the latter shot him in self-defence. The virulence of the poison may be inferred from the fact that although the wound was a mere scratch, death must have been practically instantaneous.

'The deceased gentleman, who was of independent means, lived in entire seclusion, the negro being his only servant. He was an enthusiastic naturalist, and the tragedy was only discovered when Mr John Clark, a greengrocer of Chalden, called for orders. Dr Hudson and two friends had paid a visit earlier in the day, and it is conjectured that the fatal quarrel took place soon after their departure.'

SKETCHES IN EASTERN TURKEY.

WE were on our way to Bussorah, famous as the apocryphal home of Sindbad the Sailor and the prospective terminus of the Baghdad Railway, and we steamed slowly up the Shatt-el-Arab on the British-India steamer which carried the mail. I say slowly, for the governor-general of the province had asked steamers to limit their speed to five miles an hour out of deference to the river-banks and internal navigation; and as the wash of the vessel rose behind us, inundating the fringe of the date-gardens, and bringing down large landslides as it fell, while it playfully tilted up the lighters and sailing-craft moored near the shore, the vali's request appeared to me not unreasonable. But the pace in consequence was tedious, and we took a long time to reach our destination, sixty miles from the mouth of the river, so that it was dark before we dropped anchor off the quarantine station behind the Turkish cruiser which guards the approach to the town and roadstead.

The days when Turkish sanitary authorities, during a severe epidemic of cholera, imprisoned two to three hundred healthy pilgrims at a time

in the insanitary and dilapidated outhouses and mat-roofed huts which form the lazaretto are now a feature of the past, happily for the pilgrims, who used to fare badly; and, though the lazaretto itself is much as it used to be, the quarantine period has been reduced to a formal medical inspection and disinfection, unless indeed pilgrims arrive in large numbers, in which case the providential forethought of the steamship company lands them at Mohammerah, twenty miles short of their destination, where conditions are easier and more healthy, and whence they can find their way to Bussorah by boat, with equal discomfort perhaps, but certainly at less risk to their lives.

Bussorah is the seaport of Baghdad, from which it is distant about five hundred miles by river. The banks of the Shatt-el-Arab, covered with forests of date-palms, form a picturesque feature of the landscape, and here and there native villages and private dwellings emerge on the river-bank. Shipping agencies, foreign consulates, and merchants have their places of business on the river. At the entrance to the

Ashar creek, the main thoroughfare to the town, stands the Custom-House, with the military barracks and a native suburb behind. The trade centre, Government offices, bazaars, and the bulk of the native population are at Bussorah, three miles up this creek. The importance of the town as a trade emporium is not great; but the transit trade with Persia by river is considerable, and river steamers, both British and Turkish, ply on the Tigris between Bussorah and Baghdad. Exports consist chiefly of dates, cereals, hides, wool, and liquorice-root. Local imports are insignificant, most of the trade being done with Baghdad. Dates grown in the neighbourhood are exported yearly, the value of the shipments abroad in a good year being upwards of half-a-million sterling.

The date season opens in September, and keeps every one busy until the vast harvest is gathered and shipped. The Arabs use the date-palm in a variety of ways. The pistils of the blossom contain a fibre which serves as a sponge in Eastern baths. Dates form the staple food of the Arab, who extracts syrup, vinegar, and a kind of spirit from the fruit. The droppings from the trees throughout the season are collected and given to cattle. Cows and sheep are fed largely on dates. The branches supply fuel and material for hutting and fencing, the fruit-stalks are converted into brooms, and rope is made from the date-fibre. The branches, stripped of their leaves and dried in the sun, are used to manufacture household furniture, bird-cages, boats, and crates; the leaves are woven into mats; the trunks are cut up and employed in house-building and bridgework, and they are also scooped out and converted into water-pipes and gutters.

Bussorah in the summer is nothing less than a fiery furnace, for the thermometer registers over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade during one hundred and twenty consecutive days, and the mean temperature, night and day, for upwards of four months is about ninety-five degrees. Malarial fevers, dysentery, and ague are prevalent, and the town is frequently visited by plague and cholera; and yet, thanks to the cold winter and prevailing north wind, the place is not essentially unhealthy for those who are acclimatised. Europeans appear to stand the climate better than natives, possibly because they take greater precautions, are better housed, and live more active lives. The mortality in the case of natives is high, especially among infants. Europeans rarely succumb unless carried off by cholera, of which the epidemics in the last few years have been unusually severe.

The season was winter, and it had rained shortly before our arrival; but happily this does not often occur, the annual rainfall averaging only seven or eight inches. The town, which lies three miles away from the river, together with its suburb of Ashar on the river-bank, is built

on clay; the bricks are made of it and only half-baked, the houses are roofed with it mixed with straw, and the roads and streets are strewn with it. The result in wet weather may be imagined. Traffic is either stopped altogether or foot-passengers, animals, and vehicles slide and wallow hopelessly in a glutinous mass of adhesive mud, which impedes progress and works havoc among the unfortunate horses. Nevertheless, in spite of the absence of stone or other road material, the authorities profess to be building an electric tramway. The governor, whom we visited, seemed sanguine about it, although four years have already elapsed since they began to widen the road for the purpose, pulling down the frontage of half the houses facing it, with scant consideration for the owners, who in most cases received no indemnity, and at the same time felling the date-trees which lined the creek. Turkish municipal law apparently permits the Government to pull down one quarter of a house on each side of the road, provided the destruction is for the public benefit. The law, however, directs the restoration of the frontage as it was before or the indemnification of the owner to that limited extent. Nothing is stipulated as to the havoc caused in the interior of the building, and the owner is left to make the best arrangements he can. We saw several of these restored frontages rising gaunt and bare, and still screening masses of rubbish in a welter of dilapidated walls, roofs, and semi-exposed chambers, which the disheartened landlords had left as they stood or fell. The authorities also bought a roller four years ago, and we saw it lying in the middle of the fairway still embedded in the mud. It had been placed, so to speak, in position, but not used, and though suitable for rolling a cricket-pitch, seemed of doubtful utility for the purposes of roadmaking. The Turks have a proverb: 'We have found one horseshoe; now we want three more shoes and a horse.' And so it seems with their electric tramway.

The governor-general of the province of Bussorah, which extends from Kut, on the Tigris, nearly half-way to Baghdad, to the southern limits of El Hassa behind the Katr peninsula, had his private residence in the upper storey of a flimsy lath-and-plaster edifice overlooking the main road. The walls of his house could not have been more than six inches thick, and it was full of windows. The ground floor seemed to be a stable, and was occupied by goats. As our carriage approached, churning up the mud which lay ankle-deep, and bumping over the hollows and obstructions which had so far escaped the attention of a not too observant municipality, we saw the governor's head appear at an upper window and that of a she-goat at a lower one simultaneously. Pure coincidence no doubt, but the circumstance added humour to the situation. The governor, a middle-aged man of dignified bearing, greeted us gravely and kindly. From

his conversation he appeared to be somewhat of a pedant, imbued with the chauvinistic tendencies of the *Jeune Turc*, and a hardened bureaucrat. His patriotic sentiments led him to claim as the rightful appanage of his district the whole of the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf as far as Oman, and permitted him still to consider Abyssinia as a province of the Turkish Empire, independent no doubt, but under the Sultan's suzerainty. He was a courteous but obstructive official in matters of business, as may be inferred from his attitude in regard to an armed night attack which occurred some years ago on the house of a British-protected subject, and which led to serious remonstrance on the part of our consular representative. His excellency attributed the outrage to the then pending parliamentary elections, stating that disturbances at such times were not unusual, and that he had read in the newspapers that during electoral contests in England similar troubles occurred in Ireland, in which several hundred persons were killed without any remonstrance being made by Turkish consuls on that ground! As an audacious piece of post-constitutional reasoning this Turkish argument is, I think, unsurpassed.

We talked of the Baghdad Railway and its possible extension to Bussorah, a project which his excellency warmly supported, but which, judging by the disturbed condition of the country, seemed a somewhat remote contingency, and rather of academic than practical interest. Bussorah needs many improvements—roads, lighting, water-supply, sanitation, and administrative reform in every department—and, locally speaking, is not in any urgent need of a railway. Its dates and grain are easily and inexpensively conveyed by lighters to the steamers in the roadstead; and although much advantage would undoubtedly accrue to shipping generally if the bar at the entrance to the river were dredged and regulated, existing facilities appear to meet its present commercial requirements, and river-borne traffic would no doubt continue to compete favourably with a railway. But, as the vali remarked, much else remains to be done, and there is no money to do it with.

The habits and wants of the population are simple, and are likely to remain so for some time to come; but the sanitary state of the town is deplorable. The creeks, which are tidal, supply it with drinking-water, but are used indiscriminately for all household purposes, and the stench arising from them at low water is overpowering. Its streets are narrow, unpaved, and ill-lighted. Dead animals, offal, and refuse of every description are thrown irrespectively into the creeks and thoroughfares. Roads in our sense do not exist. Mosquitoes and flies are rampant, engendered by the stagnant water and cesspools which surround the habitations. Happily a powerful sun mitigates the evils which

must necessarily arise from these conditions. Municipal taxes are levied, but are diverted to other purposes or purloined by dishonest officials; and, under Turkish administration, it seems unlikely that matters will improve.

His excellency's salutations as he bade us farewell were expressed with becoming gravity: 'We trust that God may be pleased to preserve your excellency's health. Our town is yours as well as our house. May we order our soldiers to accompany you on your ride to Zobeir? Your person is more precious to us than our eyes, and there are evil men, enemies of our lord the Sultan, abroad in the desert.'

We climbed the only minaret at Bussorah. It adjoins a half-ruined mosque called Magnass, the property of an Arab family in the town, and built about two hundred years ago, when the town was removed from the desert to the river. The open circular gallery at its summit offers a fine view over the expanse of date-palms, extending south to Fao in a thick belt more than two miles wide, with few intervals. In front of us lay the Shatt-el-Arab, and behind the town the desert, an unbroken stretch of clay as far as the eye could reach. The remains of old Zobeir, the reputed home of Sindbad the Sailor, are visible five miles out in the desert, and when the story of the *Arabian Nights* was first told the river's course lay in that direction. Beyond lies the modern town of Zobeir, a fastness in the wilderness and a connecting link between Bussorah and the desert. The sheikh who owned the minaret invited us to his *selamlik* to drink coffee, and we spent half-an-hour in agreeable conversation and civilities. The sheikh was an Arab of the old school, uninfluenced and unmoved by such contact with the West as came in his way at Bussorah, and his replies to our inquiries respecting commerce, population, and ancient remains reminded me forcibly of the *cadi's* answer, mentioned by Layard in his early travels through Asia Minor, to the inquiring traveller who sought for similar information. I quote it here; for, though time and place may be different, the mentality of the individual is unchanged: 'The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor asked the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one loads on his mules and another stows in his ship, it concerns me not. As for the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were not profitable to inquire. Oh my soul! oh my lamb! seek not for the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us; we welcomed thee. Go in peace. Of a truth thou hast spoken many words, but no harm is done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another.'

RECLAIMING THE AMERICAN DESERT.

By J. T. BEALBY.

THE mention of irrigation in the hearing of most Britishers carries their imagination away to Egypt, India, or Turkestan (east and west); to southern Australia, northern Italy, or the east of Spain. A few, mayhap, will think instinctively of the west of the United States; and yet it is in that part of the world that the greatest irrigation schemes ever planned are now being carried out. Little is known of these projects on the other side of the Atlantic; little is known of them, indeed, in many parts of the United States. Thousands of the citizens of the great Republic—nay, hundreds of thousands, millions even—have never heard of Frederick H. Newell and A. P. Davis, of Senator Carey or Gifford Pinchot. Yet these are names which should rank above those of victorious generals and imperial potentates of great renown. They too are conquerors; but they are conquerors who have not destroyed life. On the contrary, their efforts make for the augmentation and sustenance and preservation of life. They have added territory to their nation; but in so doing they have not robbed any other nation or despoiled any other people. They have subdued the desert, converted aridity and barrenness into green fields, fat pastures, smiling orchards. In the world's great temple of fame their names will one day be emblazoned in letters of gold, large, arresting, venerated. What is it, then, these men have done?

Irrigation has long been practised in California and Arizona, and certain other regions of the Far West; indeed, in centuries now past, irrigation, judging from the ruined works which cumber the desert, would seem to have been far more widely extended in that part of the world than it has been, until recently, in modern times. Prior to 1895 all irrigation enterprises in the west of the United States were of a private character, and none of a national character were undertaken until the year 1902. Yet to-day some six million acres have been won to the service of man, and many millions more will, it is expected, be redeemed from worthlessness in the years that are coming.

In 1895 Senator Carey of Wyoming wrung from Congress an Act known by his name, which, supplemented and extended by amending Acts, gave to certain western states a total of (at first) one million acres of barren desert, the property of the people of the Republic, on condition that within a period of ten years each state should irrigate and develop twenty acres in each quarter-section (one hundred and sixty acres) so allotted. The cost of the irrigation works was divided *pro rata* amongst all the quarter-sections benefited by the scheme. The

land so benefited was sold for fifty cents (two shillings and a penny) per acre, plus the cost of irrigation, which ranged from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars per acre. Payments, including interest on instalments not yet due, were spread over ten years, and were secured by a lien or mortgage on the land; and so great was the confidence inspired by the energy of the settlers that the bonds representing these mortgages were passed from hand to hand with as little hesitation as bank-notes, and were in places eagerly sought after as good investments. At the present day some three million acres have been recovered from the desert under the Carey Acts.

Three years after the passing of the first of the Carey Acts—that is, in 1898—Mr Gifford Pinchot, a gentleman of means, who was deeply interested in the national forests of the Republic, and anxious for their preservation, having outlined a policy for securing this branch of the country's wealth from further loss, obtained the necessary power from the legislature at Washington, and proceeded to organise an efficient Forestry Preservation Service; and it has done noble things from that day to this, especially in preserving the forests about the head-waters of the rivers and streams which have been drawn upon, or may yet be drawn upon, for irrigation by the United States Reclamation Service.

This last, affiliated to the Department of the Interior, owes its origin to an Act of Congress passed in the summer of 1902. The Act provides that all moneys received annually from the sale and disposal of public lands in the states of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma, after subtraction of the necessary registration fees and the 5 per cent. allowance for education, should be devoted to 'the examination and survey for and construction and maintenance of irrigation works for the storage, diversion, and development of waters for the reclamation of arid and semi-arid lands in those states and territories.' Under this Act the land, after the irrigation scheme has been completed by the Reclamation Service, is thrown open for settlement free, according to the Homestead Laws of the United States; but the settler is charged so much per acre for the water, the total cost of the irrigation scheme being divided equally amongst the total number of acres supplied with water under the scheme, and is allowed to discharge his debt in ten annual payments. In addition, a small annual charge—varying as a rule from sixty cents (say two shillings and six-

pence) to one dollar (say four shillings and twopence) per acre—is made for the upkeep of the flumes, dams, and other works. When all the land has been paid for, the proprietary rights to the irrigation water pass to the owners of the land. With the view of preventing any monopoly in this valuable property, no one person is allowed to own more than one water-share or more than one unit of land, whether forty or eighty or one hundred and sixty acres. The size of the unit is determined by the character of the soil and the purposes for which it can be used, being defined in general terms in the Act itself as that limit of acreage which, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Interior, may be reasonably required for the support of a family upon the lands in question. The management and operation of the reservoirs and the works necessary for their protection and operation remain in the hands of the Federal Government. Where private irrigation already exists within the area to be covered by a definite irrigation project of the Reclamation Service, the private owners are compelled to come in on precisely the same footing as the settlers under the Homestead Acts. None of them may own more than the limit acreage, and none may own more than one water-right corresponding to that limit acreage. All lands held by a private individual in excess of that are sold by him or for him, and measures are taken to safeguard him from loss on the sales.

The Reclamation Service has been administered in the ablest manner from the very beginning by Mr Frederick H. Newell, whose principal assistant is Mr Arthur Powell Davis, chief engineer. Although he has had many hard fights, Mr Newell has succeeded in keeping his service from being contaminated by the 'dirty fingers' of professional politicians. He takes a broad, statesman-like view of his work. Each of his subordinates is invested with a large measure of personal initiative and personal responsibility. To them he leaves all decisions and all executions which fall properly within the theoretical range of their competence; and the finances are administered in the most honest and open manner possible. The money which he has had at his disposal—namely, the annual revenues from the sale and disposal of public lands in the sixteen states enumerated—has been a princely revenue, amounting to some seven million dollars, or about one million four hundred and fifty thousand pounds annually. The money which is derived from the sale of the water-rights under one irrigation project is devoted in its entirety to the execution of another similar project in another part of the country. Thus the work of the Reclamation Service goes on automatically paying for itself, without cost to the United States Government, and without taking a cent out of the pockets of the citizens of the Republic.

This is not the place to discuss the engineering

details of the numerous works undertaken by the service. A few illustrations must suffice.

One of the most noteworthy projects has been the construction of the Roosevelt dam in the Salt River in Arizona. It is two hundred and eighty feet high, two hundred and thirty-five feet long at the bottom, and one thousand and eighty feet long at the top, and cost nearly half a million dollars to construct. The area it will irrigate is not far short of two hundred thousand acres, and the irrigation canals and flumes run to four hundred and seventy miles in length. This dam was constructed in the heart of the Rockies, in an almost inaccessible place. The nearest railway station was sixty miles distant, and every ounce of supplies and materials had to be carried in. The first business was, therefore, to construct a road. This was built through the chasms and gorges of the mountains, and was so made that the grade was everywhere easy for the wagon-teams. Then all the machinery, engines, boilers, chains, food, timber for houses, cottages, workshops, offices, and so forth were hauled in over the new road. Timber for fuel was cut in a Government forest thirty miles away. Yet even that was not all. The water was made subservient to the construction of the works destined to control itself. A fifty thousand horse-power electric plant was erected to supply driving force for lathes, trolley-cars, and other machinery. This was effected by going back thirty miles up-stream above the site of the dam, building a cement-lined flume, and letting the water drop two hundred and twenty feet into a dynamo below. The quantity of cement required to make the dam was estimated at two hundred and eighty thousand barrels. The lowest tender for supplying these was over four dollars (sixteen shillings and eightpence) per barrel. The Reclamation Service cast about for some way of doing the work at a lower cost. They found excellent material in a cañon wall close by, and set up their own cement-mill. This proved successful, and saved them, or rather the prospective settlers, some six hundred thousand dollars (one hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds).

The Laguna dam, in the Colorado valley, Arizona, is four thousand seven hundred and eighty feet long, but only nineteen feet high and two hundred and sixty feet wide. Being built on quicksands, it called for great engineering skill and ingenuity. The river is disciplined by seventy-three and a half miles of levees, and the canals run to one hundred and fifty-seven miles in length.

In Colorado the Gunnison River lent itself admirably to irrigation purposes; but there was no land suitable for irrigation in its valley. However, there was plenty of land of that character in the adjacent Uncompahgre valley, only the two valleys were separated by a range of mountains. This fact did not deter the men

of the Reclamation Service. They made a tunnel thirty thousand five hundred and eighty-three feet in length, and ten and a half by eleven and a half feet in cross-section, through the mountains, and, diverting the Gunnison River through the tunnel, brought irrigation to one hundred and forty thousand acres in the Uncompahgre valley.

The Shoshone dam, in Wyoming, though only two hundred feet long at the top, is three hundred and twenty-eight and a third feet high. The works are four thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, and in a region where the thermometer drops twenty degrees below zero in winter. The last blocks of cement were laid under canvas screens, the air and blocks being heated by steam to keep down the frost.

The Yakima project in Washington is intended to irrigate four hundred and sixty thousand acres, the Boise project in Idaho two hundred and forty-three thousand acres, the Sun River project in Montana two hundred and seventy-six thousand acres, the Truckee-Carson project in Nevada two hundred and sixty thousand acres, and so on. Altogether over three million two hundred and fifty thousand acres are benefited by these various projects or schemes of the United States Reclamation Service.

A glance at the map shows that these projects or irrigation areas stretch in parallel lines on each side of the Rocky Mountains, one string on the east side, with three outlying projects farther east; another string on the west of the range, with, farther west still, a subordinate parallel range along the edge of the Great Basin, as the desert country of Arizona, California, Utah, Nevada, and Oregon is called. They lie at all altitudes, from one hundred to three hundred feet in the Yuma project of Arizona, up to five thousand and six thousand four hundred feet in the Uncompahgre valley in Colorado. The greater part lie between one thousand and four thousand feet in altitude. The average rainfall in the districts where these irrigation works are being carried on varies from nine to seventeen inches annually, and the temperature in a great many of them ranges from forty-five degrees below zero to one hundred and ten degrees above. Without irrigation the land is absolutely worthless. With irrigation some of it becomes good farming land, and yields satisfactory crops of the ordinary cereals, alfalfa (the chief fodder-crop of the west), potatoes, sugar-beets, clover, vegetables, and maize. Orchards of the hardier fruits flourish in many localities, even at such high altitudes as those of the Uncompahgre valley (five thousand to six thousand four hundred feet); and in the lower levels—for example, the Yuma project in Arizona—even semi-tropical fruits such as melons, cotton, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, grapes, limes, and olives grow to perfection. The soil, consisting partly of detritus washed off the surrounding

mountains, partly of disintegrated basalt and other volcanic rocks, is naturally most productive, and only needs plenty of water to render it very fertile.

The average cost of the water-rights per acre is about thirty dollars, though in some few cases it runs up to forty-five dollars, fifty-five dollars, and even sixty-five dollars per acre. The maintenance charges range from sixty cents to about one dollar per annum. After being worked two or three years a good deal of this irrigated land becomes worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars per acre; and if it is land that is suitable for orchards or fruit-growing it becomes worth five hundred dollars per acre, and sometimes even twice that amount.

HOME.

THE South for long has wooed me,
And a welcome warm it showed me,
But, oh! my traitor heart was ever torn;
For I always heard the crying
Of the searching wind a-sighing
Adown the mountain glens where I was born.

One little nook, grown weary,
Called till my heart was eerie,
And I hastened to its calling o'er the foam;
'Tis but a sad, lone sheiling,
With the gray mist round it stealing.
But—it nestles 'mid the heather hills of HOME

The gentle rains are knowing
That there's moss and myrtle growing.
And a tartan carpet mantling all the moor;
Yon burnie in the corrie
Must have learned its mimic foray
When the Highland claymore hung behind the door.

The twilight, loath, is paling,
And I hear the banshee wailing,
And the pibroch sounds a coronach of woe;
And every patch of turf here,
And every mourning surf here,
My country, tells your story as I go.

Oh stern land of my fathers!
Where the tempest hourly gathers,
In hardihood you lead your children on;
But ask the Coolins hoary
Where they'll read a braver story,
Or see a daybreak like a Highland dawn.

Africa! softly sleeping,
You're a memory sweet I'm keeping,
And your smiling veld might tempt me still to roam,
Were it not for that sad sheiling
With the gray mist round it stealing;
But you don't know how I love it, for it's
HOME!

MARY ADAMSON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ROMANCE OF OUR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE RECORDS.

THE Scottish History Society, founded in Edinburgh in 1886 for the discovery and printing, under selected editorship, of unpublished documents illustrative of the civil, religious, and social history of Scotland, has carried out its programme so far as to have added over sixty volumes to the rapidly accumulating materials of which history is made. Each reader of these volumes must be his own historian and use the flashlight of imagination to revivify many dry-as-dust items, helped by the excellent notes and introductions of competent editors. Dr Robert Chambers, impressed with the fact that history has so largely confined itself to political transactions and personages, and usually says little of the people, their daily concerns, and the external matters that affect their comfort and well-being, prepared his *Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution* (1859-61). He desired to accomplish the same excellent work for English domestic annals, but did not live to execute it. Since then there have not been wanting many competent labourers in the field. Professor Karl Larsen of Copenhagen, who has been lecturing on historical subjects to his Danish fellow-countrymen in the United States, has been credited with a new method of treating history. He draws much first-hand material from letters and documents of soldiers and civilians. The method is a true and good one, but not new.

Among the many societies which have done or are doing a like important work, we may mention the Abbotsford, Bannatyne, Maitland, Spalding, and New Spalding Clubs, the Wodrow Society, and the Scottish Record Society, founded (1898) for the preparation and printing of indexes and abstracts of Scottish records. The Old Edinburgh Club (1908) has already done good work in the collection and authentication of historical material relating to the Scottish capital. The Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, which dates from 1831, has printed a vast quantity of valuable material. The Old and the New *Statistical Accounts of Scotland*, by various parish ministers, have been quarries of fact regarding the social and ecclesiastical life of Scotland. A fresh series of such parish histories, based on the old and brought up to date, would be no less useful.

Scotland has fared badly in regard to the preservation of her national records. Practically all the records now in the General Register

House in Edinburgh relate to public affairs later than 1306. Some taken possession of by Edward the First in 1291 are still in London; many perished by neglect and are lost. In turn, Edinburgh Castle, Holyrood, the vaults under Parliament House, and the Register House, built from funds derived from the Forfeited Estates, have all sheltered national documents. Cromwell in 1651 captured all the records except the Privy Seal Register, and carried them to London. The Registers of the Privy Seal were saved by Mr Andrew Martin, who fled with them to the Highlands. These were recovered in 1707. A large part of the registers removed by Cromwell, consisting of those relating to private rights, to the number of one thousand five hundred and forty-seven volumes, were returned to Edinburgh in 1657. The rest, of more interest for historical purposes, were retained until after the Restoration. In December 1660, in obedience to an order for their return, they were packed in 'hogsheads and kists,' and placed on board the *Eagle* frigate at Gravesend. This vessel on its way northwards put into Yarmouth, and for some unexplainable reason Major Fletcher ordered the transhipment of eighty-five of the hogsheads into a merchant-vessel, the *Elizabeth* of Burntisland. The *Eagle* did not sail in convoy, and three days later the *Elizabeth* foundered off Cockle and Winterton; her cargo was lost, but the passengers and crew escaped. Fortunately there were still ten hogsheads retained aboard the frigate, containing, it is believed, documents relating to Parliament and the Privy Council. No record remains of what documents were lost in the *Elizabeth*. It is supposed that the missing rolls and charters granted by Robert the First and his immediate successors, which were known to be in existence at the beginning of the seventeenth century, may have been amongst the number. The older records of Chancery, deposited in the Abbey of Holyrood, and some of the earlier municipal records of the city of Edinburgh, are believed to have perished when the Abbey and town were burnt by Hertford. The records of the Reformed Church, transferred to the Bass Rock, were captured in 1652 and taken to London, and have since disappeared. These and other particulars will be found in the admirable volume compiled by Mr M. Livingstone, giving lists of extant papers in the Register House. Meanwhile, by the publication of Privy

Council Records, and the valuable papers unearthed from private charter-chests, published under the auspices of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, the good work goes on of bringing to light such materials as are still extant relating to public and private history. A fireproof room for the preservation of ancient Church manuscripts was fitted up recently in the Assembly Hall buildings, Castle Hill, Edinburgh. The room can accommodate between two thousand and three thousand volumes.

When all these vicissitudes overtake national documents, how many risks have been run by those in family charter-chests in our mansions over the land! One is thankful that so much has been snatched from the gnawing tooth of time. When at Mellerstain House, near Earlstoun, in Berwickshire, the present writer saw the account books and other manuscript books, three of which have been drawn upon by the Scottish History Society in their reprint of portions of the *Household Book* of Lady Grizel Baillie (1692-1733), admirably edited by Mr R. Scott Moncrieff. This fills a gap left by the other three books of a like kind issued by the society. Its chief value consists in its being a human document in respect of household matters in the eighteenth century, giving contrasted expenses of a family of good position in Warriston's Close, Edinburgh, and of the same family when staying in London, at Bath, and on the Continent. Dr Somerville of Jedburgh bore testimony that in the early nineteenth century the poor especially were better fed, clothed, and lodged than at that period; their diet was more ample, of better quality, and better dressed; houses were cleaner and more commodious; and clothes were neater and better fitted for a Northern climate. The beginning of the twentieth century witnesses an even greater improvement.

The eldest of the eighteen children of Sir Patrick Hume of Marchmont, Grizel Baillie was born at Redbraes Castle, 25th December 1665, and died in London, 6th December 1746. Remarkably wise and precocious for her years, at the age of twelve she was the successful medium of communication between her father and Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, imprisoned in Edinburgh Tolbooth for alleged hostility to monarchical government. It was there she came to know George Baillie, son of the prisoner, whom she afterwards married, and who witnessed his father's execution, and was ever afterwards of a graver and more religious disposition. When her own father during the troublous times of the reign of Charles the Second went into hiding in the vault under Marchmont Church she was his ministering angel, passing to and fro between Redbraes Castle and his place of confinement under cover of night. The story has often been told, but is best in the narrative of her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope:

'She went every night by herself, at midnight,

to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could to get home before day. In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father she stumbled over the graves every night alone without fear of any kind entering her thoughts but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church. The first night she went his dogs kept such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him without the servants suspecting; the only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this and other things of the like nature. Her father liked sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth she had conveyed most of one into her lap. When her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, "Mother, will ye look at Grizel? While we have been eating our broth she has ate up the whole sheep's head!" This occasioned so much mirth amongst them that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next.' The little lantern she carried still exists; and the bed used in another place of hiding is still preserved at Marchmont.

Lady Grizel was quite as useful during the family exile in Holland, of which various interesting anecdotes are related. She showed the same good qualities of head and heart in adversity as in later days of prosperity.

As Professor Hugh Walker has pointed out in his paper on 'Some Scottish Songstresses' in this *Journal* for 1911, it is a great pity that the manuscript volume of Grizel Baillie's songs and poetical pieces disappeared. It was a distinct loss to literature, for the only two that remain give assurance of a songstress. One is 'Werena my heart licht I wad dee,' which he justly terms a piece rich in its own excellence, and further rich in its association with Burns, who applied a stanza from it to himself in the decline of his days. The other begins, 'Oh the ewe-buchan's bonnie, baith e'ning and morn.'

The marriage between George Baillie of Jerviswood and Grizel Baillie was an ideal one. There never was the shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding between them during their forty-eight

years of married life. He never went abroad but she went to the window to look after him, and the husband brought presents from London for his wife and family. While he was strict in attendance at the General Assembly in Edinburgh or at Parliament in London, he never forgot home letters or home duties. He made a pilgrimage with his wife and family to Naples, an undertaking in those days, and was there for sixteen months on account of the health of Lord Binning, his son-in-law. He held office under King William, was Treasurer-Depute under Queen Anne, one of the Privy Council of Scotland before the Union, afterwards a Commissioner of Trade, a Lord of Admiralty, and Lord of the Treasury. He was fond of books, which he would purchase not only for his own use, but also for the servants, such as Bibles or Thomas à Kempis. One of the earliest entries in the family books after his marriage is for the erection in his first house in Warriston's Close, Edinburgh, of five double presses for books. When the Baillies removed to Mellerstain, five cartloads of books went with them. George Baillie had a rough but manly countenance, a tender, affectionate heart, and a purse open to any one in distress. Lady Murray used to marvel how her mother during the distraction of family cares found time to make the entries in the household books and compass so much business. Her husband left many of the cares of his estate and the keeping of these family books entirely to her, only caring that he was out of debt. Lady Grizel once worked for two months from five in the morning until midnight at her own father's accounts, until order emerged from chaos; yet she would come from these tasks to her family as easy and cheerful as if she had only been diverting herself, and was heard to say that she never knew what it was to find herself indisposed to do anything she thought proper to be done. She loved a simple, moderate diet; and porridge and milk was a favourite dish of hers. To the last she had the bashfulness of a girl. Her daughter says: 'She was middle-sized, well made, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chestnut; and to her last she had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen.'

Their annual expenditure in Scotland for the years 1693 to 1714, exclusive of sums for estate management and expeditions to London, was under five hundred and fifty pounds a year, and this in a household of ten servants, a carriage-and-four, and hunters. The annual rental of their first house in Warriston's Close was sixteen pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. An expedition to Bath in 1696 cost eighty-four pounds, to Prestons eighteen pounds, and to Scarborough thirty-three pounds. There are evidences of frequent changes of servants. A

cook had eight pounds a year, a laundrymaid two pounds, and a coachman eight pounds. The directions to the servants are clear and exact; their fare was on Sunday boiled beef and broth (made to serve for two days); Monday, broth and a herring; Tuesday, broth and beef; Wednesday, broth and two eggs each; Thursday, broth and beef; Friday, broth and herring; Saturday, broth without meat, and cheese, a pudding, or a haggis. At dinner a mutchkin of beer each was allowed. For breakfast and supper we read of an oat or brown loaf and a mutchkin of beer or milk. Salaries of servants, the editor tells us, have increased from six to tenfold; oatmeal was five times dearer then than now. On the whole, 'our incomes go much farther now than then, and we are consequently much better off.'

Prices are interesting taken in comparison with our own of to-day. Nearly thirty shillings was paid for a pound of tea in 1710. 'A tee pot' in 1702 cost one shilling; little teacups were purchased, and a kettle and spirits of wine to boil the same. Chocolate is mentioned in 1695, and coffee in 1703. Potatoes only appear once in the items, and that in a foreign entry, in 1733. Mutton was dearer than beef, and is seldom mentioned; horses cost from seven pounds to ten pounds; a plain suit of clothes cost from four pounds ten shillings to seven pounds. A coach bought in London is set down at fifty-five pounds. Lady Grizel made her own ink of copperas and galls, and blacking of lampblack and beeswax. A salmon bill for a year is one pound seven shillings; tobacco was two shillings, and snuff four shillings, per pound; and ladies then used the latter. The doctor charged nine shillings and eightpence for bleeding one of the family, four shillings and tenpence for a servant, and one pound one shilling and sixpence if bleeding was done from the jugular vein. Stopping teeth with lead and 'something to clean them' is ten shillings, and for drawing Grisie's tooth ten shillings and ninepence is charged. In 1714 there are entries for guns and 'bagginets,' thirty swords, and a barrel of gunpowder.

When George Baillie was made a Lord of Admiralty and became Sir George, and the family moved from Scotland to London, the stage-coach for five seats cost twenty-two pounds ten shillings. During the thirteen days spent on the journey the expenses were ten pounds. The servants went by sea with the baggage. One entry in their Italian journey is that they crossed the Alps 'cald Munt Sines' by chaise; and at Bologna the first entry is for 'sassages,' eleven shillings and ninepence. In the account of the mourning for Lord Binning, who died at Naples, is a 'velvet nightgown' for 'my D[ear]. Under Venice there are entries of books and tracle; and at Naples marble slabs are sent home of the value of six hundred and forty-six pounds.

The life of Lady Grizel's daughter Rachie can

be followed in such entries as two pounds eighteen shillings to Mrs Scott the midwife on her advent into the world, nine shillings and eightpence to Mr Livingston for christening; three shillings and eightpence to the beadle of the church, and one pound three shillings for 'bride's garters.' Another entry is: 'For lining Rachie's gown and letting down her petticoats, two shillings.' Under directions to her governess, May Menzies, we read that Grizel was to rise at seven o'clock, 'go about her reading,' breakfast at nine, play on the spinet till eleven, from eleven to twelve to write

and read French, from two to four to do her sewing, at four arithmetic, and then dance and play on the spinet again till six; after that play herself till supper, and bed at nine. Lady Grizel's father believed in dancing as the 'best medicine he knew, for at the same time it gave exercise to the body and it cheered the mind.' It is clear that Lady Grizel Baillie embodied in her own character many of the virtues of the woman delineated in the last chapter of Proverbs, which with her dying breath she commended to her daughters.

ALMOST FREE.

CHAPTER II.

TUMULTUOUS and conflicting emotions filled the breast of the lady as she listened to this impassioned outburst. Dare she prove a traitor to her husband and an enemy to her country? Yet had she not heard even the men who were his jailers condemn the treatment of the fallen Emperor? Spurning the idea of playing false, she faced her tempter; but, catching his eye fixed upon her, she hesitated and was lost, overcome by the personal magnetism of the remarkable man confronting her. Napoleon knew he had won, and hastened to take advantage of his victory. His mode of procedure might have shown her, had she been in a mood calm enough to think, that she was but a tool chosen to carry out his aims. Offering her a packet, he gave the description of a man who would be walking up and down close to the barracks. The description was minute, and there was little fear of mistake. The package delivered, she had no further responsibility. But conscience again came to her rescue. Starting back as from a thing accursed, she refused to take the package.

'Miserable man!' she said, 'desist from tempting a weak woman into betraying a sacred trust. If pity for her is wanting, think of the ruin and disgrace brought on an unsuspecting husband. No, no, no! I cannot be disloyal to all that is most dear.'

'Enough!' the Emperor replied. 'Napoleon dies a prisoner, forsaken in his hour of need, as often before, by a woman.'

Turning to leave the fatal spot, she took a last look at the suppliant before her. Never before had she realised the power and dignity of the man as then. The utter hopelessness and helplessness of his position did what no amount of entreaty could have done. Feeling as she did that with her alone the future for him depended, pity took the place of expostulation, and her resolution wavered.

'Give me the package,' she said. 'Whether for good or ill, I will deliver it.'

As she had been informed, on nearing the precincts of the barracks she descried a man

answering the description given her; and handing the package to him, she hastened to her own apartments.

If Hades is torture to the mind, Mrs Gordon passed through it during the next twenty-four hours. Torn by anxious and conflicting emotions, she could not rest. At one time she felt tempted to confess all to her husband; the next moment she felt all the elation of one engaged in a dangerous enterprise.

Captain Gordon, whose duties as officer of the guard left him little leisure, could not avoid noticing the excited condition of his wife, and was at a loss to account for it. As the time for the attempt drew nigh, her fevered condition only got worse. She could not settle to anything. Unable to compose herself, she was continually on the move from the house to her husband's office, and *vice versa*, as if she thought in change of scene to stifle the unpleasant thoughts and fears which haunted her.

On one of these visits she became the possessor of the countersign for the evening. On leaving the office the sergeant of the guard repeated to his superior the word 'Trafalgar;' and though she paid no attention to it at the time, its significance flashed on her mind at a critical moment. As the dusk of evening closed rapidly into the gloom of night the sense of unrest and oppression became unbearable, and she sought solace in the open air. Unconsciously her steps turned towards Longwood. The night was clear but dark, overhead the stars twinkled in a cloudless sky, and seaward the moving lights on the water marked the shipping in the bay. As she slowly picked her way along the rocky path she became aware of footsteps approaching from the direction in which she was going, and, almost before she could locate the exact position from which the sound came, her arms were seized, a hand was thrust across her mouth, and a voice hissed into her ear, 'Move at your peril!'

As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she recognised in one of the three men who surrounded her the figure of the Emperor.

The recognition was mutual, and signing to his companions to stand aside, he stepped forward to speak to her. His bearing was cool and collected, and his utterance as calm as if nothing of moment were at stake.

'Madam,' he said, 'the die is cast. Within an hour Napoleon will once again be free, with opportunity before him, or death in the attempt will free him from captivity for ever. A boat awaits us at a point in the bay which is guarded by a single sentry, and on his vigilance depends the issue.'

The audacity of the plan chosen struck terror into the heart of Mrs Gordon, as she realised how close to the stronghold of the enemy they were running; but second thoughts showed her how careful was the plan. The landing-places on the island were few, and all at any distance from the garrison were strongly guarded. Within a short distance of the town a small rocky promontory ran out into the bay, from which, to any one acquainted with the place, it was possible to descend to the water's edge. In case of alarm a shot from the sentry would bring assistance quickly both from land and sea. To overpower the sentry and gain the beach was the plan. At the best it was a desperate chance, but its very rashness showed how determined were the fugitives.

The guide, a native of the island, could scarcely hide his alarm at this unexpected delay, and, while the Emperor was talking, continually expressed his annoyance at the interruption.

'Waste no time,' the lady said. 'I will follow and see the end.'

Headed by the guide, the little band moved slowly forward. As they approached the promontory progress was necessarily slow. Time and again a halt was made, caused by imaginary alarms, and as they drew nearer they could hear the sound of the sentry as he paced up and down his short beat. The plan was for the guide to creep quietly close up to the sentry, and as he turned on his march to strike him down from behind. The tension on Mrs Gordon as the critical moment drew near almost overcame her powers of control; but the sharp challenge of the sentry, 'Halt, or I fire!' was a distraction which saved the situation. The reply, 'A friend,' brought out the demand for the countersign, and something like a groan escaped the Emperor as the hopes of escape seemed to vanish into the air. An instant's delay meant the alarm of the garrison, but that instant was not allowed to pass. The word of the sergeant in the morning flashed its meaning across Mrs Gordon's mind, and, slipping past those beside her, she replied, 'Trafalgar.' The sentry, with rifle raised, advancing to see the speaker, started forward and saw a lady, who, as he became visible, muttered, 'My husband!' and fell senseless at his feet.

The shock which overcame the lady proved

the undoing of her husband. Instinctively he dropped his rifle and stooped to raise her from the ground. At the same instant the guide rushed forward, and seizing him by the throat, attempted to hurl him over the cliff into the sea. Both men were of powerful physique, and in ordinary circumstances Captain Gordon would have made a hard struggle for his life; but as he was taken at a disadvantage, it looked as if his assailant would accomplish his purpose. Nearer and nearer the edge he was forced, the grip on his throat preventing him from using his powers to advantage, and it looked as if his hour had come. But help came from an unexpected quarter. Napoleon, who for a few minutes had stood a silent spectator of the scene, rushed forward, and seizing the guide by the arm which gripped the throat of his opponent, tried to separate the combatants. Astonished at an attack from so unexpected a quarter, the guide slackened his hold, and for an instant relaxed his vigilance. Captain Gordon, unconscious in the struggle of the personality of his deliverer, seized the opportunity presented to him, and rushing on his assailant, gave him a terrific blow in the face. The result was tragic in its swift ending. Rendered dizzy and nearly senseless by this sudden attack, the guide stumbled, slipped on the rocky footing, and, before any one could realise what had happened, disappeared over the edge into the darkness below.

The alarm and astonishment of Captain Gordon when he recognised the Emperor was only equalled by his misgivings at his wife's presence along with him. What could it all mean? An attempt at escape, and his wife a conspirator against her husband and her country! Numbness overpowered him as he thought of the disgrace.

He was aroused from his stupor by the voice of the Emperor. 'Captain Gordon,' he said, 'arrest your prisoner. Unarmed as you are, we could easily overpower you, and escape might still be possible; but Napoleon, even for such an end, refuses to make a lady who aided and sympathised with him accessory to her husband's death. But stay, there is no need of arrest. We will return to Longwood. A night such as this will enable us to escape the guards. You attend to your wife.'

Before the bewildered soldier could collect his senses, Napoleon and his companion disappeared in the darkness.

The captain's first inclination was to rush after the prisoner and try to secure his arrest. But he recognised the futility of such a course, and the condition of his wife called for his immediate attention. Since her recognition of her husband life seemed to have deserted Mrs Gordon, the shock of meeting him under such conditions having overpowered a nature at once loving and high-strung. When the sentry, whom Captain Gordon in his usual round of inspection had sent

to another post with instructions on some matter of duty, while he himself took guard, returned, he was surprised to find his officer kneeling beside the prostrate form of a lady. With his aid Mrs Gordon was conveyed to her husband's quarters.

The break of day found the captain in a position of great delicacy and difficulty. His wife lay an unconscious invalid. The reports from Longwood as to the safety of the prisoner were favourable. Should he report the details of the incidents of the previous evening, or risk the chance of nothing being known, and thereby save his wife's honour? He adopted the latter

course, and circumstances, alas! seemed to aid him. Days passed, and Mrs Gordon still lay in a comatose condition, oblivious to all around. The adventure and its sequel had been more than she could stand, and within a week she passed where actions are judged from a different standpoint than that of man. Captain Gordon, overwhelmed by the tragic ending to his domestic happiness, sought service in other parts. The prisoner himself soon afterwards passed to that Bar where all men are judged according to the deeds done in the body, and the old portrait in a Scottish country house is the sole reminder of a tragedy of St Helena.

OLD SCOTTISH EPITHETS.

By JAMES FERGUSON, K.C.

AMONG the many picturesque and graphic sidelights of Scottish history, not the least interesting and illuminating are the epithets applied to, and characteristics recorded of, the great families and different districts of the country. The observant eye and concise speech of the Scot have always been ready to note inherited character, physical type, or family and local peculiarities, to stamp them with an appropriate adjective, or to summarise them in a sharp saying or remembered rhyme. Some of these epithets and sayings are complimentary, and some the reverse; some record the actual pre-eminence of a powerful house or the remembered grandeur of a fallen race. We owe many of them to the graphic depiction of the unknown authors of our old ballads, and in these cases the epithet may be due to political predilection or prejudice, or to the rancour inspired by generations of 'deidlie feid.' The tendency thus to characterise is found alike in the 'braid Scots' speech of the Lowlands and in Gaelic proverbs and sayings from the other side of the Highland line; but the faculty for focussing the salient specialties of a name or clan seems to be a product of the Celtic strain in all Scotsmen.

The epithets are often, though not always, alliterative, and 'apt alliteration's artful aid' is liable in an unfriendly hand to facilitate injustice. The fondness for describing an individual by his personal appearance or distinguishing quality is specially evident in Gaelic, and the lists of the Scots kings provide us with Eochaidh Bhuidhe (the fair-haired boy who ran to Columba's arms, and was predicted by him, as David by the Hebrew seer, to be, though a younger son, the destined successor of his father, Aidan), Eochaidh Rinamail (*habens curvum nasum*), Eochaidh Anghbaid (*venerosus*), Donald Breac, Aed Finn, Malcolm Canmore, Kenneth the Hardy, Alexander the Fierce, and Lulach the Fool. The same tendency is shown in the numerous Dhus, Bans,

Donnas, Glases, Gorms, Roys, Mores, Bega; and the Anglo-Saxon Blacks, Whites, Browns, &c. are probably in many cases just a surname derived from the translation of the old Gaelic adjective. 'The yellow [or fair—*bluidhe*] Stewarts of Appin' corresponds curiously with the traditional common descent of the Stewarts and the Boyds. The 'Seemly St Clair,' the 'Red Comyn,' and the 'Black Comyn' were individual appellations; but in the great house of Douglas the adjectives became distinctive of the two branches until the 'Red Douglas' put down the 'Black.' The old derivation of the name as 'the dark gray man' is now discredited; but it harmonises with Barbour's description of the Good Sir James, and with the actual appearance of some of the name at the present day. The old saying supplied Adam Black with material for a witticism when a much-respected citizen of Edinburgh with a double-barrelled name attained the civic chair: 'The Black Douglas we knew, the civic chair: 'The Black Douglas we knew, and of the Red Douglas we have heard; but who is this Brown-Douglas!' The regard and admiration of their countrymen for the race, its achievements, and its tragedies, were expressed in the verses:

So many and so good as of Douglasses have been
Never in Scotland of one surname were seen;

and

Edinburgh Castle, tower, and town,
God grant ye sink for sin;
And that even for the black dinner
Earl Douglas gat therein;

and the dramatic example of the instability of human things afforded by the disasters of the mighty house was remembered beyond the Highland line in the Gaelic proverb, 'Mishap has fallen on the Douglas,' a phrase which might administer the grim consolation offered by Achilles to the dying Hector: '*Kathame inn Patroklos hopar seo pollon ameinon.*' Sympathetic reflection on the misfortunes of the great branch

also in the Highland saying as to the Stewarts: 'The royal clan, but the unfortunate race.'

Of the single distinctive epithets, the most distinctive are the 'gay Gordons,' the 'gallant Grahams,' the 'handsome Hays,' the 'haughty Hamiltons,' the 'bould Frasers,' the 'light Lindsays,' the 'proud Setons,' the 'brave Macdonalds,' the 'fiery Mackintoshes,' the 'proud MacNeills,' the 'angry Kerrs,' the 'trusty Boyds,' the 'sturdy Armstrongs,' the 'Lucky Duffs.' The 'gentle Gordon clan' appear to have been special favourites with the balladists. Thus the adjective is exchanged with another in the 'Battle of Otterburn':

He has chosen the Lindsays licht,
Wi' them the Gordons gay;
But the Jardines would not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day. . . .
The Gordons gude in English blude
They steeped their hose and shune;
The Lindsays flew like fire about
Till a' the fray was dune.

And traits of character and conduct are indicated in the line in 'Young Glenlogie':

He turned about lightly, as the Gordons do a';
and in the verse of another ballad:

The Gordons cam', an' the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady;
An' aye the word among them a'
Was 'Gordons, hand you ready.'

Similarly, a verse in the 'Battle o' the Brig o' Dee' on 'Bonnie John Seton o' Pitmedden,'

Who made his testament ere he went out,
The wiser man was he,

enshrines the adjectives assigned to two names:

Then by there cam' a fause Forbes,
Was riding frae Drumminnor,
Said, 'Ha! there lies a proud Seton,
This day they ride the rear.'

It was a Cavalier who said of the Campbells, 'ever fair and false;' and much is expressed in few words in the Laird of Cultoquhey's Grace or Litany:

From the ire of the Drummonds,
From the pride of the Grahams,
From the greed of the Campbells,
From the wind of the Murrays,
Good Lord deliver us.

What is meant by the 'wind' (bravado) of the Murrays is perhaps indicated by another saying:

The Duke of Atholl, king in Man,
And first of men in Scotland.

To Alan Breck's boast, 'The name of my clan is a king's name,' correction is provided by the Lowland proverb, 'A' Stewarts are no sib to the king,' and its Gaelic equivalent, 'The Stewarts, the race of kings and tinkers;' and the astute policy of the strong Norman race who attained a widespread power unequalled by any other family in Scotland is recorded in the Highland saying, 'While there is a tree in the forest there will be guile in a Cumming.'

The extended influence of the house of Cassilis is recalled by the west-country rhyme:

Portpatrick to the town of Ayr,
An' laigh down by the cruives o' Cree,
Ye shall not get a lodging there
Unless ye court wi' Kennedy;

and the memory of departed greatness by the Deeside tradition that 'the kirk bell of Coull still tolls of its own accord when a Durward dies.'

Other epithets are not so complimentary, and some owed their origin to quaint and characteristically Scottish, if doubtfully established, traditions. The sobriquet of 'the gentle Johnstons' is said to have been conferred *per aversionem* on a Border clan noted for their hard and strong qualities and ability to hold their own in turbulent times, and its real meaning is less delicately conveyed in the line: 'The rough-riding Scott and the rude Johnston.' Another Dumfriesshire race was known as 'the jingling Jardines,' and a Border distich enumerates:

The haughty Humes,
The saucy Scotts,
The cappit Kerrs,
The bauld Rutherfords.

The 'wild Macraws' and the 'black Macraes of Kintail' are not inappropriate to the faithful followers of Seaforth from the dark recesses of Loch Duich in the heart of the Western Highlands. The 'dirty Dalrymples,' though otherwise accounted for, may owe its origin to the bitterness of politics and the resentment of the adherents of a fallen cause who had good reason to remember in later years the observation attributed to Charles the Second, that 'there never was a rebellion in Scotland without either a Campbell or a Dalrymple at the bottom of it.' The 'fause Menteiths' is probably an unjust affixing to a family of the stigma impressed by Blind Harry on the Scottish mind, which made it a deadly insult to hand a loaf bottom upward to a Menteith, that being in popular tradition the sign by which Sir John Menteith indicated Sir William Wallace to his English captors. The 'pudding Somervilles' records the hospitality of Cowthally, whence 'spears and axes' were sent forth in mistaken response to the laconic order to set to work the 'speats and raxes' for a royal guest; and the 'muckle-mou'ed Murrays' of the south country, the type associated with a heroine of a matrimonial alliance. Of a more local character, and intended to apply to individual families rather than to clan characteristics, probably are the 'lying Dicks,' the 'famous Dicksons,' the 'muckle-backit Hendersons,' the 'manly Morrisons,' the 'gentle Neilsons,' and the 'worthy Watsons.'

Several Gaelic sayings bear testimony to the power, the gallantry, and the sterling good qualities of the mighty race of Somerled, and even to the defects of their qualities. 'Hard as the heather, lasting as the pine,' poetically describes

church of St Giles, Edinburgh. "“Lastly,” said Mr James Row, “I must speak a word to you that are strangers.” Then turning himself to the Provost, Baylives, and Doctors of Aberdeen, wha sat in a Gallerie by themselves, he said, “It may bee that ye doe not subscribe the Covenant because when ye came hither on your Civill affaires you promised not to subscribe it. Will ye tak my advyce? I say, Aberdeen’s men, will ye tak your word again? [An Aberdeen man may recant his first bargain if he please.] Let me advyse you to play Aberdeen men’s parts, and goe home and drink the Cup of Bon-Accord, and joine to the Kirk of Scotland, and subscrive the Covenant.”

An uncomplimentary collocation describes either the inhabitants or the zoological products of the most distinctly Saxon district of Scotland as ‘Loudoun [Lothian] louts, Merse brutes, and Lammermuir whaupis;’ and an Aberdeenshire rhyme places in opposition :

The grole of the Garioch,
The bowmen of Mar.

Towns and cities have their special designations, as the ‘brave town of Aberdeen,’ ‘Bonny Dundee’ (said to preserve a reminiscence of the Gaelic *aillec*, beautiful, latinised as *Allectum*), the ‘gude toun o’ Edinburgh,’ the ‘faithful toun o’ Linlithgow,’ the ‘honest toun o’ Musselburgh,’ the ‘lang toun o’ Kirkcaldy,’ the ‘wicked toun o’ Ayr,’ ‘Drucken Dunblane,’ ‘Brosie Forfar,’ and ‘Lousie Lauder.’ Lanarkshire may be pardoned the pun in ‘Edinburgh’s big, but Biggar’s bigger;’ but Berwickshire takes the highest flight of local patriotism in ‘Duns dings a’.’ The quaint Fife expressions, ‘Go to Freuchie’ and ‘They’re queer folk no’ to be Falkland folk,’ applied to persons ‘putting on side,’ retain a reminiscence of days when Falkland was a favourite residence of the Scottish Court; and ‘Your freends live in Buchan,’ said to one blowing his own trumpet, conveys the same idea as the Stirlingshire, ‘Out of the world and into Kippen.’ A Forfarshire rhyme distinguishes

The beggars o’ Benshie,
The cairds o’ Lour,
The souters o’ Forfar,
The weavers o’ Kirriemuir.

The best products or features of different places form the subject of several sayings. A rhyme of the south-west runs :

Kyle for a man,
Carrick for a coo,
Cunningham for corn and bear,
And Galloway for woo.

Another version, perhaps more accurate, gives ‘Carrick for a man, Kyle for a coo.’ The long-secluded character and special Pictish descent of the population of Galloway is indicated by the expressions, the ‘wild Scots of Galloway,’ the

‘fremit Scots o’ Gallowa,’ and ‘greedy gaits o’ Gallowa.’ A Lanarkshire rhyme particularises

Cauld kail in Covington,
And crowdie in Quoithquhan,
Singit sweens in Symington,
And brose in Pettinain;

and recalls,

Cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Strathbogie.

A Berwickshire one runs :

Hutton for auld wives,
Broadmeadows for swine,
Paxton for drunken wives,
And saumon sae fine.

Central Scotland contributes

Glasgow for bells,
Lithgow for wells,
Falkirk for beans and peas.

The game of old Liddesdale is recorded in

Billhope braes for bucks and raes,
Carrit laughs for swine,
And Tarras for a gude bull-trout
If it be ta’en in time;

while a Mar saying is ‘Cushnie for cauld, Culbleen for heat, and Clashenree for heather.’

The Highland proverbs are rather uncomplimentary to the Islesmen. ‘There is no trust to be put in the islanders,’ says one, which may refer, as Mr Nicolson, himself a Skyeman, suggests, to difficulties placed by the winds and waves in the way of their keeping engagements as much as to any moral delinquency. The general condemnation of ‘the misty island’ embodied in ‘So long as there are trees in the wood there will be guile in a Skyeman’ admits of no qualification; and degrees of unpopularity are graphically stated in ‘Worse is the Tireman than the Mullman, worse is the Mullman than the Islayman, and worse is the Islayman than the devil,’ which, as Mr Nicolson points out, has a curious resemblance to the Eastern saying: ‘The Kurds are worse than the Arabs, the Arabs are worse than the Yezidees, and the Yezidees are worse than Eblis;’ and may also recall another fragment of Oriental wisdom to which an Occidental supplement has been attached: ‘It takes two Turks to cheat one Jew, two Jews to cheat a Greek, two Greeks to cheat an Armenian, and two Armenians to cheat an Aberdonian.’ There are other forms of the depreciatory description of the Western Islanders, one being :

A Mullman, an Islayman, and a devil,
The three worst in creation;
The Mullman is worse than the Islayman,
The Islayman worse than the devil.

Another :

There is not in nook or corner
What the Mullman’s eye won’t see,
There is not in height or hollow
What the Islayman won’t handle;

What the Mullman would leave,
The Collman soon would grasp;
But woe to him, his goods or life,
Who trusts to treacherous Barraman.

And another: 'What the Mullman sees he covets; what the Mullman covets the Collman steals; and what the Collman steals the Tireman hides.' The unfortunate 'Muileach' is also hardly treated in 'Stroke the Mullman and he'll scratch you; scratch him and he'll stroke you;' and in 'Were you as tricky as the Mullman you'll be found out.'

Some compensation is perhaps afforded by the compliment to 'the green Islay's fertile shore' conveyed by 'Were I an islander I would be an Islayman, and were I an Islayman I would be a Rhinnisman;' and the charms of one portion of the population of Skye are acknowledged in 'The stones of Strath and the women of Sleat,' and 'Russet Sleat of beauteous women.' The Lewis provides a similar local comparison in 'The solan geese of Uy (Stornoway) and the hospitable folks of Lochs,' and possibly the Celtic idea of the effect of an infusion of Scandinavian blood in 'The shoremen and bodies of Ness, the gentlemen of Uig.' The specialties of different towns and districts of Sutherland are enumerated in

Bonny Tain and hungry Dornoch,
Skibo for apples, and Beil for oatcakes;
Eribol for haddocks, Dunrobin for kail,
Golspie for black shells, Drummie for kine;

and an Argyllshire saying affirms 'the queerness of the Muckairn people.'

The purely individual appellations, as was natural in a country where 'fancy' Christian names had not been introduced and localities were largely peopled by men of the same name and kin, are numerous, significant of rough conditions, and remarkable in their variety. This was especially the case among the hard-riding Border clans; but in the far north the 'clan and name of Forbes' alone offers an ample selection. Black Arthur, Bousteous John, John out with the Sword, the White Laird of Brux, Alister Cam, Gray Willie or the Gray Lord Forbes, the Spangare, Gleyed John of Brux, Red Sir John of Craigievar, Tom of the Loch, Little John Forbes, John with the garters, Sir John the Bellame, Black Patrick, William with the head, John of God's grace, John with the ha' slang, and Evil Duncan of Auchintoul are emphatic of a strong-handed race well able to justify the boast of one of its branches: 'I'm a Craigievar man, wha daur meddle wi' me?' Of this class of individual appellations one example from a single name must suffice.

These old epithets and sayings lend much of their picturesque charm to the past of Scotland, they photograph for us the outstanding traits and qualities of our forefathers, and they record the perceptive observation, the reflecting mind, and the shrewd judgment of the Scottish people.

THE GOLDEN WINGS.

A TALE OF ANCIENT SUSSEX.

By W. VICTOR COOK, Author of *A Wilderness Wooing*, *Anton of the Alps*, &c.

LYCIDUS, the centurion of the West Gate of Regnum, heard the light laugh of his sentry on guard and a girl's clear voice. He thought he recognised that voice, and peered through the slit in the thickness of the guard-room wall. But the girl had gone, and the sentry stood stiffly at his post, the spring sunlight glinting on his polished helm and breastplate.

The centurion, a great, dark man, stepped outside and looked along the paved highway that ran through Regnum to the harbour-head. Along this road a girl of slight figure was walking westward alone.

The sentinel grinned to see his officer stride after her. All the garrison of Regnum, such as it still remained, knew of the infatuation of Lycidus the centurion for Isca, the dark-eyed slave-girl who belonged to the prefect's lady. The joke was the better because Isca, whose beauty was a byword in the city, and whose high pride even servitude could not break, detested the centurion. For Lycidus was a coarse butcher of a man, though he had grown wealthy in Britain; and Isca, it was said, had been a chief's daughter in that wild west British country whence

the prefect had captured her three years ago. Her people had had the hardihood to attack the Roman fortress at Isca, and when they had been slain and their women carried into slavery, the old prefect had named the loveliest of the captives after the place of the battle, and brought her home to Regnum for a gift to his wife.

Lycidus the centurion strode forward with a bold and confident air. The girl went on steadily without turning her dark head; but Lycidus smiled as he drew near, slackening his pace to watch with satisfaction the movement of her shapely sandalled feet as she walked, the easy swing of her graceful young body. She was dressed in a garment of sky-blue colour, held at the waist by a silver girdle. The prefect's wife clothed her slaves well, as befitted her dignity.

They were some distance from the gate when Lycidus came quite close and called Isca by name. The girl turned without speaking.

'Oh Venus of the Britons, how cold you are!' said Lycidus. 'What will melt you?'

'Not the breath of Lycidus, so let it not be wasted,' the girl scornfully answered.

The great Roman laughed, then frowned

quickly as she shrank from him. 'Alas! it is not the breath of Lycidus that he wastes,' he said with a return to his bantering tone; 'it is something less airy which he offers at your shrine, my goddess.'

Isca walked on, holding her head high.

The soldier kept by her, and at her silent contempt a heavy flush overspread his face. He frowned and fingered his black beard with his great right hand, and cast sidelong glances at her with his covetous eyes: 'I am a Roman citizen, Isca. You are bold to scorn me.'

'I am a king's daughter,' answered she with a flash of her dark eyes.

He gave a short, derisive laugh. 'You are the prefect's slave-girl,' said he.

Impotent, angry tears rose to her eyes, and she turned her face away.

But Lycidus had no pity for her tears. 'The prefect is not so rich as he seems,' he said in a meaning tone. 'He makes a brave show, but he is deep in debt.'

With the back of one white hand Isca dashed the tears from her long eyelashes, and turned to face her tormentor with an anxious, fearful look. 'What do you mean?' she exclaimed.

'Come with me across the fields,' said he, 'and I will tell you.'

Isca hesitated, seeking to read his meaning in his crafty, passionate eyes. They were a long way from the West Gate now.

'After all, it makes no difference whether you come or not,' said Lycidus with calm insolence.

'Why not tell me here?' asked Isca.

The centurion shrugged his massive shoulders. 'A whim,' he answered. 'These are my fields'—he pointed through a breach in the high bank beside the road—'and all thereon is mine—the crops and the slaves that work them.'

'I am not afraid of you or your slaves,' said Isca proudly. 'I will come.' She followed him through the opening, and along a path that struck southward through the fields, where bondsmen were clearing weeds in the growing corn.

'I have great possessions, Isca,' said Lycidus, without turning round.

'What is that to me?' asked the girl. 'Tell me what you meant about the prefect.'

The centurion strode on masterfully for some distance. 'I think to add to my possessions,' he observed presently, still with his back to her.

A strange feeling of dread came over the British girl at his unwonted manner. 'What has this to do with the prefect?' she asked.

'More than may seem to you, my Venus of the hard heart,' he answered, stopping abruptly and facing round on her. 'The prefect owes me a large sum. It will be paid by this time to-morrow.'

The blood left her face as she beheld the exultation in his eyes. 'How?' she questioned.

The great Roman laid his hand upon her

shrinking shoulder and his eyes lit up with brutal triumph. 'This time to-morrow the beautiful Isca will be the slave of Lycidus the centurion,' he said, and stood still to enjoy her look of blank dismay.

The girl drew back, quivering from his rude, master's grasp, and looked wildly about her. 'It is a lie!' she faltered, though his look of triumph assured her it was true.

'Ask your mistress, girl,' he retorted. An ornament in her dark hair caught his notice, and he fingered it as though already she were his. 'Whence had you this charm?' he demanded.

It was a pair of small wings, like a raven's, curiously wrought in gold and jet, set on a golden ring.

'I found it this morning outside the temple of Neptune and Minerva,' Isca answered mechanically; and so dazed was she by the man's words that she made no movement to resist when with clumsy fingers he undid the clasp from her hair.

'That is strange, by all the gods!' muttered Lycidus. 'The barbarians of the northern sea-coasts wear such wings upon their helmets. I have fought them when I was younger. Many a bold Roman's bones have those cursed ravens picked! Take it—it is an ill-omened thing!'

Isca took back the ornament.

Lycidus devoured her with darkly glowing eyes. 'I must return to the gate,' he said. 'Walk with me, my Venus of the West.'

'I am going southward to the marshes,' she answered coldly, and continued her walk along the path.

The centurion laughed. 'To-day you shall disobey, sweetheart, but to-morrow you shall be more obedient.' And he strode back toward the roadway.

The lovely slave-girl wandered on, scarcely knowing whither. Terror and despair possessed her. A princess till lately among her own people in the still unsubdued lands of the West, she was not yet resigned to the fate of a bondswoman. She could not reconcile her proud heart to her state of a chattel, to be bought and sold at pleasure. Yet when she looked back at the stern gray walls and bastions, and the high apsidal towers of the Roman city which for upwards of three centuries had frowned between the forest-clad hills and the salt sea-marshes, she knew how helpless she was. To-morrow she would belong to Lycidus, whom she loathed; she would be that coarse centurion's creature, his toy to play with and fling aside. The only refuge from that fate was death.

Through the fields and the gardens Isca went, regardless of her direction. She passed the sentinel on guard at the first of the two deep palisaded moats that made the outer fortifications, she passed the second moat in like manner, and still she went southward heedlessly toward the distant sea, which here thrust into the flat lands

a labyrinth of tidal ways among which lay wide belts of swamp and natural forest.

Isca, wandering down a rude and narrowing track between tall reeds and bushes blossoming with the spring, looked about her, and realised that she had lost her way. She was very weary from her long walk, but not frightened. Nothing worse could happen to her here than the fate she knew was in store. She saw a little way off a great oak-tree, on which the mistletoe and ivy twined, and on whose gnarled roots the sunshine beat warmly. Leaving the almost obliterated path, she sank down at the tree's foot, and presently, in weariness and despair, she slept.

When Isca awoke she was in shadow, though the sun still warmed the wilderness about her. She looked up and saw a strange thing. A ragged, half-naked countryman—one of those cowed Britons whose cabins clustered round the villas of the gentle class—was standing on the track she had left, unloading from a sorry-looking horse a great sack that seemed full of fodder, for a tangle of coarse dried grasses showed from its open end. Yet the half-wild countryman handled it cautiously, and put out his strength to lay it carefully on the earth. He stooped over it and dragged out several armfuls of the fodder, then, with a harsh ejaculation, stood upright and waited.

The sack began to move upon the ground, and the head and shoulders of a man in a rude sheepskin coat appeared at the opening. The next moment Isca caught her breath, and stared at a supernatural vision.

The sheepskin garment lay upon the ground. Flushed with the discomfort of his strange imprisonment, yet laughing as he brushed off the wisps of clinging hay, a splendid young warrior stood beside the Briton. Such a warrior Isca had never seen before. The westering sun glinted on his shirt of bright chain-mail, and made a golden halo in his long, tumbled fair hair. His knees and arms were bare, save that on his right arm was a heavy circlet of gold. In his belt were stuck a short broadsword and a battle-axe with naked, gleaming blade. His blue eyes shone with laughter, and he had the air of a mischievous boy who had performed successfully some prank of mad daring; yet he looked hardy and strong, and every inch a man. He put something in the countryman's hand, then glanced at the sinking sun and turned toward the south. The Briton, pointing through the wilderness of the marsh in the direction of the sea, bowed humbly, and gathered the scattered fodder into the sack ere, with his horse, he betook himself back along the track.

Still crouched in the shadow of the oak-tree, Isca watched the young warrior with a fascinated gaze. He moved forward to cross the wild. Suddenly he saw her, and his blue eyes opened wide. More startled even than she had been, he came slowly toward her, a wondering adoration

in his face. He cried out something in a strange tongue; but Isca, not understanding, made no answer, and sat silently where she was, a creature of beauty and grace in that desolate spot.

The stranger fell upon his knees. 'You are a goddess of the Romans?' he cried, this time in the Latin tongue, though barbarously mispronounced.

Isca smiled, but still said nothing. He looked so fine and brave, kneeling there before her!

'I have heard of Venus the Fair,' said the youth timidly. 'Are you she?'

'You are the second who has called me so to-day,' she answered, rising to her feet. 'I am Isca, who was a princess of the Britons, and am now a slave of the Romans. Who are you?'

Assured of her mortality, the youth rose from his knees and came quite near her. The frank fearlessness of his glance returned, though he still eyed her with wonder. 'I am Cissa,' he said, 'the son of Ælla, Earl of the Saxons. It is not true that you are a slave?'

'It is true,' Isca replied, lowering her gaze.

As he watched her steadily the warm blood mounted to his fresh cheeks and the laughter came back into his eyes. Suddenly he noticed the ornament of the golden wings in her dark hair, and, clapping his hand to the haft of his battle-axe, he uttered an exclamation.

Isca looked up.

'Whence had you that?' cried the youth, starting back a step and staring at her hair.

'I found it in Regnum, by the temple of Neptune and Minerva,' replied the girl.

'It is an omen!' cried Cissa. 'See! it has slipped from my axe. Beautiful Isca, would you be Queen of Regnum?' His ardent blue eyes looked deep into hers.

'Alas!' said Isca, 'there will be no more queens in Britain, sir.'

'By Odin, but there shall!' declared the youth. 'And if you will put your hand in mine, Isca the wife of Cissa shall be the first of them all!'

There was about him a virile young splendour that carried all before it. Heedless of what her act might mean, Isca laid her white hand in his broad, hard outstretched palm, and his strong fingers closed upon it.

'Hearken,' said he in his careless yet fluent Latin. 'My father's ships lie anchored in the creek to southward. My father's men—three thousand strong—lie waiting for the signal. Last night I roamed disguised through Regnum. To-morrow night Regnum will be no more. Sweetheart, where will you shelter while our axes are at play?'

Upon the blackness of Isca's despair the light of a new world seemed to break. A victorious certitude spoke in this bright youth's words. The flame of sudden devotion shone in his blue eyes as he stood awaiting her answer.

'The walls of Regnum are strong,' she murmured, 'and the archers' towers are high.'

The Saxon laughed grimly. 'When the sun comes up to-morrow over the hills you shall see what is stronger than the Roman walls, and when he sets in the forest to-morrow night the flames of Regnum shall leap higher than the archers' towers. Where will you be found, Isca, my betrothed?' He drew her closer to him, and she trembled, but whether with fear or hope she knew not.

'There is a graveyard by the eastern gate,' said Isca. 'There I will hide when your Saxons scale the walls.'

'A good place, sweetheart!' cried Cissa. 'But go there sooner. Our Saxons are hard to hold when the swords are bared. Farewell!'

He kissed her, dropped her hand, and turned to go; but the British girl seized his arm. 'You will come for me? You will not forget?' she panted.

Cissa laughed, turning his golden head. 'Does the mariner forget the north star?' And away he strode across the marsh, and back went Isca by the path to Regnum.

The sun sank behind the forests in a purple bank of cloud. Through the short summer night the west wind blustered noisily, and on the great embankments of the walls the sentinels stood huddled in their shelters against the lashing showers of rain.

In a tremor of anticipation, British Isca lay sleepless in the servants' quarters in the prefect's palace. Had it all been a dream? Could it be true that she alone of all the sleeping city knew what the day must bring? Could it be true that the end was coming, that through the storm-racked darkness the fierce fighting-men of the sea were marching, stealing across the swamps and the southward woods, to hurl themselves against these high-banked walls of the men who had ruled this countryside for three hundred years? She strained her hearing, but there was no sound in the palace save the mournful noise of the wind and the sluice of the rain.

At the first faint paling of dawn Isca stole out, through a ghostly columned hall with a floor of mosaic, into the palace gardens. The gardens were fragrant with the scent of roses, and a fountain plashed musically, its spray bent with the wind. The paling stars still showed in the clear-washed heaven. All was as it had been these many days and weeks. Isca thought of Lycidus the centurion, and shuddered.

Suddenly a hoarse shout broke the stillness. A trumpet screamed, and instantly the air was rent with a furious battle-cry; from hundreds of throats it came at once—fierce, exultant, terrifying.

Pale and erect, with clenched hands and wide brown eyes, Isca stood by the fountain.

Out of the prefect's palace came armed men running, each with such weapons and armour as

he had snatched in his haste. The old prefect himself appeared, unarmed save for the bright helmet on his head and the short Roman sword in his hand. His stern voice shouted orders to his soldiery. He saw Isca standing there. 'To your mistress, girl!' he thundered as he ran past her.

But Isca stood still, for to-day she would be her own mistress. The old man ran on unheeding, and out across the columned hall into the street. After a little while the girl followed him. She felt no fear, only a strange exultation. It was time for her to go to the graveyard by the eastern gate.

The street was in a tumult. In the distance she beheld the prefect and a score of soldiers running for the western walls. From palace window and hovel door the frightened folk of Regnum peered with fear-blانched faces. A woman, half-dressed, with tangled hair all loose about her, came screaming past with a baby in her arms. 'The barbarians! the barbarians!' she shrieked. 'To the West Gate, men of Regnum! They have scaled the walls!' She ran on towards the east, and Isca followed more slowly. In the middle of the city, where the four principal streets intersected, the girl paused. A crowd of terrified citizens were gathered there like sheep which know not whither to flee. So great was the press that Isca could not pass. In vain she strove for a long time to make her way through the frightened mob. From all sides went up wailing and the cries of despair.

Close to Isca a hook-nosed money-lender trembled as he stood holding a bag of gold. 'The walls are good!' he muttered with pale lips. 'The sea-wolves will be beaten off, citizens.'

An aged crone beside him turned her bleared eyes upon the usurer. 'Anderida was strong,' she answered, 'and they left not a soul alive in that great fortress. Thou'lt never get the rent we owe thee, landlord.'

The miser gripped his money-bag with both hands and glared at her. 'Woman, they will be beaten off!' he cried. 'At the Western Gate two hundred of them have been dashed from the parapet.'

But at that very moment there came a frightful din from the east street—fierce cries of triumph and frantic screams of fear. 'The East Gate is forced!' went up the cry. 'To the woods!' And the terror-stricken throng broke and fled madly up the north street for the gate which gave upon the forest-covered hills.

But Isca returned in haste along the west street to the prefect's palace. Behind her rolled the roar of savage conquest, and fear assailed her heart. Well she knew now that Regnum was doomed, and that Cissa had spoken truly in his youthful pride. Was she too doomed with the city of her masters? As well might she fling herself to wild beasts as try to pass along the

eastern street in the face of that oncoming tide. One hope remained—that he might seek her in the palace.

At the palace gate the guards were gone. The girl rushed in through the empty marble halls and into the rose-garden. The fountain still plashed quietly, bending to the breeze. On a stone seat beside it the British girl sat down, and waited for the end. If death must come, here was a good place to die. The sounds of conflict were fainter here. The minutes slipped away, and still Isca was alone. Surely the victorious Saxons would strike straight for the prefect's palace. Had they been checked?

Alas, no! She heard the roar increase. And then two persons approached—the prefect's lady, white as a sheet, from her quarters; and on the other side, running across the columned hall alone, a great figure in armour.

Isca's heart leapt as she recognised Lycidus the centurion. His shield was battered and bloody; the sweat was on his scowling brow as he ran up.

The prefect's wife placed herself full in his path.

'Let me pass!' he cried impatiently.

'Where is my husband, Lycidus?' she demanded.

'Dead, with a split skull, lady. Regnum is fallen! Stand aside!'

'Then kill me ere the barbarians come!' she ordered him; and when he would have pushed her roughly away she clung to his sword-arm.

'Down, woman!' he raved at her, and crashed his heavy shield upon her upturned face. She sank on the pavement, and the centurion turned to Isca.

'Come!' said Lycidus; 'I will save you.'

'You cannot,' answered the girl.

'I can and will!' he cried. 'There is a secret way. Come quickly. I have set my men at the gate to hold the sea-wolves back; but their courage is broken, and they will not hold it long. Come, girl!'

He flung his shield aside, and Isca felt his strong arm encircle her and lift her off her feet. They came to a door in the garden wall. There was a great tumult of fighting at the palace gate, a rush of feet across the columned court, and a clear young voice that shouted above the din.

The British girl turned to the onrushing barbarians, and struggled desperately in the arms of her captor. 'Cissa! Cissa!' she cried wildly.

Axe in hand, at the head of his men, ran Cissa, Ælla's son, his bright hair streaming out from his helmet with the golden raven wings.

'Stand still, you Roman thief,' he shouted, 'and set down Cissa's wife!'

The centurion turned to face his enemies, but kept Isca by the hand. In his right hand was his stained short sword, and in his despair he

raised it to despatch her. But ere the stroke was given, with incredible swiftness the young Saxon threw back his bare arm. Like a shaft of light his two-bladed axe darted through the air, and it struck the Roman like a thunderbolt full in the face, smashing his steel helmet-front and felling him like an ox.

The wild Saxon band applauded the master-stroke with a great shout. Their young leader ran and took the rescued maiden by the hand, then turned to face his men. 'Saxons, behold the wife of Cissa!' he declared. 'Yesterday in the woods we plighted troth, when I returned from Regnum. This is my share of the Romans' spoil. Let him gainsay me who will.'

This challenge there was none to answer.

'Comrades,' cried the young warrior again, 'my father gives me Regnum and all it holds. I take this British maiden to found my kingdom with me. The rest I leave to you. Come now, take Isca, Queen of Regnum, to our camp.'

'Isca! Queen of Regnum!' they shouted with acclaim.

So through the carnage of that conquest the wild, fair-haired Saxons escorted the young chief and his bride, making around them a ring of shining blades.

That night, as Cissa had said, the flames of burning Regnum leaped higher than her highest towers, and the great, pink-mortared walls enclosed a circle of fire, while the conquering sea-rovers in their camp to the southward made rude revelry over their booty and captives. But under a huge oak-tree, near the camp-fire where the Saxon leaders feasted, Cissa stood with his newly won bride, and thoughtfully watched that mighty conflagration.

Out from the group of revellers came striding a tall, gaunt figure, a grim old figure with a straggling beard, on which the red light shone. 'Son Cissa!' he cried.

'I am here, father,' Cissa answered.

'Come forth!' commanded the old chieftain. 'The drinking-cups are filled. The warriors wait to pledge thee by the light of Regnum, which thou hast destroyed. Confusion to the tyrant Rome! Come, Cissa!'

'Pledge not me, my father,' answered the young man, 'but pledge rather the city you have given me, the city which I will build again to be the city of the South Saxons.'

'So be it,' said Ælla. 'Come, my king of the South Saxons! come, and bring the girl.—Daughter Isca, give me thy hand.'

Obediently they followed the fierce old captain into the ring of warriors.

'A health, Saxons!' cried Ælla. 'Behold my son and her whom he has chosen! Drink, all, to Cissa's city and the kingdom he shall found!'

The wild circle leaped to their feet. Cups were raised, and the loud cry went round: 'Cissa's city! Cissa's city! May it stand a

thousand years!' The cups were drained and dashed to the ground. Sword and axe, that had drunk so deep that day, flashed out, and crashed in stern chorus on the sounding shields. 'Cissa's city for a thousand years!' The shout rent the

night air, and was taken up by all the Saxon camp.

And Cissa's Ceaster, which is Chichester in Sussex, still stands to-day in the land which Cissa's Saxons won.

THE GUINEA AND ITS STAMP.

By F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

ANY valuable addition was the stamp to the guinea, turning raw metal into current coin suited to the needs of civilised man. This is not the place in which to follow out Burns's beautiful simile, and draw from it moral lessons; we will rather consider what effect and importance the stamp had on the metal. The metal was pure gold, the king of metals; the stamp was the image and superscription of the king of the land.

Guinea is the English spelling of the Portuguese Guiné, a fifteenth-century corruption of the negro name Ginné, a town on the Niger, and the capital of the kingdom Ginea. The word, if we pronounce it in a Spanish fashion, has a Spanish sound; probably, if we were better linguists, we should give it a Portuguese sound. But this is a side-issue; and we pass on to our main subject.

The littoral of this region was discovered by the Portuguese in the middle of the fifteenth century. They were then the chief discoverers and adventurers of Europe. About two hundred years later Sir R. Holmes captured in Schelling Bay one hundred and sixty Dutch vessels laden with bullion and gold-dust brought from Guinea by the Hollanders, who had followed in the wake of the Portuguese. This was a tremendous gain to the English. It was coined into money, stamped with an elephant, and called by the name of the African coast.

Here we have the first guinea-stamp. The legend which ran round the big gold piece was most grandiloquent: *M.B.F. et H. Rex: F.D.: B.L.D.: S.R.I.A.T. et E;* which, being translated, means: *Magne Britannie, Francie, et Hibernie Rex: Fidei Defensor: Brunsvicensis, Lunenburgensis Dux: Sacri Romani Imperii Archi-Thesaurarius et Elector.* At this time Charles the Second was established on the throne of his ancestors; and it is curious to note that on the guinea he was described as King of France, which he was not; as Defender of the Faith, which he was not in either the Roman Catholic or the Church of England sense; as Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, which he was not in any practical sense; and as Arch-Treasurer and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, which he was not. The title of Emperor was by this time an empty one; and a Protestant prince, as Charles was nominally, could have no voice in electing the Emperor, nor could he hold

office under him. The legend of the guinea was a survival and an anomaly.

Twenty-one shillings usually made up the sum of one guinea. The actual coin, a guinea, has long been extinct except as a curiosity; but the name lingers on, and the sum remains in many instances as a standard of payment. The physician's fee is a guinea. There is a pleasant rotundity about the phrase which reconciles us to payment of a guinea for a stall at the opera, half-a-guinea for a stall at a theatre, a guinea for a hat, two guineas a year as an ordinary charitable subscription, and so forth. The ring of the guinea carries more resonantly than that of the pound, and is all in favour of the recipient.

In 1695, when Dutch William was on the throne of Great Britain, there appeared to be 'an insupportable grievance' which must be remedied at once; it was the most pressing matter put before Parliament in the King's Speech. 'The ill state of the coinage' was destroying commerce. The lordly guinea not only held his own, but had risen in value to twenty-eight or thirty shillings; and this because his humble sister silver had fallen very low in the world. There were two kinds of silver money in circulation; the one kind had a milled edge, as our coins now have; the other kind had a plain edge, as have nickel tokens on the Continent. It was easy for the dishonest to clip the edges of the smooth silver pieces; and this trick was carried on to such an extent that the current silver was considered to be worth not more than two-thirds of its nominal value; in fact, it was nothing accounted of in the days of William the Third. At the present time our silver coinage is not worth nearly its face-value, but from quite another cause. Again and again Bills had been introduced into Parliament to try to prevent clipping, and severe penalties were constantly enacted; the death-penalty was inflicted on coiners, as being guilty of high treason. But matters went from bad to worse, and the silver coinage became a byword. Of course any radical reformation meant an inevitable dislocation of trade, such as would follow now if any Government were bold enough to favour Great Britain with a simple and convenient decimal coinage.

Still, something had to be done. Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Somers consulted Newton and Locke, and they conjointly evolved a scheme

which would interfere but little with the trade of the country. The House of Lords and the House of Commons had many a tussle over this most necessary reform. The Lords petitioned the king to fix a day on which clipped coin should cease to be current, and the Commons sent up a separate address to the same effect. A proclamation as desired was issued.

Then arose the momentous question how to provide for the loss incurred by recoining the clipped money. If John Smith received from the Mint ten shillings of true weight for ten shillings of light weight which the Mint could recoin into only five legal shillings, how was the Exchequer to bear the loss? The Commons replied that the loss must be borne by the public, and that the money should be raised by a window-tax. Hitherto there had been a hearth-tax, and the levying of it had required that every house should be entered and examined by officials; indeed, the hearth-tax had been in every way a most distasteful and often distressing one. A tax on windows could be managed from the outside of a house. The scheme appeared a sensible one; but it had the result of causing much insanitary blocking up of windows, and consequently much loss of air and light. This tax was levied into the beginning of the nineteenth century. A few days after the enactment the Commons sent up to the Lords a Bill 'of which no copy is in existence,' though the Lords' amendments to it appear in the Journals of both Houses, 'for Regulating the Coinage of the Silver Money of the Realm.' The amendments of the Lords extended its operations to all clipped money, even to the guinea with the stamp, and also suspended the coining and importation of gold money; and for a time coin might be exported like other merchandise.

The Commons did not accept these amendments; but they inserted a clause providing for the erection of not less than four Mints in various parts of the country. From this the Lords dissented, and then the Bill was dropped in the Commons. In the introduction to the printed manuscripts of the House of Lords (1695-97), it is suggested that this Coinage Bill was lost because the Lords feared that if more Mints were erected the secret of milling might be divulged to the coiners of false money. The Commons, nothing daunted, prepared another Bill in one short week, which four days later received the royal assent and became an Act of Parliament. It provided for five new Mints, and again the Lords objected; but the matter was so urgent that the Bill passed into law with little more ado.

The names of the towns empowered to coin money are not given either in the publications of the House of Lords manuscripts or by Macaulay in the many pages which he devotes to this subject; but we now know these were Bristol, York, Exeter, Norwich, and Chester.

Sister silver was now in a miserable condition, and trade was seriously upset. Ministers had to draft a Bill to promote the bringing in of milled, broad, or unclipped money which might be given in exchange for the illegal coin—new lamps for old ones—and to encourage persons to take their plate to the Mint to be coined. Many an ancient goblet and mazer and spoon may have been melted down and reissued as crowns and shillings regardless of the artistic value thus lost for ever. The guinea also came under consideration. Its price was the subject of debate. First it was to be worth twenty-six shillings; but finally both Houses agreed that it should stand at twenty-two shillings. The exportation of gold was forbidden, so that the guinea and his half-brother might remain at home. As for little sister silver, she, if her wings were clipped, dare try no flights about the country.

Macaulay says that 'ten furnaces were erected in a garden behind the Treasury, which was then a part of Whitehall. . . . Every day huge heaps of pared and defaced crowns and shillings were here turned into massy ingots which were instantly sent off to the Mint in the Tower.'

And yet there was much grumbling at the working of the Act. Graziers and dealers in cattle petitioned Parliament. They declared that 'for want of lawful silver the only coin used is the guinea at thirty shillings for about a year past, and guineas at that price are the only money in the hands of petitioners and their agents. . . . Should guineas be reduced to twenty-two shillings by law it would tend to their utter ruin,' &c. Signed with eighty-four signatures and marks.

The price of a guinea was settled at twenty-two shillings; in its later years it declined to one-and-twenty shillings; at the present time the guinea and its stamp stand at a fancy price.

The operation of recoinage appears to have cost the Government something under three million pounds.

AUTUMN.

Riot of birds in the springtime
(Hark to the driving rain),
Flushing of green in the copse
(List to the wild wind's refrain).
When will you come again?
Oh, when will you come again?

Glow of bright roses in summer
(North points the creaking vane),
Corn with gay poppies whispering
(See the mists creep up the lane).
When will you come again?
Oh, when will you come again?

Arour and glow of my boyhood
(How damp it is after the rain!),
Limitless faith in the future
(I know it is wrong to complain).
But when will they come again?
Oh, when will they come again?

M. REVELL.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

'MID-VICTORIAN.'

By Professor HUGH WALKER.

FEW convictions have been more widespread or deeper-rooted than the conviction that men as a race are in a state of decay. The legends of most communities recognise a Golden Age, and the Golden Age is always in the past. Poetry bears witness to it. The Homeric hero easily lifts and hurls through the air a stone so huge that not ten men of these degenerate days could lift it. And if this is the case when the curtain first rises, so it remains when centuries have lengthened into millenniums—if the purist will pardon such a plural. Scott's banished Douglas causes the ancients of his time to

Moralise on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

This feeling of the superiority of the past is essentially the feeling of age. But age is sometimes able to impose its own view upon youth; for, though Bacon was right when he pointed out that we are the ancients, that the latest age is the age with the longest and richest experience, the case is different when we deal with single men. The individual old man is undoubtedly richer in experience than the individual young man; and so the latter, unless he is blessed with a peculiarly 'good conceit of himself,' is naturally inclined to pay a certain deference to the opinion of his senior.

Side by side, however, with this prevalent sentiment there has always existed its opposite. There are in all ages Rehoboams who listen to the young men after they have consulted the old; there are in all ages young men who are ready to scout the counsel of their elders. Homer once more bears witness. 'We flatter ourselves,' says one of his heroes, 'that we are much better than our fathers.' Has this feeling become more common? Is the tendency to place our ideal in the past less potent than of old? It ought to be so; for the theory of evolution is hard to reconcile with the conception of a Golden Age long ago; and now we are all evolutionists of some sort or other. Whether the popular feeling has actually changed, as, logically, it ought to have changed, is a question not so easy to determine. There are plenty, theorists and 'men in the street' alike, who insist that we are decadent. They shake their heads gravely at the growth of cities and the depopulation of the country. They believe that we are becoming stunted physically, morally, and

intellectually. We are not, they say, what our fathers were. There were giants in those days. On the other hand, there is certainly not a little of the opposite feeling. The connotation of the term 'Mid-Victorian' testifies to it. We all know what it means, though the clearest-minded might be puzzled to define it. Undoubtedly it means something inferior, something commonplace, dull, philistine, 'played out.' Philistine perhaps expresses the meaning best; and, appropriately enough, the Mid-Victorian epoch was in mid-career when Arnold introduced, or at least popularised, the word in that sense of it.

It would, however, be a profound mistake to suppose that we, the Georgians, heirs of all the ages, mean by Mid-Victorian precisely what Arnold meant by philistine; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the mistake would be to suppose that we apply our word as Arnold applied his. By 'philistine' Arnold meant uncultivated, narrow-minded, provincial, not 'of the centre.' It was philistine to boast about 'our incomparable civilisation' while squalid lives were lived and sordid tragedies were enacted in our midst. It was philistine to compare ourselves, to our own advantage, with nations whose language we could not speak, whose literature we had never read, whose civilisation we did not understand. But Arnold himself and his peers did not do these things. They were not provincial; they *were* 'of the centre.' Now the difference between the old 'philistine' and the new 'Mid-Victorian' is just this, that by the latter we mean precisely Arnold and his peers. When with a tolerant but pitying smile we dub some idea 'Mid-Victorian,' it is *their* idea. This is inevitable; for a generation has passed, and the deepening waves of time have submerged all but the mountain-peaks. The roar of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*—I mean, of course, the young lions of that day—is no longer audible, for many waters have gone over them. What have those pessimists who doubt whether we are making any progress to say to this? In a single generation we have apparently advanced so much that the average man among us—or is it the just-a-little-better than the average?—can afford to be condescending towards the greatest of the preceding generation. Surely the process

of evolution has been 'speeded up' considerably. Just the other day we discovered remains of prehistoric man which are calculated to be one hundred and seventy thousand years old. And these remains of the year anything from 150,000 to 1,000,000 B.C. differ but little, say some authorities, from those which may be dug up, if we please, out of Mid-Victorian tombs. We begin to wonder what may be the total of geological time that will afford room for the whole evolutionary process. But now—verily, there must be giants in *these* days. Let us see.

If we halve the longest reign in English history, we find that the year 1869 is, as near as possible, its middle-point; and we may reasonably take 'Mid-Victorian' to extend for ten years on each side. Who, then, were the men who flourished at that time, and what were the ideas which we have so outgrown? We are dealing primarily with the subjects of the British Crown; but it may not be amiss to note in passing that just a year after the mid-point a struggle which has left some little mark on history was raging across the Channel, and that many suppose it gave evidence of the existence there of men of no mean stature. Among ourselves, the leading statesmen were Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli—not as yet Earl of Beaconsfield. Now, however, we have Mr Asquith and Mr Lloyd George, Mr Bonar Law and Mr F. E. Smith. Mr Balfour in his retirement seems almost to sink to those Mid-Victorians whom he does not greatly admire. In science, Darwin signalled the first year of the period by the publication of *The Origin of Species*. It made a considerable stir. But we know many things that Darwin did not know, and we may reasonably flatter ourselves that if such a book were to appear now we should be far more competent to estimate it than the men of that time were. We have taken the measure of Darwin, and we find him to be neither the demi-god some thought him nor the fool he appeared to be in the eyes of others. In other branches of science Clerk-Maxwell and William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, enjoyed a high reputation. But they also would learn much if they could return to us. Their ideas were decidedly 'Mid-Victorian.'

There is a definiteness about the results of science which is most comforting. We know without any peradventure that we are right where Darwin and Kelvin were sometimes wrong, but far more often merely ignorant. In art we cannot expect equal definiteness. But we are just as firmly convinced of the progress we have made. What a fuss the Mid-Victorians made about Morris and his art fabrics! But who now would put the sprawling Morris papers on his walls, or tolerate the dingy Morris colours—that is to say, his early and truly Mid-Victorian colours? We have learnt a thing or two since those days. Our eye has been educated, and of course it has been educated rightly. Those of us who are growing just a little old can remember

with a touch of shame how we liked the spidery tire of the primitive bicycle, and turned with distaste first from the cushion, and afterwards still more from the pneumatic tire. Now we know that the last is just right. It is the same with paperhangings, curtains, and other things of that sort. We have passed through many stages, we have arrived at the 'just right,' and we are entitled to look with a little contempt upon our predecessors. They were Mid-Victorian, well-meaning people, not much to be blamed, for they knew no better. And what is true of the minor is true also of the major forms of art. We may tolerate the old masters, just as we must perforce tolerate Shakespeare, because it would raise a hornet's nest if we were to say plainly how easily we could improve *him*. But what are the paintings of the Pre-Raphaelites to the paintings of . . . and . . . and . . . ? A good deal is sometimes made of a Mid-Victorian named Stevens. But if he gave us the Wellington Monument, have we not ourselves produced the Victoria Memorial? And what did the Mid-Victorian do that is for a moment comparable with the rectilinear correctness of the improvement we have made in the entrance to Hyde Park by the Marble Arch? We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us!

If we turn to literature it is just the same. Carlyle was Mid-Victorian, for *Frederick*, which many believe to be his greatest work, falls within the period. But we have got beyond him, though the Germans did not do so till they got Frederick's own letters published. Mill was a Mid-Victorian philosopher; but if the author of *Liberty* could return now, he would speedily learn both from our theory and our practice how little they knew about it sixty years since. It would be only as an Early Victorian that he would be concerned to discover that quite a long while ago we banished Political Economy, as he understood it, to Saturn. The novelists of that time were really quite respectable. Dickens and George Eliot and Meredith wrote not so badly. The first, however, was, like Thackeray, essentially an Early Victorian, and the latest work of the last which was really Mid-Victorian was *The Egoist*. We think he soared to greater heights in the days when he had ceased to be understood of the people. Still, we must in candour admit that the advance here has been less than elsewhere. The fact that some of our keenest wit are still engaged in the task of unravelling it is proof that the plot of *Edwin Drood* was skilfully woven; and when we remember that *A Tale of Two Cities* and *The Cloister and the Hearth* were both Mid-Victorian, it becomes plain that men had at that time quite a talent for historical romance. We smile a little at their poetry. It is true that Swinburne published several volumes during the period, and that *Sigurd the Volsung* belongs to it. And some of us regard *Sigurd the Volsung* as the greatest epic since Milton. Those who

think *Paradise Lost* no epic might even call it the greatest epic in English. But, then, the *Idylls of the King* and *Enoch Arden*! And we have long since made the true estimate of *The Ring and the Book*, and measured the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of Browning. The poem is redolent of the period; the poet is eminently Mid-Victorian. Who but a Mid-Victorian could have written all that about the Pope? Its Liberalism is so precisely the Liberalism which we cannot now regard without a smile. We have left it far behind us. It would be invidious to name the poets, from A and B and C to X and Y and Z, who compare so favourably in the present day with Tennyson and Browning and Morris and Swinburne in the past.

Their realism is so much more real, their thought so much more thoughtful, their music so incomparably more musical. In a word, we have passed from the Mid-Victorian to the Georgian.

By Jove, though, the list of names from the statesmen and scientists to the artists and poets is a little staggering! Perhaps it may be as well hereafter to pronounce the word Mid-Victorian without any contempt and with as little condescension as may be. Was it not an Early Victorian who spoke rather scornfully of men who plume themselves upon a superiority rendered possible only by the labours of their predecessors, and compared them to a little boy mounted on his father's shoulder, and shouting, 'See how much bigger I am than papa'?

JOHN VERSCHOYLE.

A TALE OF THE MUTINY.

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS, Author of *The Law Lord and Leslie*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'CAPTAIN VERSCHOYLE.'

The girl seated in a corner of the veranda rose silently as the visitor stepped out from behind the *chic* that the bearer had held aside ere he saluted and withdrew. There was an instant's pause as they faced one another; the man lean, brown, imperturbable, with steady gray eyes that had now a glint of satire in them; the girl slight, raven-haired, the blue of her eyes intensified by the sudden pallor that had overspread her face at sight of him.

'So we are to be cousins,' he said at last; and the sound of the voice, that even his enemies admitted possessed such a peculiar charm, brought the blood coursing into her face again.

'When did you return? Your leave—it is not up for another six months,' she said, striving to speak indifferently.

He smiled—the curious, lazy smile that so rarely visited his face. 'I was in Scotland, and heard rumours of trouble out here, so came back.'

Her head went a little higher. 'No one really believes it is serious,' she said. 'My father laughs at the idea.'

'The colonel was always an optimist,' said John Verschoyle slowly, 'lucky man! But I didn't come here to talk politics, but to congratulate you on your engagement to Eric.'

A curious, half-defiant expression crossed her face at his words; the eyes, that always reminded him of a mountain tarn in their changeful lights and shadows, had darkened suddenly.

'When did you hear of it?' she asked, still in the same indifferent tone.

'In the mess, yesterday,' he replied; then added, with a little half-apologetic laugh, 'If I may ask—how long have you been engaged?'

This time his interrogation met with a direct response.

'Two months,' returned the girl, raising her eyes suddenly to his face. As quickly she averted her gaze.

The memory of a certain evening just before his departure had revived with that glance, sending a flood of poignant recollections through her mind. On that night the strange antipathetic relations that existed between her and the man before her had seemed to reach a climax. She had always felt a difference between him and others of her acquaintance, a conviction that was generally shared by those about her.

'Curious chap Verschoyle,' was the commentary of his cousin, Eric Forsyth, the handsome young adjutant of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders. 'Full of brains, but awfully hard to know.'

Perhaps on that account she had been all the more pleased at the sudden development of their intimacy that had taken place that night. She had gone home after the dance and lain awake till morning thrilled with the remembrance of her experiences. Then two days later had come the news that Verschoyle had applied for a year's leave, and was going home at once. Would she ever forget the bitterness, the humiliation, of the period that followed, the struggle to disguise her hurt from the world? It was only her pride that pulled her through, aided by some idle words dropped by his cousin, Eric Forsyth. 'You may be sure there's a woman at the bottom of it. John was always a secretive chap. He'll bring a wife back with him, you'll see.'

Two days later, unconscious of the effect of his carelessly expressed opinion on his own destiny, he had proposed to Sheila Westrop, and been accepted.

And now here was John Verschoyle returned

unexpectedly into her life. But after the first revival of emotion induced by the sight of him, her pride reasserted itself. She was glad, thankful he should know of her engagement. It was a rebuke to any mistaken notions he may have formed.

'And you will be married soon?' he went on, still with the glint of satire in his eyes.

She hesitated. At the same moment the *chic* was pushed aside, and Colonel Westrop stepped out on to the veranda. He was still in uniform; his red, good-humoured face wore an unusually serious expression. At sight of his visitor he started.

'Verschoyle! I thought you were in England. But I'm glad to see you—glad you are back.'

There was an undoubted significance in his greeting that struck both his hearers, and that was corroborated by his next words. 'I have bad news for you—very bad news,' he went on, pacing restlessly up and down the veranda as he spoke. 'The men of the Fifteenth Native Infantry at Meerut have mutinied and massacred some of their officers.'

Verschoyle was stroking the slight growth on his upper lip. 'By Jove, just in time!' he murmured.

The colonel turned incredulously on him. 'You really expected this—you cut short your leave on purpose?'

He nodded.

'Well, it's more than I did,' burst forth the elder man. 'After so many years of absolute trust and confidence. The dastardly cowards! I'll know how to treat them if they try on their tricks here.'

He broke off. The sound of galloping hoofs on the gravel of the drive leading to the bungalow had distracted their attention; the next instant the horseman appeared round the corner of the house, and, dismounting before them, saluted.

It was Eric Forsyth; his breath was coming in quick gasps, and there was a strained, whitened look on his handsome boyish face.

'The sepoys of the brigade are turning out on their parade, sir,' he said. 'Heera Singh of the Twelfth Native Infantry has fired on the havildar major, and is inciting the men to mutiny.'

'God!' The exclamation burst unconsciously from the colonel's lips. The next moment he was calm again. 'My horse. You will come with me, Forsyth.'

It was Verschoyle who lingered to say a word of encouragement to the pale-faced girl left behind. 'Don't worry; we'll soon have it under,' he said with a smile.

'You are going with them?' she queried sharply.

He nodded. 'Luckily my pony is here,' he said, and turned away. Luckily, too, he had remembered to thrust a brace of revolvers into his holsters before starting, he congratulated himself

as he galloped after the other two—a precaution that was warranted by those uneasy premonitions of coming trouble that had brought him hastening back to India in the midst of a year's leave.

Seventy or eighty paces in front of the quarter guard, Heera Singh was strutting to and fro, violently calling on his comrades to join him in defending their religion and caste. At the approach of the three officers he turned, levelling his musket.

The colonel, putting spurs to his horse, galloped forward, heedless of a warning shout from the jemadar, 'His musket is loaded.'

But Verschoyle's pony was swifter still. Like a whirlwind he dashed in front of his commanding officer, and drawing his revolver, took aim at the mutineer. In another second he would have fired.

But Eric, bending suddenly from his saddle, knocked up the outstretched arm. 'Are you mad?' he muttered hoarsely.

A flash from Heera Singh's musket and the sound of a sharp report followed instantaneously.

Verschoyle reeled in the saddle, and, as his startled pony plunged violently aside, fell headlong to the ground.

The whole incident had not occupied more than a minute, but it was enough. The mine had been fired. Years of discipline and submission were wiped out by the one murderous act. It is the first step that costs. Verschoyle's immolation was but an epitome of the whole mutiny. Thenceforward the blood of all the *sahib log* might flow like rivers.

With a cry of mingled rage and triumph the ranks broke, surging forward in the tide of insurrection. The colonel fell, shot through the heart; and at the sight Eric, turning his affrighted horse, galloped back madly to the cantonments.

Verschoyle is dead!

The words had been reiterating themselves monotonously in Sheila's brain ever since she had wrung the reluctant acknowledgment from her lover's lips—that was on his return from the parade-ground, whither the three men had departed a few moments since, distraught, incoherent, with but one idea in his mind—escape! But she had refused to stir until, in desperation, he had told her the truth—her father murdered, Verschoyle—

A numbing indifference had fallen on her spirits then that had continued through all the nightmare of their escape from Muttrapore; the hours of concealment in the little Hindu shrine in the gardens, whither Eric had conducted her in company with Mrs MacLeod, the wife of one of the majors in the regiment who was absent on a shooting expedition; the hideous din of slaughter that had filled their ears; the smoke of the burning cantonments percolating through the narrow windows of their hiding-place like

some dreadful incense; then at night the stealing forth through the trees of the garden down to the riverside; the crossing of the cold, dark current that had seemed to Sheila's overwrought fancy a 'river of death' indeed, and on into the moonlit country beyond, with the glare of the burning cantonments lighting the sky behind them, stumbling, falling, till a tope of tamarisk jungle offered shelter, and they had lain down to snatch a little rest.

Sheila had fallen asleep, and awakened to the sound of low voices beside her. At first she could scarcely disentangle what they were saying from the cloud of subconscious memories that obscured her brain; then Verschoyle's name spoken in Mrs MacLeod's homely, familiar accents startled her into sudden realisation.

'I suppose there is no doubt of Captain Verschoyle's death?' the Scotswoman was saying in low, mournful tones. 'But the subahdar who came to warn me of the outbreak had a story that he was only wounded.'

Eric's answer came sharp, almost petulant, with the overwrought intonation that had somehow grown familiar to the girl's ear since yesterday. 'He was killed. I myself saw him fall. If he hadn't been so reckless, and drawn his revolver, the crisis might have been averted.'

Silence for a moment.

'Yes; the subahdar said you were angry with him'—the woman's tones had a curious veiled inflection now—'that you had prevented him from firing.'

Sheila started up; she could endure no more. But at the same moment a hand pressed her forcibly back among the undergrowth, and a low voice hissed in her ear, 'Sepoys! Lie still.' With suspended breath and eyes transfixed on a small opening between the interlacing boughs of the tamarisk-trees, she lay.

Across the open ground, not eighty yards away from them, a body of sepoy was moving in single file, the black forms clearly revealed in the moonlight. All were armed, some still clad in the uniform they had so treacherously disgraced. Slowly and steadily they passed, each moment seeming an eternity to the agonised watchers. At last they were out of sight.

'By Jove!' muttered Eric, laying aside the rifle he had seized on catching sight of them; then turning anxiously to Sheila, 'You weren't horribly scared, I hope? You had just awakened, but I had to warn you.'

The girl shook her head. With the passing of the danger all her former emotions had rushed upon her again. Somehow she could not find words to reply suitably to his solicitations. Her one desire now was that she might be alone with Mrs MacLeod, to question her, to wring from her the truth about that tragic mystery of yesterday.

'Verschoyle only wounded,' the subahdar had said. Then why had Eric deserted him? She

recalled again his curious hesitation when she questioned him as to his cousin's fate, the evasive look in his blue eyes, the reluctance with which he had at last admitted Verschoyle's death. There had been no such difficulty about breaking the news of her father's end, nor, strange to say, in her acceptance of it. From the first her grief for his loss had been of the noble, inspiring order—untinctured by remorse. Their relations had always been so splendid, and it was just the end the gallant old colonel would have chosen for himself. But with John Verschoyle it was different. All sorts of inarticulate emotions, tormenting doubts and possibilities, misunderstandings never now to be solved, aggravated her sensations, coupled with that deep, almost impersonal, sense of loss as when some great and strong personality is removed from the world.

By daylight they were on the move again. Across the dazzling plain they could see the fringe of trees marking the Grand Trunk Road; but fear of detection kept them to the open country. Every moment the heat of the sun was increasing; the wind was like fire on their faces, the sand hot embers under their feet; still they stumbled on, weary, famishing, forlorn.

Toward noon a native village came in sight; and Eric, realising the exhausted condition of his party, left the two women concealed among some long grass beside a well while he went forward to reconnoitre.

It was the very opportunity Sheila had been waiting for. Hardly was he out of earshot when she turned to her companion. 'I overheard your conversation last night,' she began abruptly. 'I shouldn't have listened; but I—I want to know all you can tell me about—about'—She broke off.

Mrs MacLeod gazed at her regretfully.

'My dear, I had no idea you were awake. It was only a report of the subahdar's.'

'But he was on the parade-ground, and he must have seen what happened,' persisted Sheila desperately. 'Eric seemed to blame Captain Verschoyle for what took place,' she added after a pause, a hard, cold note suddenly appearing in her voice.

A hot flush mounted the other's face at her words. She was one of the few women in the station with whom John Verschoyle had been intimate, and her loyal Scotch nature rebelled against the slur on his reputation.

'I would sooner trust Captain Verschoyle's dealings with the natives than any other man I know,' she burst forth impetuously, the familiar Doric emphasised in her excitement. 'And his nerve too. Perhaps if he had been allowed to fire he would have been alive now, instead of that wretch Heera Singh,' she added, forgetful in the flush of her championship to whom she was speaking. But a little pained exclamation from Sheila brought the recollection.

'Yes; and it was Eric who prevented him!' The girl was gazing before her, a stricken look in her dark, shadow-haunted eyes.

'My dear! my dear! I didn't mean to cast an aspersion on Captain Forsyth,' cried the tender-hearted Scotswoman remorsefully. 'He acted entirely for the best, of course; only I can't bear to hear a word against John Verschoyle—especially now.' Her voice faltered. 'None of you understood him. If ever a man had a lion heart it was he,' she broke off.

Sheila's lips were drawn in tightly against her teeth. The sick anguish that consumed her was worse than any physical suffering, and she must not cry out or give a sign. Verschoyle of the lion heart—Verschoyle—misunderstood! Oh, but she was not to blame for that; she had been ready and eager to learn—too eager perhaps.

Eric was coming toward them again, walking with almost a sprightly air. The headman of the village appeared to be friendly, he reported, and had offered them shelter for the day. It would be safer and quicker to travel by night. The question was, should they head for Lucknow, ten miles distant, or Agra, many miles to the north-west? The discussion was postponed till they had reached their prospective haven—a cowshed in the vicinity of the headman's house, from which the cattle had been temporarily ejected. There the subject was revived over the meal of native bread and milk which had been supplied to them.

The two women appeared to have little interest in the choice, and Eric finally decided on Lucknow, as it was the nearer place. With ordinary luck they might expect to reach it next morning. His spirits had revived wonderfully in the past hour. It was only the curious stillness and unresponsiveness of Sheila's demeanour that checked him.

'My darling, I know how dreadful it all is for you,' he said in a low, remorseful tone, flinging himself down on the matting beside her. 'But you must be brave, and look forward, not back.'

But there was no answering tenderness in the girl's eyes; a flicker almost of repugnance seemed to him to cross them. The next instant he had condemned the suspicion; it was the shock and the series of harrowing experiences she had passed through that were responsible for her attitude. He must be patient, and not expect too much.

CHAPTER II.

BANG! bang! Boom! boom! Rattle! rattle! Day and night for weeks the nerve-racking fusillade had continued! It had seemed to Eric Forsyth, as he conducted his little party through the gates of the Residency at Lucknow in the dawn of that now distant morning, as if their

troubles were over. In reality they had just commenced. Had he foreseen the long-drawn-out horror of the siege that was to follow he would surely have headed for some other goal, and often he bitterly reproached himself for the choice that had brought them into this tragic environment. But neither woman would hear a word of his regrets. Sheila in particular disregarded them. The curious dumb reserve that had settled on her spirits during their escape from Muttrapore had rather intensified as time passed. She seemed to be impervious to all sense of the perils that surrounded her. Even the culminating horror of the periodic attacks made by the besiegers on the fragile defences, or the subtler menace of subterranean disaster, left her unmoved. Her time was spent principally in the hospital tending the wounded or paying visits of encouragement to the terrified women huddled in the *tye khanaes* of the various posts. People marvelled at her calm; toward Eric it amounted to an almost hostile indifference.

In a fit of despondency one day he confided his mystification to Mrs MacLeod.

'There's something unhuman about Sheila,' he said. 'It's the shock of her father's death, I suppose; but in that case you'd expect her nerve to have gone, and look how cool she is! She seems to have lost all natural womanly feeling.'

Mrs MacLeod was silent for a moment. 'You will not get the poor fellows in the hospital to agree with you about that,' she said slowly, 'or the women and children either.' But in her own mind she shared his perplexity. Could the girl have been in love with John Verschoyle! The idea, fantastic as it was, and lacking in substantiation, hovered uncomfortably in the background of her mind. But there was so much stark naked tragedy daily before her eyes that abstract things somehow lost their significance. An atmosphere of imminent death is apt to have a qualifying effect on the relative values of life.

It was a day or two after their conversation that a light was thrown on the mystery for Eric himself. He was returning with a working party in the early dawn, mud-stained and weary after a long night of countermining in the trenches, when he met Mrs MacLeod hastening across the walled-in enclosure to the hospital.

'Run in and see Sheila for a minute, if you have time,' she said. 'She has been feverish all night. The doctor says she must have got a chill. I promised to go to the hospital for her medicine to save him coming across again.'

In another moment Eric was standing in the little, dark, underground chamber of the Begum Kotee that served as a living-room for the two women. The girl was lying on a charpoy in the corner, her dark hair tumbled over the cushions, tossing to and fro and muttering incoherently.

Eric seated himself on a roll of bedding beside

her. A sudden sense of despondency had overcome him; the want of sleep, the prolonged strain of the defence, the unaccustomed toil and hardship, were telling on his nerves. He sank his head on his hands. The sound of a name uttered in a low tone of lament by his side made him start up.

'Verschoyle—John Verschoyle.' Sheila's lips were parted; her troubled eyes roved in weary search from right to left.

Eric flushed, then paled; it was like a voice from the dead reproaching him. Ever since that fatal incident on the parade-ground at Muttrapore he had been troubled by a haunting of conscience. Suppose his cousin had been only wounded after all? But surely his first duty was to Sheila, left defenceless and bereft of her natural protector. Her escape was in itself a vindication of his conduct. Then came a rush of more personal emotions, waves of jealous anger. What was John Verschoyle to her that his name should be on her lips now, in that sorrowing tone? Was this the explanation of her late coldness to himself? He remembered at one time his cousin had appeared more than ordinarily interested in the girl, on the night of a certain dance in particular, just before Verschoyle's departure for England, when the pair had seemed unusually pleased with each other's society. But she had betrayed no subsequent regret at Verschoyle's departure, and a short time later had accepted his own offer of marriage with every semblance of sincerity. So he comforted himself, his naturally obtuse nature coming to his aid, and that inherent personal vanity that seemed to preclude the possibility of rivalry.

And now the Feast of Moharram was at hand.

The incessant tom-tomming of the enemy's processions and the shrill notes of their buffalo-horn bugles assailed the ears of the besieged by day and night. A holocaust of Feringhees might well be a more acceptable offering than a goat for the Shialhs on the *kull ka ruth* ('night of butchery'). The little garrison braced itself for the impending cataclysm. But two nights before the festival the tension was relieved. A native messenger from the relieving force crept through the enemy's lines, and arrived, weary and rain-drenched, in the entrenchment.

In an underground cellar of Saunders' Post, lit by a solitary oil lamp, the anxious, weather-beaten staff gathered round to hear his story. 'Havelock had beaten the Nana, and was within a fifteen-miles march of Lucknow.'

Among the crowd of listeners by the door was Eric Forsyth, and at the first sound of the low-pitched voice a curious shudder had run through him. Instinctively he moved a little closer, forcing himself into the front rank to obtain a better view of the speaker. As he did so the native's eyes fell on him, and the words he was saying froze on his lips.

For an instant the two men faced one another.

Eric was noting subconsciously that the eyes beneath the cream-coloured turban were gray, not black.

Then the other spoke. 'Eric Forsyth, by Jove!' in the lazy, unforgettable voice.

'John—John Verschoyle!' echoed Eric, and their hands gripped.

A clamour had arisen among the audience, everybody speaking at once. It was one thing for a native to venture through the enemy's lines; but for an Englishman disguised as a native the deed was historic. Accustomed even as they were to daily feats of heroism, the action sent a thrill through their hearts. They crowded round Verschoyle, wringing his hands and plying him with questions as to his experiences.

Later the cousins found themselves alone. It was Eric who took the initiative. He seemed almost afraid to afford the other an opportunity of interrogating in his turn. How had Verschoyle escaped?

'By a series of miracles,' replied John Verschoyle. 'I was wounded, you know—that brute Heera Singh.'

A flicker crossed Eric's eyes at the reminder; his face had gone curiously white, and his lips stammered over the next phrase. 'I—I thought you were done for.'

Verschoyle smiled. 'Only a flesh wound,' he said. 'I was unconscious for a bit. Luckily they took me for dead; and when I came round it was dark, so I crawled up to the colonel's bungalow.' He half-paused. 'It was gutted, burned to the ground. Then I turned down to the ravine. I managed to support myself for five days and nights, scrambling into trees to escape the wild beasts. The wound in my shoulder had suppurated.' Again the half-pause that seemed to his listener significant of unspeakable experiences. 'Eventually I was discovered by a friendly native, who escorted me to the house of old Golab Singh, the *Toolykdar*, where I remained till I was well again. Afterwards I joined Havelock's force, and here I am.'

Eric sat very silent; a strained, tense look had been growing on his face as the other was speaking. The inevitable moment was approaching.

'And now I want to hear how you fared.' Verschoyle's voice had a hard, almost flippant ring. It was only thus he could lead up to the question that had been burning on his tongue ever since his eyes fell on his cousin. Brave man as he was, he could not bring his lips to frame it directly.

'A special Providence seemed to have been looking after us both,' returned Eric with a short laugh. 'My one idea, of course, was to get Miss Westrop—Sheila—safely out of it all, and, thank God, I managed it.'

'Thank God!' The low echo fell devoutly from the other's lips, making Eric concentrate

his gaze sharply. 'And she is here—with you now?' went on Verschoyle.

Eric nodded. All the old jealous imaginings had revived, in a flash wiping out his former remorse as if it had never been. 'That is the ugly part of it,' he forced himself to continue nevertheless. 'If I had known what was in store I would have headed for some other place.'

But Verschoyle's attention seemed to be wandering. 'She was awfully cut up about her father, I suppose?' he continued in the same low, reminiscent tone. 'The dear old colonel!'

'Yea,' said Eric, 'naturally.'

There was a pause.

Verschoyle had risen. 'It's time I was moving. By the way, old man'—a difficult note had appeared in his voice—'do you think I might just see Miss Westrop for a minute before I go? I—I should like to tell her how sorry I was about the colonel, and congratulate her on her escape.'

Eric hesitated. He felt curiously reluctant to bring about the meeting; yet how could he refuse so simple a request to one hovering on the brink of such a perilous enterprise as lay before Verschoyle?

'Very well; if you wait here I'll go and look for her.'

The next moment he was out in the dark, rain-swept entrenchment. Instinctively his feet turned toward the block of buildings that had been converted into a temporary hospital, and where Sheila was generally to be found at this hour. As he crossed the narrow neck of land protected by a palisade that separated Saunders' Post from the neighbouring battery he came on a mining party engaged in sinking a shaft. The little knot of toilers ceased their labours at his approach, resting on their spades to question him. A rumour of Verschoyle's daring venture had reached their ears, and they were anxious to have the news confirmed.

'I was at the shop with him,' said the officer in charge, a captain of Sappers, with a tone of satisfaction in his tone. 'It'll be the V.C. later on.'

The words of commendation awakened afresh Eric's repugnance to his mission; a jealous fiend seemed to take possession of his mind. The V.C. ! How would that affect Sheila's estimate of his cousin? As he entered the long, dimly lighted building, with the rows of charpots down each side, he caught sight of the girl at the farther end. She was seated by the bed of a young gunner subaltern whose legs had been shattered by a round-shot that morning, and who was not expected to last the night. Her back was to Eric. For a moment he stood irresolute; then, with a sudden, almost stealthy, movement, he turned and fled out into the night again. As he re-entered the little underground chamber at Saunders' Post the lithe native figure by the table rose and faced him expectantly.

Eric started at the sight; his breath was coming in short, quick gasps, as if he had been running. It was with difficulty he could deliver his message. 'Sheila sends her kindest remembrances,' he stammered. 'But she thinks it would only reawaken harrowing memories if she were to see you again. It's her father'—he floundered on.

The light had died suddenly out of the gray eyes opposite him, eclipsed by something hard, dumb, incredulous. 'Yes, true, of course; she is right.' Was that Verschoyle's voice! The next moment he was smiling.

Eric averted his gaze quickly; the steely glitter in the eyes, somehow, disturbed him.

'Well, it is time I was off; this rain gives me my best chance of getting past the sentinels.' Verschoyle had straightened himself, and the enforced cheerfulness of his tone sent a shiver through his listener.

Together the two men passed out.

(Continued on page 740.)

SALMON-CANNING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By D. G. CUTHBERT.

THE salmon, though the aristocrat of the finny denizens of the Old Country, suffers in America something of the vulgarising peculiarity of that continent, not owing to any deterioration of his quality, but simply due to his commonness. Where he is scooped out of the water by the net in scores very little value is put on him individually. Yet if we regret the sordidness of the manner of his taking in British Columbia, we must be very thankful he is taken so easily. As a factory product he is a staple food to thousands who would never know his goodness if he were wheedled ashore by the romantic rod and line only.

In his catching and preparation for consumption in the canned form there seems to be even more sordidness than in the same processes in the case of the herring at home, chiefly, I think, because he passes in British Columbia through the hands of the Chinese and Japanese almost entirely, and his taking does not strike one as so vital a matter to the Oriental as is that of the herring to the Briton.

Steveston, at the mouth of the main arm of the Fraser River, and the headquarters of the canning industry on that great stream, impresses a new-comer like a Chinese or Japanese fishing village. Built on a bare but flat delta, deroid

of the splendid trees and hills and dells of the higher reaches of the valley, it displays in place of the giant tree-trunks long black smoke-stacks lining the bank. When the electric tram, after an hour's journey of eighteen miles from Vancouver, delivers you at the station, the gabble of Chinese and the Chinook of the Siwash Indian greet you, and you pass by thin-flanked, short-stepping Chinamen in their monkey-jackets and big straw hats, or avoid stepping on the gaudy calico skirt of some Siwash *klootchman* squatting on the platform with her pleated basket in her lap, waiting patiently for the car.

On your way to the wharfs you pass cottages round which oval-eyed Chinese and Japanese children play, and by stores whence issue their parents with parcels of Oriental provisions such as pork sausages. By the water, if you visit it in the morning, the hum of machinery strikes you most, issuing from the large wooden canneries with iron roofs, dingy enough on the outside, but scrupulously clean within. Then you cannot help noticing the fishing fleet dotting the broad mouth of the river from bank to bank, the cordon being broadened as the motor-boats race down the river from the canneries where they have been delivering their fish; and you will notice under the sou'-wester the face of the Oriental chiefly, and the yellow hand grasping the long tiller or directed to the spark-plug.

In the morning hours the fleet dotting the blue estuary are mostly sail-boats, which do not come ashore to deliver their fish, barges towed by launches going out to them and receiving their catch to get it on the cannery floor fresh and early. But on Saturday night all the fleet is ashore, and then you will have to look hard to pick out the boats manned by white hands. The falling off in the number of vessels is the constant lament of the fisherman. Ten years ago nearly five thousand boats plied on the Fraser; this year not more than one thousand seven hundred registered at the fishery office in New Westminster.

The boats moor alongside wharfs, or rather frameworks for hanging their nets upon to dry; and sometimes shacks open on to these wharfs, into which Chinamen step. The boat which hauls to the pier before the cannery door with its take is about thirty-five feet of keel, her cabin and engine-room being combined, the rest of her consisting of compartments covered with hatches for the different sorts of salmon, and the hold for the net. Beside a perpendicularly revolving chain on the pier stands a man who tallies the salmon as they are delivered on the wharf by the chain against which the fisherman throws them; for machinery is used for every possible operation, and it is not the fault of the cannery proprietor that the Japs and Chinese are in the business.

The salmon caught on the Fraser are usually of five varieties. The 'sockeye' is the most valuable and the smallest, averaging six pounds.

It preserves the same poppy colour after being canned, and on the Columbia River gets the name of the 'Alaska pink.' Next in value comes the 'spring,' the largest fish often weighing sixty-five pounds, and when cooked showing a very faint pink colour. The 'steel-head,' the 'dog-salmon,' and the 'humpback' are the other varieties, and are all more or less inferior, becoming white when cooked. None of the varieties, not even the 'sockeye,' shows the silveriness and graceful proportions of the British *Salmo*; but when massed to a thousand in the morning sun they present a beautiful appearance, though here and there gashed by the hair-seal's teeth.

The salmon are heaped in the cleaning-room before an array of active human muscles and whirling machinery that is most interesting. In the Imperial Cannery, the largest on the river, Siwash packers and cleaners make this the most picturesque scene through which the salmon passes. Beside the heap stands an Indian 'boy' with a hooked pole with which he throws the 'sockeye' on to a bench. Here it is caught by a Chinaman, who turns it into a machine which decapitates it and cuts off its tail and fins. Another Chinaman now thrusts it, belly up, on to a wheel rotating under knives which gut it, passes it through scrubbers which scale it, and drops it on to a revolving chain which carries it along the table at which forty or fifty Siwashes work in their gaudy dresses, their paposes often playing at their feet. The Siwashes apply scrubbers to the gutted fish, and after washing it in fresh water, immerse it in salt to give it a flavour.

From the women's hands it goes on to a flanged drum which launches it against rotating discs, to fall in six lateral 'cuts' on the other side. These cuts are now sliced longitudinally on a block by men with knives, and the pieces are wheeled to the packing-benches, at which both Japanese and Siwash women stand. The cans they fill look very different from the thing you buy in the shop, being of unlacquered tin. They are brought to the packers with a sprinkling of salt in them, and the women, with hands gloved in cotton, pack into them the pink slices, cutting fragments with knives to fill in the middle.

When packed, the cans are wheeled away to the end of a long series of machinery fed by a carrier that moves as rapidly as the Fraser River which carried the living salmon to the sea. First the cans are whirled through steam and brushes, and emerge, a step farther on, shining. They are then weighed, any which are under weight being shot aside. Those from which a bone protrudes are trimmed with the scissors, and they then move along to be lidded. This process is completed in two actions. First the lid is stamped on. The can then whirls against a brush of muriatic acid, and then rolls along against a melting bar of solder. If not then tight it is taken in charge by a Chinaman—always a China-

man—to be soldered by hand. The hole which is left in the lid to allow for the expansion of air or steam in the soldering and cleaning processes is now soldered; after which the cans are immersed in a tank of hot water, keen eyes watching for air-bubbles which hover over them if not hermetically sealed. If tight they are wheeled into the big retorts to be cooked by steam for twenty-five minutes in the first case.

The second and final cooking lasts about an hour, according to the taste of the canner. The cooking being completed, they are wheeled into the packing-room, in which walls of cans are ranged. Here they are lacquered by being dipped into a trough of tar-like material which turns the Chinaman into a negro. When they are dry the label of the British Columbia Packers' Association and the artistic design known all over the world is put on them, and then they are boxed in cases stencilled for Australia, Britain, and the Orient.

The machinery everywhere is perfect, and installed on a scale which shows the sad falling off in the 'sockeye' run. In the Imperial Cannery four sets of machinery were installed, but rarely are more than two needed now, one for dealing with the half-pound tins. The decrease is attributed to the wholesale method of catching the fish. For nearly fifty miles up the river the boats draw their barriers across it almost without cessation from May till November; and as many of the nets trail the bottom, rare is the salmon that reaches to the spawning-beds. Of course hatcheries are in operation, but the fry without protection are devoured by trout, and as the result of the scarcity of the 'sockeye,' the canneries which were originally intended to deal with this fine fish alone now have to can the inferior varieties to keep busy.

The method of dealing with these, the largest fish, is slightly different from that described. Too big to go through the cleaning machine, they are gutted by hand. A Chinaman, clad in yellow oilskins and armed with a terrible knife, receives the monsters from a Siwash after he has beheaded them and put the heads in a basket as his perquisite. With one lightning slash the Chinaman, so slow on his feet, trims the fins on one side. Another slash brings the other side in harmony. A rip displays the viscera, and into the bloody hands of the women goes the fish, when it follows a course parallel to that of the 'sockeye,' passing through a larger cutter.

The Chinamen employed are indentured to one of their countrymen, who pays their passage and head-tax. With him the cannery has a contract. The women are paid day-wages.

The bosses everywhere are white, and in the cannery there is a free atmosphere which could not be dissociated from such a semi-savage gathering of employés. The children go about as in a kindergarten, but with the Indian immobility they are not in the way. The Siwash despises the Chinaman, but they work like cogs of different metals in the same machine.

The Chinaman has come to have a great dislike of the camera. He is uneasy when it is in the vicinity of his work, and if it is levelled at him he appears to curse and stops working. In some canneries he has even been known to rush at the photographer, expostulating loudly against being victimised. It will, therefore, be seen that he does not show a servile front in the British Columbia cannery, and probably he is as much at home there as in China; but the white fisherman would feel indebted to him if he stayed away.

THE AUTOMATIC LIFE-PRESERVER.

By CHARLES D. MUSGROVE, M.D., Author of *Nervous Breakdowns*, &c.

OF all the problems connected with life, there is one which would seem to have received scant attention. This is all the more strange in that it is the one which would appear the most likely to present itself to the mind. The origin of life in the past and the destination of the human race in the future have been discussed to the full; yet how few people ever reflect on the mystery as to why it is that we go on living from one minute to the next, why our hearts continue to beat, why we keep on breathing fifteen times a minute without giving the matter a thought! For respiration and circulation are normally independent of our control. We can breathe of our own accord if we happen to think about it, but if it depended on our own wills we should die of sheer exhaustion; and even supposing that we were able to keep it in mind, we should have no time left for anything else. As

to the action of the heart, we have still less command over that, for no effort on our part can make it go or prevent it from beating. Yet it does go; but what guarantee have we that it will continue to do so?

Both heart and lungs do their work by virtue of an automatic apparatus which regulates the vital processes of the body. It is not the only automatic process in the system, for most of our actions come under this heading. Whether we walk or sit or stand, or do any of the thousand and one things that make up daily life, we are unconscious of most of the movements we go through. But the working of this vital machinery is the most astonishing of all, for it is independent of our wills, and is an absolute necessity to our existence. A man might lose all his limbs, his eyes and ears, even parts of his brain, and yet live to an advanced age; but once

touch any part of this vital machinery and his life is endangered at once. Whatever else disappears or fails to do its duty, this part must be in working order. When any one is in a deep sleep, or under an anæsthetic, the body is completely at rest, the digestive organs in abeyance, and the mind in oblivion; but this machinery is at work all the time. From the moment of birth to that of death it knows no rest.

The most outstanding feature of this ever-running engine is, as in most wonderful things, its simplicity. Heart and lungs at one end, a small portion of brain—situated in the lower and back part, close to the nape of the neck—at the other, and a tract of nerve tissue connecting the two. That is all; but it holds the secret of life.

To understand the working of this machinery we must begin with the new-born child. Before birth a child's heart beats by means of its own energy, for it contains within its substance nerve masses, called ganglia, which keep it in motion. Otherwise the child depends for its existence on maternal influences. But from the hour when that child comes into the world and takes its first breath, as a cry, it must fend for itself so far as these vital processes are concerned. That cry has set in motion the machinery which is to keep its heart and lungs in motion for the rest of its life—a hundred years, it may be. That first cry of the new-born child is due to contact with the cold world in which it finds itself. The infant may find that world still colder, in more ways than one, before it has finished with it; but the child must not depend on any outside influence to keep the breath in its body. For that it must rely solely on the machinery which that cry, by the simple process of expanding the lungs, has set in motion.

How, then, is this clockwork wound up and kept going? To explain how this is done I must remind my readers of what most of them probably know already—that the system is continually, by a process resembling combustion, producing waste matter which, if allowed to accumulate, would poison and in time kill the individual. This waste is removed chiefly by the lungs. The air which enters is charged with oxygen, which is at once taken up by the blood, helping to purify it. The amount inhaled at each breath is comparatively small, so that a further supply is needed in a few seconds. If the next breath depended on voluntary effort no child would live for more than a minute or two, and the human race would have come to an end almost as soon as it began. Fortunately there is something which makes that child take a second breath, makes us all go on breathing, in fact; and the marvellous part of the whole arrangement is that that something is the very waste matter which it is so important to get rid of. For that effete matter in the blood comes into contact with a vital part of the brain, containing a minute patch called the respiratory centre.

The moment that that centre feels the touch of impure blood it sends a message through the nerve tract to the lungs, ordering them to come into action. That is why the infant takes its second breath, why we all go on breathing every minute of our lives, even without realising most of the time that we are doing so. It is only when undergoing some special exertion that we are conscious of our respirations. Then we pant; but though some of our panting may be a voluntary straining on our part, most of it is automatic. The violence of the exercise has produced waste matter so rapidly that the respiratory centre is stimulated far beyond its wont.

All our life long we must breathe, whether we will or no. 'Why cannot a man commit suicide by holding his breath?' a young fellow asked me once; and the eager interest with which half-a-dozen people standing round awaited the reply showed that the question was one they had never solved, even if it had ever occurred to them, which is doubtful. Yet no man can hold his breath indefinitely, however determined he may be. The waste accumulates in his system to such an extent as to rouse his respiratory centre to an activity that overrules his will. It is as if he erected a dam to keep a stream in check, and one day the stream becomes a river, and the river a flood powerful enough to sweep all before it.

This automatic arrangement may be seen still more plainly in the case of the heart, for there we have no control whatsoever over its action. As has been mentioned already, the heart has its own ganglia, which enable it to beat on its own account. It is like a watch that winds itself up, not once a day, but continually, every second of our lives. If, however, it were allowed to go on beating unrestrainedly it would exhaust itself. On this account it has to be modified by an automatic regulator, which is constantly in action, slowing it down just as the weight on the pendulum of an eight-day clock causes it to swing fewer times to the minute. This regulator acts through the same nerve tract as that which goes to the lungs—the vagus nerve, as it is called. Cut this nerve, and the effect would be the same as removing the pendulum from the clock. The heart would begin to beat with a rapidity that would be not only useless, but decidedly injurious to the system.

Important as this restraint is, there are times when it has to be relaxed, allowing the heart to beat more quickly, so as to meet extra demands that may be put upon it. The conditions of life are constantly varying, and the curb must be slackened as circumstances necessitate. While people are asleep a tight hold is kept on the heart to prevent it from expending its precious energy to no purpose. When they wake up and move about it must be allowed a little more freedom; still more so when they start their daily work, with its inevitable calls and worries.

The more quickly we move the more vigorous must be the circulation; the heart must keep pace with the rest of the body. Yet there is another element which affects it vastly more than exertion. A man will find his heart bumping when he hurries to catch a train, although possibly he could go the same distance in the same time without any effort if there were no train to catch at the other end. Mental emotion of any sort makes a huge demand on the circulation, and this demand has to be met by another nerve, the sympathetic, running side by side with the vagus, but having exactly the opposite effect. For while the latter restrains the heart, this sympathetic nerve loosens its bonds and allows it to beat as quickly as it likes. It is this nerve which comes into operation whenever we feel our hearts bounding with joy or palpitating with fear, nervousness, or anxiety. We all know what it is to feel the heart thumping inside our chest when we have to undergo any ordeal. Men find it when they have a disagreeable or momentous interview ahead of them; women know all about it when they are called upon to give their maids a scolding. Every public speaker, or at least every one who is worth hearing, suffers from this palpitation when waiting for his turn. It is even the experience of many speakers that if they do not feel it beforehand, they are shaky and nervous all the time they are on their feet; for the duty of this sympathetic nerve is to prepare us, by stimulating our hearts, for what lies before us. Sometimes it has to make tremendous efforts in order to save our lives. It happens to every one that at some time or other he has terrifying experiences which might kill him with sudden shock if this nerve, acting from its own centre in the brain, did not come to his rescue with such unflinching promptitude. The number of fatal accidents would be increased a thousandfold save for its timely help. Many an injured person would die before the passers-by could fetch a glass of brandy if it were not that each individual carries about in his own nervous system a stimulant that is infinitely more efficacious, and that acts without a moment's delay.

The action of the heart and lungs does not, however, constitute the whole work of this vital automaton. There is another function equally as important. The process of combustion which is taking place in the system supplies it with its heat, so that the body may be compared to a furnace, with a set of circulating hot-water pipes in the form of blood-vessels distributed all through it. This heat is derived mainly from the digestion of food, and exercise increases combustion, like poking a fire. But if the temperature of our bodies depended solely on the amount of food or exercise, there is no doubt that humanity would be in a sorry plight; for those who ate too much or were specially energetic would be subjected to a temperature which

would burn up their tissues and kill them in time, whilst those who had too little to eat or were compelled to remain quiet would have a low temperature which would be equally disastrous. Even those who hit the happy medium would be little better off, for their temperature would be continually jumping up and down, rising after meals and exercise, falling at other times. Under such circumstances the effects of a night's rest, with abstention from food, may well be imagined.

There must, therefore, be some way of keeping this temperature uniform. In this respect human beings can help themselves to a certain extent by making up fires and putting on more clothes when they feel cold, or going into cooler air and wearing lighter clothing when they are too hot. But devices such as these would prove a poor makeshift, especially in a variable climate like that of the British Isles, where even the wisest and most careful scarcely know how to adapt their clothing or regulate the heating of their houses from one day, or even one hour, to the next; and nature, which treats us like the children we are, has taken the matter out of our hands by fixing within each of us an automatic arrangement by which the body temperature is regulated without any effort of our own. One of the most astounding things connected with the body is the fact that, in the absence of illness, its temperature is always kept within normal limits, whether in the hottest days of summer or the coldest days of winter, whether we are living on the Equator or in the Arctic regions, whether we are doing our work by day or sleeping by night. People seem to find it difficult to credit the fact that their temperature may be normal though they themselves are feeling stiflingly hot or shivering cold at the time. Yet such is the case, and it is all worked from that same little area at the base of the brain which looks after the other vital processes. In that area there is a tiny patch called the heat centre, and it is this which maintains the body at a uniform temperature day and night, summer and winter. The way in which it acts is by its influence on the blood-vessels of the skin, which it alternately contracts or dilates as circumstances necessitate. When they are constricted less heat is given off, and therefore, needless to say, more retained. We are all familiar with the feeling of contraction that takes place on the surface of the body when we step from a warm room into the cold air; still more so when we plunge into a cold bath and feel what is termed goose-flesh. If this tightening of the skin did not take place, so much heat would be lost even in a minute or two as to be positively dangerous.

It would be equally risky, too, if heat were allowed to accumulate in the body, as on a hot day, for instance. So it happens that when we pass from a cooler to a warmer atmosphere this

heat centre sets its other function in motion, and dilates the blood-vessels, causing perspiration if the heat goes beyond a certain point. It is owing to that little spot in the brain that we enjoy the warm glow that passes through us when we exchange the bleak wildness of a winter night for the comfort of our fireside.

The marvellous part of it is not only that the heat centre has this extraordinary power, but that it responds with such perfect accuracy to every change of environment, however great or small. Is there anywhere else in the world an instrument so sensitive, so readily responsive? For, remember, it has not much time in which to make up its mind. It must act with the speed of a flash of lightning. Its duties are multiple, too; for it has to respond not only to the heat and cold, but to exercise as well, even if it is only in passing from one room to another. We have all gone for a brisk walk to warm ourselves, and we have all experienced the glow that comes with this form of exercise. That agreeable sensation is the work of this faithful centre which keeps such a sharp eye on all our doings. The exercise has increased the combustion in the body muscles, and so produced more heat; but while we are grateful for this, it would not do to allow the furnace to become too hot. Consequently the heat centre steps in, dilating the vessels of the skin so as to allow of evaporation.

Food has the same effect in tending to raise the heat of the body, for it is equivalent to putting more fuel on the fire. If it were not for this heat centre we should all suffer from high temperatures at the end of a meal, and correspondingly low ones when fasting. People look and feel warmer when taking a meal simply because this centre has caused their surface circulation to become more active. What food can do in this respect, hot drinks bring about more readily, because they are more quickly absorbed into the system. That explains the old saying that 'tea makes you hot at the time, and cool afterwards.' Iced drinks may be tempting on a hot day; but they fail in their object, for the cold liquid tends to make the heat centre contract the vessels of the skin, so depriving it of the benefits of evaporation and sweating.

It is easy enough to understand how a meal warms people on a cold day, for it is usually taken in a warm room. It is not so easy to see how a meal can bring about this sensation of warmth apart from the surroundings. A man was plodding his way home on a bitter wintry night. He was blue, not only with cold but also with hunger. At a corner of the street he stopped for five or ten minutes, and then went on again. He was now in a comfortable glow, although that street-corner was exposed to the full blast of the storm. What had happened was this: he had been hungry and his body fires were burning low, with the result that his skin

had shrivelled up so as to retain as much heat as possible. Then he had added fuel to the fires, and as they blazed up again the heat centre went on the other tack, dilating his skin capillaries. He did not know all this, of course; and if you had asked him what he had been doing he would have told you in plain language. To descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, or at any rate from the scientific to the commonplace, he had been having a meal at a fried-fish and chip-potato stall.

A whole volume would be needed to describe the manifold contingencies against which this automatic apparatus has to provide, not now and then, but every moment of our lives: the ever-recurring risks and vicissitudes of daily existence, the constant ebb and flow in the system, hunger and repletion, movement and rest, and all the diverse emotions that pass and repass through the human mind.

In order that the whole machine may do its work efficiently no one section of it can stand alone; each must dovetail in with the rest, lending its aid when others tend to fail. In cases of acute illness, such as typhoid-fever or pneumonia, for instance, poisons are developed which throw an undue strain on the heat centre, so that it cannot do its work properly, and in consequence the temperature rises. Then the other centres must rouse themselves in order to make the heart and lungs act more vigorously until the danger is past. The skin, being hot and dry, is thrown out of action, so that these other organs must do double duty. It is owing to this interplay which goes on between the vital centres in the brain that many a sufferer is at this very moment being rescued from the jaws of death.

Self-preservation is the first instinct in the human mind, but its hold is feeble compared with the tenacity with which this automatic machinery clings to the life that is entrusted to its care. It can keep heart and lungs in action long after man himself has lost the desire to live, and as age advances it would seem to hold on with an ever-tightening grip. For the fires burn low, and the stream of life becomes more sluggish in the veins; there is less waste in the system, less expenditure of energy, and consequently more to spare for the use of this vital machinery. It is only when the organs become too weak to obey its commands that something gives way and the mechanism comes to a standstill. The silver cord may be loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain; but the result is the same, and man goes to his long home.

Is there in the whole universe anything more wonderful than this automaton of life? It is the acme of workmanship, the living poetry of mechanics, ingenious out of all comparison with the inventions of man, a masterpiece of the Creator's handiwork.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF FIJI

By a RESIDENT.

IN the Old Country, by the man in the street, so little is known of Fiji and things Fijian that the writer is tempted to place a few first-hand impressions in possession of the reader who deigns to spend the time in the perusal of this article.

The Fiji group of islands number two hundred and fifty, of which eighty are inhabited, the area of the colony being almost seven thousand five hundred square miles. The principal island is Viti Levu (or Great Fiji); the capital, Suva, being situated in the south-east of the island. Suva is a town of approximately three thousand inhabitants, and is the largest and most important town in the Pacific Islands, the European population numbering one-third of the total, the remainder being composed of Fijians, Polynesians, and Indians. Suva has a fine natural harbour, with a sufficient depth of water to accommodate steamers of the greatest tonnage; but in order to cope with the large increase of trade which the opening of the Panamá Canal is confidently expected to bring to Fiji, the Government has voted seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be spent on harbour works at Suva, which will necessarily be a port of call and coaling-station for steamers on the Australasian-Panamá route. The opening of the great canal will make a vast difference to the trade of Fiji, and several of the large steamship lines are already in the midst of arrangements to make Suva a port of call for their steamers; and a large hotel is now nearing completion to enable the tourist traffic to be satisfactorily dealt with. This hotel will be thoroughly up-to-date, and is being built by one of the large passenger steamship lines now running hither from Australasian and North American ports. Tourists may visit Fiji with comfort from May to November, but the rest of the year is trying for Europeans on account of the great heat. The rainfall during the hot season is very heavy; and in this connection it is interesting to know that the record rainfall of the world occurred at Suva a few years ago. It was thirty-three inches in twenty-four hours. Last Christmas Day the same town enjoyed nearly eleven inches of rain in twenty-four hours; but on account of the porous nature of the soil it was very quickly absorbed, and little, if any, flooding took place.

The climate of Fiji is fairly healthy considering its nearness to the Equator, and endemic diseases are conspicuous by their absence. The only diseases to which Europeans are liable are dysentery and dengue-fever, the latter in a somewhat mild form.

Hurricanes are fairly frequent in the group, and an occasional cyclone forces its unwelcome

presence upon the islands every few years, the worst months being December to February inclusive. Great damage is caused to property by these storms, dwelling-houses being unroofed and blown down, and lives lost; and the plantations suffer severely, more especially those of bananas and coco-nuts. Coco-nuts are largely cultivated for the purpose of obtaining copra, which is the dried kernel of the nut, and is largely used in the making of soap. It is an expensive commodity, and the demand exceeds the supply, the price in London in January 1913 being twenty-six pounds ten shillings to twenty-six pounds fifteen shillings a ton. Another important and paying industry here is the growing of bananas, for which a ready market is found in Australasia. The Fiji banana is of good quality, and is a nourishing and cheap article of diet, far surpassing many highly priced fruits. Pine-apples also grow abundantly, are exported to the Colonies in large quantities, and always find a ready market. Sugar-cane and cotton are also largely cultivated. In the interest of the sugar-planters the mongoose and the myna were imported from India, the former to kill off the hordes of rats, and the latter to prey upon the almost countless insects to which sugar-cane is liable. The mongoose has now become a pest in itself, owing to its rapid increase, and it is blamed, and rightly so, for the complete disappearance of a great number of the indigenous Fijian birds; while the myna has become a veritable nuisance, especially in towns, owing to its impudent, noisy, and aggressive ways. The myna, a bird of the starling family, is held responsible for the disappearance of the beautiful smaller birds indigenous to Fiji, and it, like the mongoose, is by no means a desirable acquisition to the islands. Insect, animal, and bird life abounds in almost every island, and the first named is especially responsible for a great deal of discomfort to Europeans, the chief source of annoyance being the mosquito, that tropical pest which, along with the ubiquitous fly, amounts to a veritable plague. A curious fact about the mosquito is that, though the species which in other tropical countries carries the yellow-fever germ is common in Fiji, the disease itself is quite unknown there.

Taking Fiji from a capitalist's point of view, it certainly presents good opportunities to those who are desirous of putting money into agricultural ventures. As time goes on Fiji cannot help going ahead, and those 'in the know' predict good times in store; certainly the perennial trade returns shows that a favourable wind is blowing. So far as Europeans are concerned, the 'fly in the ointment' here is the unwelcome

presence in the towns of hordes of time-expired Indian coolies. These Indians are imported by the planters, through the mediation of the Government, to work on the plantations, the period of indenture being five years, at the expiration of which term they are 'free,' but only receive a return passage to India at the end of another five years from the date of completion of their indentures, so that Fiji gets the benefit of their presence during that period. A very large proportion of these coolies do not return to India at all, but take up small allotments of land near the towns, with the result that they are becoming a serious menace to the future of the native population, whom they are gradually ousting. It is a great pity, for the native Fijians are a fine race, of good physique and bearing, quiet, and law-abiding. At no very distant date, the Indian problem, as presented by the overwhelming numbers of

coolies in Fiji, will have to be faced by the Government if the total extinction of the native race is not to take place. During the last decade the native population has decreased 8 per cent., while the Indians have increased nearly 140 per cent. Out of a total population in the islands of one hundred and forty thousand, the Europeans number three thousand five hundred, the Indians nearly fifty thousand, and the Fijians eighty-five thousand, the balance being made up of half-castes, Polynesians, Chinese, &c. It will be seen, therefore, that the problem is a real one, and that the question which Fiji will have to solve at no distant date is one which is full of difficulties; for everything at present indicates that if some action is not soon taken by the Government in the way of enforcing the return to India of time-expired coolies, they must inevitably get the upper hand, to the detriment of both Europeans and natives.

THE DISCOVERY OF TWO IMMORTAL DIARIES.

By A. ABRAHAMS.

BESIDES good resolutions, the New Year is invariably associated with diaries. The diary of commerce, of the law, the housekeeper's record, the mere reminder of the impending, are too much subjects of method to be associated with romance; it is the diary of events and impressions as they pass, the book of memories, that provides the greatest interest. Of these, the immortals in the English language are the diaries kept by Samuel Pepys between the years 1660 and 1669, and John Evelyn from 1639 to 1706. They are models of what such chronicles should be, and their general esteem is due as much to their intimate revelation of the writers' faults and foibles as to their importance as records of contemporary events. Our literature gains by their inclusion; no list of the best books can omit them; yet it is remarkable how they survived two centuries and more between the drying of their last written words and publication.

The adventures of Evelyn's record are the more remarkable. From the day of his death, 27th February 1706, this 'Kalendarium' was preserved with his books and papers, the nucleus of a library, added to by his son and grandson until in 1745 it was necessary to provide at Wotton an apartment forty-five feet long by fourteen feet wide to house it suitably. Here the manuscript remained, neglected but secure, until, in 1812, Sir Frederick Evelyn died, leaving his widow in sole possession of these treasures. No one has written her biography; we are left to believe she possessed many estimable qualities, but for books and old papers she had neither understanding nor desire to preserve.

William Bray, afterwards co-worker with

George Manning on a monumental *History of Surrey*, was the family solicitor or agent. By him it was suggested the library should be catalogued, and for that purpose there was introduced William Upcott, an assistant librarian at the London Institution. The choice was excellent. Upcott had by then passed twenty busy years in the book-trade, gaining an intimate knowledge of every class of literature. His delight at being asked to catalogue a library partly formed in the seventeenth century can be imagined. With what affection he handled each item, how almost every leaf was precious, can best be realised by any one of equal enthusiasm as a bibliophile. Years later, in writing to a friend, he described the events of an evening at Wotton that ultimately led to the publication of Evelyn's *Diary*.

In conversation with Lady Evelyn, Upcott mentioned that his hobby was 'autographs.' 'Autographs!' exclaimed Lady Evelyn; 'what do you mean by autographs? Surely you don't mean old letters such as these?' at the same time opening the drawer of the work-table and taking out a small parcel of papers, some of which had just been used by Mrs Molineux, her companion, who had pinned them together to cut out patterns for the body and sleeves of a dress. 'The sight of this packet, which contained a few original letters addressed to John Evelyn, written by eminent characters of the seventeenth century, afforded me the greatest possible pleasure, and I could not avoid expressing my delight in looking them over. "Oh," cried Lady Evelyn, "if you care for old papers like these you shall have plenty, for Sylvia Evelyn [the familiar

appellation given to John Evelyn by his family] and those who succeeded him kept all their correspondence, which has furnished the kitchen with abundance of waste." Then, ringing the bell for her confidential servant, "Smalley," said her ladyship, "Mr Upcott tells me he is fond of collecting old letters. Here, take this key of the ebony cabinet, and bring down some of the bundles." I accompanied her, filling a basket with packages of old letters which Lady Evelyn assured me I was welcome to look through and select specimens for my collection. The following evening the cabinet was again visited, other packets being carried down for examination. Amongst these was a small quarto manuscript without covers, very closely written. Turning over the leaves hastily before I laid it with the other packets, I observed it to be a diary, and in the handwriting of John Evelyn, headed "Kalendarium or Diary." As soon as I returned to the dining-room I drew Lady Evelyn's attention to this important discovery. "Bless me," exclaimed her ladyship, "if here isn't old Sylva's diary! Why, I haven't seen it for years. But I don't think it would interest the public." After much persuasion, and consenting that Mr Bray should affix his name as editor of the work, although every sheet was corrected by myself, this diary was published in 1818. Not only did he bring away many hundred valuable historical letters, but he also had the precious diary in his possession, for there exists a very angry letter from Lady Evelyn demanding its immediate return.

Unfortunately this good lady died in 1817, before the publication of the book; and her nephew, who succeeded to the estate, was still less interested in the family papers or 'Sylva's' diary and correspondence.

The success of this diary, when published, and the carelessness of its inheritor led to Upcott again having possession of it for a considerable period; and from the very careful transcript then made he prepared a revised edition, published in five volumes octavo in 1827 by S. Bentley. This is the better of these two editions of the *Diary*, and it will be noticed that although the manuscript is still preserved at Wotton, the later editors were refused access to it by the members of the family, the edition of 1827 being so complete and excellent that there was nothing to be gained by retranscribing it.

The diary of Samuel Pepys, the contemporary, but more human, record of ten years only, suffered no such vicissitudes. It was the success of Evelyn's *Diary* that led to its publication in 1825, under the editorship of Lord Braybrooke, the Rev. J. Smith having deciphered from the shorthand manuscript preserved in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, rather less than half the matter. Colburn issued it in two volumes uniform in size and appearance with the other work. Even for

the subsequent reissues—five volumes octavo (1828), five volumes octavo (1848), four volumes octavo (1854)—very little was added, the preface stating 'there appeared, indeed, no necessity to amplify or in any way to alter the text of the *Diary* beyond the correction of a few verbal errors and corrupt passages hitherto overlooked.'

The public knew nothing as to what was left unprinted, and so it remained until the Rev. Mynors Bright retranscribed the manuscript, and issued his six volume octavo edition (1875-79), with additional matter equal to a third of the whole. At last it was supposed the diary had been published in its entirety. Yet this passage in the preface left a doubt: 'It would have been tedious to the reader if I had copied from the diary the account of his daily work at the office.'

Another ten years had to elapse before the fullest and practically final edition of this diary was prepared by Mr H. B. Wheatley. The occasional hiatuses that occur in these pages cannot be avoided. Most often they are due to some undecipherable word; but there are also passages in the manuscript so coarse in expression or licentious in purport that no good purpose could be served by their publication.

The regret that occurs to any student of this diary is its brevity. We have no definite indication, except the writer's failing eyesight, that this very personal record was not continued and the volumes lost. It will be recalled that Pepys bequeathed his library and manuscripts to his nephew John Jackson, to pass at his death to his *alma mater*, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Their final transfer did not take place until 1724, and a number of manuscripts remained at Pepys's residence in York Building, and never came into the possession of the legatees. Some of these were purchased by Dr Rawlinson, and passed with his collections to the Bodleian; but others were lost, and to-day there are many who believe that what we know as Pepys's *Diary* is but a fragment of a much longer work.

The relative merits of these two immortal records matters little. They exist, at least in one instance, by happy accident; and, as examples of what a diary of passing events should be, their glory will never be diminished.

NOCTURNE.

AH, roses, do not waken from your dreams,
Nor sculptured lilies, break your marble rest;
The garden ways are washed by silver streams
From a moon that wanders to the west.

So still the night, we almost seem to hear
The cloistered violet draw her perfumed sigh;
The Unseen World is very, very near—
Deep calls to deep, in Love's unlanguage cry.

The silence draws us closer, as we stand,
And through the dusk each seeks the other's hand.
M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

SOME of us have come to a clear and certain conclusion as to the best point of vantage from which to consider and estimate the world and the present state of some of its more important affairs. The place that is thus favoured for meditation and philosophy is not the heart of London, the greatest city in the world; nor is it Paris, Berlin, New York. It is not in the quarters of the rich or the slums of the poor, not in the solitude of mountains or amid the placidity and restfulness of country lanes and gardens. Each and all of these have their advantages for being inductive to good and pointed reflections; but we who have lately decided upon this matter are disposed for the time being to hold that life and systems in these days are such that there is only one place that is nearly perfect for an even and dispassionate stock-taking of the affairs of the world, and that is away from all inhabited land, at some lonely part of a great ocean. The Atlantic is to be specially recommended, for the good reason that the little community that is there separated from the rest of mankind will generally be found to be keener, more active, and more cosmopolitan than one on a ship plying on other waters; and this community, largely British and American, with a strong German element among it, and a dash of nearly every other nation, is the counsel, jury, judge, and whole tribunal for the determination of our arguments. We are between the Old World and the New, running from one to the other, attached for the time being to neither, and perhaps equally influenced in thoughts by the representatives of each. And yet not quite equally, for you will find that as a matter of practical ocean travel an influence is exerted according to the direction in which the nose of the ship is turned. I, who have crossed the Atlantic more than once or twice, have found that when my ship sails to the west, and in our following of the sun we are given an extra forty or fifty minutes for our soothing, sea-rocked sleep, a sense of Americanism, as one might say, pervades the community, the Americans who walk the deck seem to have acquired a more than normal importance and dignity, and British superiority to have fallen a point or two. And just in the same way I have fancied

that when we steam eastward to our dear green islands, which have made history for the world and greatness for themselves as no other country ever has done—and little enough do we grumble then about the shortening of our sleeping-time, since by fine clipped hours we are hastened to the homeland!—the power and the awe of glorious Britain are felt in the souls and in the bones of every intelligent being on the vessel as at no other time. Indeed, I do believe that the moment of all others when the love of and pride in our country are most deeply felt, when the thrills of patriotism quiver our heartstrings as at no other time, is when some ship is speeding us to England from far along the waters that we rule. Going toward America we wonder and we speculate, and we realise the greatness and the enterprise of this new country and the fine spirit of its people; and the Americans see to it that we lose nothing in the way of preconceived impressions of the first kind. As we head home to England, the strength and the majesty, the dignity and glory, of our land are acknowledged in a hundred timid and respectful ways by the citizens of the United States and other countries who for the time being have ceased from their own advertisement.

* * *

Some will suggest that the explanation is simple; that sailing west there are more Americans on board, and sailing east the British predominate; but that is not the rule, this being a matter of seasons. No; it is the direction and the destination that make this play upon the temperament and disposition, and the land that will next be trod upon has its value in sentiment increased, while criticism of a little sharper point, a colder, sterner analysis of things, may be applied to that which has been left behind. In the middle of the Atlantic we are detached from homeland influences, from the thousand shocks in the life of a working day at home—the morning newspapers, the evening newspapers, the letters, the telephone-calls, and all the other hindrances to settled thought and judgment—and we can decide, and we have just that gentle tide of opposition flowing against us all the time that helps to proper understanding. Perhaps it was two days before yesterday: that

I was in London—than which I can give no other address for my heading—and now, away from all the fearful din, the noise and the bustle, the happiness and sorrows, the strain of the life back there, look out from a deck-chair on to the waters of the Atlantic, which are just as they were at the beginning, innocent, save in the increasing size and swiftness of such ships as that which bears me, of all the progress of the world. Some time soon men may fly above these waters, and then even the Atlantic may seem to have lost some of its primeval strength and power and elemental simplicity. An hour ago we saw two monsters of whales on our star-board bow diving, so that their enormous tails were like the sterns of sinking ships, and then spouting as they came up again to the surface. Here is the uttermost simplicity of Nature—as it was at the beginning. And we steam toward a country where that simplicity has been farthest left behind, where modern materialism is more intensified than anywhere else, where, so far as the towns and cities are concerned, the rush and the noise and the poor superficialness of life, the thin, pale colour of it, are more pronounced than in any other land.

* * *

And then consider the variety of the little community collected in such circumstances as these, making itself into a very representative little world, which at a pinch might serve as an emergency parliament for the big one. We have a British statesman of good standing on our ship, who might act as the Prime Minister of our Universal Republic. There is an American professor who has given us some enlightening talk upon United States economics, and is firm in his conviction that a reversal of the tariff system of his country will be of the most incalculable benefit to it. A gentleman who has had an intimate and honourable association with the New York police tells me that he despairs of the achievement of any purity in public life in the city in modern times; that graft is in the soul of the people, and will remain there for long yet. There is a Canadian of Ottawa, a man of some consequence in his city, who crosses the Atlantic four or six times in every year. He is interesting and important on that subtle triangular question of attachment and interest as between Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. There is an English playwright who has convinced me that he is making fortunes out of plays presented by touring companies in the United States that never did him much good money-service at home; and there is an English actress whom we only associate with the airiest comedy, and who is bound for Kentucky and Texas and the heart of North America, where she will come near to making a thousand dollars in a week from Shakespearian tragedy. I am an admirer of Chicago. 'Hell with the lid off'

never was and never will be a fair description of the great capital of the central states. I know it and its people well. If speed and enterprise be virtues, then Chicago has merit as high as any other place. It affords great conveniences to life; in certain aspects of modern magnificence it is without a superior; and yet about a hundred years ago there was nothing here but a river and a lake, and the plain, rough lands upon which were pitched the wigwams of some Indians. Chicago to-day is the fourth largest city in the world, and it is leaping forward toward a supremacy which it will inevitably gain. It happens that the gentleman who sits upon my right at the dinner-table has been the city engineer of this Chicago of such great romance for a full five-and-twenty years, and thus has had as much to do with the shaping and the changing of the city as any other man. He tells me of great undertakings that are afoot, and that if I go to Chicago again within five years from now I shall not know the place that I almost learned to like—well, yes, that I did like—because of the changes that will have been made and some gain in beauty that will have been achieved at the fronting to Lake Michigan. One is barely satisfied with any word of beauty associated with such a place; but let it go. Strange to reflect upon, this city engineer of such long and important service is not by birth an American or a Britisher, but a Swede, who thirty years ago went sadly but hopefully away from his home in northern Europe, and crossed the wide water. He became an engineer on an American railway first; but soon Chicago called him, and raised him to command. I was glad to hear him say that, as his European visit had been one for instruction as well as entertainment and the renewal of home associations, he had found in some of the waterworks systems of London such ingenious and effective machinery and appliances as made him marvel, for nothing in America was anything like so good. Chicago will be made to copy.

* * *

Included among our people is a man who once belonged to Derbyshire, but who for many years past has been engaged in the oil industry out at Los Angeles, in California. He is a man with strong features, of a hard character, and with a certain look of sadness on his face. He goes home once in every two years to see his father and his mother; but he tells me that the man who has lived for a month in the glorious climate of Los Angeles—'God's own country' he and all other Californians always call it—will never be quite satisfied to live elsewhere again. There is a missionary on the ship, and there are some French and Italians. There is a rich American who had been in England to find himself a home for retirement, and, having found it, is now going back to settle his affairs and perform the act which so many Americans when rich and get-

ting old perform—removal to the Old Country for the final rest. There is a rollicking young student of Yale who has confided some of his financial troubles to us, and who, having been scampering over Europe for the first time, is left without a dollar to get from New York to his home, and has spent his last few cents in a marconigram to his father praying that supplies may be awaiting him at the wharf. I cannot entirely appreciate his observation that he has found living and travelling in Europe more expensive than in America, though upon a certain hypothesis I can partly do so. There are one or two special correspondents of British newspapers going far into America and other places for purposes of investigation; and the Americans and people of other nations marvel when they come to know and understand, for no other Press in the world is so thorough and determined, and always so splendidly dignified, as this Press of Britain. I could tell of a hundred, and two or three hundreds, of other varieties of men and women who make up this cosmopolitan community, just as such worlds, little yet complete, are made on other ships; but only one other specimen may be picked from the mass, and that is a keen young Englishman who is off and away to take up an official position out on a lonely island low down in the Pacific, where it seems he will be the only white man among the barely civilised natives. It needs the British man for a job like this, and our section of the community is a little proud of the boy.

* * *

Surely with such a diversity of race and circumstance and thought, and such an utter neutrality of conditions as that which prevails, the single influence being that of the land toward which we head, we should be able to get at the heart of things if anywhere at all. Here, some may suggest, we might settle upon the truth. If that is so, one should be disturbed by a topic of conversation that is frequently pressed forward in small gatherings of our community during those periods of the idle day when the mood for argument is roused. It is being pressed upon one, until the soul is almost sick, that our country is threatened with such dangers from others that she will never survive. A dozen times in a day we of Britain are told—not offensively, but as those who, being a little pig-headed, must be left to their effort—that our glorious Empire has passed its zenith, and that we are dashing to a cataclysm that is very exactly defined. No names need be mentioned, but the certainty, and one that is not so obviously ignorant as some might imagine, seems to be felt by many people apparently fair-minded who belong to foreign countries, and have no unfriendly disposition toward us. It is clear to me that nine out of every ten Americans are quite certain that we are near to our doom! In their minds the most tremendous chapter of history is already as good

as written. They know how it begins—Britain is blind, too confident, dallies too much, and does not keep a sufficiently close eye upon her rival. She should take her rival by surprise; instead of that the rival takes poor Britain by surprise, and then there is to be weeping in the heavens for an impending fall that is the greatest any nation has ever known. This is the end of the first act. The second act is short and sharp. The guns are shooting and ships are sinking. By reason of the circumstances that were put forward in the first act, plucky little Britain starts at a disadvantage from which she can never recover. She is brave enough; but what can bravery do now? The period of the act is very brief, and at the end of it the Union-Jack has been brought down from the topmasts and rolled up. In the third act we have the people of the rival nations in London; and while their chiefs are down Westminster way settling how many millions of pounds they will have for the inconvenience to which they have been submitted, as well as such ships of ours as have not been sunk, their subordinates are strolling about our beloved capital city helping themselves without the asking to all upon which their eyes may rest and which they covet. We poor British hide ourselves and groan. We would flee to Canada, but Canada is no longer British. South Africa has left us too. Where are our colonies? All, all are gone! And the Englishman and the Scot, the Irishman and the Welshman, have all been meandering about in a dull and aimless sort of way while their happy land has been taken from them. This is so clearly thought, and it is exactly what is believed by an enormous majority of Americans, that I almost suspect that the idea is encouraged in the American schools. The Americans think we have been blinded to a most appalling stupidity regarding our own security. I am positive that if anything else happened than what they suggest, as I have written it, they would be vastly astonished. So would people belonging to other countries. All are clear as to the precise state of affairs at present, and the certain probabilities. If I could bear the condolences of the Americans with perfect nonchalance and composure, a twitch of the pulse was felt when the important Canadian, a sound, level-headed man if ever there was one, told the same story of the future, but related the last act more hurriedly, with Britain in beggary and for ever done for. He says that Britain cannot see her danger as everybody outside her country can; and he almost shouts with anger and derision at those who concern themselves with domestic wrangles of an almost vulgar kind, whilst their workpeople and their violent demagogues waste their time and asp their energies when there is need to be doing not for classes but for Empire. This is sense. It is when one is out of Britain, detached from her, subjected to other influences or none at all, that one sees

best the littleness and the stupidity and the downright wickedness of these petty inland quarrels.

* * *

But if we agree that all nations are, as they have ever been, jealous of the greatness and prosperity of Britain; that, with no specially unkindly feelings, they would still not grieve to see her land upon a lower level; that even those who are friendly and attached to her would not mind a shock being applied to the Empire (on the principle that one always feels a little better for the misfortunes of one's friends); that there is a vast amount of ignorance about our present state and resources, since we do not make a practice of advertising and boasting; and that only the Britisher knows what Britain can do and will do when it is wanted; still, despite all these considerations, and the falsity of the arguments against us, one is a little disturbed by the unanimity that there is about the impending fall, by the fact that we have to surprise the world to avoid it. Our community votes that it is to be Little Britain for the future; and I have a hateful suspicion that if all were put forward to give evidence before some absolutely impartial tribunal not concerned with the politics or affairs of this world at all—say a tribunal up in Mars or one that sits in Jupiter—so that the case as between ourselves and the rival might be settled in a peaceful way, but on the basis of power and opportunity, the verdict might go against us. All these good people who see our end so clearly, and kindly tell us of it, may be wrong, most surely are wrong. But weight of opinion is a

force in itself; and if opinion is not a solid fact, and is but as an ethereal gas, yet in enormous volumes it becomes intensified and almost equal to fact itself. This universal belief in the danger of Britain is one of the things that have most impressed a man who for many months past has been wandering in many parts of the world. One of the happiest features of such discussions is the calm dignity of the Britishers who listen to them, as I have seen them listen. No halting argument, no laboured defence, no plea for sympathy! The dignity of the Englishman among his critics is the most splendid thing. He is still the lion in the forest; and those who say that the people of our land are less fervid in their patriotism than the people of other countries should see the Britons when they go abroad, and, for choice, when they rub shoulders with the very strongest of foreign peoples. The real difference between the pride and patriotism of our people and that of others is that we are dignified and reticent. These are days of advertisement. Everybody advertises. Individuals advertise, companies advertise, townships advertise, nations advertise. But Britain is conservative, and she alone does not advertise, and that is why the other people do not know the truth. But look at that boy we have who is going out alone to the island in the low Pacific, alone among the natives, and see how cheerily he goes, as if he were merely on a journey from the Bank to Charing Cross! There is a little bit of Britain, fighting Britain. The jury up in Jupiter or Mars would make a note of that.

JOHN VERSCHOYLE.

CHAPTER III.

A PEACOCK had alighted on the ramparts of the Residency that morning, pluming its radiant feathers. Several rifles had been pointed at it, but the soldiers were warned not to fire on the bird of good omen. Even such trifling portents were enough to revive the dying flame of hope in the hearts of the garrison. Was not relief at hand?

Presently the bird flew away!

Verschoyle's daring feat was still the talk of the besieged. Eric found himself exalted to an unwilling eminence through his relationship with the hero. In his return message General Inglis had asked the relieving force to send up rockets on the night before their arrival, so that the garrison might be ready to co-operate with them, and day and night an eager watch was kept for the signals of hope. Even the women exposed themselves recklessly on the flat roof of the Begum Kotee in their anxiety to be the first to bring the news.

For Sheila the quest had an especial signifi-

cance. A mysterious change had come over the girl's spirits since the night of Verschoyle's dramatic appearance. The impassive mask had disappeared, replaced by fitful changes of mood. At one moment she would be wildly, almost hysterically, excited; at the next sunk in gloom. It was during the latter phases that she was foretelling Verschoyle's capture and death; then hope would revive. He had been spared through worse perils—miraculously preserved, as it seemed. Why should not the same Providence watch over him still? The mere probability that he was alive filled her with a delirious joy, the antithesis of that hopeless inertia that had claimed her spirits when she believed him to be dead.

Toward Eric her manner had softened. The world was so much richer a place that every one must share the general beneficence, and he, in his obtuseness, accepted the improvement thankfully. There had been a moment of acute, heart-searching bitterness for him on the girl's first reception of his news, and he had found it

difficult enough to parry her interrogations. Why had he not sent for her? She would have liked to see Captain Verschoyle to thank him, &c.

But Eric had preserved a stony face. There was no time to think of such things—he had to start off again at once.

Even as he spoke a lithe native form was wriggling down through the plantain-trees of the Garden Battery, where the enemy's strength was concentrated, with a dead lump of bitterness under his silken *koortah* in place of a heart. Such a message to send to a man on the brink of death: 'afraid of harrowing her feelings'! He almost laughed aloud, the white teeth flashing out of the dark face, while the eyes stared forth cold and emotionless above.

The enemy were making high festival without the walls. The sound of revelry and music mingled with the dull roar of the guns from the Cawnpore Battery, hard by the church, where each night some fresh victim of the siege was 'laid to silence' in the little graveyard.

'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' Suspense had created greater ravages among the garrison in a fortnight than all the weeks of battering fire and disaster that had gone before.

Sheila Westrop's cheeks had fallen in; there were dark circles round her eyes; the least sound made her start, unlike her former stoic indifference.

Mrs MacLeod, noting the symptoms, pondered many things in her heart. Whichever way matters turned, there was sore trouble ahead for one of the personages in the little drama.

There had been a thunderstorm in the night, and the crash of the heavenly artillery vied with the more devastating fire of the enemy's batteries. But what was that dull, distant reverberation that boomed at intervals on the ear like an echo of the nearer onslaught, and that was continuing now, even when the daylight had come and the storm had passed?

'*Humara kumpoo ageea!*' A native, rushing madly down from the lookout turret, brought the solution. 'Our troops have come!'

Boom! boom! boom!

All day long the deep-throated artillery of the rescuers heartened the ears of the garrison. To Sheila every reverberation seemed to say, 'Verschoyle is coming! Verschoyle is coming!' Her doubts had vanished miraculously. She was possessed with the conviction of his presence—the lean, brown, imperturbable face, the steady gray eyes of him, the lion heart.

Certain movements among the enemy betrayed that they too had realised the approach of the relieving force. The breaching batteries still continued to play with undiminished force; but large bodies of fugitives with bundles on their

heads could be seen flocking across the bridges, and on the flat roofs of the houses myriads of black forms had appeared, ready to give the relievers a hostile reception should they succeed in entering the town.

A flight of bullets over the heads of the garrison and a strange whistling sound brought a hoarse cry of recognition from every throat.

Our soldiers had arrived, and there they were fighting their way up the streets, bearded Highlanders with set, stern faces, and the memory of Cawnpore burning in their eyes, opposed at every step by the retreating hordes of the enemy, swept with a hail of lead from roof and windows; fighting, falling, till the Bailey Guard Gate was reached, and relievers and relieved were face to face at last.

Amongst the delirious throng gathered to greet them were Sheila and Mrs MacLeod. The girl's face was white as the dress she wore; her eyes alone seemed alive, passing from group to group with mute, searching inquiry, indifferent to all save the one presence she sought. It was Mrs MacLeod who first caught sight of him, in converse with a group of the staff; simultaneously Verschoyle's eyes lighted on her, and the next instant her hand was caught in his firm grip.

'Mrs MacLeod, this is luck!' The lean brown face was alight with pleasure; the familiar voice brought a lump to her throat. Then she remembered—Sheila.

He too had turned at the same instant, and as his eyes fell on the girl, pale and silent, at her side, the light died in them. There was a pause that to all concerned seemed an eternity; then his hand went stiffly up to the salute, and he turned away.

It was in the little underground chamber in the Begum Kotee that had served as their nightly shelter for so long that Mrs MacLeod found the girl two hours later. She had thrown herself down on a roll of bedding in the corner, and was gazing before her with stunned, wide-open eyes.

'My dear!' said the elder woman, kneeling down beside her, and covering one of the cold hands with her own, 'I have been looking for you everywhere. Eric—he was wounded in the last sortie by a shot from one of the houses. They have brought him to the hospital.'

In a dazed, silent fashion the girl rose up. Here was more trouble—that was all she understood; she was incapable of further emotion.

Together the two women made their way across the now strangely silent enclosure to the hospital. A doctor was bending over the bed as they approached. Eric's face was ashen, the hair damp and clotted on his brow.

'It's hideously bad luck just at the last,' muttered the doctor, moving aside as they ap-

proached. I am afraid an operation would be no use; the bullet has entered a vital part.'

Sheila sat down by the bed. Even now she hardly comprehended the full significance of his words; the verdict, to be understood, must be more plainly phrased.

Instinctively she laid her hand over the twitching fingers on the coverlet. The chill of the flesh struck her to the heart, Eric's hands were usually so warm and living.

'Eric!' The name broke sharply from her lips.

He replied with incoherent syllables, his head moving uneasily on the pillow.

She bent nearer. A sudden horror of comprehension had dawned in her mind. Eric was going to die, and for months past her conduct toward him had been uniformly cold and unfeeling; all through that time of stress and tragedy that should have drawn them together she had suffered the barrier to continue, heedless of what the misunderstanding was costing him. Every repulse, every indifferent word and glance, flashed back into her mind now with horrible distinctness, mounting up the long account; and it was too late—too late—to make restitution. 'Eric!' There was a sob of remorse in her voice.

But the boy's dying thoughts were not for her. 'Verschoyle! Verschoyle!' The anxious, almost fearful, whisper came, twice repeated.

At the sound a wave of hardness swept over the girl's heart again; her former remorse was forgotten. All she saw was the cold, lifeless gaze of a pair of gray eyes in a bronzed face, a hand raised stiffly to the salute.

Mrs MacLeod had slipped away. When she returned a few moments later Verschoyle was with her. He crossed to the opposite side of the bed, ignoring Sheila's presence. The girl felt rather than saw his arrival; she hardly dared raise her eyes to his face. What would he have thought of her treatment of Eric, his cousin, during all that time? Shame paralysed her.

'Eric, old man!'

The tenderness of the tone sent a shudder through the girl opposite. The brown face was bent over the fast graying one on the pillow.

Eric's eyes opened; for a moment he gazed straight up into the kindly eyes above him, and a flicker of courage passed over them. 'I—I wanted to tell you,'—he said. Verschoyle

had to bend lower to catch the faintly whispered words. 'I—I didn't give Sheila your message that night. It was rank—rank of me.' The voice trailed away.

Sheila had started up.

Across the bed the eyes of the man and woman met.

'What message?' The girl's voice had a sharp ring of authority in its tone.

Verschoyle hesitated. His face had grown strangely white; there was a curious gleam in his eyes; then he bit his lip. 'Oh, nothing; poor lad, he's wandering,' he said.

Sheila sank down again.

But the words had penetrated the clouded consciousness of the dying man. With a last frantic effort at restitution he started up. It was to Sheila he turned this time. 'It's true,' he gasped. 'Verschoyle asked to see you. I pretended you had refused. It was rank. Forgive'—He sank back in the pillows, his eyes closed, the dew of death on his brow. Sheila had covered her face with her hands. It was useless any longer for Verschoyle to attempt to shield his cousin. She knew.

A few moments later John Verschoyle led her out of the silent ward. In the passage he paused. 'Grand fellow Eric,' he said. 'Deserved the V.C.'

She was silent. 'But you know now,' she said at last very low.

He smiled. 'I know; but I want to know more, Sheila.' And at the sound of his voice pronouncing her name for the first time, she raised her eyes to his face. Something in the expression of the gray ones above her held her gaze as he spoke.

It was no moment for ordinary considerations; they had passed beyond conventions. In the school of life and death each had matriculated, and their souls were face to face at last.

'Sheila, your eyes—they betrayed you that afternoon at Muttrapore.' His voice, low and tender, was like enchantment in her ears. 'I hadn't dared to hope before that, which was the reason why I ran away. But I lived on their secret all those months, till—I was disillusioned—by mistake—and now'—He broke off.

Her hand stole into his. With a deep sigh of thankfulness he drew her into his arms.

THE END.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

By the Hon. P. T. McGRATH.

THE Canadian Government, as is well known, has decided to construct a railroad to the shores of Hudson Bay, and adopted Fort Nelson, on the shores of that great inlet, as the terminal for the proposed line. Contemporaneously with

the construction of the line north-eastward from Manitoba, the creating of a suitable harbour at Port Nelson is also being undertaken; and such is the activity in these northern waters in the present year that no fewer than five Newfound-

land sealing-steamers have been chartered for service there. The *Bonaventure* and *Bellaventure* are engaged by the Canadian Government to take men, machinery, and munitions to Fort Nelson for the campaign which is to result in the creation of a port there; the Canadian Government steamer *Minto* has also been assigned to the same service; while a powerful dredger, just built in Canada, and designed to be used in deepening the water at Fort Nelson, was also to be towed thither during the summer by a sea-going Scotch tug, as none sufficiently large was procurable in Canada. The *Beothic*, another Newfoundland sealer, has been chartered by the North Railway Company in connection with plans for the future development of the region, and her headquarters will also be Fort Nelson. The sealer *Nascopie*, likewise of St John's, goes north as a supply-ship for the Hudson Bay Company, collecting furs at its various trading posts, and distributing all the material necessary for the maintaining and operating of the seaboard and the stations in the interior that are reached from there most conveniently. The *Adventure*, a fifth Terranovan sealer, is to carry out similar work for the Revillon Company of Paris, the French rival of the Hudson Bay Company, which has been extending its operations in the region very largely of late years.

Canada, it is therefore very evident, is making good her claim to the sovereignty of this region, which seemed for a time to be disputed by the United States; a situation being thus created that compelled Canada to take action to maintain her position regarding it. During the past ten years there has not been a summer which has not seen a Canadian Government expedition in these waters, establishing North-West Police posts at the principal points, hoisting the flag on territory where British jurisdiction was more or less in abeyance, and reannexing lands regarding the ownership of which by Canada there might be any dispute.

After the Alaskan boundary award had dispelled some Canadian ideas of what constituted occupancy and sovereignty of disputed territories, it was pointed out that her assertion of control over Hudson Bay was one which might be contested, especially as the district had never been effectively occupied, and the Canadian Parliament and the Government were urged to take action to strengthen that country's hold upon the region. As an outcome of this agitation, and the Dominion Cabinet's awakening to a realisation of the possibility of Canada's right to Hudson Bay being assailed at some future date, she despatched an expedition to these waters for the purpose of reasserting her sovereignty there. This expedition was conveyed by the Newfoundland sealer *Neptune*, chartered for the purpose, because Canada's expedition was in the charge of Professor A. P. Low, now head of the Dominion Geological Survey, and carried also Major Moodie,

of the North-West Police territories of north-east Canada, who established his headquarters at Port Fullerton, on the north-west section of Hudson Bay, the favourite harbourage of Scotch and American whalers operating in these waters. The next year the Dominion Government purchased the steamer *Gauss*, that had conveyed Drygalsky's German expedition into South Polar waters, renamed her the *Arctic*, and sent her, under the command of Captain Bernier, to cruise annually in the Far North, reannexing islands and other areas in that vast snow-clad waste, and asserting authority over whalers, fishers, trappers, and others who might venture there. This work she continued every year until 1911; while the Newfoundland sealer *Adventure* was chartered each summer to convey stores and men to the police posts situated around the Bay.

On 10th March 1905, in a discussion in the Canadian Commons of alleged American movements in Hudson Bay and adjacent territory, Sir Wilfred Laurier observed: 'We are aware that Americans have been patrolling northern waters, and giving American names to territories there which I think are under our jurisdiction. We have already provided against that by sending an expedition there, which has planted a British flag on many parts of these northern lands. We cannot allow Americans to take possession of what is British territory, and we intend to assert our jurisdiction over it.'

The expedition he instanced was that of Professor Low, and the policy he outlined then has been continued. But even it has not sufficed to stifle Canadian criticism, for in the Dominion Senate last year Senator Poirier contended that Canada had been robbed of her Arctic heritage along the Pacific by Russia and the Alaska Boundary award, and was faced with the prospect of a further loss by treaty in the Franklin territory through American exploration and aggression in that quarter; and Sir Wilfred Laurier then declared that the Canadian Government would take further steps effectively to safeguard her interests in that region.

In the summer of 1910 Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, made the overland trip from Winnipeg to Churchill, on the west shore of Hudson Bay, and then proceeded by steamer from there eastward across the Bay and out through Hudson Strait, southward along Labrador, and in through the Gulf of St Lawrence to Quebec, being the first Viceroy of the Dominion to undertake such a journey. Following closely upon this came the announcement that the Hon. J. C. Paterson, former Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, had been appointed by the Ottawa Cabinet as a commissioner to inquire into and report upon Canada's titles to her sub-Arctic lands, an announcement which occasioned some surprise, which was not lessened when soon afterwards it

was followed by the statement that the appointment had been made because American whalers which visit Hudson Bay summer after summer did not recognise Hudson Bay as a closed sea, and were refusing to pay license fees which were demanded by the Canadian revenue officials, or otherwise to recognise Canada's sovereignty over that region.

Hudson Bay, the Mediterranean of Canada, is one of the most striking geographical features of North America. It is half as large as the Mediterranean Sea; it drains a vast territory three million square miles in area; vast rivers flow into it from the south, east, and west, flowing from places as distant as the plains of Minnesota and Dakota; in its waters fish and oil-bearing mammals live undisturbed. Along its shores are fine harbours; in the country surrounding it are rich mineral deposits and fine farming lands; but it is a region destitute of human habitation, though white whales, walruses big as elephants, and fur-bearing seals disport themselves undisturbed in the water. On the land there is wealth, with no one to take it away. Moose Bay is in a latitude farther south than London, and the more northern portion of Hudson Bay is at about the same latitude as the North of Scotland. The climate also compares very favourably with that of the same latitude in some other portions of the globe. The Bay does not freeze across in winter, the winter conditions there being similar to those of the Gulf of St Lawrence, and navigation is possible during four or possibly five months of the year. The Hudson Bay route would bring the great North-West as near to Europe as is the city of Quebec. It offers perhaps the best route to the Yukon district, and is the national route to the great wheat-fields of the North-West. Gold is there, specimens of gold-bearing quartz having been brought into the Hudson Bay stations, pyrites containing gold have been found by the Geological Survey party, and alluvial gold has been found in the valleys. Gypsum, iron, copper, silver, and lead are abundantly indicated in many places.

A rather curious feature of this vast area, especially seeing that the Canadian Government is planning the construction of a railway there, is that, according to the German *Journal of Geology*, the shores of this shallow Hudson Bay—only a small central portion is more than six hundred feet deep—are gradually rising, and it seems probable that the entire Bay will cease to exist in the course of centuries. The edge of the rising district runs from the Great Lakes seaward parallel with the axis of James Bay, the southernmost part of Hudson Bay. The rising section belongs to the great Laurentian ridge, which forms an arc around Hudson Bay, and extends from Lake Athabasca to Newfoundland. South of this region the land is sinking perceptibly. At Chicago, Milwaukee, and along the southern shore of Lake Ontario the subsidence during the

past century has been about a foot. In past ages the vast basin, of which the great lakes are remnants, emptied into Hudson Bay through a deep channel which can still be distinctly traced. A few thousands of years hence, on the other hand, these lakes will apparently pour their water through an outlet to the Mississippi from the vicinity of Chicago. This is probably the most decided case of elevation and subsidence on a great scale that has ever been traced.

However, in the meantime Hudson Bay is navigable, and its fisheries and those of the northern waters connected with it are regarded as potentially most valuable. Fur seals abound just outside the Strait and Bay. The walrus, whose hide is used for belting, and whose tusks are of commercial value, is also an inhabitant of Hudson Bay. White whales have their chief home in that inland sea. Narwhals and whales are less numerous, but are sought there with success by the fleets from New Bedford. There are cod-fisheries in Frobisher Bay and Cumberland Sound. In most of the rivers emptying into Hudson Bay salmon are to be found; they winter in the rivers and lakes, going out into the salt water with the breaking up of the ice in June, and returning up-stream about the 1st of August, which is the month for catching salmon. The Hudson Bay Company ships the salmon in the salted or pickled state. Of course, the fur trade of the Hudson Bay terrain is a large one. Besides the commodities which the proposed railway line would tend to originate at its northern extremity, there are those whose production would be promoted all along its course. The country traversed is rich in timber and minerals, and a belt of considerable width is shown to be suitable for agriculture.

Were the country within the Arctic Circle the quality of the soil would be of no consequence; but there are scores of millions of acres upon which profitable stock-raising and farming may be carried on, and it is important to note that in its southern sections the soil is rich and productive. In the district of James Bay, as large as all England, the total population at present is one Scotsman and about thirty or forty families of Indians. In favoured spots such as the Peace River, millions of bushels of wheat will in the future be produced. Some time ago the Hudson Bay Company, which used to get all its flour from England, by way of Fort Churchill, established a flour-mill at Fort Vermilion, and many of its stations in that vast country are supplied with flour ground from wheat produced in the Peace River Valley. The mill at Fort Vermilion has steamer communication, broken at one point only, with a country as extensive as Europe excluding Russia. The chains of watercourses through all that northern land are, in fact, labyrinthine. The timber resources of the region are also varied and ex-

tensive. There are splendid forests of spruce, birch, tamarack, black ash, and balsam, which are found more particularly in the river valleys in the neighbourhood of James Bay; while it is stated that there is enough pulpwood in the hinterland to supply the world's needs for the next two centuries.

It is, however, by its wealth of peltries that Hudson Bay is chiefly known, and the hides of its fur-bearing animals are the finest in the world. The Hudson Bay Company sends out, by way of Labrador, Hudson Bay, and the various fur trails through western Canada, peltries to the value of about two million dollars each year. The peninsula of Labrador, now known in Canada as Ungava, is perhaps the richest section of the district in all these respects, and an eminent Canadian writer, recently describing it, gave the subjoined interesting details of the resources of that region: 'Ungava is the home of speckled trout. There are perhaps not less than one hundred thousand lakes in Ungava, with tributaries in and out of them, say ten miles to each lake, making about one million miles of creeks and rivers, which are simply a breeding and feeding ground for fish. Millions of dollars' worth of fish could be shipped every year from this region without lessening the quantity in the waters, providing the larger ones only were taken out. The trout run from half a pound to five pounds, and some run to seven pounds; most of them run from one to two pounds. Other mercantile fish are equally plentiful, one feature of it all being that a fish caught here after lying out for two days is as hard and firm as our fish when caught fresh. The fish are very much finer in quality than what we get even in Georgian Bay or Lake Superior. Salmon trout are very plentiful and very fine, running up to forty pounds. There are also sea-trout that can be caught in immense quantities. The natives use a net about fifty or a hundred feet in length, set out along the shore or around the islands, and they get all they can use. The same mode here would not catch one where they catch a thousand. There are also said to be cod and other salt-water fish in great abundance. Seal are very plentiful, and form one of the principal foods of the Esquimaux. There are immense numbers of whales and many walrus in the north part of Hudson Bay. Ducks of all kinds are very plentiful in the spring and fall. Sea-pigeons are also numerous. White bears very seldom come much farther south than the north part of James Bay. Reindeer are quite plentiful in the northern part of Ungava; but there seem to be no moose north of Rupert River or East Main. The timber lines end at Richmond Gulf, above Little Whale River; but for the last hundred miles the timber is very low and scrubby, and in exposed places the limbs do not grow on the north-west side of the spruce-trees, owing to the strength of the

winds from that quarter. The climate this summer was very cold.'

On the immense island areas in the Arctic waters north and east of the Dominion proper are areas containing precious and other metals; and some of them may yet prove as valuable as the Yukon itself. There are hundreds of islands in the zone, some as large as England and Ireland. One of them, Baffin Land, is some one thousand one hundred miles in length and five hundred miles across at its widest part. Baffin Land lies at the head of Hudson Bay, and is divided from that enormous and almost unexplored section known as Labrador. The rest of the islands are contiguous to northern Canada in the Arctic Ocean. These waters are frequented by American whalers, the owners of which have established permanent fishery stations far apart in various directions.

Hudson Bay is remarkably free from rocks and shoals, and it has an average depth of about four hundred and twenty feet. So uniform are the surroundings that Dr Bell, one of the Canadian Geological Survey, in a paper prepared by him in 1881 on the commercial importance of Hudson Bay, had no hesitation in saying that if, through any convulsion of nature, this vast basin were to be drained, we should find an immense level similar to the prairies of the west. The same authority informs us that storms in the Bay are very rare, and by no means formidable; that icebergs are never seen; and that fogs, the most dreaded enemy with which sailors have to contend, are of rare occurrence and of but short duration. The climate of the shores of the Bay during the summer months is mild and genial, and vegetables, such as potatoes, lettuce, beetroot, onions, and many others, are grown in the open air. It is asserted by Dr Bell that the temperature of the water in Hudson Bay is several degrees higher than the water in Lake Superior; and, in support of this assertion, Lieutenant Gordon, who was sent by the Canadian Government in command of the expedition despatched to Hudson Bay for the purpose of reporting on its feasibility as a commercial route, writes in his official despatch that Hudson Bay may be regarded as a vast basin of comparatively warm water, the effect of which must be to ameliorate the winter climate to the south and east of it.

All those who have closely studied the problems associated with the question of utilising Hudson Bay are satisfied that the territory to the south of it possesses varied resources, and that it gives access to Canada's prairie country, perhaps the most fertile and promising of all its great divisions; and that Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay are safely navigable for a certain period of the year. The only question that really arises is as to the extent of the period during which safe navigation is possible, and as to whether, within that period, sufficient use can be made of the

waterway to induce shipowners, exporters, and business people to avail themselves of it for the carriage of commodities in deep-sea freighters. The *Winnipeg Free Press*, while it champions the scheme, admits that 'the vessels to ply in such waters should be as powerful as modern shipbuilding can make them. Such, of course, will be the vessels on the Hudson Bay route—strong ships, powerfully engined.' Now, 'strong ships, powerfully engined,' mean poor cargo-carriers, a smaller cargo-load per ton of displacement than on other routes nowadays. In fact, so keen is the shipping competition now that none but the most modern and best equipped of freighters are able to make money. Consequently these specially built Hudson Bay ships would only be available for the purpose for which they are built. The remainder of the year they would have to be tied up. Three trips a year would represent their earning capacity, so that to carry grain in them would be three times as expensive as in ships plying elsewhere. The grain men like to have the commodity in which they deal available for shipment whenever the market makes a sale advantageous. Would they ship to a Hudson Bay port knowing that it must be held up there for months?

Earl Grey and his entourage, in their trip through Hudson Bay, went with the avowed object of dispelling the idea that the region was ice-bound and impassable. They found no difficulty in making the journey by canoe from Lake Winnipeg to York Factory, on the shores of Hudson Bay, where the Canadian Government cruiser was awaiting them. Leaving Norway House on 8th August, they reached York Factory twelve days later, after a canoe-trip in which the most serious mishaps were the staving of one canoe by striking against a rock and the straining of Mr George Grey's ankle by its being caught in a tree-stump. At this point the Hayes and Nelson Rivers almost meet; and York Factory, the fur-post there, is located in the low, swampy peninsula between them. The mouth of the Nelson River is known as Port Nelson, and is favoured by some as the likely terminal for the proposed Hudson Bay Railway; but an idea of what this would mean is afforded by the fact that the water is so shallow that the cruiser was invisible, although waiting for the party, as she had to anchor twenty miles to sea, since she could not approach nearer; and her launch had to be sent to embark them. It is not uncommon here for canoes to ground, with two or three occupants, almost out of sight of land; and, while there is a navigable channel formed by the force of the outlet of the Nelson River, it is so tortuous and unreliable as to be rendered virtually useless. At Fort Nelson, the proposed railway terminus, an enormous expenditure will be necessary to render it safe, because a breakwater of enormous size and strength would be the first essential, and the

channel would have to be dredged and buoyed for many miles. Fort Churchill, one hundred miles farther north, was at first considered as an alternative terminal, and has much more to commend it, its harbour being an excellent one, which could be made available for the purpose intended by a much smaller expenditure of money. The run to that place was made very successfully, and from there the navigation of the waters outward through Hudson Strait and into Atlantic waters was accomplished without any difficulty whatever. The explanation of this, of course, is that the trip was undertaken at the period of the year when the obstacles in the way of safe and speedy transit were the fewest. There is, however, evidence to show that it is not an easy matter to navigate these waters earlier in the season.

The Dominion Government sent another steamer there in 1912—the *Stanley*—to undertake survey work, and she gives a very different report of the conditions which were encountered. Her captain tells that she passed through Hudson Strait earlier than any ship in recent years. On 18th July, at the entrance to the Strait, she ran into 'drift ice.' On the same night she met 'heavy ice;' on the 20th the ice was 'very thick;' on the 21st 'scattering ice' was encountered; on the 22nd 'very heavy ice' was run into, and she had to break her way by going ahead and then astern again, so that she might make another dash at the obstacle. She arrived at Churchill on 27th July, and left to return on 29th July. This would be about the most favourable season of the year, midway between 15th July and 15th August. And yet we are told of her on the inward trip 'meeting much ice—miles of it—good solid ice, and all the time the thermometer was at the freezing-point or lower.' Finding a trading-craft stuck in the ice, she towed her to within fifteen miles of Nelson. So heavy was the ice that a twelve-inch hawser had to be used, and this was broken once. On the return trip the *Stanley* met much more ice than in going, the ice, we are told, extending for miles out into the Bay, and at times being sufficient to bring her to a quick stop. The *Stanley* is built for ice-breaking, but had a very hard task to get through. Just one year previously a steamer was carried up and down James Bay in the ice for eighteen days before reaching Churchill.

Earl Grey's party, however, obtained an idea of the difficulties in other directions which must attend the navigation of Hudson Bay. The most serious of these is the absolute unreliability of the compass in these waters, that used on their ship having failed them on two occasions. It swung to the South Pole, and remained there absolutely immovable for half-an-hour, on one occasion, and for a briefer period another time. The first case occurred at midnight; and though the ship was made to complete three circles under

good speed the compass needle never stirred, and those on board were not able to assign any cause for this strange behaviour. It was the same the second time; without any warning, the needle swung, and although the same device was adopted in the hope of getting it to move once more, not for many minutes was this successful. This absolute unreliability of the compass forms a serious menace to the possibility of safely navigating these waters, unless in the meantime the cause of this disturbance can be discovered and its influence overcome.

Another difficulty is that there are no charts of these waters; that very thorough and costly hydrographic surveys will have to be made of the whole region from the Atlantic through Hudson Strait and across Hudson Bay to whatever point is chosen as the railway terminal; and that very costly equipments of lighthouses, fog-alarms, and Marconi stations will need to be provided if the route is ever to be successfully operated. When one reflects, therefore, on the

frequency of shipping mishaps in the St Lawrence, in spite of all that Canada has spent in improving the aids to navigation of the gulf and river, one begins to realise the difficulties which will beset the navigation of Hudson Bay, and how much more costly it will be to utilise it as a shipping route than the routes which are now employed—the St Lawrence and Atlantic coast ports.

Finally, it is important to remember that while Hudson Bay itself is never closed, the navigation of the Strait is the real problem, not alone from the ordinary obstacles to navigation, but from what is described as frozen fog, a form of gelid vapour that is common as winter approaches, and that practically defies all attempt to navigate through it. In view of all these circumstances, then, it is quite apparent that the navigation of Hudson Strait will prove by no means easy, and that the problem of rendering the route commercially successful will make a call on Canada's efforts for a long time.

K A A N D R A

By W. F. SINCLAIR.

ONE day, at the beginning of the hot weather, I had occasion to visit the village of G—, which lies on the right bank of the Nile on the gravel spur of a towering mountainous mass called Gebel G—, from which the village takes its name.

The community is a poor one, the people depending for their living upon *sahel* lands—that is, land which can only be cultivated at low Nile, and upon which only melons, maize, and a few other such products can be raised, the crops being gathered and the lands abandoned on the approach of the inundation. These lands lie on the other side of the river, and the cultivators have to cross over in the village ferry to reach them.

G— was not always in its present poverty-stricken condition. At one time it was large and prosperous, numbering several thousands of inhabitants, and with cultivated fields stretching away on every side; nor was the village pressed up against the barren mountain-side, but stood well out in the cultivated area. The explanation of this seeming riddle is that old Father Nile has a habit of taking a sudden turn and eating away at a bank. Every year the flood comes down and pares away the edges of the fields; palm-trees fall, and are carried away; and at last the limits of the village are reached, and the houses begin to tumble into the relentless tide. Perhaps half-a-dozen of these mud dwellings go every year. The village is doomed, and the river will not stop until it has swept away every particle of the rich soluble mud and reached the solid rock at the base of the moun-

tain. In the meantime, whilst the land has been taken from this side, new land has been left on the other, and the villagers have been gradually crossing over and taking up their abode on the other side, where in time a new village springs up. In this way, through the ages, the river changes its course and swings from one side to the other of its broad and perfectly flat valley, which measures in places twelve miles across.

The village sheikh of G— was an old friend of mine, and though I had not seen him for some years, I easily recognised him walking along the Nile bank as our felucca approached the shore and the boatman let go the curious fin-shaped sail.

After the exchange of greetings in the usual flowery Arab style, I was invited to the house for a cup of coffee. The house, which was close by, was of but one storey, with floor of beaten earth and walls and roof of unburnt, sun-dried brick. A *mastaba*, or raised platform of earth, which ran round three sides of the room evidently served as bedsteads. A kneeling camel munched away in one corner, giving an occasional gurgle, and casting a disdainful glance in our direction. The floor-space was sprinkled indiscriminately with chickens and children, these last being the grandchildren of the sheikh.

Several village graybeards followed us into the house on the invitation of the sheikh, who possibly felt that the occasion demanded their support. After further compliments, coffee was produced, and fortunately it was poured into very tiny cups, for it was a really terrible com-

pound. However, I swallowed it, and, having paid this tribute to the customs of the country, I began to converse with the sheikh.

He was a genial old fellow this Sheikh Habib, with a certain dry humour of his own which would crop up occasionally from his provincial simplicity. He told me that he had once visited Cairo, but never Alexandria, and he had not seen the sea. The wonders of Cairo had made a lasting impression upon his mind. 'By Allah!' he said, 'there are people in Cairo who have gold by the mètre. But here we are all poor,' he added, laughing as though it were the greatest joke in the world. 'The Nile has eaten us up. However, *al Allah*, everything comes from God'—this with a most evident piety.

I pointed out to him that there were many in Cairo who were much poorer than he, and who would gladly change places with him; but he hardly seemed to credit this. 'Well, oh sheikh,' I said at last, 'what is the news here?'

'Why, what news should there be?' he replied. 'Everything is always the same here.'

Here upspoke one of the old men. 'Has his presence the *hawaga* heard of the antiquity-seekers?'

'Ah yes,' said the sheikh, brightening, 'we had the antiquity-seekers here last winter.'

'Antiquity-seekers?' said I, much puzzled. 'But there are no ruins or tombs here.'

'But there are,' said the sheikh; 'they found them last year; and two *hawagas*—wise men, well read in the ancient books—came here with their tents and their cook and their servants, and stayed all the winter digging up the graves on the mountain-side.'

'And what did they find?' I asked.

'Allah!' said the sheikh, shrugging his shoulders, 'what should they find but the dead?'

'And were the people angry at seeing all those dead ones turned out of their graves?'

'Why, no,' said the sheikh. 'Why should they be angry? Those dead ones, they were not Mohammedans. Our men were glad of the work, for more than two hundred were employed in the digging, and they paid well, those *hawagas*.'

My objective being a certain survey benchmark on the ridge above the village, I thought that I might well take in the scene of the excavation on my way. Accordingly I called for the donkeys, and started off. The sheikh did not offer to accompany me. I fancy his taste did not run in the direction of opened graveyards.

The sight when I reached the place was certainly not a pleasant one. The slopes and valleys of the foothills were pitted and furrowed in every direction. Acres and acres of graves had been opened, and their contents thrown upon the ground. The stench from these four-

thousand-year-old corpses was abominable even after several months' exposure. These were evidently the graves of the very poor, for many of the bodies had been but imperfectly mummified, and consisted of a mere collection of rotted mummy-cloths and bones bound up in sticks of palm-fronds, with no sign of the gorgeous paraphernalia we are accustomed to associate with mummies. There were even pits which had been used as common graves. They had been but half-emptied by the excavation. Large numbers of the corpses, probably those of people in a more fortunate walk of life, were perfectly preserved. The bodies were of the colour and consistency of dry rotten leather, but the features otherwise preserved all the full, rounded appearance of life. There was one mummy of an old woman with long woolly locks which bore the most complete resemblance to an old woman I had met carrying a jar of water from the river to the village. In the majority of cases the mummy-cloths had been wrenched off in the search for jewels or other relics; but there were half-a-dozen bodies complete, with all their wrappings. They looked like gouty old men lying on the hillside. Legs, arms, and heads were strewn about everywhere. There were also little children; and I noticed one tiny baby, not more than a foot long, whose poor little shrivelled body bore a horrid resemblance to a mummified cat I had once seen taken out of a cellar.

The indignity done to these human remains struck me as so shocking that even the recollection of their antiquity failed to modify the impression. It seemed altogether horrible and indecent. But I must stop. I am aware that I am on the verge of uttering the most unpardonable heresy. This is the age of science, and all must bow to its customs and decrees; and is there any more fascinating pursuit in the world than Egyptological research?

And so these people have lain there in those gravel-ridges all unsuspected through the ages, only to be disturbed by the body-snatcher—the scientists of the twentieth century—these ancient Egyptians who lived for death; who, with their queer ideas of *Ka* and *Ra*, toiled all their lives in the hope of saving the embalmer's fee—that was their fee to future bliss, the *sine qua non* of earthly existence.

The great, great ones of the land, after the manner of the great ones of all time, did themselves handsomely. Mighty pyramids, alabaster tombs, and coffins of rare wood covered with precious pigments and leaf of gold enclosed their remains. The humble toilers had to be satisfied with palm-sticks and matting, and the bare earth. Alas for *Ka*! and alas for *Ra*! and alas for human vanity!

Standing here on the crest of this ridge, we can see it all. At our feet rolls the river, and beyond, stretching away for ten miles to the

Libyan Desert, is the wonderfully green valley. From there came the mournful processions bearing the dead for the interment. Ferried across the river in a type of boat which has remained the same to this day, they were probably received here by priests who performed the last rites. Now here is a strange fact: those processions come to-day. The Egyptians still take their dead across the river and bury them in the high-lying ground. They do not know why they do it, and many a good Mohammedan would be horrified if told that he was following an immemorial custom which has descended to him from the ancient people he chooses to regard as idolaters and infidels.

The composition of these hills is a marine conglomerate; coral and petrified shellfish abound everywhere. The tops of the hills bear that unmistakable hollowed-out appearance due to the grinding of the waves peculiar to all coral coasts. The very earth turned out of the ancient graves is thick with tiny fossilised shells. Did those old priests ever ponder on these relics of long-extinct life? Did they ever speculate on the time when the ocean crashed against those cliffs far above their heads unthinkable ages before they and their little troubles were dreamt of? Awful, appalling thought, which rouses me from my reverie and causes me to hasten down the hill toward the felucca which is waiting. It is good to feel alive and to live in the world of to-day. It is that which matters most—to me.

There was a sequel to my visit to M——, and I cannot close without recording it, for it furnishes

such a fine example of unconscious humour. Some time subsequent to my visit I picked up a copy of an English newspaper published in Egypt. It contained a report of the researches at M——. 'The excavations carried out at M—— under the direction of Professor A——,' said the report, 'though they did not come fully up to expectations, were not altogether void of interest. Several thousand graves of the Third Dynasty were opened, and the pottery and ornaments carefully collected and classified by Dr B——. The search for a royal tomb seemed at first doomed to disappointment, and it was not until several shafts had been sunk at different spots, and the party had been working for some eleven weeks, that signs of extensive masonry work began to appear. The walls of the building were carefully skirted and wide excavations made all round. At this stage of the proceedings it was noticed that the tomb was entirely out of the perpendicular. It was evident that the foundation had sunk on one side. The work of excavation was then carried down to the foundation, and the whole remarkable story stood revealed and the cause of the subsidence was explained. Lying partly in a tunnel was a human skeleton, the skull of which had been crushed by the falling stones of the foundation. The skeleton, which had been there at least two thousand years, was that of a *robber* who was in the act of breaking into the tomb when he was killed by the falling masonry.' Following upon this was a learned disquisition upon the mummy, and the gold ornaments found upon it.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN INGENUOUS FUMIGATING SPRAY FOR THE HOME.

THESE are the days of hygiene; and if one should enjoy the best of health it is imperative that the air in the home shall be maintained pure, sweet, and free from dust. Dust is an evil difficult to combat, as it penetrates everywhere, and inasmuch as it is invariably associated with certain germs which enter the lungs it is exceptionally dangerous. Again, it is not always possible to escape illness, and it is difficult to maintain an antiseptic condition in the sickroom in a private residence without affecting the comfort of the patient. There are many powerful germicides on the market, but as a rule the pungency of the aroma is disturbing to the invalid, while the means of distributing the deodoriser is usually far from satisfactory. An ingenious inventor has devised a very handy instrument whereby a room or a house may be kept in a perfectly pure and sweet condition. It is extremely simple in its construction, and highly efficient in its operation. It comprises a small conical chamber, to which

is attached a small pump similar to that employed for inflating cycle tires, though without the rubber tube connection, the two forming a rigid whole. The container is provided with a specially designed opening whence the deodorant is discharged into the air in such a way that the antiseptic is distributed in the form of a very fine spray, like a mist, which evaporates almost immediately and becomes associated with the atmosphere of the room. The pump is exceedingly powerful, the misty jet being discharged for a distance of two or three feet. The deodorant is supplied in a highly concentrated fluid form, a half-pint bottle being sufficient to make one hundred and thirty-five quarts of germicide. The reservoir of the pump can hold about a pint of the fluid, so that barely a spoonful of the concentrated fluid is required at a time. While the germicide is extremely powerful in its germ-destroying properties, it is also free from pungency, the aroma, in fact, being somewhat refreshing, so that it exercises a beneficial effect upon the patient. Of course, if desired, other more powerful deodorisers, such as lysol,

carbolic acid, and so forth, may be used with the spray, these being particularly useful in the case of infectious maladies; but the stock deodorant is quite adequate for general purposes. All that one has to do is to charge the reservoir with the diluted solution, apply the sealing cap, and it is ready for use. Little effort is required in pumping, a child being able to use it. It is not necessary to use the whole of the contents of the reservoir at one time, as the discharging orifice can be sealed with a plug, thereby preserving the contents of the reservoir from evaporation and loss of strength. As the jet is finer than that delivered from the ordinary scent spray, the appliance is economical in use. The original instrument of this type was designed for disinfecting and fumigating large buildings such as theatres or assembly-rooms, and the smaller appliance has been produced to meet the demand that has arisen for a simple and effective fumigator for the home.

A KINEMA COURSE OF EDUCATION.

One of the most enterprising developments which has yet been made in the efforts to turn the cinematograph from a mere amusement into a serious educational channel is that perfected by Messrs Clare & Bamberger. It is described as the cinema college, and the term is most apt, inasmuch as it is a movement by which young and old cannot fail to benefit, as it introduces them to many wonders of nature. The first film comprises a selection of natural history subjects garnered by operators in all parts of the world, and set out in an informative and interesting manner, with all the most prominent points described by a lecturer. It is a complete entertainment in itself, as it occupies the screen for about two hours. Many of the natural episodes shown are extraordinary, and have never been caught before by the cinematograph camera. Among other incidents depicted are the birth of the empire moth, the evolution of the caterpillar feeding upon a daffodil, the formation of the cocoon, and the emergence of the butterfly. A fight between a bumble-bee and a spider, owing to the former being ensnared in the web, is portrayed vividly, culminating in the death of the bee and the attempt of the spider to drag the insect to its lair, only to lose its prey through a hole in the web; and the yawning of a huge python, which is said to take place only just before a meal, is shown very effectively. Another fascinating subject is a dace snake catching fish, and the cleverness of the reptile in turning a big fish while held in its jaws so that it can swallow the head first, and thereby devour the fish without receiving the damage from the scales which would ensue if it were swallowed tail first, is very striking. The photographs show lions at their lunch, taken at close quarters in their wild state, and the subsequent quenching of their thirst at the waterhole; a dingo covering

its food with sand not by its forefeet but with its snout; a leopard playing with a jungle fowl in the manner of a cat with a mouse; a polar bear diving; vultures feasting on a carcass, and finally cleaning their feathers preparatory to flight; and many other phases of animal life, are depicted. But possibly the most fascinating item in the entire course is the story of the moorhen, from the building of the nest to the hatching of the young. The whole process of incubation, and how the chick emerges from the shell, dries itself in the sun, and takes to the water, are shown in vivid detail. The photographs were taken by a lady amateur, and their preparation occupied no less than two and a half years. There is a touch of nature's tragedies in these particular incidents. Water-rats prowled around the nest, but the vigilance of the mother-bird frustrated their attacks on the eggs. Then when the chicks took to the water the rats seized their opportunity, and setting upon the young, promptly devoured them, the closing scene showing the feet and other indigestible portions of the young fowl which were left by the rodents lying on the bank. Many people doubt the capacity of a wild rabbit to swim; but a glimpse at the pictures showing a colony disturbed by a ferret swimming a stream to escape dispels this illusion. The pictures comprising this cinema college have been collected from Great Britain, France, Germany, the Arctic regions, Australia, Africa, and America, so that it is quite comprehensive. It also indicates how amusing episodes may be introduced into a serious subject without impairing the educational value of the material. A young brown bear is shown upon its first wild-honey hunting expedition. It discovers a colony of bees in a decaying tree-trunk, infuriates them, and finally squats upon the nest, from which it is driven peremptorily; but ultimately its perseverance is rewarded. The appearance of this film has proved conclusively the educational superiority of its mission.

A NOVEL PIANO-PLAYER.

While mechanically produced pianoforte music is derided by the masters of this instrument, it must be admitted that the piano-player has been responsible for bringing the piano into many a home, and has produced music which otherwise would be impossible. The latest development differs from all others, and can be attached to any upright piano without difficulty. The appliance is described as the pistonola, and the name serves to emphasise its outstanding features, as it works upon a piston instead of a bellows. The bellows are cumbersome, very troublesome owing to the liability to leak under climatic changes, and also perishable. On the other hand, objection might be raised against the piston on the plea that it requires careful lubrication; but this is overcome by making the

pistons of hard graphite, whereby they are rendered self-lubricating. Smooth working is thus assured, and as the graphite is thoroughly compressed it is virtually everlasting; further, the metal in which the graphite piston moves is unaffected by temperature, so that leakage is prevented. The system is also much simpler than the conventional types. For instance, the expression is controlled entirely by the pedals, so that one need only acquire dexterity and skill in the manipulation of this attachment. The tyro is prone to pedal unevenly, but this does not affect the music produced. The inventors, who are British, have incorporated a means of correcting faulty or uneven pedalling, with the result that from the very first the tyro can give a correct interpretation of the composition. Incidentally it may be mentioned that this attachment also effects an improvement in the performance of soft legato passages. The fact that the mechanical player can be attached to any upright grand is a distinct advantage. It is claimed that this attachment does not injuriously affect the touch or the tone of the piano when it is played by hand, which is one of the greatest defects of the ordinary type of piano-player. Moreover, as very little mechanism is placed before the lower part of the strings, the volume of sound is not seriously deadened.

THE POPULARITY OF MARGARINE.

Probably no dietetic substitute has made such remarkable strides as margarine. In fact, the popularity of this commodity and the improvements effected in its manufacture have advanced to such a degree of perfection that the prosperity of the butter industry is seriously threatened. This is because the substitute is only inferior to the very highest grades of butter. The difference in price is the governing factor. In the working-class home to-day scarcely any butter is consumed, because of the margarine which is obtainable at half the price. The nutritive properties of the substitute are high in those wherein nut-oil is a considerable component. Broadly speaking, margarine is divided into three classes. The first is that made purely from animal fats and oils, the second is made only from nuts and the like, and the third is a composition of these two. Practically speaking, all three are equally good, and there is a severe competition for supremacy. The chemist has been wonderfully successful in his researches; he has succeeded in eliminating the natural distinctive flavours of the different components, and has been able to impart to his compound a taste and bacterial qualities very closely allied to genuine butter of the highest grade. The modern margarine factory is a remarkable establishment. The machines and processes employed in the preparation of the substitute are reminiscent of the wizard. The animal and vegetable fats are combined with milk of the finest quality, and

fermentation is effected with lactic acid bacteria which are cultivated specially for this purpose. Every artifice to prevent the entrance of a foreign germ, either in the air or water used in the process, is adopted, and handling is reduced to the absolute minimum. It is impossible for a microbe which is not required in the manufacture to secure a foothold; and, should it enter the forbidden precincts, it cannot by any means multiply, owing to the elaborate and ingenious devices incorporated. Can the same be said of the average dairy? By no means. The butter manufacturer, if he aspires to hold his own, must copy the methods of his competitors. Genuine butter is still vastly superior to its substitute, but much more expensive. On the other hand, the working-man who openly purchases margarine secures a good article for his money, for the simple reason that the manufacturer realises that unless he can fulfil this requirement he had better close his factory. The margarine industry is still in its infancy, and greater achievements may lie in the future. Synthetic butter is destined to appear upon the market, and then the butter industry will find itself in a precarious plight. The wonderful developments that have been made in the economic utilisation of the soya bean serve to indicate what the future may bring forth. Once success has been achieved with this article, it will be repeated with other similar products.

PROFITABLE EGG-FARMING.

The consumption of eggs in these islands is increasing rapidly, but unfortunately too much reliance has to be placed upon foreign sources of supply. In this country egg-farming is carried on with an utter lack of scientific skill except where co-operative methods have been adopted. Many farmers maintain that poultry-raising does not pay so far as eggs are concerned, and that even if they do make egg-production a special feature of their business, they find it difficult to make headway against foreign competition. To a certain extent this is true. There is not the slightest doubt but that remarkable ignorance prevails here in regard to the problem of profitable egg-production. The average farmer follows the same practices which prevailed in the days of his great-grandfather, when foreign competition was non-existent. On the other hand, the French poultry-raiser regards the production of eggs in much the same light as a manufacturer considers the output of his machines. He strives to get the utmost from his birds. Fortunately signs of awakening to more scientific methods are apparent, and this result is due to various propaganda. Among these may be mentioned Mr Ralph R. Allen, lecturer to the Herts County Council, who is one of the foremost experts upon the subject. To further the cause he has prepared a small pamphlet which is a concise handbook on the housing, feeding, and tending

of poultry for egg-production. The booklet, which is packed with useful information set out in a terse and attractive manner, is sent free to any interested party. A perusal of this booklet, which treats the whole subject comprehensively, will well repay the poultry-farmer. To-day women are reckoned the most successful raisers of eggs, and there is no doubt but that it constitutes one of the most profitable feminine pursuits when handled on correct scientific lines.

HOW TO DETECT ICEBERGS.

The United States Government, with its characteristic thoroughness, has investigated the iceberg problem by means of the derelict destroyer *Seneca*. Captain Johnstone was sent to patrol the North Atlantic iceberg region in the spring of this year, to study the peril, and to discover, if possible, the best means of detecting and avoiding it. He found icebergs in plenty, of all sizes and descriptions, under all the varying conditions of weather, and was able to test every known theory and the new suggestions for their detection. The largest berg he saw measured four hundred feet in length by three hundred feet in width, and towered seventy feet out of the water. No two were found to be alike. From observations it was found that a berg could be detected eighteen miles away in very clear weather, and from thirteen to sixteen miles on an average clear day. On cloudy days the distance shrank to about eleven miles. A slight fog reduced the visible distance to two miles, a dense fog to two hundred yards, whilst in drizzling rain they could be detected at a range of two and a half miles. In bright moonlight they could be picked up by the naked eye at two and a half miles, and at one mile on a bright starlit night, the distance with glasses under the latter conditions being increased to two miles. By means of the searchlight, with which tests were carried out, a berg could be seen on a dull moonlit night at three miles, and at two miles after the moon had set; but to be able to pick it up quickly the observer had to stand fifteen feet away from the searchlight. If a searchlight is used the beam must be drawn to a fine focus, because a flaring beam blinds the observer. Taken on the whole, Captain Johnstone does not think that searchlights should be used for this purpose when a vessel is moving, but that on a dark night and in thick weather the vessel, when in the iceberg region, should only move at a sufficient speed to maintain steering-way. The captain condemns unequivocally the searching for bergs by means of the siren echo, as in nine cases out of ten he found it unreliable. Taking the temperature of the water he found to be equally illusive; while the drop in the temperature of the air was more imaginary than real. He discovered that there was only one reliable means of detecting this danger—a sharp look-out, especially in a fog, as the existence of a

berg was first betrayed by the water lapping at its base. In his opinion the only means of avoiding the danger, as Captain Johnstone states, is to proceed warily, so as to be able to manoeuvre the vessel within the limits of visibility.

A CHANCE FOR INVENTORS.

As is well known, bulb-culture constitutes one of the staple industries of Holland; but the trade suffers under one disability which, owing to its extent, constitutes a serious handicap. The bulbs have to be scooped out with the hands, a tedious and laborious method, as well as an expensive one. Confident that some equally successful mechanical means might be adapted to this operation, the General Society for Bulb-Culture has offered a prize for the best bulb-digging machine.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A RESPITE.

TO E. M. D.

THE house is quiet of an afternoon,
The silence calls to restfulness and sleep;
And in this shaded room, where chairs are deep,
And where no other presence seeks this boon,
I come to sit awhile, as you may do,
Because I know 'tis afternoon with you.

Those strenuous hours of morning sped away,
Filled with the doing that has left undone
So much; yet our endeavour may have won
Some better going for another day,
Some rough place smoothed because we struggled
there,
So others find a path they too may dare.

In this still space of calm that here divides
Morning and evening of our life's full round,
Truth weighs, in balances deep thought has found,
Dreams with achievement, and the scale abides
Wanting where deeds should be; yet dreams shall
rise
High to fulfilment ere the vision dies.

And through the gateway where no barriers are,
Nor time nor distance measures aught between
Your heart and mine, within the sweet unseen
Realm of the thoughtland shines th' eternal star
Of perfect trust, that draws us very near—
So close that soul speaks soul—aye, even here.
ELEANOR COPELAND.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A MEMORY OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

By the Rev. ALFRED PENNY.

CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago—about the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee—I saw an advertisement for a *locum tenens* for the medical officer at Norfolk Island. The doctor of this tiniest of Crown colonies, it appeared, wanted a six months' furlough. At that time I was in Australia, and I had just completed my term of service as house surgeon in a large hospital. A working holiday such as this advertisement appeared to promise was not without its attractions. I accordingly applied for and obtained the billet.

A steamer from Sydney on her way to Fiji called at Norfolk Island, and a whale-boat from the shore landed me from the ship. The chief magistrate of the community of the Norfolkers and some of his people were on the pier to meet me, and they forthwith conducted me to my official residence. As we went on our way they pointed out the relics of the old penal settlement, long since abandoned by the British Government—the prisons gaunt and roofless, the treadmill shed with the circles furrowed on the walls by the wheel that had crumbled to decay, and the drill-yard with its rows of rusty cranks where refractory prisoners had toiled away their time.

At length we came to a rambling mansion that had been built for the commandant. It stood on a wooded knoll overlooking the settlement. The house was almost in ruins, the timbers rotting, the rooms dirty and untidy, the glass in many of the windows broken. The last governor had left it thirty years before, when the convict establishment had been given up, and since then none of the present Norfolkers had been permitted to take possession of the house as a dwelling. It was a Government reserve.

'Your lodging, doctor,' the magistrate remarked with conscious pride. And then, I suppose, he saw an unappreciative expression in my face, for he added encouragingly, 'My grandson Rupey will bear you company, and he'll fix you well, doctor.'

I turned in the direction indicated, and any disappointment I may have felt at the loneliness and the desolate appearance of my quarters quickly vanished at the sight of my companion. He was a goodly youth, strong-limbed, broad-

shouldered, with black hair and eyes, and with his grandfather's genial expression. His dress was a flannel shirt, blue dungaree trousers, and a straw hat; and, as he stood shoeless, he was six feet high, every inch.

This introduction over, the magistrate turned to depart, and the Norfolkers who had carried my traps from the boat followed their chief. Rupey and I were left alone.

The house faced the sea, and a broad, roofed veranda ran along the whole length of this frontage. Below it was a garden, neglected and overgrown. Hibiscus bushes, oleanders, and camellia-trees formed a rough hedge on each side; and geraniums, myrtles, and verbenas were still in wild confusion everywhere. In one corner a huge trumpet lily towered above this tangle and scented the air with its soft fragrance. Beyond the old garden there was a stretch of undulating pasture, and farther off the rugged crest of the sea-swept cliffs.

Four rooms opened through their French windows upon the veranda. The first I entered was used as the surgery of the island, and it had the ordinary medical equipment of bottles and appliances. The doctor whose place I had come to fill lived in his own bungalow, a mile inland; but here, at Government House, he saw his out-patients. Next to the surgery was an apartment with panelled walls and a painted ceiling. Rupey and I were to use it as a common room. It was once, he told me, the office of the secretary to the commandant. The great man's sanctum had been the room next door, now the surgery. He used to sit there, Rupey had heard from his grandfather, and judge the refractory prisoners brought before him. There was no limit to the sentence he could pronounce upon such cases—the treadmill, the cranks, the lash, or even, if he willed it so, death. There was a door of communication between his room and that of his secretary. Farther along the veranda was my bedroom, and a sleeping-place had been prepared for Rupey on the other side of the surgery. These four apartments made up the sea frontage of the house.

Rupey now went to some back premises to cook our supper, and I seized this opportunity

to reduce some of the chaos in our common room to order. It was dirty and untidy, with some rickety furniture here and there, and a large bookcase against one of the walls. There were some ragged volumes upon these shelves, mouldy with age and damp, and evil-smelling also. I decided, as a beginning to my cleaning operations, to turn out this library. As I flung the books upon the floor my curiosity made me glance at their contents before piling them on the veranda. There was a catalogue of a soldiers' library, a school register, and other office rubbish that the secretary to the last commandant had not troubled to destroy before he left. Then I opened a great leather-bound folio that was labelled 'Punishment Record,' and I saw lines of entries across the pages. They were written in a neat copperplate hand, and they all looked alike. The first I read was this: 'No. 990.—Insubordinate. Threatened Gang-Master. Fifty lashes and ten days' cells.' The writing was faded, almost illegible, the paper yellow and torn; but the record struck my attention like a tap at the heart. 'Poor devil!' I muttered, and I pictured No. 990 in the drill-yard and a warder plying his cat.

The book fascinated me, and I read page after page. The fact that the sentences it recorded had been pronounced in the adjoining room gave it a sense of reality. I forgot my intention to sweep the floor and clear away the rubbish, and I was unmindful of the fact that the daylight was fading. How long I should have stood thus absorbed in the old 'Punishment Record' I know not; but I read on till I was startled by the voice of Rupey calling me to supper, and I suddenly became aware of an appetising odour of fried fish.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, when I had disposed of my surgery patients, I set out on horseback to visit sick cases in their homes. Rupey accompanied me to show me where the people lived. The road to the tableland of the island, whither we were bound, wound round the spurs of hills, climbing their sides; and, as we rose higher and higher, red cliffs, wooded peaks, clumps of the famous Norfolk Island pines, homesteads and their gardens, appeared far off or near. Whenever we caught sight of the line of the horizon, through the trees or beyond some broad expanse of pasture, there was the sea, blue as sapphire and sparkling in the sunlight.

'Bloody Bridge,' Rupey remarked, pointing to an arch of masonry that we were presently to cross at a turn in our road.

'What?' I asked.

'A convict brained a soldier there with a pickaxe,' Rupey explained. 'He had no quarrel with the sentry, but they had given him the cells, and he was desperate. He wanted the gallows.'

'Were the cells so very bad?' I asked.

'You shall see,' was the smiling answer. 'They are at Longridge, where grandfather lives. We dine there to-day.'

Longridge was a part of the convict settlement, and when this was given up, and the island divided by lot among the Pitcairners, the dwelling-house at Longridge came into Rupey's family. It was a good-sized stone structure, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country and of the sea.

The present owner of Longridge, the chief magistrate of the Norfolk Island community, was named Edward. He was called Old Edward, Rupey told me, to distinguish him from half-a-dozen other Edwards among the *ci-devant* Pitcairners. I never heard any of these men spoken of by their surnames.

Old Edward and his wife, who was known as Aunt Peggy, had prepared an abundant meal, and when my round of visits was completed we sat down to dinner.

'Grandfather,' said Rupey when he could eat no more, 'doctor wants to see the cells.'

'Bring a line,' said Old Edward, and he got up from the table.

He led the way across a large garden and entered a grove of bamboos. And when we had forced a passage through this thicket I saw confronting us what at first I thought was a huge block of solid masonry. There was no door, window, or other aperture in the structure to suggest that it was hollow, or that it was built as a dwelling; but a flight of steps led to the top of it. Up there we scrambled, and we then found ourselves on the roof of the building. It was a great oblong, flat and paved with stone, and along one side of it—almost from end to end—there was a deep, narrow trench like an area in a town house. Into this apertures a few inches wide and about a yard high opened; they evidently led to some cavities within the block. Turning once more to the flat roof on which we were standing, I counted six round holes at regular intervals. They were like the openings which communicate with coal-cellars beneath a pavement.

'You must have a look inside,' said Old Edward, and he slipped the rope under my arms and round my chest. Then I cautiously put my legs through one of these holes, and I was lowered into darkness till my feet touched bottom. A grinding sound overhead told me that a lid had been drawn over the hole, but a faint glimmer of light came through one of the slits that I had noticed, and by degrees my eyes got accustomed to the gloom. I was in a square vault—I stepped it carefully—six feet each way. The walls I could not measure; I could not reach high enough. Along one side of the cell there was a stone slab, a sleeping-place apparently.

'Had enough?' the magistrate hailed, looking

down at me, with his jolly red face framed by the hole.

'Yes,' I shouted. 'Haul me up.'

'With a will, lad,' I heard him say, and I was jerked upward, and was once more in the sunshine.

'How long were convicts kept down there?' I asked as I regained my legs.

'That depended on the case and on the commandant,' Old Edward answered. 'Some governors were easy-going, and some were devils. There were a few good-conduct men left here when we came from Pitcairn, the common convicts having been taken away, and one of these told me that the cells would break the stubbornest in a week. They dreaded them more than the lash, he said.'

'The darkness, I suppose?'

'And the rats,' Rupey added. 'They used to swarm in through those windows. The men had to fight for their lives at night.'

'And escape was impossible?' I queried.

'One convict did get out,' Old Edward answered. 'The warder slipped in lowering the prisoner's food, or he was dragged down by the man below. Anyhow, the convict used the warder's dead body as a step to grasp the edge of the opening, and he got out.'

'But where could he hide himself on this island,' I asked, 'with sentries and warders everywhere?'

'Well,' said Old Edward, 'they searched everywhere for him here, the good-conduct man told me, and then they searched Philip Island, but they didn't find him.'

'Philip Island!' I exclaimed, looking out to sea at the islet off Norfolk Island. 'But how could he get there?'

'Swimming,' said Old Edward; 'the tide sets strong that way at ebb.'

'But the distance must be five miles. Were convicts ever known to swim there?' I asked in some astonishment.

Rupey laughed—he thought nothing of swimming five miles, helped on by an ebb-tide. He could swim like an otter.

'Some got drowned on the way,' Old Edward answered, 'and some were drawn down by sharks; but a few landed.'

'And escaped?' I cried.

Old Edward shook his head. 'The soldiers caught them all—all but the chap who got out of that cell. I heard the story from the good-conduct man. The soldiers said, when they came back from Philip Island, that they had shot him; but it was a lie, to scare the other prisoners. They knew he had landed; for they found the skin of a rabbit that he had eaten, and that's all.'

'Rum story!' I said. 'What sort of place is Philip Island? I should like to have a look at it.'

'You can do that to-morrow,' the magistrate

answered. 'A boat's crew are going there after birds' eggs, and you can have a shot at a rabbit if you take a gun.'

'Capital!' I exclaimed. 'I'll go.'

But the shadows of the pines were beginning to lengthen across the pastures, and as I had to be at the surgery before sunset to make up medicine, I turned toward the stairway.

When we reached the house Aunt Peggy had tea ready for us. As I sipped my cup I noticed some polished iron rings hanging on nails over the mantelpiece.

'What for, Rupey?' I asked, nodding my head at these ornaments.

'Fetters,' he answered, taking one of the rings from its nail.

'They were lying about the roads when we first came here from Pitcairn,' Old Edward explained; 'but they've all been picked up now, or rusted away.'

'They were riveted on,' I said, looking at the fetter in Rupey's hand.

'See that hole?' he said, pointing. 'It was for the chain between the pair. And that was the convict's number—740. They were all numbered.'

'Take a pair, doctor,' Aunt Peggy said. 'We've plenty. Here's a couple with the chain between them.—Tie them across your saddle, Rupert.'

I willingly accepted the gift; and, bidding adieu to my hospitable host and hostess, Rupey and I mounted our horses.

'I'll tell the boys you'll go with them to-morrow,' Old Edward shouted as we rode away. 'They'll shove off from the pier at nine sharp.'

CHAPTER III.

I ALMOST fancied that I had landed on the moon when I stepped on shore at Philip Island. Such a barren wilderness I had never before seen! Rocks—purple, red, and yellow, of all shapes and sizes—lay singly or in heaps wherever they could find a resting-place. They had been flung from the volcanic peak, up to which the islet sloped on one side, and on the other dropped abruptly to the sea. The only vegetation was some rough grass here and there, and a few stunted bushes. The colouring of the islet was as bright as if it had absorbed every glow of sunset that had fallen upon it since it was heaved up from the bottom of the sea. My eyes were dazzled by its glare.

I was soon tired of collecting seabirds' eggs. The nests were in thousands along the shore, but the work involved scrambling among slippery rocks over which the shoeless Norfolkers bounded with the ease of cats, as well as having one's fingers continually pecked by exasperated birds. After lunch I declared for rabbit-shooting, and Rupey joined me. There were plenty of rabbits; but

they were not easy to bag, and one that I had hit screened itself behind a rock which I sought in vain by my own strength to dislodge. I called Rupey to come to my assistance, and between us we rolled away the stone. But instead of finding a wounded rabbit where the rock had stood, we saw the mouth of a large hole yawning at us, and into this aperture I crawled, pursuing my quarry. Presently I found myself in a little cave, and as I was now able to stand upright I turned and faced the entrance. The sunlight was streaming through the opening, and I could see Rupey outside. Then I looked at the floor of the cave, and what I saw made me utter a cry of horror and surprise.

'Rupey,' I shouted, 'come here!' A complete skeleton lay stretched on the ground at my feet. It was that of an enormous man lying on his back, the skull slightly raised by a pillow of sand. And as the light fell on the clenched teeth and hollow eye-sockets it seemed to me that the thing was looking at me, and resenting my intrusion.

'Look at the fetter!' Rupey whispered, regarding the skeleton from a respectful distance.

An iron ring encircled one of the huge ankles, and no other epitaph was required to tell the story of these bones.

'This is a magnificent specimen,' I said presently, as I examined the skeleton more closely. 'We'll have him out.'

'Never!' cried Rupey in a horror-stricken voice. 'Let us roll back the stone and leave him where he is.'

'Not if I know it!' I cried indignantly. 'This is a grand find. It will delight me to wire these bones and put them together. And they are worth pounds of money. We'll go halves in what we get, of course.'

I had brought a sack for the game, and into this we stowed our prize. I first put into the bag a layer of rabbits we had shot, and then a layer of bones; then more rabbits, and then more bones. By the time the whole skeleton was snugly packed the bag was full.

'Gus won't have him in the boat if he knows,' Rupey remarked as we dragged the sack out of the cave.

Gus was the captain of the boat's crew.

'Why not?' I asked.

'He'll bring us bad luck.'

'What nonsense!'

But here the voice of Gus himself sounded close at hand. 'My word, doctor,' he said, 'you've had some sport!'

'We've been lucky,' I said shortly.

'We must be getting back,' said Gus.

'I'm ready,' I answered, and Rupey and I took the bag between us to carry it down to the boat.

The crew were already at the landing-place, filling two large tubs with the eggs they had collected. The tubs stood amidships in the boat,

and were used in the whaling season to coil the harpoon-line.

'I tell you,' said the bowman, looking up from stowing the eggs, 'it's real black to wind-ward.'

'Put a reef in the lug,' Gus ordered.

'Landing will be nasty,' Rupey remarked grimly.

The wind had hauled a point or two since morning, and was now abaft our beam. The waves came surging on our weather quarter, and threatened every minute to swamp us; but Gus was always on the alert, luffing to let an angry crest break astern, or steering with a breaking sea so that it curled harmlessly on each side of us. As I watched him, and the crew obeying his orders on the instant, I never thought of any danger in the situation; but there would be a risk, I knew, when we came to enter the little boat-harbour. In rough weather lines of breakers dash themselves on the shores of Norfolk Island; but at intervals there is a lull in the turmoil, and a boat may slip into port before the burly-burly begins again. An error in judgment, a wavering crew, and the boat is capsized or smashed to pieces on the rocks.

'Can you swim, doctor?' Gus asked.

'A little,' I answered with hesitation. I was crouching in the stern of the boat, and Gus was standing up, steer-oar in hand.

'Pull off your jacket and boots,' he said—'And mind him, Rupey,' he added, as if he were giving an order to a mastiff.

Rupey was on the stroke seat, holding the lug sheet. He grinned at me encouragingly.

'Haul aft, Rupey,' Gus shouted. 'Halyards, one of you. Down mast. Out oars.' The orders came in quick succession, and I knew that the critical moment was at hand.

The boat sat on the water as composedly as a duck, mounting and falling with the waves. The great rollers came on, passed under her, and rushed with a thunderous crash upon the rocks. As we rose on a mass of water I saw the pier not two hundred yards distant. A crowd of people were watching us, and a man was standing on the pierhead apart from the others, waving a handkerchief. He could see from his position—what was hidden from us by the waves astern of the boat—when a lull in the lines of breakers was coming, and he was there to give us a signal to row or to back water. Not a word was spoken, but the crew, stripped to the waist, settled themselves on their seats and gripped their oars. Every eye was on Gus, every motion of his hand obeyed, while he looked steadily at the man on the pier.

Up and down, up and down, we floated; now in the trough of the sea, with a hillock of water ahead and another astern, and only the black cliffs of the island visible against the gray of the sky; now on the crest of a wave, with the oars gently paddling or backing, and the boat like a

bird poised for flight. 'Will the signal ever come?' I asked myself again and again.

But once more we rose; and this time we saw the man waving to us with all his might, and Gus shouted, 'Give way, lads!' and the boat bounded forward as if suddenly made alive.

'Why, it's a flat calm!' I cried in amazement, after we had rowed about a hundred yards. We were flying over a smooth surface of white surge, and not a sign of a wave was to be seen. The entrance to the boat-harbour, marked by rocks on each side of the channel, was close at hand.

'With a will, lads,' Gus bawled, and his brown toes gripped the ribs of the boat, and I felt the muscles of his legs stiff as iron against my back as he put his whole strength into the steer-oar.

'Why all this excitement and energy?' I remember thinking. 'We are safe in harbour now!' But this was the last collected thought that crossed my mind for a few thrilling

moments. For the stern of the boat began to rise, and looking back, I saw a mountain of water steep as a wall rushing on us from the sea. I confess I have no very distinct recollection of what happened then. I just remember clinging to the sloping gunwale of the boat, and fancying that it was going to turn a somersault stern over bows, and hearing the shouts of the people on shore as we flew down the harbour at the rate of an express train. And all this time Gus was holding the boat's head straight with his steer-oar, while the wave on which we were poised roared and foamed around us and above our heads.

But when I recovered the full possession of my senses we were slowly surging alongside the steps of the pier, the boat waterlogged and settling down under our weight, and all the gear and cargo that would float, as well as a good percentage of the eggs, swishing between the thwarts.

(Continued on page 778.)

CHRISTMAS ANNUALS IN THE SIXTIES.

By ALGERNON WARREN.

WHAT a charm those Christmas Annuals of the sixties had for those of us who were young then! How my brothers and I blessed that kind bachelor uncle—a man of nephew-treating proclivities, and possessed of a fine sense of humour and a healthy appetite—who bought *Beeton's*, *Warner's*, and *Routledge's Christmas Annuals*, the Christmas Number of *London Society*, and *Hood's Comic Annual*, and passed them on to us, whose pocket-money was scarce, but whose appreciation of literature of that kind was unbounded! Nor has mature perusal—after a lapse of over thirty years, when some of these same annuals have been discovered, second-hand, at bookstalls—altered the opinion that our appreciation was well merited. There was less flash and dash about them than one encounters in modern Christmas issues, far less description of aggravating opulence and society smartness, but plenty of cheerful humour and touching pathos, which struck just the right note at Christmas-time. And the stories gave one the impression that they had been matured leisurely. Their authors continued the work so well done by Charles Dickens in his *Christmas Carol* and other stories. The illustrations had, for the most part, less finish than those which now figure in Christmas Numbers; but George Cruikshank and Alfred Crowquill, C. H. Ross, Dalziel, and other artists, seemed as if they were entering into the Christmas spirit of the stories they illustrated, with the result of a harmonious whole.

Now for some of the sketches, prose and verse, which a lapse of over forty years has not erad-

cated from memory. 'Snowed-up with a Burglar' (*London Society*). Picture of a gentleman, with a revolver, dashing in to confront four ruffians, one of them engaged in choking the master of the house, the rest in looting. What fascination there was in that dark cupboard, overlooked by a search-party instituted when port wine and food began to be missing—the burglar lived there for some days till he could admit his three 'pals' conveniently! How we boys admired Walter Lechmere, who shot one man down—it being the turn of a hair who fired first—and stunned another with the man's own wrenched-away life-preserver!

'Absent Friends!' What capital lines about health-drinking by Tom Hood the Younger, which took in so many, 'Jack who Hunts Tigers' being one of them! Nowadays, guests present would not have patience to listen to the names of those to be remembered. Some of them would be ordering out their motor-cars before the list was got half through. Speechifying and geniality in the private circle have gone out together hand-in-hand. But there was more time to listen and to think of absent friends then. One had not to be always trying to catch a train or do three things in the time that ought to be given to one.

Beeton's 'Hatch-ups!' Oh those capital tales from the dormitory, to which the usher listened, and contributed one of the best himself! One was about a frantic race to get to a house before the 'Black Rider' should reach it and leave a shroud at the door. 'Flying Ned' the coachman nearly managed it; but his passenger, although

he got near the house first, saw what he thought was a girl in the garden, and stopped to speak to her till he was just two seconds too late. Ah, that was an eerie, ghostly tale, and no mistake!

Then there were the sketches and the account of the career of the 'Boy Bandit' who knew that Double-Eyed Dick (in his penny dreadful) lived up a tree, but tumbled down in the night when he tried to do so himself. And 'Our Private Theatricals,' which were hampered because pater-familias could not be brought to see that it was 'absolutely necessary to cut a trap-door through the drawing-room ceiling.' And Routledge and Ross gave us Obadiah, who had expectations from his old aunt, and offered to make her tea. 'But didn't it hurt him when he got the wrong (the poisoned) cup?' was a picture to roar over, as was the other of his getting blown up instead of the old lady, who is at last depicted smoking a pipe over his grave.

Clement Scott, James Greenwood (author of a book that should be immortal—that is, *Reuben Davidiger*; or, *Adventures amongst the Dyaks*), Mark Lemon, Tom Hood the Younger—you and a band of other brave fellows did your noble best to enliven us, the youth of the sixties. Here's a health to the memories of you all, good fellows every one! And do you, readers of present-day annuals, remember and profit by the moral of one of those stories of past times. A ghost haunted a writing-desk and frightened numbers of people. At last a bold man found what the spirit wanted. There was a note in a secret drawer, and a shilling. The ghost, when in the flesh, had bought a Christmas Annual for years. At last he grew stingy, and borrowed a copy. Repentance for this ensued, but he died before he could hand over his shilling—would it not oftener be fourpence half-penny cash nowadays!—hence his haunting the desk. Buy, then, if you can, and help the poor authors and publishers!

THE DARING ADVENTURE OF MARTIN CAREW.

By K. and H. HESKETH-PRICHARD.

CHAPTER I.

I MARTIN CAREW, the youngest recruit in the famous regiment known as the Gray Riders of Orange, lay in my tent during the long, hot afternoon eating peaches which had been brought from the gardens of the Faubourg d'Isle, a couple of companies having been sent forward to occupy that suburb of St Quentin since the morning. We now began to have good hope of the issue of the siege, and as I rested I thought of the coming adventure of the night. For His Highness Count Egmont had lost no time in finding another errand for me. Before noon I had been summoned to the council tent to receive my instructions, and even a word or two of praise from the Duke of Savoy himself, concerning my ride by the Path of St Peter, and the service rendered to the Spanish arms by the discovery and capture of Admiral Coligny's despatches describing his plan for the relief of the city of St Quentin, in the which service the Duke was pleased to say I had been of no small aid to my cousin, Captain Maher.

But now that our leaders had knowledge of Coligny's plan, with the secret of the path across the marshes, it was considered desirable to allow the despatches to reach their original destination without, if it were possible, raising any suspicion in Montmorency's mind as to the circuitous route by which they had travelled.

It was hoped that the Constable of France, acting under the belief that the advices came straight from Coligny, would at once throw his army into the marshes with the intention of relieving the city by way of the secret path, as the despatches suggested. In which event it would be easy to cut off the line of retreat, so

that the French, on extricating themselves from the morasses, would be caught like rats in a trap, unable to advance or retreat.

Now it will be clear to you that upon the skill with which I should play the part of Coligny's messenger hung the issue of the whole plan and the fate of an army—a fact that I realised very strongly.

I lay revolving the many points of difficulty which might arise, for the success of the scheme hinged upon my presenting myself in such a guise as absolutely to disarm suspicion. It was a heavy responsibility, and the part I had to play was beset with dangers of every kind; but I thrilled with eagerness to play it, and with pride at the trust reposed in me.

I was wishing that Captain Maher, the leader of the Gray Riders, who was in attendance on the Count, were free to consult with me on the knotty questions that must be decided before sundown, when I heard his voice calling my name.

'It will be well to start quickly,' he said on my joining him, 'for the sooner these despatches reach Montmorency the less will he be minded to suspect the messenger. Come with me.'

In silence we reached an empty hovel at some distance from the camp; for spies were not unknown among us, the mixed nationalities of the soldiery making the office one of no great difficulty.

Within the hut Maher looked at me fixedly, and it seemed to me somewhat sadly. 'All rests with you, Martin,' said he after a pause, 'and I believe, in faith, you can carry it through. I have thought of a disguise in which you should

be a master-mummer. You shall be a monk of St Quentin. Your cloister training befits you specially for the part.'

'Excellent!' Then a sudden thought dismayed me. 'But the tonsure?' cried I, clapping my hand to my head.

Maher made a show of sympathy, but his laughing eye belied it. 'It were better to lose your love-locks than the head that grows them. This is a weighty matter, and it behoves us to omit no smallest trifle which may ensure success.' He went on with gravity, 'I myself will be your barber. See, here is a stool.'

I yielded mournfully. A shaven crown was the bitter drop in the cup of honour I hoped to quaff.

'Your monk's frock is ready. I borrowed it, after the fashion of camps, from a wandering friar. And a sumpter mule stands waiting in the shed.'

'A monk's frock and a sumpter mule! Let me be gone to La Fère.'

'Nay, not to La Fère, unless some dire necessity drive you thither,' was Maher's quick reply. 'We know that messages have been exchanged at the deserted château of Lezières. I will take care our men give it a wide berth to-night. There you may chance to find a safe hand by whom the despatches can be forwarded to the French camp. I have heard something of a lame peasant—almost certainly an agent of Montmorency's—who haunts the château. He may serve your turn. Only as a last resource must you venture to La Fère. The risk of recognition is great. Still, even then you might succeed in your mission; but God have mercy on your soul, say I.'

'Who would not choose death after failure such as that?' I said bitterly.

At sundown I started with a last word from Maher.

'Be prompt and cautious,' he enjoined me, with his hand on my knee. 'Mother-wit is as good as a life-warrant.'

After receiving some further directions I left him, and took my way toward the south-west, choosing unfrequented paths. Soon I breasted a rising ground, and, looking back, saw my cousin still gazing after me from under his hand. From this I gathered that he had but small expectation of my return.

Between us stretched the marsh, with its sun-caught streams, all striped in black and tawny like the strange skins brought by Count Egmont from the Barbary wars. Before me rose the sombre woodlands.

So the daylight waned, and as I sat on my well-padded mule-saddle, scarcely moving with the shuffling gait of the beast, I fell to sad pondering. The scene fitted my humour well enough, for the night had turned chill, with a dreary wind, and after the heat of the day mists crept out of the hollows and swept to meet me

as I journeyed on. Then somehow, in what way I can never explain, my spirits rose and thrust out all misgivings, and I found myself softly singing an Irish love-song. After this I jogged on in happier vein, and reflected proudly on my mission, and wished that my old playmate Tom Anobean could see me now, the trusted messenger of Spain!

Fired with new confidence, I felt myself capable of supreme deeds, and yearned to be in some strait from which wit and courage of the highest degree could alone deliver me.

My desire was like to be granted, and my mood perchance grew less assured, when, coming to an edge of the forest, I discerned across the valley the great château of Lezières crouched behind a shoulder of the hill in the dark shadow.

The rising moon silvered the thick mist in the valley, through which I now resolved to push in a straight line toward the château, trusting to the vapours to screen my passage across the open.

This I did, and after riding a mile or two I struck the forest again, then presently entered upon a wide curving avenue cut through its heart. Behind that curve stood the silent château. What dangers lurked in its deserted rooms and echoing corridors! I rode boldly along the centre of the moon-streaked avenue patched with spaces of blackest shade, till betwixt the lower branches I caught the glimmer of the moat. An owl hooting, the flight of a wild duck overhead, and the rustle of the leaves filled the quiet of the night with solitary sounds. I could form no plan of action, for I knew not what the next half-hour might bring forth.

Suddenly the frowning walls of Lezières rose above me, and I could not choose but linger to scan its strong and rugged outlines. It was in truth a very ancient castle, modified to later uses; but that it could readily be rendered almost impregnable, so remarkable were its natural defences, was evident at a glance. I marvelled why its lord had fled, and why Montmorency, knowing of its existence, had failed to garrison it, thereby protecting his own front and holding in check the marauding parties from the Spanish camp.

Presently I dismounted and led my mule across the drawbridge into a square courtyard, where I tethered him to a ring in the wall.

Then I made my way to a tall iron-bound door and thrust it wide. As it gave slowly on its creaking hinges I found myself at once in the great central hall of the château. The place was in confusion, the table overturned and broken, and the rushes on the floor disordered by struggle or flight. Broad beams of moonlight poured slantwise through the open door and the two heart-shaped windows set high in the wall.

I quickly saw that the hall had recently been occupied, for on a smaller table by the ash-strewn hearth lay remnants of fresh food. This decided me to wait where I was. Accordingly I placed myself in the shadow behind the open door.

For some time I sat and listened; then came a stealthy sound from outside. I peered through the broad hinges of the door, and saw a figure emerge from the shadow of the arch leading to the drawbridge. It was not that of the lame peasant, but of a soldier wrapped in the dark cloak of the Spanish Hussars! I watched him in surprise. He stepped hastily along toward me with his face muffled, but the sight of the open door startled him. He hesitated, glanced apprehensively about him, and finally up into the hall. His cloak fell back as he did so, and the moon shone full upon his face. At once I recognised him. I had seen him before in our camp—a man of whom Maher held grave suspicions; and now I knew him for a spy!

Seeing or hearing nothing to alarm him, he slowly mounted the steps, and, grunting, entered the hall.

I withdrew still farther into my corner; while he, evidently affected by the ghostly loneliness of his surroundings, began to mutter to himself as he paced the hall once or twice.

Presently he sat down in a distant corner, where I could not see him for the darkness. And so we both waited, listening and watching. It was now clear to me that the story of the seizure of Coligny's despatches and my ride through the marshes had got wind in our camp, and that this man had come to convey the news to Montmorency's messenger whose arrival I was awaiting. His presence meant discovery and utter failure to me. I must be rid of the fellow, and I had not a second to lose.

But how? He was armed with sword and dagger at the least; while as for me, I was weaponless save for a knife and my naked strength, and in those days, though tough, I was not come to the full of it.

However, the chances of life and death come in every day's work, and the luck might be mine. The first thing to do was to make the man move so that I should see him. Then a duel à outrance!

A recollection of the uneasiness he had betrayed on his arrival lent me a hint. I gently pressed the great door, and its sudden harsh creak, like a discordant moan, startled the dead silence.

I listened. So did he. Then I became aware that he was stealing toward the door. Although he avoided the light from the first window, I could just discern his bent shape passing; as he approached the second I sprang out upon him. In the surprise of the moment I managed

to get a good grip about him, and we swayed to and fro in a breathless wrestle. The man was stout and active, and in the long-run more than my equal in strength, so that presently he broke free and drew his sword, and I was glad to catch at a splintered bench to defend myself against him. I swung it up as he rushed in to spit me, and, leaping aside, struck at him with all my force. The fellow put up his blade wildly as if to save his head, but it flew from his grasp as the heavy wood descended on his plumed bonnet and swept him to the ground. The bench tilted over like a thing alive, but the man lay still. His skull was broken.

As I yet stood looking down on him the rattle of horses' harness echoed from the courtyard. Then a loud exclamation and silence. I remained absolutely still. From horseback the scene in the hall was easily visible, and the men without gazed long at the motionless figure of the monk under the moonlit window, with the dead man stretched at his feet.

'Bring torches,' ordered a harsh voice; and almost immediately the whole party, booted and spurred, clanked into the hall.

I turned to meet them with monkish dignity. There were a score or so of dragoons, and at their head an officer with a swarthy, scowling visage.

'*Parbleu*, monk! we find you here in parlous company. What business brings you hither after dark?'

'I am the messenger of Coligny.'

'Your name?'

'Brother Martin, Monsieur le Capitaine.'

'And this carrion?' spurning the dead body with his foot.

'Nay, I know not,' I answered truthfully, as the name by which we knew him in the Spanish camp could not have been his own.

'He is still warm,' said a trooper, stooping over the body.

'Truly, he is but newly passed,' I rejoined.

'Had you any speech with him? Was he alone?' queried the captain, eying me suspiciously.

'He spoke not. He was alone when I found him here but a minute ago.'

The fashion of my answers disarmed him, for he turned to give orders to his men.

A short time sufficed to change the aspect of the place. The dead body was removed. Logs blazed on the hearth, for, though the weather was sultry, the old hall struck chill. Beside them the captain lay half-reclining on a silken couch, his sword and a great pistol flung on the table at his elbow, where, in lieu of candles, a smoking wick flared in a broken lantern, and cast strange, moving shadows upon his gloomy face.

(Continued on page 779.)

LAW WEST OF THE PECOS.

By FRED H. MAJOR.

A FEW years ago there died one of the most picturesque characters in the early frontier life of the United States west of the Mississippi.

Roy Bean was born in Kentucky, about the year 1830, of mountaineer parents, and was brought up in a rough-and-tumble sort of way well calculated to make him tough and self-reliant. In 1846 he struck out for himself, and went west to Santa Fé, one of the extreme border towns in New Mexico, where he engaged in all sorts of dissipations, and gained the reputation of being one of the handiest men with his gun in the camp. During the war with Mexico he volunteered for a soldier, and saw fighting under General Doniphan; and then for many years he led a life full of wild adventure in Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and California; in the latter state running a gambling saloon and dance-hall at the San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles, where murder was quite a common thing to wind up a night's orgy properly.

However, he was too 'tough' even for that locality, and had to leave for 'fresh fields and pastures new' at the firm request of the better-regulated inhabitants; and then he drifted to some mining-camps around Peno Alto in Arizona, where his stay was again cut short by a like request. From Arizona he went farther east into Texas, and freighted cotton from the terminus of the first railway line at Allerton in that state to the Gulf of Mexico, whence it was shipped to England by blockade-runners at the time of the Civil War.

When the war was over, and the Southern Pacific Company commenced building its trans-continental line across from Allerton in a bee-line west, with Los Angeles as its objective, Roy Bean set himself up with a travelling whisky and gambling outfit, and accompanied the contracting party to supply the wants of the working gangs as they moved along.

The greater part of the work was performed by Chinamen, of whom there were generally some five or six thousand, with white men as overseers, and other white men to do the more important work connected with laying the rails, &c. As may be easily supposed, lawlessness was a prominent feature of life amidst the surroundings that existed in a camp composed of elements such as these; and fights, usually ending in bloodshed, robbery, and murder, were of frequent occurrence, and, in fact, became so common as seriously to interfere with the progress of the work.

Under these circumstances the contractors wrote to the Governor of the state, in El Paso, asking that a judge with full powers should be appointed to accompany the camp on its slow

journey across the vast plains; but there was no judge who would accept the position; so the Governor, in reply to the request, suggested that if the contractors had a man in their employ whom they could recommend for the position he would confer the honour of a judgeship upon him, with all the powers pertaining to the office.

The contractor in charge talked the matter over with the various chiefs of gangs; but although they were all men chosen for free-handed roughness in dealing with crowds of 'toughs' of all nationalities and no characters to speak of, there was not a single one who would undertake the responsibilities of the job. The contractor was at his wits' end, and didn't know what to do, when one of his men suggested that Roy Bean was the strongest and readiest individual in camp, and had given ample evidence of his ability to handle a bunch of drunken rowdies under all kinds of violent conditions. This suggestion did not appeal to the contractor, but it seemed to be the only way out of the difficulty; and, possibly remembering the character of Vidocq the great French detective, if he had ever read of him, he called Roy into his tent and put the matter to him. Roy absolutely refused to give up his whisky-mill and gambling outfit in exchange for a judge's salary, but agreed to run both business and profession together, and assured the contractor that he could successfully cope with all the trouble that might arise if vested with proper authority.

Representations to this effect were made to the Governor in due course; and, much as that gentleman might disapprove of the arrangement, the appointment was made, and the saloon-keeper, gambler, and all-round 'tough' became a full-fledged judge of the state of Texas.

The judgments of Solomon are proverbial, but those of Roy Bean were the limit in extravagance. As a punishment for light offences the culprit would be brought before the court—which was in Roy's saloon, the judge sitting on the counter—and fined two or three dozen bottles of beer at fifty cents each, and as these had to be paid for and consumed at once, the court became a very popular loafing-place on such occasions.

He had but one book on common law for reference, but that answered all purposes. Once the foreman over a gang of Chinamen used a club for the summary punishment of one of them, with the result that they made a concerted attack upon him, and he would probably have been killed had he not drawn his revolver and shot one. The man died a few hours later; but, as I said, a death more or less was not a matter of much consideration, and nothing would have

been said of it had it not been for another white foreman who had a spite against the slayer. This man swore out a warrant for arrest, and the Court was compelled to act and have the prisoner brought before it. He was remanded for two days under parole not to leave the precincts of the court (saloon), where, of course, he spent a lot of money in drinks amongst his sympathising visitors. The following day a large number of the prisoner's friends, heavily armed, came and demanded his immediate release from the judge; but that dignitary was not to be coerced, and told them that the prisoner would be tried next day fairly and squarely, and the members of the deputation were invited to make themselves at home until the Court sat. This they did, and there was an enormous quantity of whisky and beer drunk that night; and as there was but one price, fifty cents (two shillings) a drink, Roy Bean, in his character of saloon-keeper, benefited considerably.

The next day, according to arrangement, the Court was convened, the judge taking his usual seat on the counter.

'Bring forth the prisoner,' he cried in stentorian voice; and that worthy was led before the judgment-seat by the bar-tender, who was also constable.

'Now, gentlemen,' said the judge, 'this trial is likely to be somewhat lengthy, and as the Court does not wish to inflict punishment upon innocent spectators, there will be an interval of ten minutes for drinks before the proceedings commence.—Attend to the gentlemen's requirements, Mr Constable.'

This was accordingly done, and the Court opened for business. A jury was sworn, and when the usual formalities were gone through, the state's witness, the man who had sworn out the warrant, gave his evidence, which was all the prosecution had to offer. Then several witnesses spoke to character by way of defence; and the judge, taking his law-book in hand and opening it, apparently with very great care as to selecting the right place, addressed the jury.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' he commenced, 'I have given most serious consideration to this important case, and searched this compendium of law from the title-page to where it says "Finis;" and I may state, gentlemen, that I do not find a line in the whole book indicating that it is a crime to kill a Chinaman. No, gentlemen, so sure of this fact I am that I will bet a barrel of whisky that no man in the court-room can find an allusion to such a crime as killing a Chinaman. The Court, therefore, instructs you, gentlemen, to bring in a verdict of not guilty; and the prisoner is accordingly discharged without a stain upon his honourable name; the Court merely suggesting that it would show a due feeling of thankfulness over his narrow escape if he was to "set up the drinks."'

When the bridge, an iron trestle structure, spanning the Pecos River, which flows through a deep rocky *arroyo* about four hundred feet below, was in course of construction, one of the workmen fell down into the depths, and was, of course, killed instantly. Judge Roy Bean, in his official capacity, held an inquest upon the body. In the pockets, when search was made for purposes of identification, were found a common knife, some twine, a small 32-calibre revolver, and a pay-check (payable to bearer) on the contractor for forty dollars. A verdict of accidental death was returned by the jury at once, and that body of intelligent men was about to disperse, when the judge held them back, saying, 'Gentlemen of the jury, you have returned the only verdict which can be returned in this sorrowful case; but there is one thing that my office calls upon me to do before you break up this Court, and that is to say that the deceased gentleman, whose name we do not know, was in possession of a murderous weapon—to wit, a gun. Carrying firearms in this law-abiding state is, gentlemen, as you know, a criminal offence, punishable by fine and imprisonment, or both. I therefore fine the deceased gentleman the sum of forty dollars, which this pay-check will just settle, and consider the sentence of imprisonment cancelled by his untimely "taking-off." You may now go, gentlemen.'

Upon one occasion the judge got into trouble with the higher authorities at El Paso. He had married two Mexican couples, who, after a few weeks of married life, decided that they had been too hasty in their choice. They wished to change their partners, and visited Roy Bean with the idea of having the business done legally. He was apparently shocked at such a thing; but being always willing to add to his store of honest money, he inquired how much 'dinero' they could muster up between them. They had a total of about thirty dollars, so the judge mumbled a jargon of words over them with some semblance of a ceremony, and declared them divorced; then, after collecting all their available cash, he remarried them according to the new arrangement, sending them away quite happy and satisfied. When these proceedings came to the knowledge of the supreme Bench at El Paso he received a gentle admonition, being told that his action would be 'overlooked this time, but that he must never divorce any one again.'

When the railway was completed Roy Bean established himself at a little place called Langtry, a station on the Sunset route of the Southern Pacific Company. It is a collection of ramshackle wooden shanties occupied by about two hundred nondescript rascallions, half Texan and half 'Greaser' (Mexican), on a *mesa* partially encircled by the deep cañon of the Rio Grande, a precipitous cleft in the ground having a sheer fall of about two hundred feet from the level.

At this time he took to himself the title of 'Law West of the Pecos,' and built two houses some fifty yards or so from the station, or depôt, both large, low wooden structures, surrounded by wide verandas over which the roofs extended. On the front of the larger of the two was a sign bearing in letters nearly a foot long:

JUDGE ROY BEAN, NOTARY PUBLIC,
JUSTICE OF PEACE, LAW WEST OF THE PECOS.
ICE BEER. BILLIARD HALL.

On the other, in letters equally conspicuous:

ROY BEAN'S OPERA HOUSE.
TOWN HALL AND COURT OF JUSTICE.

I was on my way west from New Orleans to San Francisco, and Langtry being a station where meals were served, the trainmen announced that there would be a stoppage for twenty minutes for supper. As I had taken dinner in the dining-car only an hour or so before, I did not care to avail myself of the company's hospitality at the price of six 'bits' (three shillings); so as the train pulled up I descended to the apology for a platform and took my way to the larger of Roy Bean's houses to make the acquaintance of the judge of whom I had heard so much. I had seen him several times as I passed his town, but had never had an opportunity to talk with him.

The house was one room only, with a long, rough pine counter down the right-hand side going in, behind which, on rickety-looking shelves, were ranged a small mixed stock of canned provisions, salmon, sardines, beans, a few loaves of bread, some suspicious-looking salt fish, jerked beef, and a piece of bacon. At the front, to the left, was a little, weak-kneed billiard-table, over which two cut-throat 'Greasers' were venting upon each other all the cuss words their euphonious language contained as they endeavoured to adjust the payment in proper proportions for their playing. Behind the table was the proprietor's truckle cot, and a number of apple-barrels, upon one of which the redoubtable judge himself just managed to keep his balance.

He was certainly a fine specimen of the human animal—broad shoulders, massive head with a shock of iron-gray hair, and moustache and beard to match, florid complexion tanned by years of exposure to all sorts of weather, and a pair of sharp, glittering, steely-gray eyes. He was probably about sixty years of age. He wore a broad Mexican sombrero well back on his head; a tan-coloured cotton shirt open at the front, exposing his great hairy chest, and with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows, showing arms strong enough to grapple with a steer; and a pair of striped blue trousers, from the right hip or 'pistol' pocket of which protruded the butt of an immense 45-calibre 'Colt,' with ivory handle yellow from age. As covering for his pedal

extremities he wore a pair of brown leather boots reaching to his knees.

I addressed him diffidently in the customary parlance of the district. 'Say, judge, set up the whisky, and take a "smile" yourself.'

'No, air-ree; you ain't going to git no bug-juice here. Ain't beer good enough?'

'Sure, judge,' I replied, 'whar do you keep the dope?'

'Yer can go dig yourself up a bottle out of that thar bar'l,' he said, pointing to a barrel at the foot of his cot.

I walked across, took a pint bottle of San Antonio lager beer from the barrel, and gently requested the loan of a glass. He glared at me savagely, then burst forth, 'Why, great Scott! ain't the bottle good enough to drink outen? You'll find the corkscrew over thar hanging on that nail behind the bar. Four bits.'

I paid the price, four bits (two shillings), found the corkscrew, and was refreshing the inner man, when other two travellers entered.

Each got his bottle of beer, after going through a similar formula, the one paying his half-dollar, and the other tendering a five-dollar bill, which roused the judge to wrath. 'Holy smoke!' he cried; 'you think you can bunco me with *paper*? That ain't money. I want cold cash for mine, every time; and nothing else goes. Savey that? I'm the Law West of the Pecos, I am; and don't you forget it. Savey?'

The customer asked the other man for change; whilst I, having finished my bottle, commenced a conversation to 'draw out' the judge, for I saw he was quite an interesting personage, and well worth studying. I noticed also that he was considerably under the influence of 'bug-juice,' which possibly accounted for his having none to sell.

'Do you have much trouble with the "Greasers" around here, judge?' I asked.

'Trouble, sonny?' he replied. 'Not on your life. Why, 'bout a week ago them two "Greasers" that have just skinned out came in here trying to make rough house; and I guess they didn't know the Law West of the Pecos, for they'd just come cavortin' over the Rio Grande to spend some "dinero," and thought they was *haciendados*. Well, sonny, they ripped out some words that I didn't like the colour of, so was just wipin' the floor with them for amusement'—

'All aboard' came in a loud shout from the train conductor on the platform; and the man who had not yet paid for his beer, and had been trying to hand the judge a dollar the while he was telling me his story, made some remark to the effect that 'he was not going to wait all night to pay,' and he and his companion left and walked over to the train.

Then the trouble began.

'Whar's that ——— who thinks he can bluff me outen the beer? I'll git him, sure.'

With that he hopped off the barrel, drew his huge pistol, and made tracks for the cars.

Climbing up on the forward end of one of the sleepers, he began his journey down the aisle, showing the business end of his gun to each male passenger, with such remarks as, 'Now then, you; dig up. Oh, beg pardon! you're not my meat;' or, 'Whar's that four bits, eh! Oh, excuse me, sonny!'

Half-way down the aisle he found the two men whom he wanted. Shoving the muzzle of his big gun against the collar-button of the one who had not paid, he roared, 'My four bits, you ——! Dig up quick, or I'll press the button and blow daylight through you.'

I never saw a man go after money so quickly in my life. He handed out a dollar, saying, 'Excuse me, judge; I was afraid of missing the train.'

The judge solemnly returned the half-dollar change; then turning round and addressing the passengers generally, he said, 'I'm Judge Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos; that's the sort of *hombre* I am. No d—d eastern dudes can bluff me; not by a jugful; no, gentlemen, not much. Good-bye. Call again.' With that he made a sweeping bow with his wide-brimmed sombrero, placed his gun 'where it belonged,' said '*Adios, hombres*,' and retired.

The next morning we arrived at El Paso, where

we had to remain all day in consequence of a freight wreck a few miles farther west, and some one must have given the particulars to a reporter for the Press during our stay, because as we pulled out to resume our journey the evening editions were selling, and on the first page was a 'scare-head' caption announcing, 'Law West of the Pecos. Judge Roy Bean on a "Tear." Holds up the Sunset Limited to collect Four "Bits," the Price of a Bottle of Beer.' Some time afterwards I learned that when the judge had his attention called to the article, he wrote to the editor saying that the statement that he had a gun was a deliberate lie, and that if it was not corrected, with an apology, he would come to El Paso and horsewhip the hide off the editor and all his staff who had the ill-fortune to be on hand at the time of his visit.

As proof of the reputation of the judge, I may add that an apologetic correction was published in the issue following the receipt of his letter, the entire blame being laid upon a reporter who *had since gone west*.

Judge Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos, probably the last of his type, crossed the 'great divide' seven or eight years ago, and much sincere regret was expressed at his death; for, whatever his faults as a judge, he was a man of indomitable courage and iron will, and only a man of these qualities could have coped successfully with the difficulties of his unique position.

A LONELY TRAPPER IN THE WILDS OF CANADA.

By L. BAKER.

PART I.

ALTHOUGH the woods and lone lands of Nova Scotia are but scantily inhabited by wild animals when compared with the vast wooded areas of Upper Canada, which teem with every variety of wild life, yet there are still places where a great variety of such creatures may be found if only one knows where to go for them. Along the north-western shore of Nova Scotia, for about a hundred miles, runs the double chain of hills known as the North and South Mountains respectively, enclosing that wonderfully fertile tract of land the Annapolis Valley, famous for the excellence of its apples, and to a lesser extent for the small bush-fruits which it produces. To the south and south-west of the South Mountains there lies a vast tract of forest stretching for mile after mile of unbroken wilderness, clear to the south-western shore of Nova Scotia; and in this great forest the wild kindreds hold undisputed sway. Here the lordly moose finds his last refuge from the ever-encroaching tide of civilisation, browsing on the tender young birches, and finding relief from the torturing moose-fly in the cool depths of the lakes

wherein he wallows in huge content. Here his only rival, the bear, finds the solitude that is in keeping with his morose and savage nature. The bear is rapidly being thinned out, and it is somewhat of a rarity to see one; but once in a while they may be found, usually alone, except in the case of a mother with her cubs. Here the wild cat pads stealthily about his business, a quiet enough fellow if left strictly alone, but a very fiend incarnate when cornered or wounded. Here also the wary fox finds shelter from his greatest enemies, men and dogs; a snowfall will frequently reveal his tell-tale tracks, though it is rarely indeed that the hunter or trapper will see the gentleman himself, and then it will be but a fleeting glimpse, a mere shadow fitting from one tree to another, and fading immediately into the deeper shade of the surrounding woods. Others, such as deer, lynx, and wolf, may still be met with at rare intervals, but are almost extinct in this province; although deer are now reported to be on the increase after several years of strict protection.

As to the country itself, it is a practically

unbroken stretch of forest, dotted freely with lakes and rivers which form the chief highways of travel; although the only persons who ever traverse this wilderness are hunting and camping parties. The whole country is sprinkled with granite boulders varying in size from mere pebbles to that of a good-sized house. They line the shores of almost all the lakes, and uprear themselves from the bottoms of the lakes, thus forming a formidable obstacle to safe canoeing, making it necessary to observe the greatest care when crossing these lakes. A large portion of the land has been lumbered, and around the old rotting stumps has sprung up a tangle of second growth—birch, alder, maple, spruce, and poplar—forming a well-nigh impenetrable jungle. This thicket is a formidable obstruction to the would-be *voyageur*, and without a canoe it is impossible to make anything like fast travel.

The northern section of the wilderness has been practically all cut over, and, between the ruthless axe and the still more ruthless forest fires, the country has been reduced to a condition of almost indescribable desolation. For miles and miles one may see the vast stretches of second growth, which rarely exceeds ten or twelve feet in height; the apparently innumerable granite rocks of all shapes and sizes; with here and there the bleached and twisted trunk of some mighty tree. There is something inexpressibly mournful about these gaunt trunks, dead for many a year since the fire raged around them, but still standing, ghastly wrecks of the once mighty forest giants, mere skeletons of trees, waiting in patience while the mouldy rot eats at the softening roots for the last act in the mournful tragedy, when the north-west wind will come howling across the bleak open spaces of the wilderness, and send the mighty hulks crashing amongst the tangle of surrounding brush.

Farther south the devastation of the lumberman is less in evidence than on the northern boundary, and great areas of first growth may be seen, mighty spruce and hemlocks mingling with the stately pines, with here and there a weather-scarred veteran of the forest in the shape of an oak or a maple. This is the true forest, the primeval wilderness, practically unchanged since the time when the savage redskins held undisputed sway there. For in these great woods—inhabited only by the shy wild life, that to the unobservant intruder seems so scarce, but is in reality so numerous; where the brooding silence is broken only by the deep bellowing of a bull moose in some far-off swamp, or the sudden bark of a fox—at one time the Indians lived and fought and died.

Such was the country in which, in the winter of 1910-11, I decided to try my luck as a trapper; although, considering that I had been out from the Old Country about two years and a half only, and my experience of the woods was limited to one or two camping expeditions in the warmer

months, it was a somewhat doubtful undertaking. However, being a born nature-lover, and having no prospect of any other work until the spring, I determined to go; and, moreover, as I was young and foolish, it only needed the solemn assurance of certain friends that my expedition would undoubtedly end in disaster, and that some chance explorer would discover me the following summer as a 'mass of mangled remains,' to dispel any further doubts I may have had, and to make me decide to go as soon as I could get away. Accordingly I set about procuring the necessary supplies, which included a couple of good blankets, an axe, steel traps, a rifle, and provisions for a fortnight. It was my intention to return every two weeks for fresh supplies of food, and I thus had no difficulty in carrying all my equipment on my back. The trip into the forest was without incident, and I arrived at the old log cabin which I had decided upon as my headquarters on the evening of the second day. This cabin had been used as a lumber-camp; but the surrounding country having been all cut over, the place was deserted, and is now only used in the autumn by parties going into the woods after moose. However, it suited my purpose exactly, being in good repair, and having an old stove which, while far from ornamental, was more than useful, as it gave an immense heat with comparatively little wood to keep it going, of which it was necessary to keep several days' supply on hand, so that in the case of a bad storm, when it would be impossible to go outside and cut some, there would be plenty to tide me over the rough weather. In this way, also, the wood had a chance to dry, that which was cut one day not being used till the fourth or fifth day after. This camp was situated on the bank of a small stream which bounded it on the north and east; on the west, at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards only, but separated from it by thick woods, was a large lake; while to the south was one of the great open spaces already referred to, which extended for about a mile, with its small underbrush and ghostly twisted trunks at long intervals. Beyond this space were more thick woods, and beyond these again more lakes and streams. The spot was about ten miles from the nearest civilisation, and thirty from the nearest town of any size.

In this place, then, I settled down to several weeks of what proved to be a very strenuous life, although by no means an unpleasant one. To one who can withstand the cold and hardships it offers a delightful combination of work and pleasure; and there are times—when the trapper sets forth on his rounds, striding along in his might, feeling the brute strength in every muscle, with the frozen snow crunching beneath his feet, and the air fairly cracking with the sharp, dry cold that is a better tonic than patent medicine—when he feels that it is good to be alive. Here in the mighty wilderness he is free; and, far from the cares and worries of the outer world,

he feels an elation and a contentment denied to the city dweller.

The first day was spent in cutting firewood, 'fixing up' inside the camp, and taking a general survey of my surroundings. I had been to this place before; but the woods then presented an appearance very different from their present aspect in their winter garment of snow, and it was necessary to observe considerable caution until I discovered just where it was safe to go on the ice and where it was not. The ice on the rivers proved to be not very reliable, the streams near my camp being narrow and full of rocks, so that it was difficult to find a continuous sheet of ice of any size. The lakes, however, offered a good footing, and proved to be of great use to me in getting about. On the evening of the second day I whetted my axe, cleaned the rifle, oiled some half-dozen traps, and generally made ready for a business start in the morning. I was up betimes the next day, and after a breakfast that would have kept a London clerk in meals for a week, I slung my rifle on my back, shouldered the axe and a bundle of traps, and set forth.

My experience of trapping was limited to setting for rats in a cellar or barn; but I had carefully watched old trappers at work, had also read many books on the subject, and had a good theoretical knowledge of the methods to be followed; and although theory without practice is useless, it is a great thing to understand the principles of the business. I soon discovered that the setting of traps required no small amount of skill and an infinite amount of patience. I also found that I could not set nearly as many traps in a day as I had supposed I should be able to do. I rarely set more than six, and have sometimes tramped the whole morning and returned after setting only one. This may have been due to my unfamiliarity with the business, but was partly due to the fact that from the very first I firmly decided that no half-measures should be used. The traps should be set with infinite care, and the place left exactly as I found it, or they should not be set at all. Therefore it was that occasionally two or three hours were spent in the setting of one trap. Sometimes, after the traps had been carefully concealed with pieces of bark, moss, leaves, and twigs, a careless pressure on a piece of stick would release the spring, and the iron jaws would leap together with a vicious snap, sending the carefully prepared 'false bottom' flying in all directions. Thus the patient labour of an hour would be destroyed in a moment, and the whole intricate structure would have to be built up again.

On this particular morning, my first trapping round, I walked about three miles before I saw what I took to be a likely place for mink. The mink is a dark-skinned animal, with a long, low body about the size of a large house-rat, and is a very savage creature for its comparatively

insignificant size. It is a meat-eater, and lives for the most part upon frogs, mice, squirrels, and small birds. The fur is very long and thick, and fetches a good price. Upon an old log that lay across the stream could plainly be seen the tracks of mink, where they had made use of it to cross from one bank to another. Here I decided to set my first trap. Accordingly I hollowed out a place in the log about three feet from the bank, and in this little pocket laid a trap so that it was on a level with the surface of the log. In this way there was created no unnatural-looking hump to arouse the suspicions of an approaching animal. Having settled that to my satisfaction, I next proceeded to twist the chain round the log, and made it secure on the under side. Then it was necessary to place with infinite care some small pieces of bark upon the trap; and these must cover it, and hide it completely, without interfering with the mechanism when the trap was sprung; for it is surprising how small a piece of stick or bark, if caught between the jaws, will enable an animal to escape.

The trap being hidden from view, it was necessary to put the finishing touches by placing pads of moss upon the exposed bark to give it the same appearance as the rest of the log. This having been done, there remained only the chain to be concealed, which I accomplished by dipping clumps of moss in the water, and then pressing them tightly against the chain, where they soon froze hard and served effectually to hide the glittering steel links. I then carefully gathered up all the chips of wood and pieces of bark and moss that were strewn around the spot, and removed them to a considerable distance. The trap was now set to my complete satisfaction, and it was with a feeling of some pride that I stepped back and surveyed my handiwork. But my task was far from finished; for but one trap was set, and on whichever side the bait was placed, a mink might come on the side farther from the trap and take the bait without harm. Therefore I patiently went to work and set another trap in exactly the same manner as the first, and at a distance of about two feet from it; and in the space between the two I laid the bait of rabbit's entrails frozen hard as a stone. Then at last I decided that there was nothing more that I could do, and continued on my way with exceedingly sanguine hopes for the success of my first venture.

It would only be wearisome to tell of the many traps I set, and the various schemes and methods by which I sought to outwit the wild creatures. But after I had been out about ten days all my traps were set, and only one skin to show for it. Incidentally, upon visiting the trap which was set for mink, and which I have described in detail above, I found, instead of the ten or twelve dollar mink I had hoped for, nothing more valuable than an old crow. It

was rather annoying to have spent so much time and trouble in capturing an absolutely worthless bird; but I consoled myself with the thought that my first trap had at any rate been set with sufficient care to delude that most wary and suspicious of birds.

After I had been out about three weeks I was one day following my regular round, when I noticed tracks in the snow which showed that some animal had crossed my path almost at right angles, and gone on into the woods on the farther side. My curiosity was at once aroused, and I straightway resolved to follow the tracks, not with any idea of coming up with the animal, but I wished, if possible, to discover more about the creature, as the tracks were unlike any that I had ever seen, and were so large that I was greatly puzzled to know what could have made them, for I knew that all self-respecting bears would be safe and snug in their winter dens. I followed that track for about three miles—and three miles through the woods is equal to at least six miles in the open country—before I decided that no purpose would be served by going any farther. I was no wiser as to the nature of the beast that had made the tracks than when I started, and nothing could be learned from the footprints themselves, which wound in and out among the trees, occasionally going off to one side or the other, as though the animal had turned aside to investigate something; but always they kept the main direction, which was westerly. I was about to turn back, when I saw something on the snow ahead of me that made me spring forward in double-quick time. For there, on the snow, was a large bloody patch, and all around it the snow was trampled and scattered, while on the farther side of the main patch were smaller patches and smears of blood. Here, then, the unknown had killed, and a few scattered pieces of fur and a furry paw proved that the victim was a rabbit. For long I hovered around the spot, and followed the trail till all traces of the kill were lost, and the track led on into the woods in the same direction as when it first crossed mine. Seeing that I could do nothing for the time being, and as there were several traps still to visit, I reluctantly left the spot and retraced my steps, with a firm resolve to return later and set some traps for the animal, which I now had no doubt was either a wild cat or a lynx.

Not till the commencement of the return journey did I realise how much time had been spent in following the trail, and it was not without a certain sense of alarm that I noticed that it was very rapidly becoming dark. I also became aware of the fact that I was ravenously hungry. I pressed on with all possible speed, and upon reaching my regular track, where I had turned aside to follow the new trail, I was in some doubt as to whether to continue on my round and visit the remaining traps or to return

home at once. Seeing that the night would be fine, and not exceptionally dark, and as I had a very distinct trail to follow, I decided to finish my round, and struck off up the trail. I visited the traps, four in number; but as there was nothing in any of them my trouble went for nought. However, I always tried to visit every trap each day, or at least every second day; for although I had no compunction about trapping my victims, I always strove to spare them unnecessary suffering. By the time I reached the last trap it was quite dark, and the gnawing pains of hunger were getting very insistent. I was also very tired, having tramped a long way, and I looked forward eagerly to the cheerful warmth of the fire and a satisfying meal upon arrival at the cabin.

I trudged along the trail, walking fast to keep out the cold, which by this time was intense. Far overhead, between the interlacing tops of the trees, I could see the deep-purple black of the sky thickly studded with great bright stars, which appear much larger in that cold atmosphere than in warmer countries. All around me were the rustlings and sharp snappings that betrayed the presence of the denizens of the forest. A light breeze had sprung up, and whispered gently in the pines, making a soft murmuring sound not unlike the sea. After a time I reached the place where the tracks which had proved to be such a source of interest to me crossed my own, and I knew that I had not a great deal farther to go. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, from the woods on my left hand, and apparently at no great distance from me, there rang out a most frightful yell that rose and fell in ghastly cadences like the wailing of a lost soul, and finally ended in such an appalling shriek that I shrank from it as from a blow. I knew at once that this cry proceeded from a wild cat, or 'Indian devil,' for I had heard the sound before, though never at such close quarters. Let the reader sitting at his ease in a chair smile if he will; but I do not hesitate to admit that this fearful sound set me trembling all over, and, hungry and tired as I was, alone in that great wilderness, I felt a very genuine alarm. However, I threw down the lever of the rifle, and, keeping as far on the other side of the trail as possible, went slowly on. I had heard that wild cats would attack a man without provocation, but do not believe this to be so. Still, dark as it was, I might have stumbled upon him before either was aware of the presence of the other, and he would probably have thought I was attacking him and have sprung upon me.

Before I had proceeded far the fearful cry rang out again, this time apparently directly ahead of me. There was something inexpressibly evil in the sound, and yet withal something very human. In this any one who has ever heard the cry of the Canadian wild cat will bear me out;

it is the ghastly note of human suffering beyond all conception that gives to the sound the power it has to make the bravest man tremble. I felt positively scared by this time, and experienced a crazy desire to run headlong through the woods, anywhere, to escape that fearful sound. Quickly controlling my shaken nerves, however, I fired a shot from my rifle in the hope of scaring the beast, and pushed on in a sort of careless desperation, determined to reach the log hut as soon as possible. I heard no more of the horrid sound, nor did I see anything, and arrived safely at the cabin. I will not say that I did not glance furtively over my shoulder once or twice as I fumbled with my fingers, that were numb with the cold, for the key and unlocked the door. However, after placing myself on the outside of a huge plateful of baked beans, half a loaf of bread, some molasses, and several cups of strong tea, I began to cheer up; and when—with the stove door wide open and a roaring fire sending out its genial warmth to every corner of the room, and a pipe between my teeth—I settled down for an idle hour of meditation before turning in for the night, the animal that had given me such a bad scare was almost forgotten.

The next morning I selected two of the largest traps in my possession, No. 4's, picked out my most tempting bait—of which I always had some on hand, as it 'kept' well in that cold weather—and started. Arrived at the scene of the previous night's adventure, I carefully cast about for signs of tracks, of which plenty proved to be in evidence. I also discovered an excellent place to set a trap for wild cat. They are not animals that are easy to trap, and not every place is suitable in which to set for them. This, however, was a place where two large rocks were situated close together, and touched one another at a distance of about three feet from the ground; but below the point of contact they were separated by a space of some two feet, thus leaving a sort of tunnel between the two.

Here I set both traps with the utmost care, one at each end of the tunnel, and between them I placed the bait, which consisted of a rabbit slit open to expose the entrails. Fortunately the snow was frozen hard, and it was not necessary to disturb the place to any great extent except to remove some of the snow which had drifted in at the mouth of the tunnel. I then went directly away from the spot to avoid making unnecessary tracks. I visited my other traps as usual, and secured a very fine raccoon-skin and an ermine; but even these failed to divert my thoughts for long from the wild cat, and I was all impatience for the morning to come and show whether or not such a prize was to be mine. Nevertheless, the next day, upon my arriving at the place, everything was as I had left it, and I began to fear that I was doomed to disappointment.

That night it snowed, and I realised that this would cover all tracks, and might serve to allay

the suspicions of the wild cat, if indeed he were still in the neighbourhood. About half-past nine, just before turning in, I went outside, and walked a short distance from the cabin to see what were the weather prospects for the following day. Snow was falling; but it was a perfectly still, quiet night, with absolutely no wind, and no sound save for the swish of the great feathery flakes as they swept downwards. A deep silence seemed to settle upon the brooding forest, and the flood of light that streamed from the open door of the cabin revealed what might have been a scene in fairyland. The dark pines and spruces, standing silently erect, with their wide-reaching branches bending beneath their white burden of snow, were the very image of the Christmas-trees of our youth. The white flakes hissed softly as they rushed to the earth, and beyond were the darkness and brooding silence of the great forest. From far away came the faint *whoo-hoo-hoo* of a brown owl, and once near at hand the silence was broken by a sudden pouncing sound, a scuffle, a squeal, more scuffle, and then the silence fell again like a curtain.

There was a strange and fascinating beauty in the scene, so little actually presented itself to the eye, and yet there was so much to see. Just the snow-laden trees, the swirling flakes, and beyond the darkness and the silence; and yet I felt that I never could tire of drinking in the beauty of the scene. But there was work to be done on the morrow, and it was necessary to get early to bed if I would make an early start in the morning.

(Continued on page 776.)

MEMORIES.

A FAINT red light in the western sky,
The note of a bird as it passeth by,
The cloudlet's shade on a far-off hill,
The drone of a bee in the evening still—
Ah, memories!

A clump of gorse on a northern moor,
The call of a curlew shrill and sure,
A mountain torrent that hurries on,
Ah! memories that are never gone—
Sad memories!

A harvest field of rich golden grain,
Sheaves piled on high in a creaking wain,
Reapers reaping with laugh and song,
Joy in their hearts as they move along—
Fond memories!

A silver moon in the sky above,
Streaming down upon youth and love;
Wavelets that whiten beneath the beam
That kisses the breast of the murmuring stream—
Faint memories!

Odours borne from an old-world garden,
Mingled with tones that plead for pardon;
Faintest odours of roses vanished,
Tones of a voice that is long since banished,
Sweet dead scents of a bitter past,
Of a memory that will ever last—
Ah, memories!

BETTY DUNDAS



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

THE STORY OF WADY SUDR.

By the Rev. W. T. CAIRNS.

PART I.

THIRTY-ONE years ago, on a blazing afternoon in early July, when the Mediterranean fleet lay in Alexandria harbour, the following telegram from the Admiralty was handed to Sir Beauchamp Seymour on the flagship: '5th July 1882.—Professor Palmer, passenger for Brindisi, has been instructed to go to you. He speaks Arabic, and knows Bedouins. Keep him at your disposal.'

Trouble had been brewing for months in Egypt. In June there had been a terrible massacre of Christians in Alexandria, and as many Europeans as could fled for their lives. The Mohammedans, wildly fanatical, were up in arms under Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian Nationalist leader, and Sultan Abdul Hamid played a waiting game. As his manner ever has been, the 'Sick Man' exploited his sickness for his own ends, professing inability to interfere, and all the while keeping in close touch with Arabi by means of the telegraph line passing through the desert between Egypt and Syria. The Mediterranean fleet was hurried from Malta to the mouth of the Nile for the protection of Europeans in Egypt, and every day it became plainer that armed intervention on the part of Britain was inevitable. Alexandria might safely be left to the fleet; but if troops were advanced from there the Suez Canal would be left defenceless. The canal, of course, was neutral, and France—the *entente cordiale* being then in the distant future—kept a very jealous eye on anything that looked like aggression by Britain. But it was a choice between neutrality and destruction, for the wild tribes to the east of the canal were known to be dangerous, and no one quite knew how dangerous they might prove to be. It was in their power to do almost infinite mischief by destroying the dredging-machines, or by firing down into the ships as they passed slowly through the narrow cuttings north of the Bitter Lakes. They could also cut off the supply of Nile water in the Sweet Canal that runs parallel with the other, and by so doing render Suez and the neighbouring towns uninhabitable. In religion these tribes are practically heathen, as their forefathers, the Ish-

maelites and Amalekites, were before them; but the prospect of a *Jahād* or Holy War, which was being vigorously preached by Arabist emissaries, was none the less attractive on that account.

If the canal was to be saved some check must be put on these sons of the desert. An army corps would be of little use, especially in the height of summer, when the sand glows like a furnace and the wells are almost dry. Still, it was evident that something must be done, and done at once; and the story now to be related tells how one man—no soldier, but a quiet, frail English scholar—did it, though he paid for his gallantry with his life.

Edward Henry Palmer, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, though little over forty years of age, had already made his mark in many different walks in life. Not a profound Orientalist like some of the great German scholars, or like his successor in office at Cambridge, Robertson Smith, Palmer was an astonishingly clever and versatile linguist, speaking Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani, besides Romany and half-a-dozen European languages. He was perfectly at home in the most classical style of Eastern poetry, and also, as his friend Sir Richard Burton enviously testified, he was, when occasion served, 'master of a vocabulary calculated to terrify the superstitious.' As illustrating this extraordinary linguistic readiness, Sir Walter Besant tells of an expedition he and Palmer once made to the Foreign Sailors' Home at Limehouse. On the way there they met a basket van in the charge of a gipsy acquaintance of Palmer's, with whom he exchanged five minutes of genial chaff in Romany. Arrived at the Home, they found on the steps a Lascar from Calcutta and a negro from the Sudan who spoke some dialect of Arabic. Both knew Palmer by sight, and began to talk to him at the same time; while he turned from one to the other, speaking now Hindustani, now Arabic, till he settled the grievances they were retailing.

But it was as an explorer of Sinai that Palmer had specially distinguished himself. He was a member of the scientific expedition that had

surveyed the peninsula in the winter of 1868; and in the following year he had, with only one companion, traversed the desert that lies between it and Syria from end to end on foot. He not only knew the country. He had won the confidence of its lawless Bedawin inhabitants as perhaps no one ever has gained it before or since. Unable to pronounce his name, they called him Abdullah, and treated him exactly as one of themselves.

After these journeys he lived a busy life in England, and, although often handicapped by ill-health, accomplished a vast amount of work—lecturing, translating the Koran for Max Müller, revising Henry Martyn's Persian New Testament for the Bible Society, acting as correspondent in Urdu for an Indian newspaper, writing *Romany verses* with Charles Godfrey Leland (the redoubtable 'Hans Breitmann'), or such gay fooling as the suggested prospectus to the *Gypsy Songs* in which the two collaborated: 'You are earnestly requested to subscribe to the above book. It is the composition of a blind orphan who is deaf and dumb, and has no use of his limbs. Unless fifty thousand copies at a penny each are taken by a Christian and sympathising public, the book will remain unpublished, and the writer will have no resource but the workhouse or dishonesty.'

Latterly Palmer took to journalism, and was on the staff of the *Standard*. When trouble broke out in Egypt, and the question of the safety of the canal became all-important, his advice was asked by the British Government through Captain Gill of the Intelligence Department, whose name was soon to be associated so tragically with his own. Although he had only recently recovered from a serious illness, and had the strongest claims to keep him at home, he at once volunteered to go to the East, and on the last day of June 1882 he left London for secret service in the desert.

A week afterwards he reached Alexandria, and reported himself to Sir Beauchamp Seymour. His full instructions from Government and the admiral have never been made public. In the first instance, he was to inquire and report as to the state of feeling among the tribes to the east of the canal, and after that he was left a free hand to do what he thought best. He knew quite well the risk he was running. Even in the cold weather a desert journey without escort is by no means a holiday trip; but in the height of summer, with the tribes seething with fanaticism, and eager to be let loose on the loot of Egypt, the difficulties and dangers of such an expedition might well appal the stoutest heart. Palmer, however, had counted the cost. He knew that the danger was worst at the beginning and end of his journey, and made up his mind to ride from Gaza in Syria to Suez, a distance, roughly speaking, of a hundred and fifty miles through the dreariest part of the desert. Once he was

past Turkish soldiers and spies at Gaza, he would be comparatively safe and among old friends till he came near Suez. Every precaution was taken. He put on full Syrian dress, resumed his old name of Abdullah Effendi, and, accompanied only by one Jewish servant, Bokhor, he left Gaza on 15th July, and plunged into the desert.

The heat was tremendous, and the wilderness thereabout as 'great and terrible' now as it was when Israel wandered in it three-and-thirty centuries ago. In its northern part, miles upon miles of drifting sand-dunes over which the heat haze is constantly quivering; farther south, bare white limestone hills, with here and there a patch of scanty herbage round some brackish wayside well; then no more sand, for the ground becomes almost black with hard gravel and polished flints; and, lastly, Sinai, which lies far to the south of the route Palmer proposed to take.

Fortunately the summer camping-grounds of the chief sheikhs lay near the direct route to Suez; but the task which Palmer had set himself was very difficult, and required an infinite amount of tact and patience. It was impossible now to play off one tribe against another, as he had done while merely exploring twelve years before. Day after day for a fortnight he had to start long before sunrise, on a camel-ride that lasted for ten or eleven hours, the hot wind blowing the sand in his face all the while, as he moved from one Bedawi encampment to another. All the rest he dared take was for a little while in his tent at midday, the thermometer standing at one hundred and thirty degrees in the shade, if such a term can be used. He knew quite well that Arab's spies were everywhere, and that one false or hasty move, one least sign of nervousness, would be fatal. But the quiet English scholar, as Mr Stanley Lane-Poole says, 'carried his life in his hand with all the coolness of an old soldier,' living among those wild cut-throats, sharing their meals, reciting pages of Arabic poetry to the old men, talking the young ones round, persuading some to be neutral, others to supply camels and patrol the canal-banks, and generally to further and assist the troops which Wolseley was hurrying to the front.

No European had ever passed that way in summer before, and even the Bedawin, mal-manders as they are, were knocked up by the heat. But Palmer, spite of racking headaches and constant anxiety, held bravely on, comforting himself by writing letters home—which he knew could not be posted till he himself was safe—some full of schoolboy high spirits and slang; others which, even after thirty years, are almost too moving to be read aloud.

All went marvellously well; but at one of his halting-places there was introduced to him an old Bedawi, Meter Abu Sofieh by name, and it

had been well for Palmer had he never seen that man's face. For many years Meter had acted as guide to parties of travellers taking the long desert route from Sinai to Syria, and hitherto he had proved faithful. But times had changed, and the love of money was strong in Meter; though even now the full extent of his guilt in the tragedy that was so soon to follow is doubtful. He pretended to Palmer that he was sheikh of one of the most important tribes—a complete falsehood; and Palmer, for once off his guard, believed him.

As yet, however, Meter does not seem to have had any definite thoughts of treachery, and he was able to guide Palmer to a spot overlooking the Red Sea within sight of the British gunboats. Arab's sentries were between; but, after some exciting experiences, on 1st August the intrepid professor was safe on Admiral Hewett's flagship, made much of, as he fully deserved to be, by the young naval officers.

The first, and, as it seemed, the most dangerous, part of the task was now safely accomplished. The tribes were quiet, and their sheikhs had trusted to meet with Palmer before the middle of August at Nakhil, a fort on the Pilgrim Road to Mecca, half-way between the two gulfs of Suez and Akabah. It was a wonderful fortnight's work, and no wonder that he wrote home to his wife a triumphant letter full of rosy plans for the future, infinitely pathetic to read when one remembers that a week before it reached its destination the writer lay foully murdered.

There can be no doubt that, once he was safe, and possibly in reaction from the incessant strain of watchfulness in the preceding weeks, Palmer showed a certain carelessness in letting the details of his plans be known, and in rousing the cupidity of the Bedawin by the lavish backsheesh which he scattered as Interpreter to the Forces. Sir Richard Burton hints that, after twelve quiet years of English life, his brain was somewhat turned by the scorching desert heat, so that in perfect good faith he overestimated both the numbers and the loyalty of the Bedawin. But there is nothing to support this in his published diaries and reports; and if, after all, his hopes were but a desert mirage, it makes the bravery none the less, and the pity of the tragedy all the more.

Meanwhile he spent a busy week at Suez, interpreting all day long, and making arrangements for his return to the desert. Meter had gone to his camp in the mountains to the south-east of Suez to procure an escort of twenty men, and duly came back on 7th August with one man only—his nephew—and a plausible story of the country being absolutely quiet. Here again

Palmer, owing to his trust in Meter, made a fatal blunder, and yet one for which it is hard to blame him. He had passed his word to the sheikhs that he would meet them at Nakhil to clinch the negotiations and hand over the promised backsheesh. It was only a matter of three days' journey. They would be there awaiting him. Were they not his friends? There was little danger, if any; and, escort or no escort, he would go.

He was not to go alone this time, but was to be accompanied by Captain Gill, R.E., through whom Palmer's services had been secured, himself a distinguished explorer in China and Farther India, and by one of the naval officers from the flagship. All were eager to go, and Palmer chose Flag-Lieutenant Charrington, brother of the well-known East London philanthropist. The three were to go together for the first two days, but once they had climbed the long, steep rampart of the mountains to the east of Suez they were to separate; Gill striking north to cut the telegraph wire and thus outwit Arabi and the Sultan, Palmer and Charrington going straight east to Nakhil.

During the next two days several Bedawin in disguise came into Suez, and were on the watch for every movement. As was learned afterwards, orders had been issued to the tribesmen by the governors of Nakhil and of El Areeesh on the Syrian frontier, fanatical Arabists both, to bring in Palmer, dead or alive. There must be no slipping through their hands this time. But in the meanwhile everything promised well, and the three gallant Englishmen suspected no danger.

On the morning of 9th August the party left Suez. First came Palmer, a fragile-looking little man, but tougher than one might have judged from his appearance, burnt brown by the heat, and looking like an Arab, in spite of his blue eyes and long fair beard. He carried with him a despatch-box and black leather bag containing three thousand pounds in sovereigns. Then the tall Captain Gill, identified afterwards by his murderers as 'the one with the long moustache.' Then Charrington, little more than a lad. All three were dressed in Arab costume; though Charrington carried with him a complete naval uniform to be donned at Nakhil to impress the sheikhs—a uniform never worn. These, with Khalil Atek (Gill's dragoman) and Bokhor (Palmer's cook), formed the party, with seven camel-drivers, and Meter and his nephew as guides. And so, as in the days of Job, the doomed 'caravan travelled by the way of them that turn aside.' They went up into the waste, and perished.

(Continued on page 791.)

A MEMORY OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH the tossing and tumbling of the boat the game-bag was pitched head first into one of the egg-tubs. It embedded itself among the eggs, smashing them by scores, but it saved its contents from harm. When, on getting to quarters, I had flung out the last of the sodden rabbits, I found, to my joy, that not one of the bones was broken. Then I laid out the skeleton on the surgery stretcher used for the clinical examination of patients. It was an unusually long one, but the skeleton was longer still. I had to put a box at the end of the stretcher to make a resting-place for the bony feet of its present occupant.

While I was thus employed Rupey looked on with a gloomy expression. 'You won't have many people to see you here, doctor,' he remarked.

'Confound them!' I exclaimed. I had forgotten these visitors. 'How can I hide this stretcher?'

'There's an old screen in my room that would do that,' Rupey suggested. It was a great folding structure, ragged and rickety, and it was as much as we could carry between us; but it effectually hid the corner of the surgery where the stretcher stood.

'I shall wire those bones and put them together before I send them to Sydney,' I said, after we had sat down to supper. 'Then you can make a case, and we'll pack our skeleton ready for the steamer when she calls here on her way back to Sydney from Fiji.'

'It's a shabby trick to the skipper,' said Rupey disapprovingly. 'He's a good sort; he landed a case of square gin for grandfather last month.'

'What the devil has that to do with me?' I asked crossly, knowing that alcoholic beverages were strictly forbidden on Norfolk Island save by doctor's orders. 'I wasn't in charge here then!'

'I'm thinking of the ship,' Rupey explained. 'She'll have a bad passage, I tell you.'

'Do you really believe that those bones made the storm to-day?' I asked, shaking with laughter.

'If Gus had known whom he had got in his boat he'd have heaved him overboard,' Rupey retorted.

'I didn't think he was such a fool,' I said. 'But I'm blessed if I would have stood our money being chucked into the sea.'

'You may come to think that a dear bargain,' Rupey grumbled. And we finished our supper in silence.

'Where has the iron gone?' Rupey asked while we were smoking our pipes.

'I stowed it in the bag with the bones,' I answered carelessly.

Rupey went into the garden, where he had seen me fling the bag after I had unpacked it. The sacking was smeared with the contents of the broken eggs, and some of these had not been newly laid.

'Here it is,' he called from below the veranda. 'I'll rub off the rust.' Presently a scratching of sandpaper that I had heard ceased, and Rupey's footsteps came back. 'Look here,' he said, holding a fetter so that the light of my lamp shone on the steel, now rubbed clear. 'That was his number—990.'

'By George!' I cried, 'these figures are in that "Punishment Record."' And I fetched the book from its shelf and laid it on the table.

'No. 990.—Insubordinate. Threatened Gang-Master. Fifty lashes and ten days' cells.' Rupey read the faded writing slowly. 'My word!' he exclaimed, 'that was a lesson.'

'I wonder if they gave him another before he escaped?' I said, and I began to turn the leaves of the book. Rupey assisted in the search, but we reached the end without finding another mention of 990. Then we began at the beginning of the register, and our curiosity was rewarded. No. 990 was on almost every other page. He was marked 'Incorrigible' at one entry. He had broken the arm of a man to whom he was chained, it was noted, because the pair had quarrelled. 'He was a tough customer,' Rupey exclaimed admiringly. 'He went for that gang-master, you bet, when he had done his ten days' cells.'

'Rupey,' I said, 'I believe he was the man your grandfather told us about, who escaped from the cells. And that's why this entry is the last about him in the book.'

'My word, doctor! you're right. And that's how he got rid of his other fetter and chain.'

'I don't see that.'

'The warden would have a file in his pocket maybe?'

'Then why didn't the man file off both fetters?'

'Look here! He tried,' and Rupey pointed to a deep nick in the ring.

'Hadt' you better turn to on that case?' I queried, anxious to direct Rupey's newly awakened interest in No. 990 into a practical channel.

'I'll wade in right away,' he acquiesced. 'Let's measure him.'

We went into the surgery.

'Six feet five,' Rupey said, looking at his rule.

'The skeleton will be a bit shorter than that,' I said. 'The bones are not so close together now as they will be when wired.'

Then Rupey went to his carpenter's shop, which was under the veranda, and for the next two hours I heard him sawing, planing, and hammering. And as he worked he sang lustily. His favourite tune was one of Moody and Sankey's hymns, the refrain of which he repeated with maddening iteration.

'Shut up and go to bed,' I shouted at length. 'I'm going to turn in.'

But I was not allowed to enjoy the luxury of unbroken sleep. A sound which I gradually recognised as Rupey's powerful bass voice roused me by degrees to consciousness. He was thundering out his favourite hymn; and, after waiting in vain for him to stop, I got up, lighted my lantern, and made for his room. He was sitting up in bed, singing with all his might, terror written on every feature.

'Rupey!' I exclaimed, 'what's the matter!'

'I heard him rattle his bones,' he answered in a hoarse whisper, 'and then I heard him try the door.'

'Bring your blankets and finish the night on the sofa in my bedroom,' I said. 'We'll keep each other company without singing.'

Rupey needed no second invitation. He sprang out of bed, gathered up his rugs, and followed me along the veranda.

The two following days were wet, and few out-patients called at the surgery. The screen was a thorough success. Hour by hour I laboured at the bones, wiring and making joints, preliminary to setting up the skeleton. Rupey was a handy assistant, and as he got accustomed to the work he became more cheerful in it; but each night he made his bed on my sofa. On the third day the most interesting part of the work began—joining up the sections of the skeleton and setting it erect on its feet. I had to stand on a chair when we got to the ribs, while Rupey handed me the bones or held parts of the skeleton in place for me to fasten them together. If I had been less absorbed in my work I should have noticed his growing distaste for what he was doing, but it was only when at last I jumped down from my perch that I saw the horror in his face.

'Lord Almighty!' he cried, 'he'll walk all over the house; no door will stop him!'

'You be off to your carpenter's shop and finish that box,' I said. 'I can do without you now.'

Rupey was gone in a twinkling, and by degrees the day closed in.

'Doctor,' Rupey at length hailed, 'I'm short of nails. I'm going to Longridge for another packet.'

'Right you are,' I answered. 'I'll boil the kettle and get supper ready. Don't be late.'

And presently I heard his horse cantering along the road. Then the hoof-strokes grew fainter and fainter, till they ceased abruptly, and I knew that he had turned on to a grass slope which leads to Longridge.

CHAPTER V.

THE success of the work was beyond my most sanguine expectations. No. 990 was a magnificent specimen. As he towered above me I gazed at him in admiration.

'I must give him fetters,' I muttered. But I had to unwind the ankle-joints and slip the shin-bones through a couple of rings, as the irons would not pass over the huge feet. A chain only was now wanted to complete the convict model, and I remembered Aunt Peggy's present. 'I'll have it done before Rupey comes back,' I said to myself, and I went to his carpenter's shop for a pair of pincers. The case for the skeleton was the first object I saw, and then the thing I wanted—the pincers; but, to my surprise, I saw also on the carpenter's bench a half-emptied packet of nails. And they were the size and sort that Rupey was using for the box.

With all the force of a conviction the idea flashed into my mind that Rupey was not coming back.

'I didn't think you'd play me such a trick as this,' I said aloud. And then I laughed.

I soon twisted the chain from the Longridge fetters; but when I tried to clamp it to the fetters worn by 990 the old links began to crack. I could only hook the ends of the chain into the holes in the rings; I could not secure them in their places.

'The chain can't move,' I said to myself, 'unless he begins to walk. What a pity the young idiot has bolted! This would prove the folly of his fears.'

Then I straightened the folds of the screen. It stretched across an angle of the surgery; but it was not tall enough to hide the whole of the skeleton behind it. I could see the crown of a bare skull, like the top of an ostrich's egg, over the upper edge.

The house was very still without Rupey; but I knew it was useless to wait supper for him, so I sat down to my solitary meal. After supper I lighted my pipe and began to read a book; but the quiet of the place got on my nerves, and I kept recalling the tales that Old Edward and Rupey had told me of the man who killed the soldier to get himself hung, and of the prisoner—of course it was 990—who escaped from the cells.

I went on dreaming like this till I was aroused by a flash of lightning, followed by a crackling peal of thunder. Then the rain, which had ceased before sunset, came down again in torrents;

it rattled on the shingled roof overhead with an almost deafening din.

As I listened to the storm there came a crash from the surgery, and lighting a lantern, I hurried through the partition door to find out what had happened. The French window, I could see, was open, and as I went to close it the sitting-room door shut behind me with a bang. The window turned inward, and, though I tried several times, I could not make it secure, for the woodwork was rotten, and the bolt a hasp of Rupey's manufacture; so I thought I would jam the casement with a box, as there were some standing in a corner of the surgery. Accordingly I placed the lantern on the floor and went to fetch a box; but before I could get it the window again blew open, the lantern rolled over, and the light went out. The surgery was in darkness; but I could see the glimmer of the window, and I made for it, closed it again, and jammed it with the box. I was certain that the wind could not blow it open again. Then I groped till I found the lantern, and faced for the sitting-room door. A narrow band of light on the floor guided me to the threshold.

Suddenly a flash of lightning filled the surgery, and I saw straight in front of me, not the crown of a bare skull over the top of the screen, but the cavernous eye-holes and grinning jaws of the skeleton that was behind it. No. 990 was glaring at me. He appeared to be standing on tiptoes, and he had the same evil expression on his ghastly face that he had when I first saw him in his cave.

I rushed to the door of the sitting-room, flung it open, shut and locked it behind me; and then I sank breathlessly into a chair.

'I'm going mad,' I cried helplessly. Then I began to think that the heat of the sun on Philip Island had given me a touch of fever and ague. 'Anyhow, I'd better go to bed,' I reflected. 'But, hang me,' I said out loud, 'if I don't make sure that it was only a trick of fancy or of light-headedness in there!'

So I relighted the lantern, unlocked the door, and stood on the threshold of the surgery. As I held the light aloft, shading my eyes with my other hand, I looked into the gloom of the room. Then I burst into a peal of excited laughter. Only the crown of the skeleton's head was visible over the top of the screen; it was exactly as I had seen it when I finished my work that evening.

'Good old 990!' I cried boisterously, my spirits jubilant at the revulsion of my feelings; 'if I had your memories of Norfolk Island what dreams I'd have to-night!'

Then—I confess it—a queer uncanny feeling came over me. I shut the door and turned the key.

An unpleasant surprise awaited me; the roof of my bedroom was leaking like a sieve and the bed was soaked. Only one corner of the room

had escaped the shower-bath, and in this Rupey's sofa stood; but how long this might continue dry was uncertain; so I dragged the couch into the common sitting-room, determining to pass the night there. Then I took off my coat, waistcoat, and boots, and, rolling myself in a blanket, I lay down on the sofa.

'What an ass I am!' I muttered. 'The screen is twice as far from the window as it is from the door. Of course his face is visible from the window;' but I was getting drowsy, and I did not see that my reasoning was at fault.

I must have been asleep for some time, for the storm had passed away, when suddenly I became conscious. I knew where I was, and that Rupey had left the house; but I had a conviction that I was not alone. Some presence, invisible in the darkness, was in the room; I had a sense of hands moving about my face, and presently there came a touch of hard fingers at my throat. I struggled to move, but I could not stir a limb. I was helpless. Then the darkness cleared, and I saw the panelled walls, the painted ceiling, and the French window of what used to be the office of the commandant's secretary; but the room was tidy and well furnished, and some one was seated at a table writing. Then I heard a step on the veranda, and a man stole into the room through the open window. He was a man of unusual size, stripped to the waist, and his back, I could see, was scored with long scars. The man at the table went on writing. I tried to call his attention to the intruder, but I was voiceless.

The other came on, and I could see that he was making for the door communicating with the adjoining room—the commandant's sanctum. Then the man who was writing looked up, and sprang between the intruder and the door, and there was a fierce struggle between them. It was soon over. The big man, seizing his assailant by the throat, twisted his head till it faced backward, and flung him off. Then he rushed toward the door. But a bell began to ring; feet tramped on the veranda; shots were fired; a bullet hissed past my face and buried itself with a thud in the oak panelling by my head; and in the midst of this confusion the big man turned round, dashed to the window, and disappeared. Then the room faded, a sense of drowsiness overpowered me, and I slept.

But I became conscious again. I was swimming in the sea, and the crests of the waves were shining with faint lambent gleams, for it was night. I swam easily, and I wondered at this, for I am only a poor swimmer; but I swam on. Suddenly the nose of a shark appeared through the phosphorus in the water, and a shuddering horror crept through my limbs; but there was a sheath-knife between my teeth, and I dived and dashed it into the white belly above me. Then I rose to the surface. There was a deeper

blackness ahead than that of the surrounding gloom, and I knew I was nearing land, and that the current was helping me; I could feel its strength, but I was beginning to tire. My head sank lower at each stroke, and my breath, as I blew the water from my mouth, came in gasps. I struggled with all my might to keep afloat.

Suddenly I felt my knee strike a rock, and then I dragged myself on shore. I knew I was going to faint, for I saw the stars reeling above me, and when I could see clearly once more it was day. The sun was shining, the waves breaking at my feet; the cries of seabirds were overhead. A ship was in sight. She was bows on to the land, sails and hull each moment more visible. By her rig she was a whaler, and, with a longing for life and freedom that was agony, I watched her approach. Her skipper may want another hand, I thought, and perhaps he may not give me up. On came the ship till I could make out the reef-points on her sails, and I struggled to steady myself to plunge into the sea. I thought I should go mad with the hope that came surging through my whole being. But as I waited for the ship to get within distance of my strength I saw her bowsprit begin to turn aside. Then her jibs fluttered, her foretopail swung aback, and she swept round on a fresh tack. And in an agony of despair I watched her gather way and lessen in the distance, till the glint of her sails broke the line of the horizon, and then faded in the hazy brightness of the morning sky.

I dragged myself to a cave, and a strange subconsciousness told me that I knew the place, but my senses were becoming less acute.

Presently I heard a sound overhead. It was a footstep, and through an opening in the roof a man's body came tumbling down, and it struck the ground at my feet. Before he could rise I sprang at him, gripping his throat with both my hands, and I held on to his neck till his face grew purple; but ere I had choked the life out of him I felt myself beginning to fall. Down, down I dropped into darkness, clutching right and left, and everything I seized crumbling in my grasp, till at last I touched bottom, light appeared once more, and I knew I was awake, and that it was day.

As I sat up on my sofa, staring at the window, I pressed my hands to my eyes. My forehead was streaming with perspiration, my head felt like lead, and I thought the throbbing of my heart would choke me. 'Good Lord! what a dream!' I groaned. 'But was it only a dream?' I asked myself wonderingly. 'The man came in through that window. 'Why, it's open! And I'll swear I shut it last night. And the bullet hit this panelling! By George! there's a mark in the wood. They have plugged a bullet-hole with putty or something.' I sprang off the sofa, and as my feet touched the floor

they alighted on a hard substance that was not a deal plank. A short piece of chain was lying by the bedside. It was like the chain I had taken overnight from the Longridge fetters.

I made for the open window, a sense of faintness overpowering me, and I got out of the room. Then I laughed feebly. 'Rupey has come back and brought another chain from Longridge to play me a practical joke,' I cried.

But then the conviction flashed into my mind that Rupey didn't know that I had hitched a chain to the fetters that I had put upon the skeleton. The surgery window was open. The heavy box with which I had, as I thought, made it secure was drawn back.

I entered the room, and over the top of the screen I saw the dome-like crown of the skeleton's head; just that was visible and nothing more. My drowsy thought to account for what the lightning had showed me was false. My hands were shaking as though I had the palsy, but I managed to push on one side a fold of the screen. No. 990 was standing just as I had set him on his feet overnight, but, as I glanced at his great bony ankles, the chain between the fetters was gone.

I staggered out of the surgery like a drunken man, and stood on the veranda, leaning against one of the posts that supported the roof, trying to steady my nerves. The bright sunlight and the fresh morning air helped me to pull myself together, but a sound that I heard was an even more powerful restorative.

'Clipety, clipety, clipety!' sang the distant hoof-strokes of a cantering horse; and the sound was coming nearer and nearer each moment.

I ran to the sitting-room, picked up that evidential chain—handling it as I would have touched a snake—and restored it to the place whence I had taken it the preceding night. Then I folded the rugs on the sofa, and began to lay the table for breakfast. Presently a soft step came along the veranda, and I saw Rupey's face looking at me wistfully through the open window.

'Light the fire and make the coffee,' I said as airily as I could. 'Don't stand there watching me work. Let us get breakfast.'

I did not send the skeleton to Sydney. I told the chaplain of the Norfolkers how I had found the bones, and he gave them decent burial. In the cemetery of the convict settlement, where prisoners and warders are resting side by side, with the voice of the sea singing ceaselessly over their graves, No. 990 is sleeping his last sleep.

I often looked into the old 'Punishment Book' before my locum-tenency came to an end, and discussed with Rupey the gruesome entries that it contained, and we both listened many a time to Old Edward's stories of famous convicts

and their exciting adventures—tales that he had heard from the good-conduct man; but I never added to these interesting recitals by giving my friends a description of the night I spent with No. 990, or by attempting to explain how I had

to share my companion's memory of his escape from prison. I was reticent about that strange psychological experience. In fact, I have kept the story of it to myself until now.

THE END.

A LONELY TRAPPER IN THE WILDS OF CANADA.

PART II.

THE next day there was a good eighteen inches of snow on the ground, through which I had some difficulty in ploughing my way, as it was soft and flaky, with only the barest suspicion of a frozen crust on the top. I at once struck out for my wild-cat traps, although at heart my hopes of ever securing such a trophy were small. Judge, then, of my astonishment and delight, upon arriving at the spot, at finding a huge wild cat crouching half in and half outside of what I have called the tunnel. Upon my approach he commenced to struggle frantically, but soon ceased, and lay there with his pale, fierce eyes fixed on me, and following my every movement. I surveyed him with a feeling of triumphant delight. He was a monster, and when I perceived the mighty muscles of his forearm, thick as the arm of a well-developed man, and the great spreading paws with their fearful fighting array of two-inch talons, a combination capable of disembowelling a man with one mighty stroke, I could not repress a shudder at the thought of what must have been the consequences had I stumbled upon him when I was returning through the woods in the dark. The cruel flat head and the full round cheeks formed an appropriate setting for the baleful eyes, which seemed fairly to blaze with concentrated hate and fury.

I now unslung my rifle, and advanced upon the creature with the intention of putting a shot through his head. Immediately he began to struggle anew, and I approached him rapidly. Suddenly—to my amazement, and I think quite as much to his own—he fell over on the snow, but quickly recovered himself, and doubling round, fairly shot out of the tunnel on the side farthest from me, and went off into the woods with great bounding leaps. In vain I fired after him; in vain I pursued him through the woods; he went as though the Evil One himself were after him instead of a very irate and very helpless Englishman. Seeing that it was useless to attempt to follow him, and that he was irretrievably lost to me, I returned to the traps to discover, if possible, the reason for his sudden and precipitate departure. One trap was undisturbed; the other had been pulled from its bed in the snow and dragged partly out of the tunnel; also, the jaws were closed, and he had evidently been caught by this one. The only conclusion I could come to was that the trap caught and held him, but did not secure a firm hold, and

that every time he struggled he probably loosened it a little more, and when he saw me advancing upon him his struggles became so desperate that he tore his paw from between the jaws of the trap. With this explanation I was forced to content myself; but I was very much disappointed, and felt very sore about it for some time afterwards. It would only have needed some one to say 'Wild cats' to me to cause a very serious breach of the peace.

The afternoon of that same day I found a huge, fat, old porcupine, which I promptly knocked on the head, not to relieve my feelings in connection with the wild cat, but because I knew that his prickly and uninviting exterior enclosed an excellent substitute for baked beans. I roasted him that night, and devoured him to the last morsel at supper-time.

The day after this wild cat affair, when out on my rounds, I came across a large dead tree around which there were plentiful signs of raccoons; and as the tree appeared to be hollow, it seemed probable that there was a nest of them inside. It was impossible to climb the tree, as it was denuded of its bark, and the only branches were a few old stubs at a height of about twenty feet from the ground. I therefore decided to return the next day with my axe and fell the tree, and secure the animals in that way. The fur of the raccoon is not exceptionally valuable considering the size of the animal, but it is readily saleable, and as I knew that there might be as many as a dozen in the one tree, a bunch of three or four skins would be well worth a half-day's work.

That night, upon going out just before supper to fetch some water, which I obtained by breaking the ice in the near-by stream, I saw that there was prospect of more snow. Overhead the thick, heavy, gray clouds were hurrying along before a strong north-west wind, and seemed to pile up one against another till an unbroken stretch of gray overspread the entire sky and hung like a pall over the great forest, where the pines swayed and tossed in the rising wind. And then came the snow, slowly at first in great clogging flakes that sifted down like so many feathers, then more rapidly, till the air was filled with the flying flakes, and finally the full fury of the storm swept down upon the forest, and of earth and sky were blotted out in a whirl of driving snow. All night the storm raged without ceasing, all night the snow swirled and drifted,

and the wind howled past the little log hut, rattling with fierce insistence upon a loosened window-pane. Towards morning, however, the fury of the storm abated; and when, soon after daybreak, I arose and looked out to see what the prospects for my raccoon hunt were, the snow had ceased and the wind had dropped entirely.

After breakfast I shouldered my axe and struck out through the deep snow in the direction of the tree where I expected to find my quarry. The woods presented a scene of strange beauty; and it seemed as though Nature, ashamed of her wild and boisterous exhibition of the previous night, wished now to appear in her quietest and most peaceful mood. Every limb and twig bent beneath its white burden of snow, the dark green-black of the firs and spruces making a striking contrast to the sparkling whiteness. A perfect stillness reigned; not a twig quivered; not a breath of wind stirred. It was like a dead world, a land of ghosts, wherein I, an insignificant atom, crawled feebly, painfully aware of my littleness in comparison with the vast silent forces of Nature that surrounded me on every hand. The snow was about eighteen inches deep, and the exertion of ploughing through it soon warmed me up, so that a comfortable glow overspread my entire body.

After a while I arrived at the dead tree in which I believed the raccoons' den was situated, and taking off my coat, proceeded to swing the axe with an energy that made the chips fly from the old trunk. After cutting through about two-thirds of the thickness of the trunk, I paused to rest for a moment. Stepping back from the tree, I happened to glance up, and as I did so a small, sharp-nosed face was thrust out from a hole above one of the broken limbs, peered out quickly, looked at me, and was immediately withdrawn. This caused me great satisfaction, as I now knew that there was at least one raccoon in the tree; where there was one there would be at least another, and perhaps several more, so that I had reasonable hopes that my labours would not be in vain. Accordingly I returned to the attack with fresh determination, this time applying my axe to the opposite side to that on which I had made the first cut. Very soon the tree began to quiver ever so slightly, then to rock gently, but with ever-increasing momentum, until at length it trembled on the very brink of collapse. Two mighty blows of the axe, and the great tree leaned far out to one side, tottered for a moment as though loath to fall, and then, with a mighty groaning and crackling, plunged into the smother of snow, landing with a thunderous roar. A perfect cloud of fine snow flew up around the fallen trunk, and so filled the air that it was impossible to see anything for a few moments. This afforded an opportunity for escape to any of the raccoons which had not been killed by the shock of the fall, and no doubt some did make their escape in

that way. But when the flying snow had settled somewhat I found two raccoons apparently dead, although they may have been only stunned; so, in order to make no mistake, I put the finishing touch to them, and also to another which was too badly hurt to get away, but was still alive. Careful search failed to reveal any more; but three good skins was not bad for about an hour's work, and I went on my way rejoicing.

I had several times been considerably annoyed at finding the bait stolen from my traps, while the animal that took it had failed to finish the programme by getting caught. I was at a loss for an explanation, as the bait was always placed in such a way that I could not imagine how any animal could secure it and not be trapped. Nevertheless this happened so often, and generally in the same district, that I determined to lie in wait and try to discover the robbers at work.

I selected a night when the moon was almost at the full, and the cloudless sky gave promise of a glorious night. My preparations included the donning of plenty of warm clothing, as there was a sharp frost, and I knew that the night air, especially the early morning air, would be keen. I set forth at about nine o'clock, and the frozen snow creaked under my feet as I stepped briskly forward. Arriving at the place which I intended to watch, I selected for my seat an old log just inside the thick woods, on the edge of a small clearing, in the centre of which the traps which had been set before, three in number, were placed, and the bait thrown upon a bush where any prowling beast sneaking around the outskirts of the clearing, as it is their custom to do, could not fail to see it. The forest was intensely still; and, as I sat and waited for I scarcely knew what, no sound broke the stillness save the sudden sharp detonation of a tree splitting under the iron grip of the frost or the far-off cry of some night prowler. The cold was intense, and it would not have been possible to remain where I was had it not been for the amplitude of thick clothing with which I had provided myself. Slowly the moon climbed the clean heights of sky, while the spreading branches of the pines threw strange shadows on the white carpet of snow, shadows that seemed to change their shape momentarily, and in the uncertain light played strange tricks with my fancy.

As I sat there on the log it gave me pleasure to let my imagination run riot, and fixing my attention on a particular shadow, I would see it first as some monstrous animal, crouching in the bushes; then it would change, and become a miniature castle with minarets and towers; and again I could see in it a fanciful resemblance to a human face. Yet always, when I made an effort and concentrated my gaze upon it, it resolved itself into a very ordinary shadow. But after a while I found myself looking at a shadow which,

while it did not appear to be any more solid than the others, refused to return to its original shape, and having assumed the likeness of an animal standing on the edge of the clearing opposite to me, it retained that likeness, and after a moment distinctly moved ever so slightly, and then it was borne in upon me that it actually *was* an animal, and not the creation of my imagination. I now perceived it to be a large mink, which was surveying the open clearing with manifest suspicion, glaring this way and that, keenly scrutinising every corner before venturing forth into the dangerous moonlit area, where he would be in the full view of any lurking foe. I was not surprised to see a mink there in the thick woods, so far from water, since, although they remain around the streams and lakes during the summer, it is not unusual for them to travel long distances in the winter. I felt sure that the animal had not seen me; but I was in momentary fear lest he should smell me, and kept as still as possible, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of scaring him. He too remained very quiet, peering round with his little red eyes that glinted savagely in the moonlight. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he stepped forth from the shadow of the bushes, and proceeded slowly across the clearing, a vivid splash of black against the dazzling white of the snow. A couple of feet from the bait he stopped and sniffed cautiously, turning his head this way and then that, as though in doubt as to his safety. Suddenly a twig snapped sharply at no great distance in the forest, and he turned with a movement so quick that I could not follow it, and crouched on the snow motionless as a log of wood, but glaringly conspicuous in the bright moonlight. For a full minute he remained so, and then, his fears apparently allayed, he turned again towards the bait, and without more ado sprang toward it with a suddenness that startled me, for I had expected him to continue his stealthy stalking. However, he never reached it, for as soon as he sprang forward there was a sharp click, and he bent his back in a desperate effort to leap aside as one of the steel traps came up through the snow firmly attached to his foot. He bit, and clawed, and writhed furiously, and his eyes blazed as he struggled to be rid of the strange thing that had sprung out of the ground and gripped him so cruelly. But his struggles were short, for, fearing he would escape, I stepped out of my concealment and put a rifle-bullet through his head. I then decided to return home, as I was thoroughly chilled; and although I had not solved the

mystery of the stolen bait—nor did I ever do so—I had had the interesting experience of seeing the actions of an animal (not knowing that it was observed) approaching a baited trap, and in addition had secured a fine skin. So I set out for my home well satisfied.

In this way the days passed all too quickly, and there came a time when the feel of spring in the air, combined with frequent rains and thaws, warned me that I must soon give up my sport. I had hoped to secure a fox; but, as any trapper will tell you, 'it takes a fox to catch a fox,' and I, very far from being a fox, was only a green hand taking my first lesson in trapping in the hard school of experience. However, I had a good time, and enjoyed every moment of my life, except, perhaps, those few moments when I stumbled through the dark forest, momentarily expecting to be attacked fang and claw by the most savage of all Canadian wild animals.

My fare consisted for the most part of bacon, beans, molasses, cheese, bread, ship biscuits, and tea. This was varied occasionally with such luxuries as jam or sweet biscuits. Such food becomes monotonous after a while, and palls upon one; but for a month or so it can be enjoyed, and when one is living as strenuous a life as mine was it can be thoroughly appreciated. I made fortnightly trips for my provisions, and was obliged to go about thirty miles for them, there being no reliable source of supplies nearer. The bacon and beans I had helped out with an occasional rabbit, so called, which I caught in snares. They are not true rabbits, but very closely resemble the English hare, though they are known all over Canada as rabbits. These usually froze hard a few hours after being killed, and I sometimes had some difficulty in thawing them again. One in particular I remember I thawed for several days; but he was frozen as hard as iron, and as several days of continuous warming seemed to make no impression on him, I finally gave him up as a bad job.

At last there came a day when I made up my pack, made a bundle of my pelts, shouldered my axe, and turned my face once more towards civilisation. I had had a grand time, and was exceedingly fortunate in not meeting with any accidents while out alone in the forest—for it is scarcely wise to go so far from civilisation without a companion. My fortnightly trips for provisions had kept me more or less in touch with the world, but I was not sorry to return permanently, and once more to enjoy the luxury of clean sheets and hot baths.

THE END.



THE DARING ADVENTURE OF MARTIN CAREW.

CHAPTER II.

UNDER cover of the noise I made inquiry of the man appointed to guard me, who replied that my captor was Captain Rochfort. I knew him by repute a gamester and a swashbuckler, but much esteemed by Montmorency for his reckless courage. For it is a fact that news—ay, and gossip—swing to and fro between opposing camps, though none may trace the manner of their passing.

To have fallen in with a picket of French soldiers instead of the single messenger I expected was a sore mishap; but, I reflected, I might have been in a worse case had I been ignorant of the character of the man with whom I had to deal.

'Come hither, monk,' he called when we were alone save for my guard. 'Whence come you?'

'From St Quentin, M. le Capitaine.'

'Through the Spanish lines, while Egmont dozed no doubt!' he replied with a fierce sneer.

'It behoved me to be wary, for that accursed Egmont keeps the camp yonder as sleepless as a nestful of ferrets, and I bear despatches of deepest importance.'

'Throw back his cowl, Baudet.'

The trooper thrust it from my head, revealing my shaven crown. Rochfort scanned my uncovered features keenly.

'Where were you last night—after sunset?' he asked.

'I can but tell my story,' I replied, as if abashed by his disdain. 'I lay in hiding by the city till the early hours of the moon, when I found my way by the secret path through the marshes.'

His eyes blazed with a sudden excitement, and doubtless he then formed the plan which, had I been in truth Coligny's messenger, must have proved my ruin.

'Baudet, bring wine and a cup for the young Brother; and, hark, the troopers must be ready to start in less than an hour; and—let there be no babbling as to what you have now heard,' he added significantly.

'We must guard well the man who carries the fate of St Quentin in his bosom,' Rochfort spoke again when we were alone. 'Then there is a path by which the city may yet be relieved! The Constable is near despair indeed. 'Twill be a gracious task to carry him such tidings.'

Now truly to ride to La Fère was the thing I least desired, yet in less than an hour I must set out upon the journey of death unless in the meantime I discovered some loophole of excuse. Although Rochfort's mood of suspicious ill-humour boded but sadly for my chance of

escape, I began to cast about in my mind how I might with some show of reason shift the care of my papers into his custody.

'You are no Frenchman!' he broke out abruptly, flinging the words at me as if they were a challenge.

'By blood, monsieur, in part; wholly by inclination. I was bred on the border.'

'Ha!' He filled a cup with wine and pushed it toward me, then fell back to his heavy brooding.

For a long space he remained thus, wrapt in frowning silence, his head upon his hand, one riding-boot with its huge brass spur staining the fair colours of the couch on which he rested, while from time to time he drank deep draughts from the great horn at his side. Nevertheless I knew that he but feigned to have forgotten my presence, for I was well aware that his side-long glances were furtively searching my face. I was rendered uneasy by this persistent and unfriendly scrutiny; but I bore myself with as much youthful unconcern as I could muster. Of what nature were his suspicions, and by what failure in my conduct had I inspired them? Yet he spoke not, till the silence grew upon me, and I emptied my cup and pushed it away.

Rochfort noticed the action. 'Drink, monk, while fortune is kind,' he said with a jeering manner. 'I have heard of cowls that cover drunken pates; but you are yet too young, I take it, to be permitted so much of indulgence. Drink, therefore, for you may not chance on a skinful of wine again till that lank body of yours can overflow an abbot's chair.'

Slowly I pulled the cup back to my side and drained the bottle into it. Rochfort's brow cleared as he shouted for Baudet to bring more wine. 'The sparkling wine that Jean carried.'

Thereupon he roused himself to speak gaily, though I saw his mind was full of anxious thoughts, and I misdoubted him. Surely some sinister purpose underlay this sudden cheer. That he desired to make me drunk was plain; but to what purpose? There was nothing for it but to affect to fall into the trap, otherwise I could not come at the knowledge of his design.

'What ill fate drove a lad of your sinews to the cloister?' he asked. 'Not for the pleasure of sitting upon an ambling mule or of lighting an altar candle?'

'The beast's paces are easy and the saddle soft,' returned I, in a nasal voice, as I inhaled the perfume of the wine as if with unwilling delight, whereat my companion smiled grimly under his bristling moustache. 'As for the candles, they light a dark path at the last.'

'The flash of a blade were a fitter torch to the grave!'

I sighed and sipped continually at the wine. It was a heady vintage, to which I must have succumbed but for certain advantages—a head of the soundest, and some little seasoning in the company of the Gray Riders.

'A quiet life, if not a merry life, is yours at the least,' continued Rochforêt, his face clouding once more. 'Care passes you by; no patrimony eaten up by usurers and harpies; no temptations to share other men's pleasures; no need of gold for play; no ceaseless forecast of ruin!'

From all of which I gleaned that his purse was empty and his credit gone, and wondered if his difficulties could not be made to serve mine.

'So you bear despatches.' He roused himself again. 'It was whispered at the camp that Brueuil himself'—

'In truth, so it was at the first intended; but there is grave peril in the city,' I made reply awkwardly enough; 'and if aid from La Fère be not quickly forthcoming, within a day or so at the latest, the Admiral must submit.'

'It shall be forthcoming! Montmorency will move at once on our arrival.' Here he looked at me curiously. 'Know you the reward awaiting you at La Fère?'

I shook my head. What my reward was like to be I knew full well. I cared not for bullet or blade, but hanging—Oh that my old gray stood in the courtyard, that I might vault upon her back, taking my chance of the muskets behind me, while I galloped round the curve of the avenue with the night wind cool on my cheek!

'The reward for the delivery of the despatches is princely—ten thousand crowns, and the honour of the deed!'

'What is that to such as I?' I asked, as if the wine were mounting. 'The crowns will but enrich the treasury of the brotherhood.'

'*Parbleu!* not if I won them!' cried he; and I began to perceive the design he nurtured.

'My vows, M. le Capitaine.'

'I am bound by no oaths, thank Heaven!'

'Oaths are an overheavy burden,' I cried out, as if fired to revolt by the wine. 'I would I too were free of them!'

'No women; no wine; no—play!' He paused before the last word, setting his gaze hard upon me.

'The Father Abbot is overstrict,' I wandered on.

'And the brethren?'

With a foolish grin and gesture, I responded, 'Aye, under the eye of our ghostly Father.'

He slapped me on the shoulder for encouragement. 'But he is not here. What say you to a throw of the dice? For we must soon be on the road.'

But short time remained to me, yet his proposal threw some gleam of light upon my

situation. I began to see his drift, and accepted the offer with drunken boasting while he filled my cup anew.

With a flame in all my veins I sat down to play that game for life or death. The good wine had wrought upon me in some degree, else had I felt fear at such a moment. As it was, the whimsical manner of the diversion so tickled me—for if I won I lost all—that I laughed aloud. 'I have nought—nought to stake,' said I, by way of explanation, for Rochforêt looked a jealous question at my sudden laughter.

'What? The crowns of La Fère are yours already,' he suggested, somewhat anxiously, I fancied.

'True. Begin.'

At the outset the stakes were moderate. Rochforêt, though sensibly affected by his potations, betrayed the effect chiefly by an added keenness and suspicion. I, on my part, played with a growing consternation, for Fortune, the jade! favoured me when her favours could but result in my destruction.

I could not lose! So the game went on till the rattle of the dice-box, the feel of the rushes on the floor into which I crushed my sandalled feet, the fierce, black-browed face opposite seen through the blue-brown smoke of the lantern, all seemed to mingle in a dream.

Yet he urged me to drink; but I, while affecting to do so to his content, found opportunity more than once to empty my cup among the rushes below.

At length all the gold of which he was master had passed into my possession. Upon this he burst into a fury, cursed his luck, the day he was born, the whole fraternity of monks dead and living, and himself most savagely of all for tempting the hazard of the die upon one so manifestly under the direct protection of the Evil One.

'The devil looks after his own!' he cried. 'I can stake no more!'

'Five hundred crowns to your charger,' returned I with a pot-valiant recklessness.

'Done!'

He threw, six-four. Then in my turn I cast. As the dice fell—giving me a brace of sixes—I turned away and feigned to sneeze with much violence.

'Won, by St Quentin!' A hoarse roar from Rochforêt told me that my trick had succeeded. The means to do the ill deed having fallen into his power, he could not forgo the temptation to cheat me.

I turned back, and seeing six-two upon the table, felt a comfortable loosening of the heart-strings.

'Double or quits,' cried I, as though angered at my loss.

'Bravo, Brother Martin!'

The tide had turned at last! In a short space I lost all. Meantime, upon my companion's visage the gaming madness wrought horribly.

His glaring eyeballs followed every motion of my hands; his great teeth, bared by the strained lips, lent him the aspect of a hungry wolf. His hand tugged at his beard as he hung over the table, deaf and blind to all but the turn of the game. His triumph at my defeat and the retrieval of his own fortunes waxed ever louder and more boisterous. He exulted in my despair, and rallied me as I let drop my head upon my arms.

'I can never see the Abbot more,' I muttered.

'Without the gold? Ha, ha! 'Tis but fair, man—to you the penance, to me the plunder!'

'I am undone!' I groaned.

'Never whimper, monk! Drink and be comforted;' then, as I drained my cup, he added in an altered tone, 'All is not yet lost. And I am willing to try another bout with you.'

'What! stake my gown and sandals? I have nought else.'

'Have you forgotten that you carry in your bosom a burden more precious far than gold? Let us risk a throw upon it; you may perchance repair your losses.'

Things were falling out as I desired, and his design to possess himself of Coligny's despatches, and to claim the honour as well as the reward, became clear to me; but it was needful to feign reluctance.

I raised my head with indignation. 'It was committed to my honour. Would you traffic for that, and leave me doubly beggared?'

'What is the honour of a monk? At the best, what is it to any man but a name?' he retorted with scorn. 'But why make certain of loss? Play to win.'

'Tempt me not!'

'If I win, the papers are safe—safer in my keeping than in yours. Nay, it is the short cut out of all your trouble. Play the man once more,' Rochforêt challenged me. 'Come, that handful of papers you hold against the reward! What say you? Three throws to each man, and the Foul Fiend take the loser!'

I glanced across at him—the face tinged with an orange pallor, for this point was the crisis of his scheming, the bloodshot eye, the ugly wheedling smile—and bethought me of certain visions of the Evil One seen by another Martin in his cell at Eisenach.

'The Abbot will be less heedful of honour when he grips the gold,' he pursued.

Slowly and with fumbling fingers I drew out the roll and laid it between us on the table.

'Montmorency must march to-morrow at the latest,' I said, like one repeating a lesson. 'Give me wine.'

He filled his own horn and passed it to me.

I raised the dice-box and threw fives.

Without a word Rochforêt snatched the box from me. Five-four.

I cast a second time. Fives again.

He frowned and lifted a savage look upon me,

a look of baffled rage and hate, which betrayed the murderous thought within. In deep silence he threw. Six-five.

'Neck to neck so far, monk.' He breathed hard, one hand still in his beard, the other playing with his dagger-hilt.

Once more I held the dice-box, pushed away a good space from the table, and leaning forward, made my cast for life. Fives again!

With a smothered curse he turned away and bent over the fire.

Quick as thought I seized the horn, emptied most of it on the floor, then placing the remainder to my lips, tilted it upward, letting the wine fall about my face and breast as one far gone in liquor.

Rochforêt wheeled round and watched me with a sinister expression as my head dropped forward. He tarried thus, his hand in act to throw, with good hope that the wine must speedily overcome my senses. Under the shadow of my cowl I seemed to close my eyes. And then—as men will at such moments—I fell into thoughts not of the game nor of my desperate danger, but of how sweet the gillyflowers used to be in my mother's garden, and how I elashed my finger when first I learned sword-play with Tom Anobean under my father's eye. I nodded suddenly and my body fell slack as of one dropping asleep.

Instantly Rochforêt threw; then came the faintest sound as, glancing keenly first at me, he readjusted a cube with swift adroitness. 'Hi, then, Brother Martin!'—dealing me a hearty kick—'can you not see? The despatches are mine to carry—and the gold and honour—all are mine!'

'Then life is over with me!' I rose unsteadily to my feet. 'But what care I?'

Taking his pistol from the table, I pointed it at him with a foolish laugh.

'Have a care, fool!' he cried. 'Twere better emptied in your own sottish brains;' and he would have taken the weapon from me, but I hugged it with a drunkard's petulance till he deemed it best to humour me.

The possession of the despatches sobered him, for he was careful to examine them fully. While he was thus engaged I sank upon the couch in a position convenient for espial of his movements, and presently I set up a snore with the finished art of one who has oftentimes listened to the heavy breathing of the drunken.

He looked about at me once or twice, then advanced to regard me more closely.

'Faugh, a tipsey monk!' he murmured, 'and safe enough. He will scarce dare to show himself again in camp or cloister. Drunk on such a mission! 'Twas a kind fate that led me here to-night to meet with him, a blessed chance that enabled me to pluck a world of profit from this brainless dupe! Honour, reward, the trust of Montmorency, the gratitude of France!' And, crossing the hall, he shouted 'Baudet!'

'The troop stand ready, Monsieur le Capitaine,' announced the man as he entered.

'Good! See this monk, Baudet; he has drunk himself senseless.'

'Tie him on his mule, Monsieur le Capitaine, or leave him behind with Jean and Valvey to bring him into camp when he wakes.'

At this proposal a new fear sprang up within me.

'Nay, let him lie! A monk more or less in France can make small odds. His value lay in his errand, and that is now accomplished,' replied Rochforêt sourly, having his own reasons to be rid of me. 'Let us mount and begone at utmost speed. The despatches I bear must be with the Constable ere sunrise.'

An instant later the heavy door closed behind them, and I was left alone by the dying embers, with Rochforêt's great horse-pistol pillowed

beneath my head. He was fain to leave me thus, lest, waking, I might clamour to ride with him.

The clatter of the hoofs died away. Yet I lay still for a long space, not knowing what trap might have been planned for me. But when all grew dark, the fire dead, the moon withdrawn, I crept from the hall, and, finding my mule, set my face toward the Spanish camp with a sense of freedom none may know save those who have passed through like hours of suspense.

While I swayed to my mule's smartest amble I already heard Maher's mighty laughter as I told him the story of the night, and how by losing I had won my freedom and my life from the French captain.

And so I went until I saw our tents like mushrooms in a moonlit field.

THE END.

A STRANGE UNDERWORLD.

THE greatest hole under the earth's surface is what is known as the Mammoth Cave in America. It is not one cavern, but a series of caverns and passages extending underground no one yet knows how far. A century ago a white man first accidentally fell into a little opening on the hillside that is now the main entrance of the cave. He ventured only a short distance into the gloom, and then, frightened at the black silence, picked his way back to the outside world. Since 1809 many explorations have been made. Farther and farther have the explorers ventured, until now it is known that one can walk, climb, and float a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles under the earth; but when Max E. Kaemper, a German engineer, went into the abyss in 1908, he discovered and mapped several miles of passages before unknown. That the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky was known to human beings long before the first white man saw it is shown by the finding of bodies of an unknown race far back from the entrance, also partly burned reeds, soaked with some kind of grease, evidently used for torches. The bodies crumbled to powder on being touched, flesh and bone literally desiccated by the dry, pure air.

Strange to say, all the great domes, pits, chambers, and galleries that form the caverns are the sculpture of nature. Many of them are not merely beautiful but artistic. The cause of this wonderful handiwork is easily discovered by the scientist. Much of the earth's crust on the plateau along which the Green River flows is of limestone. The schoolboy is taught in physics or chemistry that certain acids will eat lime out of any harder substance. The river and some of its branches carry carbonic acid gas in solution, and this has been the liquid tool with which nature has been working for thousands of years. It has dis-

solved the limestone here and there, taking it out as deftly as the marble-worker chisels the features of the statue, but on such an enormous scale that great openings have been made reaching as high as two hundred and fifty feet from floor to roof. Another form is a group of pinnacles, towers, and rock-masses that resemble palaces and castles, the roofs towering a hundred feet and more above one's head. There are wide, lofty arcades and galleries, even lakes and subterranean rivers with cataracts; and the rays of the torch or lamp reveal the glitter of the gypsum and other coating, also the exquisite stalagmites and stalactites—all the work of the water still working at its task in this great art gallery of the underworld just as the marble-worker toils over his block. It seems incredible that this hollowing beneath the earth should contain so much that is beautiful and so little that is repulsive.

The visitor to the Mammoth Cave finds several routes which have been arranged for him to see its actual wonders; but the principal entrance is still the one which was found a hundred years ago. By cutting through the rock walls, building ladders, and placing boats upon the dark waters, this journey below the earth can be taken with little danger or difficulty in the so-called known portions. The main entrance is reached by descending a picturesque pathway leading into a beautiful gien extending from the top of the hill down to Green River, which is one hundred and ninety-four feet below the mouth of the cave, and about half a mile distant. The routes which are especially picturesque are known as the Dome and the River. What may be seen on one of these trips into the underworld may be realised by following and listening to the guide. Here is the Church, an immense room under a beautiful arch, with a

gallery running along one side, where you see rude seats, and where, you are informed, religious services are sometimes held. When passing the Gothic Galleries and under the Grand Arch, the guide asks you to keep silent and listen. You hear the regular ticking as of a great clock. It is caused by a single drop of water falling into a pool almost every second. Fully to appreciate this you should be alone and should blow out your lamp, and then you hear only this musical ticking sounding afar through the great silent hall. Then move away to where there is no sound of dropping water. If you extinguish your light you will realise for the first time in your life what absolute silence and absolute darkness are—profound blackness that you can feel, no sound save the beating of your own heart, which after a while you can plainly hear.

Some distance farther on one sees a sign of humanity—two stone cottages built against one of the walls of the avenue. These are the remains of a curious village built in the cave in 1843. Here a little colony of sufferers from lung-disease thought to find relief. It was believed that the pure air of the cave would effect a cure, and fifteen people took up their abode here, and remained for five months without going outside. But when they returned to the surface, it was only to die soon after. While in the cavern the air was dry and pure, something else was needed to restore their health—the sunshine outside. So enfeebled were they by their life in the darkness that all died within a few months, although apparently restored to health by living in the cave. The air is dry, because timber carried into the openings for props in 1812 has not decayed, and iron hinges have been there since 1843 and show no sign of rust.

Leaving the deserted huts, the visitor enters an immense hall about seventy feet wide, but how high and long one cannot tell, for above the towering cliffs on each side is blackness, and ahead the receding walls vanish in utter darkness. By direction of the guide, you seat yourself on a log and lean back against the right-hand wall. He removes the lamp so that it will not shine in your eyes, and placing it in such a position that the light is thrown upward, he bids you look aloft. Exclamations of wonder break forth. You seem to be looking out from the bottom of a deep cañon at midnight stars. The longer you gaze the more perfect does the illusion become. The guide, by skilful manipulation of the lights, causes clouds to overcast the sky, then sweeps them away, and the stars are seen more distinctly than before. Then the lights disappear down under the farther wall to your right, and you hear the footsteps of your guide resounding fainter and fainter. At last, amid utter blackness and stillness, you remain in silence in the famed Star Chamber.

The Star Chamber is the end of the route, and

visitors now retrace their steps; but there are some miles beyond, which you will traverse in order to see the largest underground dome in the world. It is called Chief City. This stupendous dome is five hundred feet across in one direction and two hundred and eighty feet in another, and the height is estimated at from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five feet. Over this great area extends a solid arch of limestone. The awful sublimity of the place can be appreciated only after a personal visit, and defies description. This dome was frequented by the Indians before the coming of the whites. As already stated, great numbers of reeds, from one to three feet long, are found here. The ends of these have been charred, and it is evident that they were filled with the fat of animals, and were used for torches to illuminate this magnificent temple.

Before crossing the river for the Long Route you visit more of the wonderful domes. These are in the portion of the cave nearest Green River; but this would not be known by the visitor after wandering through avenues turning in all directions. The most interesting are Gorin's Dome, Bottomless Pit, and Mammoth Dome. Gorin's Dome has the greatest height and depth, but Mammoth Dome is the largest of the three. It is about four hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty feet in height. It has two levels—the upper, containing several massive pillars, and a lower section into which a cascade falls from a great height. Six enormous columns, each eighty feet high and about twenty-five feet in diameter, yet of natural formation, support one of the circular sides of the roof. These columns are fluted, and have well-marked capitals, and look like the ruins of some immense Egyptian temple. The white limestone is here incrustated with an amber-coloured stalagmitic coating, and curtains of the same material add greatly to the beauty of the place. Gorin's Dome is viewed through a circular window in the side of an avenue about midway between the top and the bottom of the dome. The stalactites, hanging curtains, and incrustations are more beautiful here than elsewhere in the cave, and, allied to the great height, give to this dome a peculiar charm.

In those portions of the cave visited by tourists, all are impressed by the sense of vastness of the avenues and chambers; and many of the larger avenues are not visited. The main cave of the Dome Route is from thirty-five feet to three hundred feet wide and from forty feet to one hundred and twenty-five feet high for a distance of several miles; and on the River Route this sense of roominess prevails throughout, with the exception of a narrow way through the short cut to the river by the intricate windings of the Corkscrew, or through the winding, narrow, water-worn passage which has been jestingly called by the tourists Fat Man's Misery,

as it is not over eighteen inches wide for some hundreds of feet. Emerging from this winding way into Great Relief, you enter what is a literal avenue in dimensions, the cave called River Hall, extending for several miles, and leading, with its ramifications, to the subterranean lakes and rivers.

Here is an intensely interesting region of this underworld. To be in it seems like being in a dream, so weird and strange is the sensation, for there are lakes of considerable size, and rivers on which the boat glides hour after hour. Suppose you pass along the narrow pathway on the edge of the dark cliffs overhanging the Dead Sea, one of the cavern lakes. The lights thrown by the guides on projecting ledges on the farther side are inadequate to dispel the darkness surrounding the clear pool of water below. You stop to listen to the musical splashing of a small cascade, then cross a stone archway forming for several hundred feet a natural bridge over the River Styx. You stamp upon the hollow stone to hear the drum-like sounds reverberating through the avenues. The adventurers must pass in single file along the side of Lake Lethe, and entering the Great Walk, find it a lofty, spacious avenue about ninety feet high, extending for about one thousand two hundred feet to the shore of Echo River. The floor of this lofty avenue is a clean yellow sand.

For many years Echo River was regarded with such fear and superstition that the explorers were afraid to go across the blackness of its waters, not knowing what was beyond; but finally Stephen Bishop, an American negro who has discovered many new parts of this concealed labyrinth, ventured across and along the stream. By means of it Bishop entered more wonderful formations that had formerly been unknown. These have been opened by passages along the river shore, but are used only when the river is too high to cross, as the trip on this underground water is one of the thrilling experiences in a tour of the cave. Flat-bottomed boats, each with a capacity to carry about twenty persons, make this strange voyage. Lamps are arranged at each end, and as you take a seat along the side of the boat you silently float out under the dark archway into a new world such as you could not possibly conceive. The river is about twenty feet deep, of the purest water, so clear that pebbles can be seen on the bottom when the lamps are reflected downward. In places it widens out to two hundred feet, and branches away into darkness on each side. After a sail of about three-quarters of a mile you reach the farther shore, and it is an experience ever to be remembered.

The walk from the river to the end of the regular journey takes a long time, and many objects of interest and beauty are encountered on the way. The crowning glory of this part of the cave is Cleveland's Cabinet, curiously named after one of the presidents of the United States. It is a lofty

archway two miles in length, the walls and ceiling covered with incrustations of sparkling crystals of gypsum. In places the fibrous gypsum has taken the form of rosettes, and covers the rock as with a mass of what seems to be snow-flowers. For the entire two miles this wonderful arcade is adorned with like gems and crystal flowers. Leaving behind this fairyland for the more sombre avenues, the visitors climb a rough ascent in a white dome called Rocky Mountains, and enter Croghan's Hall, in which is a deep pit called the Maelström. Above this pit hang large, translucent stalactites. You are told that this is the end of the cave; but it is only one of the many ends, and, as we have said, the real end is yet unknown.

To give a further conception of the way in which the little Kentucky river has eaten into the underworld, it may be said that this description of the formation represents only a few of the natural wonders. It contains, so far as discovered, sixty-nine pits, many of unknown depth, and thirty-nine of the great domes, some of which would hold at least two thousand people. One of the passage-ways or galleries, on which are several of these features, is itself nearly six miles in length.

CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

ECHOES! Yes, of Christmas on earth from an old-world city, though I'm sailing far off on a deep blue sea;
And the echoing chimes of a grand old minster seem winging a message of love to me.
Peace and goodwill! 'Tis the old, old watchword greeting, so old, yet always new;
But only dancing waves on sun-kissed waters bear my answering whisper of love to you.

Memories of soft gray shadows come fleeting, with wintry gleams touched into gold and blue,
Through stained-glass windows, and a kindly voice speaking helpful words that are tender and true;
Earnest voices, a calm, sweet silence; perhaps a wistful sigh for a soul gone before
In the year that is passing, when an angel has beckoned a dear one across to a far-off shore.

Scene of azure and gold a seabird skimmed, a ship passing by with white sails unfurled;
And I wonder at home if the snowflakes are falling, God's pure white emblems in a wintry world.
Does the same brown robin look in at my window, an exquisite atom with a heart full of love;
Like the dawn winds in summer in my old, old gardens which waft to my window the coo of a dove?

Echoes! The sound of an organ pealing, and flute-like voices rising higher and higher,
Till I wonder if the beautiful silver echoes are heard by the angels in a heavenly choir.
'Peace and goodwill' o'er the world seems ringing, and comes to me here on my sea of blue;
And the kindest wish from my heart I send you—just the happiest Christmas on earth to you!

E. A. HENRY
(MRS EDWARD STARKET).

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

GLEANINGS FROM THE NAVAL HISTORY OF PORTSMOUTH.

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS, Author of *The Tutor of Tyndrach*, &c.

'WHOSOEVER commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself'—memorable words of Sir Walter Raleigh in the sixteenth century!

The story of Portsmouth is the story of Britain's naval supremacy, so closely is the town allied with every stage in the evolution of her sea-power. It was from Portsmouth that the first British fleet that ever sailed set forth under Alfred the Great to do battle with the Danes in the Solent; and from then on to that historic date, nearly a thousand years later, when Nelson embarked on Southsea beach for the last time, the place has been the theatre of a realistic and soul-stirring naval drama.

We who to-day talk so securely of Britain as the 'mistress of the seas' are apt to forget the story of those grim centuries of struggle and conflict whereby the title was earned.

In the chronology of the fourteenth century alone we read that Portsmouth was four times burned by the French, and it was this constant menace of invasion from our 'hereditary enemy' across the Channel that helped, no doubt, to conserve the dogged and heroic traits for which British seamen are famous the world over.

But despite the pre-eminent place that the wars with France occupied in the foreign policy of successive English sovereigns from the Norman Conquest, it was not till the reign of Henry the Seventh that anything like a recognised 'naval system' was inaugurated in this country. To that monarch is due the credit of having built the largest man-of-war yet owned by the Crown, and of founding Portsmouth Dockyard. The ship was the *Henrie Grâce à Dieu*, a drawing of which is preserved in the Pepysian collection, according to a contemporary chronicle 'one of the biggest shippes that hath been made *in hominum memoria*.' The remains of the dock of 1497 were discovered at the end of the last century, during the 'enlargement of the old ship-basin at Portsmouth.' It was constructed of whole trees, doubtless from the neighbouring Forest of Bere, and measured three hundred and thirty feet in length.

In the following reign, on the 18th June 1545, the last naval engagement that was ever

fought in the Solent took place between the French fleet off St Helens, Isle of Wight, and the English squadron at the Spit, consisting of one hundred sail and sixteen thousand men—an engagement which nearly resulted in a defeat for the English. As we think of our latest Dreadnoughts mounting their thirteen-and-a-half-inch guns, with an approximate range of ten miles, it is difficult to believe that a foreign invader was once audacious enough to offer us battle within our own haven; yet so it was, and the French, being plentifully equipped with galleys—the sixteenth century gunboat—of which our fleet had none, attacked so fiercely that had not an off-shore breeze sprung up, enabling the English frigates to come out against them with 'incredible swiftness,' disastrous consequences might have ensued. 'God save King Harry!' and 'Long to reign over us,' were the English challenge and password on that occasion; a pretty compliment to the king, who was himself a spectator of the engagement from the land, now Southsea Common. There he must have beheld the capsizing of the ill-fated *Mary Rose* during the battle, 'that was by much folly drowned in the midst of the haven, for she was laden with much ordnance, and the ports left open were very low.' A later Holinshed would have had to chronicle a similar disaster in the eighteenth century, when the *Royal George*, also 'by much folly' and for a like cause, capsized in that same haven.

The two catastrophes are linked by a further coincidence.

From the sea-depths in 1845 the divers at work on the wreck of the *Royal George* recovered unwittingly three pieces of ancient ordnance bearing the name *Mary Rose*—a grudging resurrection from that ocean sepulchre, strewn so thickly with the forfeits of our naval greatness.

But France was not the only enemy with whom we had to contend in those troublous times. On the night of the 19th July 1588, the flare of beacons from every hilltop along the coast warned England that the great crisis of her history was approaching, and that the Invincible Armada had been sighted in the Channel. Perhaps nowhere was the excitement more intense than in Portsmouth; current rumour had marked out the place as the principal objective of the invaders, and had the Duke de Silva persisted

in his original intention of entering the Solent the whole course of English history might have been changed. The fortifications of the town, begun in the last reign, were still miserably inadequate. Among the State Papers of the period we find the following report from the 'Captayne of Portsmouth':

'The gates to the water syde ar so weke that four or five good felowes with a peec of Tymber may lay them on the ground, and the walls with thys frost that hathe byn now of late doth mowther away and begynneth in dyvers places to fall into the dyke.'

But what was wanting in material strength was made up for in the spirit of the defenders, who poured in from every part of Hampshire to garrison the walls. For nearly ten years England had been nerving for the struggle. It was not alone the foreign yoke she feared. The coming of the Spaniard meant the coming of the Inquisition, and men like Drake and Hawkins and others of that brave little company of adventurers who were the first 'to turn up a furrow round the globe' could tell the people what that signified. Had not Drake's own cousin, Robert Barret, fallen a victim to its horrors when a storm drove the English rovers into the treacherous harbour of San Juan de Ulloa on his first voyage to the Indies, and his gallant young brother, John Drake, was still a prisoner in its clutches? Thanks, however, to the masterly tactics of the little English squadron under Lord Howard of Effingham, seconded by Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the harassed Armada passed on up the Channel to Calais and her fate, and the golden opportunity of the Solent was lost. Thus all that came to Portsmouth of the great occasion was the 'distant sound of cannonading borne on the south-west wind from the other side of the Isle of Wight.'

A record of those days would not be complete without some reference to the seamy side of naval history. The system whereby alone our fighting strength could be maintained in that time of almost chronic warfare may appear to a later generation brutal and unscrupulous; but the very magnitude of the issue created a precedent for desperate measures. 'Necessity knows no law,' and the picture of England, hard beset by her enemies throughout the centuries, yet defying and defeating all, is surely inspiring enough to redeem her minor offences.

Writing of the impress in his diary, June 1666, Pepys records:

'Lord, how some poor women did cry! and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did see in some women's bewailing themselves and running to every parcel of men that were brought one after another to look for their husband. Besides, to see poor patient labouring men leaving poor wives and families taken upon a sudden by strangers was

very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny!'

How many scenes of violence must not the streets of old Portsmouth have witnessed in connection with that same tyranny! The sudden raid by day or night; the scattering of the victims; the flash of cutlass and pistol; the desperate efforts to escape! If a seaman or two were killed in the scuffle, the press-warrant of the officer in command—often only a midshipman—was sufficient to exonerate him; while even 'poor patient labouring men' who could produce no substitute were hurried off relentlessly. Five years' service in the navy, under conditions that would be unthinkable to-day, was the result of their seizure. Meagre pay, vile rations, brutal and degrading punishments for the slightest offence, association with the off-scourings of the jails, and a hopelessly unjust distribution of prize-money were only some of the grievances of British seamen of that time. Little wonder that mutinies were frequent. The most notorious with which Portsmouth is connected is that off the Spit in April 1797, when the men of the Channel Fleet openly rebelled against their officers. As events proved, it was no flash in the pan, but a carefully organised and thought-out conspiracy. The men of the *Mars*, who first hatched the revolt in the taproom of the 'Blue Anchor' at Portsmouth, had chosen the psychological moment to enforce their demands. We were then at war with Spain, France, and Holland, and our resources both of men and ships were, of necessity, taxed to their utmost. Recognising the stern temper of the mutineers, and the unanimity of their resistance, Pitt hurried a Bill through Parliament making the required concessions, but not before a series of events unprecedented in naval history had been witnessed in the Solent. On every ship of the paralysed fleet the guns were loaded, and the officers found guilty placed under arrest, while the 'ropes reeved *ad terrorem*' at the fore-yards' gave the warning to the mutineers of the penalty of yielding. Day after day, with a terrible semblance of discipline, the ringleaders met on the flagship for consultation. It was on one of these occasions that Admiral Colpoys gave the fatal order to fire on the approaching boats that nearly resulted in his own summary execution at the hands of the mutineers. But for the timely intervention of the Governor of Portsmouth he must have paid the penalty of his rashness.

It is of interest to note in the same connection that the last public act of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was to assist at the execution of a mutinous sailor on Southsea Common, 22nd August 1628. On the following day he met his own fate at the hands of John Felton. There is a peculiar irony in the circumstances of the Duke's assassination at Portsmouth, seeing how much he had done for the town and the navy.

generally. During his brief administration he raised the pay of the sailors from fourteen shillings to twenty shillings a month, and greatly increased the tonnage of the ships. The house in the High Street in which he was assassinated still stands. A description of the event is to be found in the memoirs of Sir John Oglander, then Deputy Governor of Portsmouth:

'The Duke when he was stabbed was salutynge of Sir Thomas Fryor. Felton gave the blow over Fryor's shoulder. Ye Duke uttered no more words than "Zwoundes, Villayne," and himself plucking out the knyfe presently went three steppes, thinkynge to have killed him with that knyfe, but faynted and dyed within halfe an hower. . . . His Dutches not only swounded often, but if she had not been prevented shee had thrown herselfe over ye galery at Mason's house into ye hall.'

This is the same Captain John Mason who was afterwards the Governor of the colony of Newfoundland, and Patentee and Founder of New Hampshire in America.

A little farther up the High Street is the historic George Hotel, where Sophy Dawes, daughter of that notorious smuggler Dicky Dawes of Bembridge, commenced her adventurous career as chambermaid in 1805, little dreaming of her future destiny as Queen of Chantilly, or perchance of the crowning tragedy of Saint Leu.

Here, too, arrived Nelson on the morning of the fateful 14th September of that same year—the incarnation of his country's hopes, his country's honour. In his diary of that date we read: 'At six o'clock arrived at Portsmouth, and having arranged all my business, embarked at the bathing machines with Mr Rose and Mr Canning at two; got on board the *Victory* at St Helens; preparing for sea.' There is no hint in the brief entry of the scenes of wild enthusiasm that accompanied his departure. So great was the press in the street to see him go, we are told, that he had to escape by the back-door of the hotel. But not to be balked of a last sight of their hero, the people followed him to the beach at Southsea, crowding round him with cries of 'God bless you, Nelson!' 'Thus that one-eyed, one-armed, pale, shrunk, invalid officer passed away from us never to return.'

'The *Victory*, with the *Euryalus* in company, sailed at 8 a.m. on Sunday, 15th September.' On 2nd December she arrived again at Spithead with the shattered body of Trafalgar's hero on board. 'Nelson had served his country with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength, and therefore they loved him as truly and fervently as he loved England.'

The story irresistibly calls up a darker picture of the preceding century, when another British Admiral was brought to Portsmouth to die a coward's death by the will of the same populace, so fickle a thing is public favour.

The study of Horatio Nelson and John Byng is a study in contrasts. All the qualities that made the genius of the former—the inspired confidence and will to succeed, the unquenchable resolution, the mounting courage in the face of odds—were lacking in his predecessor. But in one thing the men were equal, the intrepidity with which they faced death. The problem here raised is one of peculiar interest to psychologists. But that personal courage is compatible with those defects of temperament that wrought Byng's ruin is demonstrated by the manner of his end. Beaten before the battle began, with a morbid tendency to foresee disaster and a shrinking from responsibility, he hesitated, when to strike would have meant victory, and thus Minorca was lost to England. But there was no such faltering on the quarterdeck of the *Monarque* in Portsmouth Harbour that blustering 14th of March 1757 that was fixed for his execution. Calmly and nobly he faced the platoon of marines with their loaded muskets, tying the handkerchief over his eyes with his own hands, and himself giving the signal to fire.

'Temperament is fate,' and Lord George Sackville sulking at Minden and John Byng hesitating to engage the French before St Philip's Castle are only instances of the inexorable truth of the dictum.

Another memorable court-martial with which Portsmouth is associated was that of Admiral Augustus Keppel, in January 1779, for alleged cowardice in the presence of the enemy. Sir Hugh Palliser, who, in the action off Brest, 'commanded the rear in the *Formidable*,' had chosen to disregard Keppel's signal 'to come into the Admiral's wake,' and through this the French fleet escaped. Keppel quixotically overlooked the insubordination in his despatches; but the story leaked out, and in order to shelter himself, Palliser brought a counter-charge against his commanding officer. In this he was supported by that notorious liver, Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, whose 'little navy' principles had been exposed by Keppel on more than one occasion. But the element of personal animosity in the charge and the testimony of hundreds of naval officers, admirals, post-captains, and the like, who flocked to Portsmouth to witness to the prisoner's high personal character and his brave and judicious qualities as a commander, militated in Keppel's favour, and he was acquitted. The scenes of enthusiasm on his release were unprecedented; salutes were fired from Spithead, bonfires lit, and in every alehouse and tavern from Point to the Hard the brave Admiral's health was toasted.

Those were the days when the heart of Portsmouth was sailor, when the comings and goings, the pranks and carousals, the brawls and duellings, of the men of the fleet made up her whole life. The old inns in the town were the chief centres of this nautical Bohemianism; each had

its recognised status confirmed by usage and tradition. Thus the 'Star and Garter' was a 'lieutenants' house,' while the 'Old Blue Posts' was the haunt of the 'reefer and the lower deck.' Here the doughty Benbow received his commission as an officer in the Royal Navy from King James, and here too, on the window pane, was discovered that immortal stanza :

This is the Blue Postesses
Where midshipmen leave their chestesses,
Call for tea and toastesses,
And forget to pay for their breakfastesses.

Some impressions of the Portsmouth of that day by an impartial critic, Dr George Pinckard, writing in 1795, may be of interest :

'Portsmouth verifies to our experience all that we had heard of its unpleasantness and vulgar immorality. . . . It is said that in days of peace long grass grows upon the streets. In time of war they are more trodden ; but even then the busy activity of the place occurs only at intervals, as when a fleet comes in or is about to sail, at which periods the town becomes all crowd and hurry for a few days, and then suddenly reverts to a languid intermission of dullness and inactivity. . . . My visit to the Dockyard was of a nature highly gratifying. I contemplated this vast depôt of stores, this great workshop of our navy, as the emblem of our nation's glory. The *Tigre* ship-of-war, lately taken from the French by Lord Bridport, being in dock, we had the opportunity of going on board to witness the injuries she had sustained from the thunderbolts of Britain. Her shattered condition bespoke in strong expression the terrible effects of a close-fought action at sea. Yet we were told that all she had suffered was trivial compared to what is seen in many vessels after a battle. . . . It has long been said, and assuredly with great correctness, that British sailors are not only a bold but a peculiar race of beings ; it may be given in one short sentence—they are a race of heroes. . . . The fortifications of Portsmouth have been lately extended to the part called Portsea, by which they have assumed a more formidable aspect, although they are even yet more calculated to guard against a surprise than to withstand the

regular attack of a besieging army. But happily for England she has been fortified by a greater master than Vauban, Colbert, or any other engineer. The trident of "Old Neptune" has dug a deep fosse around her which Britons of the present day know how to guard as the best defence against all the sanguinary hordes of our species.'

Sixty-five years after these words were penned a Royal Commission pronounced the old fortifications obsolescent, and the modern system of defence was the result.

On August 1853 the first royal inspection of a fleet of steam warships took place at Spithead. 'For one thousand years we had led the world at sea,' says a writer in a contemporary periodical ; 'but it was not till the advent of steam that men woke up to the fact that a change of rig and hull could make a ship sail close to the wind and double her speed.'

The *Victory* was a worn-out craft, forty years old, at Trafalgar, yet during that time no improvement in her construction had been designed. From the car-propelled galleys of Alfred to the 'galleon,' a type of vessel first used by the Italians, is the single advance in naval architecture to be recorded throughout many centuries. We have only to compare Valpé's picture of H.M.S. *Sovereign*, 1488, at Hampton Court, with the old *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour, and contrast the two with the first ironclad, to realise how stationary was the art of shipbuilding for hundreds of years. Slow and imperceptible changes were no doubt preparing the way for the great revolution, but to all appearances the advance marks one of those sudden forward leaps in the process of evolution that defy prophecy.

Another and still more stupendous revolution is even now foreshadowed in the inclusion of aircraft as an arm of the fleet. Already for some of us the melancholy of a departed glory seemed to tinge the dark line of battleships at the Spit during the great naval pageant on 9th July 1912, while above them wheeled and circled the amphibious victors of the air.

Fifty years more, and who can tell!

THE GOLD TRAIN.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD, Author of *The Attack on the Farm*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'LOOK, Marie, there's a bath ! *Mon Dieu*, there must be a wedding to-morrow !' exclaimed a typical stout old French *commère*, with a neat white cap, black shawl, and the regulation large black basket, as she issued from a small suburban station about two leagues from Paris.

'Perhaps some one is ill,' replied her companion. '*Allons*, we must see about it ;' and they both toddled to a cabaret where tobacco and

newspapers were sold, and where, as it happened, I myself was going to get some of the former.

Sure enough two men, fully conscious that all the world was gazing at them, with solemn dignity were pushing a bath on wheels through the slush and snow over the cobbles, while the *patron*, in a black silk hat, walked behind with sheets and towels, quite unaware that an imp in a black pinafore, just out of school and with a

satchel on his back and glazed belt, was walking behind him and copying every movement, besides making grimaces at his schoolfellows, who danced and capered about and threw snowballs at the bath. On the bath, painted in large letters, was 'P. Berdelet, Undertaker.'

The rattle set the whole little hamlet in a flutter, for they all knew what it meant. Heads appeared at doors and windows. 'Bravo, Berdelet!' they cried. 'How much are you going to ask? Have you got plenty of soap? Where are the sponges?' But Berdelet knew his own importance, and never deigned to answer these kind inquiries or reply to any of the chaff that was showered on him by the excited onlookers.

This was in the early eighties; and though baths are more known now, in fact in hotels are quite common owing to automobiles, there was not a single house in the place that had one then.

However, at the cabaret the mystery was solved, for it appeared that the eldest daughter of a rich *marchand de grain* was going to be married the next day to an officer in the Génie. The bride, it seemed, was no longer a chicken—at any rate, according to the women, who, although they may not be mathematicians, are always as clever in subtracting from their own age as they are in adding to that of others of their own sex. So animated did the conversation become in the crowded bar over the *dot* (which they said had to be increased on account of her age), the looks, and the varied capacities of the bride that it was only after a quarter of an hour that I got the tobacco—which may have been bad, but the amusement I had in getting it rendered it very cheap.

It might be thought that life in a French suburb would be dull, and so it may be; but for those who look for such simple incidents as this a certain amount of amusement can always be found; in fact, when I recall the jokes that were made on this occasion the tears run down my cheeks with laughter even now.

Compared to London, there is far more individuality in the suburbs of Paris. At Suresnes the bulk of the *petit bleu* used in lower class taverns is, or at that time was, made. St Denis has its huge foundries, while at Argenteuil acres and acres are covered with asparagus-beds. In the part where I was violets, with strawberries between them, and mushrooms, gave the most employment, to say nothing of nurserymen, especially one whose name was known all over France. It seemed wonderful in those days to see in his garden how fruit-trees were trained into the form of globes, eggs, &c.; but that is nothing to what is done now, when one thinks of the apple and other trees trained into the form of chairs and tables, that can always be seen at the autumn exhibition in the Cour de la Reine at Paris. Though only six miles from Paris, the

natives still used oxen in the plough, and in many respects had much in common with those one finds in Normandy and La Beauce.

This great difference between the suburbs of London and Paris is due to the fortifications of the latter, as there is a space on which nothing may be built; and once beyond them, in those days, one was in a different region.

In the early eighties certainly eight men out of a dozen of those over thirty years of age had taken some part in the war, and they for the most part were willing to talk about it. The number of newly constructed houses showed how the district had suffered from either French or German shells. We had in the household where I was an old dragoon named François. He had no very regular duties, but was what they call *un homme à tout faire*. He had been through the Crimean, Italian, and Mexican campaigns, and fought as a *Franc Tireur* in 1870. On all hands it was admitted that he was as brave as a lion, and his courage was only equalled by his modesty. He could just read, and that was about all. It was this lack of education that kept him from rising in the service. With a little tobacco and some white wine it was always possible to lead him to speak of his career.

Of the Crimean and Mexican campaigns he would say little. At first one always remarked that that of 1870 was not altogether an agreeable subject, he appeared to feel so keenly the sense of defeat; and it was only when he got excited in describing an encounter with the hated Prussians that this wore off, and then, as he let himself go, one seemed to smell the fumes of the powder and hear the crackle of the *chassepots*. The very way the handsome old veteran would describe these incidents showed he was a born soldier. But when he spoke of the Italian campaign a total change came over him. He spoke of it *con amore*, a bright, happy look came into his eyes, and he stroked his grizzled moustache with pleasure. 'Ah, monsieur, c'était bonne affaire ça; j'étais jeune alors,' he would say with a satisfied chuckle. 'Plenty of wine, lovely women. Oh yes, that was a fine campaign.'

Now this was all very well, but the peculiar part of it was that he would never give any reason why it was such a glorious campaign; it was always '*C'était bonne affaire, ça*;' and then he would go off to speak of Bazaine, or of his great hero, Chanzy, of whose ability he was never tired of speaking.

The old soldier, too, had another trait that did him credit: he did not make a scapegoat of the Marshals or General Trochu for the disaster of *l'année terrible*, and he did not even speak so very badly of the Empress, for her unfortunate phrase, 'This is my war,' was never forgotten either by rich or poor. 'No, monsieur,' said François sadly, 'it was not entirely her fault. Everything was rotten; we were puffed up with

pride; we were not ready, and the Prussians were. We received plenty of warnings; they were not taken, and, *mon Dieu!* we have suffered for it in lives, land, and money. What we have got to live for now is to get back what we have lost.'

I was fortunate in meeting one who, though a civilian, knew every inch of the country from a military point of view. He was a well-to-do merchant, but had served as orderly to an *officier d'ordonnance* on the *état major* of General Ducros, who commanded the Army of the South, and it fell to his lot to follow his superior, and indeed very often, when the latter was ill, to take despatches to the outlying forts—of course a highly dangerous duty.

With a bitter, concentrated energy, as soon as the finances of the country permitted, the French began their new fortifications round Paris, and these they have built with consummate ability. They had learnt by experience the weakness of the old forts. They were not going to be caught a second time. It took two hundred thousand Germans to encircle the city with the forts about a league outside the walls; now it would take one million, so far have the new forts—seventeen in number, to say nothing of the subsidiary batteries—been pushed out. The greater the circle, of course, the greater number of cattle and supplies can be got in; though cold storage has done away with many of the terrors of the last siege. From the fort at Écouen on the north to Plaisandean in the south, from Chelles at the east to Bouviers on the west, the distance is roughly seven leagues. The increased power of the guns would oblige the Germans to get their supplies from Pontoise on the north to as far south as Corbeil.

No fort suffered more than that at Montrouge. Three of its commandants were killed during the siege, and the fourth, on hearing of the capitulation, blew out his brains. In company with my friend I could ride and see for myself the position of the southern forts, including this one at Montrouge. He showed one where the Prussian batteries at Clamart were placed, and their *avants postes*. But, alas! from my point of view, one could not be always riding over the ground where the fighting took place, as my friend had not the time. Besides, just in those places where one wished to go most was to be seen the frequent notice-board, '*Terrain Militaire Défendu*.'

I have said that the cultivation of violets and strawberries is a feature of the place. The value of the violet consists in its flowering twice, the autumn crop perhaps, on the whole, being the more valuable. The beds are simply cleared for the 1st and 2nd of November, All-Saints' and All-Souls' Days, as they are used on those days for making wreaths for taking not only to the cemetery in the morning, but also to the theatre in the evening. Among all the violet-

growers none was more prosperous than a certain Madame Delahaye. One skirted her bit of land in going to the station, and every day one used to see her.

'She's a wonderful woman,' said François. 'I know all about her. She lost her husband and two sons in the war. Her remaining son Antoine was only fifteen then, but he is married now, and his wife came from my village in Normandy. One of her sons was killed at Borny, and the other at Beaumont. They were fine lads. Those two had the qualities of the mother. Old Delahaye was a lazy loafer, content to live while his wife worked, and, moreover, very vain and selfish. When they fled to Paris he would join the National Guard; *il voulait se pavaner comme un paon* [strut about like a peacock] in an opera-bouffe uniform costing money that ought to have been spent on bread, armed with an old *fusil de chasse* that was not any good. This bibulous *poseur* would cry dramatically, with his hand on his chest, "*C'est la Patrie qui m'appelle!*" and then go off to the fortifications, where he could play cards and drink in the neighbouring cabarets. This was far pleasanter than being in tiny rooms on the fifth floor in Montmartre, with his wife, his daughter and her husband, and a baby and two children, without any fuel and with next to nothing to eat. He used to come home once a week and tell them all the wonders he and his brave comrades had done, and how the Germans were frightened to come near them. He would, too, upbraid his son-in-law for doing nothing for *la Patrie*, and for not helping to drive the Prussian swine out of the land; whereas the son-in-law, being an official in the Chemin de Fer l'Est, was not allowed to fight had he wished.

'Somehow or other old Delahaye got hold of some money—no one knows how—and then he drank and swaggered about more than ever; but in the beginning of the year he did not turn up as usual. One week went by, and then another, and the children would cry and say, "When will grandfather come?" for he generally gave them a piece of sugar soaked in cognac and rubbed their noses with cognac as a great treat; but still he never came. Then his son-in-law went up to the fortifications, and learnt that he had been found dead. He had gone to mount guard, and the picket found him frozen to death, with an empty cognac bottle beside him and another half-empty in his pocket. But his wife is an admirable woman. All the violets she grows are taken by the great perfumers Messrs X., in the Rue de la Paix. They send her the refined lard, and she turns it into *pommade*. The violets are put into shallow drawers, and the lard above them. It is white when she puts it in, but, as you know, it is green when it comes out. The *armoire* is airtight, and the grease absorbs all the perfume. You should buy some violets of her, monsieur; you will see she is no

ordinary woman, but very intelligent, and,' he added significantly, 'very rich. Why, do you know,' he continued in a lower tone, 'she does not keep her money in the cottage, but she has an account at the *Crédit Lyonnais*.'

'What! here?' I asked in astonishment, for I knew the hoarding customs of the peasants.

'No; in Paris,' he answered. 'Messrs X. put it in the bank for her there. She and the whole family go to Paris in their best clothes once a quarter to see the book at the bank, and Antoine comes home drunk. He's the counterpart of his father. He's an idle hound, but he does know how to enjoy himself. But,' he added, 'don't you ever let her know I told you she has any money.'

It was a few days after this, as I was going down to a neighbouring village, that I saw Antoine and his wife by the cottage. He was leaning up against the wall smoking; she was in a cart, shovelling out manure. Had I seen the grandmother I would have asked her to sell me some violets, but I did not. However, on my return I saw her stooping down gathering them.

'Will you sell me some, madame?' I asked.

Without looking up, intent on her work, she said, 'Is she pretty?'

I admit I was taken aback for a moment, but I remembered that François had told me she was not an ordinary old woman.

'Extremely,' I replied, falling in with her humour. 'Do you think I should waste my money on an ugly one?'

'Well,' she said, standing up and spreading out her apron, 'you can have this lot for a franc.'

I could have got half as many again from any barrow in Paris for that sum, but that did not matter.

'You are the Englishman,' she said. 'I had a nephew who was once in England. He had meat twice a day. *Oh mon Dieu*, what waste, what extravagance! We have it sometimes, but we are none the better for it. I will tie these up now. Follow me.'

She had a shrewd, clever face, and a light step for her sixty odd years. I wanted her to talk, but she never said a word. She lived in a double cottage, and occupied the larger portion; the smaller one having been built against it for her son when he married. I had never been in such a large one. This was necessary for her trade.

All one side of the room was taken up by the large *armoire*, which reached to the ceiling. It was in this she put the violets. In a shed at the back I saw a number of large jars that contained the refined lard to be made into *pommade*.

Just as I was leaving, Jeanne, the daughter-in-law, came in, now quite spick and span, with a neat white cap on. She had been chosen for Antoine by his mother. The shrewd old woman could not have made a better choice, for she was of the best type of *paysanne*—one whose sturdy forefathers knew what hard work was, and thrived on it. Though she was a Normande, she was very dark, with fine eyes, otherwise not particularly pretty; but her figure was perfect, a wonderful combination of strength and suppleness.

'There, monsieur,' said the grandmother, who could not believe I was buying violets for myself, 'I reckon mademoiselle ought to like these,' as she placed the violets in my hand. 'But take my advice: *prenez garde des femmes*; they eat money, and nine out of ten will throw you aside like a sucked orange when it is gone.'

'You're hard on them,' I replied. 'Say eight out of ten.'

'Well, as you like,' she said.

'May I have some more another day?'

'I won't promise you that.'

As a matter of fact, as the crop was already sold she ought not to have let me have any.

However, as I passed I often bought some of her; but I was never able to break through the innate distrust and suspicion the French peasant has of a stranger. Her daughter-in-law had two children, and on one occasion I had given them a few *sous*. This had won their mother's heart, and from that time she had been very agreeable and communicative. One bitterly cold day madame was out, and as it was snowing a little Jeanne asked me into her cottage. Her husband, she said, was opening a new cask of cider that had just arrived from Normandy, and she invited me to try it. It was not cider-drinking weather, but I hardly liked to refuse. It turned out to be most abominable stuff, but the intense cold gave a good excuse for not drinking much of it. On my opening the door to leave we found a regular snowstorm had arisen, and Jeanne suggested I should wait a little. Just then through the blinding snow I saw a figure passing.

(Continued on page 804.)

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

PART II.

FOR several days no news of the little expedition reached Suez, but no one felt the least anxiety. They were bold men, well armed. Gill was an old campaigner, and Palmer had already given abundant proof of his tact and courage in managing Bedawin. One circum-

stance, however, was suspicious. The telegraph between Egypt and Syria was still working. Evidently Gill had either failed to cut the communication, or was taking an unusually long time to do his work. Then telegrams began to fly between the Admiralty and the Red Sea

squadron: 'Have you heard anything of Gill? What orders did you give him? Any tidings of Professor Palmer?'

All sorts of rumours buzzed about the bazaars at Suez. The Englishmen's camp was reported to have been looted by hostile Bedawin; but the party had not been heard of, and in the circumstances no news was good news. On 27th August Gill was reported safe, and due to arrive at Suez next day; but no news was forthcoming of the other two. This report was proved almost at once to be false. Then came further rumours of robbery and even murder, and both at Suez and at home anxiety deepened among the very few who were in the secret of Palmer's expedition. The Admiralty accordingly despatched Colonel (afterwards Sir Charles) Warren—in later years the distinguished chief of the London Police, and still better known as commanding the Fifth Division in the South African War—to make special inquiries on the spot. No better choice could have been made. Warren and Palmer were personal friends and fellow-workers in the service of the Palestine Exploration Fund, the former having conducted a series of most adventurous excavations in underground Jerusalem about the time that the latter was exploring the Desert of the Exodus. It was no easy matter to go into the desert in war-time, searching for traces of the lost party, to rescue them if alive, to hunt down and bring to justice their murderers if dead. All sorts of obstacles were put in his way by the sheikhs; and Warren, realising that an entrance by land was for the present impossible, resolved to try the sea. Accordingly, accompanied by Lieutenants Burton and Haynes—the latter of whom ten years afterwards published a narrative of the expedition under the somewhat sensational title, *Man-Hunting in the Desert*—Warren scoured the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah in a gunboat, making inquiries now here, now there, hearing all sorts of confused and contradictory rumours, but coming on never a trace of the party. It was now certain that they had been attacked shortly after leaving Suez; but it was thought that they were still alive, kept prisoners in the recesses of the Sinaitic mountains until a heavy ransom should be paid. The fort of Akabah, at the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, was occupied by Warren, who found a letter in the possession of its governor from the governor of Nakhl, stating that the three Christians had all been killed by the men of Wady Sudr, some two days' journey to the south-east of Suez.

This seemed decisive, but it was hard to abandon hope. According to all accounts, Palmer could not only speak the Arabs' tongue like one of themselves, but had a weird, half-clairvoyant power of entering into their very thoughts. Those who had seen him handling an Oriental mob flatly refused to believe the worst. 'It is impossible. No Arab would kill

Palmer.' One flying rumour had it that the other two Englishmen had been killed, but that Palmer and Meter had escaped, riding on a swift dromedary in the direction of Syria.

From the first, Warren, who had the best opportunity of judging, had little hope. The difficulties which had been thrown in the way of his entering the desert were in themselves suspicious, and there was the positive evidence of the letter from the governor of Nakhl. Resolving to make one more attempt, he returned to Suez, and having collected a band of Bedawin—men, let it be remembered, who had fought against our troops at Tel-el-Kebir only a few weeks before—he began a most hazardous march into the desert. As he says, he knew it was a question of absolute success or death. Were a shot to be fired in anger by himself or his men, their lives were not worth a moment's purchase. He soon came on the track of Palmer's party, followed it up like a sleuth-hound, and all too soon obtained evidence of a massacre. It was now 24th October, eleven weeks since the party had left Suez, and no rain had fallen during the interval. As Warren and his Bedawin searchers swept slowly up Wady Sudr, which as it nears the mountains becomes a mere gully with precipitous cliffs on either side, they came on baggage which had evidently been looted, scraps of letters, a torn book or two, and some clothing; then, higher up on a steep camel-track, traces of blood on rocks and stones; and at last, in an almost inaccessible spot at the foot of a precipice over which he and Lieutenant Haynes were lowered by ropes, a few pitiful human remains—all that the hyenas and vultures had left. There could be no doubt, however, as to the identity. So, reverently collecting the remains and placing them in a large wooden case, Warren set himself to gather together every scrap of evidence, and to bring the murderers to justice. It took him almost five months to complete this task, which was of an unusually difficult and dangerous kind. The following is the story of the ill-fated expedition, pieced together from the often conflicting evidence of those actually engaged in the attack on the party and the massacre which followed.

The party left Moses' Wells—'the Richmond of Suez,' as Dean Stanley called it—on 9th August, and the first day's march passed without any incident. But three Arabist spies watched every movement, and some mysterious conversations took place between Meter and a few wandering Bedawin, to one of whom it is certain he gave money. That night the party slept in the desert, and the spies still hung about. In the morning it was found that two of the camels had been stolen, and that the three spies had disappeared. Meter was sent in pursuit, and the forenoon and great part of the afternoon were wasted before the camels were recovered. The baggage-party in consequence could only

move very slowly, and Meter, either because he was really anxious for the safety of those whom he was guiding, or because he now saw an opportunity of betraying them, persuaded the three Englishmen and the dragoman to leave the baggage behind, and push on with him to his own camp at the head of Wady Sudr, close to that curious conical mountain known to British sailors as Barn Hill, which is so prominent a feature on the skyline as one sails down the Gulf of Suez. Thus the party, reduced in numbers and comparatively unprotected, went straight up the wady to their death.

Meanwhile one of the spies, making a long detour, ran hot-foot to an encampment of Bedawin of the Haiwatat and Terabin tribes, to a man fanatical partisans of Arabi, who through his agents had promised them twenty pounds for every Christian whom they killed. The sun had now set, and they were celebrating the Feast of the Dead, which occurs during the Fast of Ramadan. As they sat drinking coffee, the spy burst upon them with the message, 'Christians are coming up the wady with much money.' Probably they were prepared for the news, as it is known that the Arabist governor of Nakhl was close by, though for appearance' sake he took no active part in what followed. At once they sprang up, lighted their torches, and running down to the wady, searched for camel-tracks. But the party had not yet passed. So, extinguishing the torches, the Bedawin posted themselves behind the rocks and waited in the dark for their victims. They had not long to wait. About midnight a momentary gleam of light was seen far down the wady, then in the stillness the soft pad of camel hoofs advancing and a low word or two were heard. At once the Bedawin opened fire, which was answered by a couple of revolver-shots almost at random from the party attacked. In the confusion that followed, Meter fled at once to his camp. His nephew rode off in the opposite direction with Palmer's black bag containing the three thousand pounds. When morning dawned (11th August), the Bedawin, who had hitherto kept in their ambush, seeing how small the party was, rushed in and surrounded them. They took their weapons and private possessions, Palmer's watch and yellow Syrian cloak and Charrington's tobacco-pouch; and, leaving two of their number to guard the prisoners in a hollow among the rocks, the rest swept down the wady on the slowly advancing baggage-party, seized the camels, and looted the property. Meanwhile Meter, for some reason or other, returned to the scene of attack, and, hearing a shout, came to the little hollow, and found the men whom he had betrayed in a pitiful state. It is not certain whether they were bound, but they must have been very roughly handled by their captors. They were stripped to their underclothing, and had no covering on their heads, and the sun, which was now fully up, beat

pitilessly into the hollow. A strange lethargy evidently settled on them as though they were dazed, and had neither the wish nor the power to escape. Had Meter wished, he could easily have rescued them, as one of the guards had gone to secure his share of the loot, and the other had run away. But the precious moments slipped by. The Bedawin returned, and Meter began to make appeals to them to let the prisoners go, putting his cloak on Palmer and his head-shawl on Charrington—a symbolic form of protection common among the Arabs. But no one paid any heed to what was plainly only a piece of theatrical byplay. Palmer, it seems, offered heavy ransom for his friends and himself; but the bag in which was the gold had been carried off. The Bedawin began to grow impatient, and Meter, perhaps fearing for his own life, made off, leaving the men who had trusted him, and whom he had betrayed, to their fate.

The three Englishmen, the Syrian dragoman, and Bokhor the cook, who had now been brought up from the baggage-party, stripped of their Arab clothes, and without hats or boots, were driven roughly down a rocky path to a place where the camel-track, rising steeply from the valley, passes along a narrow ledge of rock forty-seven feet above the bottom of the wady, with a precipice rising sheer above. No better spot for their purpose could have been chosen by the murderers. Wady Sudr, as has been said already, narrows here to a mere gully, and at this spot a torrent from the mountains above has worn itself a channel down the face of the cliff, dry in August, but a raging cataract in time of the rains. Here, then, the five were placed in a row facing the gully. Five Bedawin, chosen by lot, stood behind them with loaded guns, and the others clustered round on the rocks to see the end.

One wild tale told by an excitable Bedawin was telegraphed home at the time, according to which Palmer turned and solemnly called down the curse of Heaven upon his murderers, and then leaped over the cliff. Unfortunately, Sir Walter Besant, with a novelist's eye for a dramatic situation, gave further circulation to the story in an eloquent and highly coloured page in his *Life of Palmer*. But the evidence which Warren collected makes it quite plain that all the unhappy men were by this time rendered almost unconscious by the fierce August sun smiting on their unprotected heads. Before the signal of death was given, one of the Bedawin fired, shooting Palmer in the back, ran him through with his sword, and flung the body over the cliff into the gully beneath. The other four, hearing the shot, and waking as if from a stupor, hardly conscious of what they did, ran distractedly along the ledge, or tried to clamber down the rocks. They fell, and their murderers fired down on them as they lay. 'Two others and myself'—so runs the grim evidence of one of the Bedawin in Warren's *Blue Book*—'went

down into the gully, and found one of them, the one with the long moustache [Captain Gill], alive, and finished him. I saw all five dead.'

No attempt was made to bury the bodies. What need was there? Wady Sudr is dreaded by the Arabs and avoided as a camping-ground on account of its sudden floods which rush down from the mountains. The autumn rains were due in a few days, and every trace of the foul deed would be wiped out. So the murderers, and Meter the most guilty of all, went each his own way, and Wady Sudr was left with the dead that were in it, and the vultures gathering fast.

But for two whole months the heavens were as brass overhead, and not a drop of rain fell till the avengers of blood reached the spot. One by one the actual murderers were hunted down, tried, and afterwards executed. Meter gave himself

up, confessed his guilt, and died in hospital at Suez before justice could be done on him.

The rude coffin in which Warren had placed the remains was brought to England, and nine months after the murder it was laid, with all reverence and honour, in the Crypt of St Paul's. There, among the other monuments to the heroes of our country, may be seen a memorial brass telling the 'names, the worth, and the fate' of the five men, English, Syrian, and Hebrew, who lost their lives on special service to Britain in the Wady Sudr. Below are the words—the same as may be read carved on the fatal wall within Wheeler's Lines at Cawnpore: 'Our bones lie scattered before the pit, as when one breaketh and cleaveth wood upon the earth'; but our eyes look unto Thee, O Lord God.'

THE END.

SOME GREAT RIDING FEATS.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THE wonderful energy, gallant spirit, and generous courage of the horse, backed by the endurance and determination of its rider, have for countless generations been the admiration of the world. But that animal's long and glorious reign seems to be now drawing to a close; and, thanks to the advent of the steam-engine, of automobiles, and of the aeroplane, it is more than probable that in fifty or a hundred years the powers and energies of the horse will no longer be much utilised in civilised countries. The future of this gallant beast is, in truth, a somewhat melancholy subject for those who are able to appreciate what it has done during thousands of years for the human race. It is already more than doubtful whether, after another generation or two, the horse will be employed in the field of battle. Already it is vanishing from our towns and cities, and soon it may vanish from agriculture. It may be retained for racing purposes, and so long as hunting endures it will be utilised for the chase; but machinery has doomed the horse, and the service to man of this animal will only be remembered as a thing of the past.

The combination and generous alliance of horse and man have resulted in some marvellous feats of endurance; and though most of these are forgotten or unrecorded, a few remain, from which the curious may realise what flesh and blood have been able to accomplish in the days when our ancestors relied upon the aid of that valuable animal *Equus caballus*. In the following notes I have detailed what seem to me some very wonderful performances by horse and man.

One of the greatest of long-distance rides was that accomplished in 1603 by Sir Robert Carey, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, who carried the news of the death of Queen Elizabeth to James

the Sixth of Scotland at Holyrood. Carey was a son of the first Lord Hunsdon, and a first-cousin, once removed, of the queen, of whom he was always a privileged favourite. He was of comely appearance and very active habits, and as a courtier seems to have been able to make a good appearance on small means. In his memoirs, published by the Earl of Suffolk in 1759, Carey says: 'In all triumphs I was one, either at tilt, tourney, or barriers, in masque or ball. I kept men and horses far above my rank, and so continued a long time.' Carey took part in the various wars of Elizabeth's reign. In 1583 he attended Walsingham to Scotland, and there by his tact and good looks attracted the notice of James the Sixth. In 1591 he was knighted by the Earl of Essex for his intercession with Queen Elizabeth at a time when she was incensed with that nobleman, and had determined to recall him from the Continent. For some years Carey was employed in the government of the northern Border, and during that period made further progress in the good graces of the Scottish king.

In the early part of 1603 he heard of the serious illness of Queen Elizabeth, and repaired to Richmond Palace, where she was then living. Remembering the favour of the King of Scots, and seeing how hopeless was the queen's illness, and sure of her approaching end, he determined to push his fortune yet farther with the King of Scotland. 'I did assure myself,' he says in his memoirs, 'it was neither unjust nor dishonest for me to do for myself, if God at that time should call her [the queen] to His mercy.' On the 19th March a message from Sir Robert Carey reached Edinburgh, in which he assured the king that Elizabeth could not live three days, and that he stayed on at Court to carry north

the first tidings of her death. Meanwhile he had placed fleet horses along the road 'to speed him in his post.'

There are various tales of the death of the queen and of the escape of Carey on his northward ride. One of them has it that an arrangement had been made between Sir Robert and his sister Lady Scrope, both of whom had watched for days the slow departure of the dying queen. This was that the lady was to drop from the palace window, as a signal that all was over, a sapphire ring belonging to the King of Scots. The ring, it was said, was caught by Carey, who instantly hurried off on his long gallop; but the story was probably no more than a Court legend. Carey's own account states that he was admitted to the palace on the morning of the queen's death, and there found all the ladies in the coffer's room weeping bitterly.

Elizabeth died at early morning on the 24th March 1603, in her seventieth year. Carey, in spite of the prohibition of the Council that none should go in or out of the palace save by warrant, made his way forth, and by nine o'clock had started on his famous ride. What the roads were like in the time of Queen Elizabeth may be better imagined than described. More than two centuries later, before the era of express stage-coaches, they were very bad. Nevertheless, thanks to his relays of horses, Sir Robert made wonderful travelling, and reached Holyrood late on the night of the 26th March, rather more than two and a half days after leaving Richmond. The distance was at least four hundred and five miles, so that Carey travelled, day and night, at the prodigious rate of one hundred and sixty miles in twenty-four hours for the whole distance. I have looked minutely into the details of many great riding feats; but this performance of Sir Robert Carey seems far to outrival all others save one, considering the times, the state of the roads, and the immense physical energy needed to accomplish the journey. Any man who has ridden much is well aware that a journey on horseback of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours is no mean feat. Carey's achievement, therefore, stands out as an extraordinary instance of human pluck and endurance, probably only approached by a very famous and historical ride made by Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith in South Africa, which I shall presently touch upon.

Carey may be said to have done very well for himself by this feat of horsemanship. He acquired the friendship and confidence of King James, and after serving as Gentleman of the Bedchamber to that king, and as Master of the Robes and Chamberlain to Prince Charles, accompanied Charles and Buckingham to Spain in 1623. He was created Earl of Monmouth in 1626.

Two years after Sir Robert Carey's great ride to Edinburgh occurred the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. As is well known, this

atrocious attempt was discovered just before the opening of Parliament. The various conspirators, learning that Guy Fawkes had been arrested in the vaults of the Houses of Parliament, fled into the country. One of them, Rookwood, rode from London to Ashby St Legers, Lady Catesby's place in Northamptonshire, a distance of eighty miles, between eleven o'clock in the morning and six in the evening. This, it must be admitted, considering the state of the roads in those days, was very smart travelling. In this case, undoubtedly, fear of death lent wings to the fleeing man. The gallop averaged more than eleven miles an hour, including stoppages for the purpose of changing horses. Rookwood, who was captured at Holbeach in Lincolnshire, and afterwards executed, stated that he rode thirty miles of the journey on one horse, which compassed that distance in the excellent time of two hours.

Now and then you may see in one or other of the print-shops in the West End of London a curious old engraving, which sets forth the portrait and the great riding achievement of Cowper Thornhill, master of the Bell Inn at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, in the year 1745. Thornhill, who seems to have been a great sporting celebrity of those days, is depicted in the jockey costume of the period. He wagered five hundred guineas that he would ride from Stilton to Shoreditch in London, back to Stilton, and thence to London again in fifteen hours. The distance from Stilton to Shoreditch is seventy-five and a half miles; and it must be admitted that, even with relays of fast horses, which Thornhill had carefully provided, the feat was an extraordinary one. Yet Thornhill not only won his five hundred guineas, but accomplished the task in the wonderful time of twelve hours seventeen minutes. He rode from Stilton to Shoreditch in three hours fifty-two minutes, from London to Stilton in four hours twelve minutes, and from Stilton to London again in four hours thirteen minutes. The total distance was two hundred and twenty-six and a half miles, and the ride works out at not far short of nineteen miles an hour for the whole journey. This is, beyond doubt, one of the most remarkable riding feats on record; but it is to be remembered that it had been most carefully prepared for, and that the horses used were exceptionally fleet ones. Nevertheless, at the present day it may be doubted whether half-a-dozen men in Britain, even allowing them the best of horses and every other facility, could be found capable of rivaling the performance of Cowper Thornhill in 1745. The old print to which I have referred states, if I remember correctly, that 'this was reckoned the greatest performance ever known.' Certainly the winner well deserved the guineas as well as the fame he gained thereby. Allowing for the time lost in changing horses, Thornhill, even if he never refreshed himself at all, must have been galloping for more than twelve hours at the rate

of a mile in three minutes. The Bell Inn at Stilton, one of the most famous old coaching-houses on the North Road, still stands as a witness to Cowper Thornhill's horsemanship.

We come now to the historic ride of Sir Harry Smith from Capetown to Grahamstown at the outbreak of the Kaffir war of 1835. Sir Harry, then Colonel Smith, was at that time chief of the staff to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. He had been trained under the eye of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, served as brigade-major at the battle of Waterloo, and was well known as one of the most active and enterprising officers in the British army. He was afterwards to distinguish himself greatly in the Sikh war; and in the battle of Aliwal, where he commanded the British forces, he won the most scientific and complete victory of the whole campaign. Sir Harry Smith was a great horseman, always in the saddle, and thought nothing of riding one hundred and forty miles in thirty hours to look at a horse or survey a particular line of country. In the last days of December 1834 information was brought to Capetown of a sudden and ferocious incursion of the Kaffir tribes, who poured over the eastern portion of the Cape, carrying murder and devastation wherever they appeared. Sir Benjamin D'Urban determined to despatch Colonel Smith to the scene of action, with full powers, civil and military, to act as he deemed necessary, the Governor himself following as soon as possible. Smith was offered the use of a sloop of war to Algoa Bay, but preferred riding post, and had horses laid for him over the six hundred miles of road—if road it could be called. This entailed two days' delay, but on the night of the 31st December he was ready to start.

That evening he dined with the Governor at Capetown, had a long conversation on the subject of the campaign, lay down for three hours, and started with a single Hottentot for a ride of ninety miles during the first day. It was the period of summer weather at the Cape, and the heat was that of a furnace. 'From the anxiety and exertion of the previous day's running about Capetown from store to store,' writes Sir Harry in his autobiography, 'and the little sleep I had had, as I rode the first twenty-five miles to the first change of horses I was half-tired; but I got a cup of tea at the post-house, and never felt fagged again.' Pushing on to Caledon and thence to Field-Cornet Leroze's, he started next morning before daylight, and got to Swellendam to breakfast, after riding 'two heavy, lazy brutes of horses.' After writing letters at Swellendam, he set out for a further ride of seventy miles, which he accomplished—thanks to a good little horse that carried him thirty miles of the distance, including the crossing of the Buffeljag's River in flood—in two hours twenty minutes. The next day, pressing on for George, Colonel Smith had a good ride of a hundred miles, though somewhat

interfered with by a long wait for horses at one stage, and by having to attend a deputation of civil authorities and inhabitants. Nevertheless Smith accomplished his stage, and dictated letters till eleven at night.

The following day, before dawn, he was off hot-foot on a tremendous ride over rough, mountainous country and through terrific heat. Half-way he met the mail from Grahamstown, which entailed some delay; nevertheless he finished his stage successfully. He was off again the next morning for Uitenhage, beyond Port Elizabeth. On the way his horse was knocked up; but half a mile away the colonel espied a Boer outspan, that of a farmer fleeing from the frontier with his family and flocks and herds. Asked to supply a horse for the remainder of the stage, seven miles, the Boer refused. Sir Harry Smith had a short way out of such difficulties. He was a little man, but he knocked over the big Boer, seized his horse, which was standing ready saddled, and galloped on. There had been a misunderstanding, and the Dutchman, catching up Colonel Smith at a ferry a short way on, made all sorts of apologies, 'saying until he spoke to the *guide*, who *followed* me, he did not believe that in that lone condition I could be the officer I represented myself to be. The passion, the knocking him down, the heat, &c., were,' says Sir Harry, 'very fatiguing, and I reached Uitenhage at five o'clock, having been beating grass-fed post-horses from three in the morning until that hour, and ridden over some very bad and mountainous roads one hundred and forty miles.' After a semi-public dinner, at which he dared only to eat very sparingly, the colonel lay on his back dictating letters till twelve o'clock, and then fell asleep.

Away again he fled next morning upon a most severe ride, on miserable brutes of knocked-up horses, over the last stage. Ten miles from Grahamstown Sir Harry found a good little back of Colonel Somerset's waiting for him, and an escort of six Cape Mounted Rifles. Thus he triumphantly completed his tremendous journey over some of the roughest country in the world. 'Never,' he says, 'shall I forget the luxury of getting on this little horse, a positive redemption from an abject state of misery and labour. In ten minutes I was perfectly revived, and in forty minutes was close to the barrier of Grahamstown, fresh enough to have fought a general action, after a ride of six hundred miles in six days over mountainous and execrable roads, on Dutch horses living in the fields without a grain of corn. I performed each day's work at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and I had not even the slightest scratch on my skin.'

With some knowledge of long-distance rides in South Africa, I look upon Sir Harry Smith's ride as one of the greatest feats ever accomplished on horseback. It is worthy to be placed alongside, even if it does not excel, Sir Robert Carey's ride

from Richmond to Edinburgh. Curiously enough, Sir Harry's ride was followed a few years later by that of Richard King, who rode with two horses from Port Natal, then besieged by the Boers, to call for aid to the small and harassed British force. Dick King's ride was also a wonderful one, traversing as he did six hundred miles of the savage Kaffraria country in ten days, during which he crossed two hundred rivers and streams.

Among minor feats of endurance and horsemanship I have only space to deal with one or two. Captain John White (1791-1866) was one of the finest horsemen of his day, and was celebrated by 'Nimrod' in the earlier part of the last century as the best man of his time across country. He was Master of the Cheshire Foxhounds from 1842 to 1854, and was for many years well known at Melton. On a certain winter day he went out hunting in Leicestershire, and enjoyed two excellent runs of forty minutes and seventy minutes respectively, the second fox being killed thirty-four miles from his headquarters at Melton. White rode back, changed his clothes, had a chop and a cup of tea, and then set off on horseback for his residence, Park Hall, near Glossop, in Derbyshire. This was seventy-five miles north, and he had to travel over the exposed Derbyshire moors in a blinding snowstorm. He reached Park Hall at seven o'clock that evening, having ridden not less than one hundred and sixty miles since breakfast.

Country doctors in the old days, especially if they were inclined to sport, as they often were, covered great distances in the saddle. The late Charles Falk Collyns, a well-known surgeon of Dulverton, and author of *The Chase of the Wild Red Deer*, made many long journeys on horseback.

One of these was performed when he was young and engaged to a Miss Moore of Spreydon House, Broad Clyst, and had promised to meet her on a certain evening at the Devon County Ball at Exeter. 'It so happened,' writes his son, Dr J. B. Collyns of Dulverton, who happily survives, 'that the Devon and Somerset Staghounds met in Dulverton the same morning. Mr Collyns was early in the saddle, and went a round of about twenty miles, visiting his country patients before breakfast. He joined the hounds at ten o'clock, their usual time of meeting in those days. They found the stag almost immediately in Burridge Wood, and ran him pretty straight across the moors to sea at Countisbury, a little above Lynmouth. Mr Collyns had twenty-four miles to go home, where he took some refreshment, and after putting on evening-dress, got upon his third horse, carrying his pumps and silks in his pockets. He rode down to Exeter (twenty-eight miles), and was in the ballroom shortly after ten o'clock.' The gallant surgeon must have accomplished no less than ninety-two miles that day, and part of it over the rough and wild surface of Exmoor.

Our ancestors were hardy souls, and possessed of an immense fund of energy and endurance. In these days of motor-cars and ever-increasing luxury, such feats of a gallant country surgeon and a Melton sportsman, which were taken quite as a matter of course, are worth serious reflection. In another hundred years will any Briton be able, at the rate we are progressing, to accomplish such miracles of endurance? I trow not. In an age when horsemanship and manly endurance are likely ere long to be forgotten qualities among us, these notable examples seem to be well worth rescue from oblivion.

A VISIT TO A LAPP ENCAMPMENT.

OVER that bleak, desolate tract of country which stretches across the most northerly part of Scandinavia and Russia, from the rock-bound Norwegian coast to the ice-cold waters of the White Sea, wander the strangely interesting people called the Lapps. Though a few degenerate scions of the race, known as Sea Lapps, inhabit tiny villages along the coast, and live by fishing; and though the Forest and River Lapps also lead settled lives, and expend their energies in hunting, fishing, and rearing domesticated reindeer, the more virile stock, the Mountain Lapps, are nomads pure and simple, wandering constantly hither and thither in search of the Arctic moss on which their vast herds of half-wild reindeer live. In winter they occupy the mountain-slopes and wide tablelands of the interior; in summer they approach nearer to the shores of the fjords, which penetrate so deeply into the heart of the country.

While staying, not very long ago, at the

pretty little town of Lyngen, situated at the head of the wondrously beautiful Lyngen Fjord, in the extreme north of Norway, I heard of the existence of two Lapp encampments in the immediate neighbourhood, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of seeing the Laplander at home. Along with a party of friends I made my way up the valley which stretches inland from the head of the fjord, passing near the shore several *hjell*, the stout wooden frames on which the Norwegians dry their fish. Half-an-hour's walk along a pleasant country road, running beside a babbling stream, brought us to the first of the two encampments. Here we found some half-dozen tents, twenty or thirty people, including men, women, and children, and a number of wolf-like Eskimo dogs. The day being warm, the reindeer, alas! were feeding high up on the slopes of the mountains.

Our presence being announced by the growling of the dogs, we were at once approached by

nearly all the men in the encampment, eager to dispose of the small 'curios,' which they manufacture for sale to chance visitors. The Lapp is a born merchant, and his beaming face shows how he enjoys the bargaining that forms the prelude to the sale of the paper-knives which he carves from pieces of reindeer-horn, and ornaments with rude drawings of his faithful friend.

Without a doubt the Laplander is shrewd and interesting; handsome he certainly is *not*. He rarely reaches beyond five feet in height, and is sometimes not more than four. His mouth is large, his face broad, his golden-red or dark-brown beard scraggy, and his eyes small and piercing. He is anything but clean; and, once donned, his garments remain on for the season. These are pretty much the same for both sexes; and, as both men and women are inveterate smokers, it is only the different shape of the head-dress and the presence or absence of a beard that enable one to differentiate between the two. Both wear coats and trousers of reindeer-skin in winter, and (if they can afford it) of coarse woollen cloth, ornamented with bright yellow, red, and green stripes, in summer. Their leggings and shoes are invariably of reindeer-skin, dried grass being wrapped round the feet, to keep them warm, before the shoes are put on. The Laplanders' trussed-up feet and legs, and a broad belt of leather encircling them much below the waist, give them the appearance of having impossibly long bodies and abnormally short legs. The fur caps of the men are often four-cornered; those of the women are something like skull-caps in appearance.

Perhaps the most interesting personages in a Lapp encampment are the babies. Each has its own little boat-shaped cradle made of soft reindeer leather, into which it is so securely laced that it cannot possibly fall out. To protect its eyes from the glare of the sun and the gleaming whiteness of the snow there is a thin, curtain-like coverlet made fast at the top and hanging free along the other edges. The cradle is also provided with a brightly coloured cord, by which it can be suspended round the mother's neck, or hung up in some convenient place when she is immersed in her domestic duties. It may interest my lady-readers to know that the baby's clothes are never buttoned or pinned, but merely wrapped round it, so that when it is lifted out of its cradle it comes forth, like Hans Breitmann's maiden, 'mit nodings on.'

The Laplander's tent is not a desirable place of abode, and any one venturing inside is apt to be shunned by his acquaintances for the rest of the day. Knowing this, I hurried on to a second encampment farther up the dale, and closely inspected one of the tents before any one else appeared, and, I am glad to say, suffered no ill-effects. The framework consists of a number of poles meeting at the top, and there fitting into each other. Round this framework is drawn a

stout covering of coarse woollen cloth, leaving a doorway so low that one has to stoop in order to enter. There is, of course, no chimney, and the smoke from the wood fire burning in the middle of the floor finds its way out by a hole in the roof, not, however, until it has covered everything and everybody with a thick brown coat. The only furniture in the tents I saw consisted of a few pots and pans, some bundles of dried grass, and a number of reindeer-skins, on which the people both sit and sleep. The chief part of each meal consists of reindeer's flesh, eaten out of the pot in which it is cooked, fingers taking the place of the forks used in less primitive communities. In addition to this 'hot-pot,' a small quantity of genuine black bread is eaten, and the whole is washed down by copious draughts of coffee, followed by innumerable pipes of tobacco.

Apart from the sale of 'curios' to stray visitors—and this, of course, applies to only a small portion of the race—the Lapp's only source of wealth is his reindeer. If he possesses a thousand or more he is accounted wealthy; a few hundreds make him well-to-do; if he owns a herd of but seventy or eighty he is looked upon as a poor man. It is but sober truth to call the reindeer at once the Laplander's horse, his cow, and his sheep. It draws his sledge in winter and carries his goods on its back in summer. The female reindeer are milked twice a week, and yield a thick, rich substance which has to be diluted with water for drinking purposes. This milk makes excellent cheese, but poor, tallow-like butter. As we have seen, reindeer's flesh forms the chief item of the Laplander's daily menu; its skin furnishes warm winter garments for himself and his family; its sinews provide the thread with which the garments are sewn. What wonder that this hardy denizen of the Far North regards a large herd of reindeer as the greatest good that Dame Fortune can bestow upon him!

A Lapland sledge, or *pulk*, as it is called, is shaped something like a boat. It is about five or six feet long, and eighteen inches wide at the back. Toward the front it tapers almost to a point. The sides are exactly like those of a boat, while the bottom rests upon a keel about four inches wide. This keel acts as a runner, causing the sledge to glide smoothly over the surface of the snow. Each sledge is drawn by a single reindeer, and carries only one person, who sits bolt upright at the back, with his feet stretched out in front of him. The mode of harnessing is very simple. The animal wears a collar round its neck, and from the bottom of this goes a stout leather trace which passes between its legs, and is attached by a loop to the front of the sledge. A single rein, fastened to the bottom of the horns and twisted round the driver's right hand, is all that is needed in guiding the animal. To make it stop, the rein

is thrown to the right; to make it start or go faster, the line is flung to the left—signals which are at once understood and obeyed by the well-trained reindeer. A swift reindeer, moving with long, sliding strides, its hoofs snapping together as it runs, is fleetier than the average carriage-

horse, for it can travel at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, or even faster down a long mountain-slope. Where the country is not hilly and the road is good, a really swift reindeer can cover the almost incredible distance of a hundred and fifty miles a day!

WHO SHOULD EMIGRATE?

EMIGRATION—or rather migration within the limits of the Empire—is, of course, necessary and right; but there is now a danger that the mother country may be drained of her strongest population, whilst the undesirables are kept at home to swell our rates and fill our workhouses, asylums, and prisons still more full than they are. Yet our colonies need population; and, in the recent words of Earl Grey, 'the great problem is how to retain the domination of the British stock; for if that were accomplished, and British ideals thus maintained, Canada would become a most powerful force in the future of the English-speaking race.'

At present this problem is left unanswered. Men in ever-increasing numbers cross the Atlantic yearly; but British women, already in very excessive proportion to men in our islands, are too largely left at home; and in this way British men are driven to marry low-class aliens from the dregs of Europe—sometimes even to take a squaw from the wigwams of the American Indians. The result to the next generation is not difficult to foresee. How can we expect the children of these marriages (with the early teaching of such mothers in a home without British traditions) to be endued with the religion, the loyalty, and the love of the Empire which are necessary to maintain 'British ideals'? As the mother is, so will be the children; and a polyglot race must arise which cannot be considered to be British at all. Meanwhile, more than a million British girls can never hope for a married home, as they are in excess of the men in our islands; and these must find means to support themselves, or make a choice between the streets and existence in the 'sweated' trades, some of which are carried on in underground cellars, dark, damp, and full of disease germs.

Then there are the thousands of 'out-of-works,' with their families, to whom some measure of help must be given. The labour colonies established in 1910 do not suggest a hopeful solution of this problem; for the one thousand two hundred and ninety-three men housed and employed at Hollesley Bay during last year cost the country the sum of twenty thousand four hundred and two pounds, whilst their families in many cases came on the rates, and needed to be assisted again and again, having probably in considerable numbers lost the independent honesty they once had.

During the same time the Central Emigration Board of London expended a sum of thirty-five thousand pounds in sending one thousand three hundred and seven unemployed men, with their one thousand one hundred and forty dependants, to our colonies, where they obtain good wages, their children quickly grow into wage-earners instead of sinking into pauperism, and they are enabled to repay the cost of their emigration year by year in easy instalments. Last year upwards of seven thousand pounds was thus remitted to the Central Emigration Fund, and this must be deducted from the sum used in sending these families across the seas, as it has been again available for the help of others. Each year the total amount of these remittances becomes larger, and it will probably supply the whole of the required sum in a few years, as each emigrant is obliged to provide a guarantee for the gradual repayment of the loan made; and thus their independence is preserved and all taint of pauperism avoided.

It is easy to calculate the different results of these two plans of assisting the better class of the unemployed: the one lowers many families into pauperism; the other lifts them into good circumstances as citizens of the British Empire. But this excellent work does not do much to reduce the numbers of 'Weary Willies' who form the larger half of the unemployed, and who are usually the victims of drunkenness, of laziness, and the habit of living on the wages of their wives—a dangerous form of pauperism which is increasing, and is only too common already, as 60 per cent. of the men in London slums are now computed to exist on the wages of their wives and mothers. These wretched men (save the mark!) spend most of their existence in bed or at the public-house, whilst their wives support them, and their children must needs be neglected; they crowd our city slums, and their progeny—much larger in proportion than those of the better classes—are likely to provide a heavy penalty for this state of things from the pockets of the already overweighted ratepayers.

In Austria there are labour colonies where such men are made to work hard, it is said with good results; so that at the end of the punishment to which the law commits them for neglect to provide for their families they are glad to escape a further term in the labour colony by

obtaining outside work. But here we are far too tender-hearted to insist upon men doing their duty; and whilst women can be found to provide for their families (even at the cost of much evil), the difficulty of dealing with their husbands can comfortably be shelved. These men are usually the product of slum-life or the workhouse; they have never had much inducement to work, having always been provided for at the expense of others, and so been deprived of the small amount of backbone which necessity might have engendered in their systems if they had grown up under right conditions in the outer world; while every generation of such weaklings adds to the thousands of our hopeless 'wasters,' who already cost the country many millions to maintain them in our prisons, our unions, hospitals, and idiot and lunatic asylums. They cannot be emigrated, for they are useless, and naturally our Oversea Empire does not want them, and will not have them. The only remedy for this terrible state of things surely lies in going to the root of the matter, and saving the children, by lifting them out of our workhouses, our slums, and our orphanages into a land where children are desperately needed, and consequently are of much more value than in the British Isles.

The lack of population abroad is specially true in the case of girls, although they are to be found in the proportion of two to one amongst these little derelicts at home—a disproportion which is constantly being increased by the ill-judged habit of emigrating boys only (or a small minority of girls) which is too common amongst those who control emigration funds; whilst they leave the helpless girl-children to sink into pauperism, and thus to swell the number of hopeless ne'er-do-weels in after life. Carefully compiled statistics with regard to the orphans and unwanted children which have been sent to Canada by the Waifs and Strays Society or Dr Barnardo show that such children quickly throw off the pauper taint (which is almost ineradicable in Britain, especially in the case of girls), forget the evil surroundings of their early lives, and expand, body and soul, into excellent citizens, 95 per cent. of them rising to comfort and independence in their new homes.

Equally reliable statistics tell us that about 70 per cent. of girl-children educated under the Poor Law return in after life to the union (the only home they have ever known), to add yet another unwanted child to the workhouse; for without a real home or decent parents they fall an easy prey to the evil passions of men. Eighteen pauper girls, whose life-histories were carefully compiled in one union, thus added ninety-three illegitimate children to that establishment; and in every generation of pauper women this evil rapidly increases, and the children thus produced become lower in type.

Surely it is high time that this fundamental

evil should be drastically dealt with! The only real remedy for this state of things is to remove all young derelict girl-children from the taint of pauperdom into the homes of our colonies where they are so greatly needed. During the last ten years twenty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-six children have been transferred to Canada through the existing charitable societies; but for these little ones there had been one hundred and forty thousand applications, as our colonies are starving for children.

The superfluous but respectable young women of the lower classes who now crowd into shops, factories, and the sweated trades (where they may, perchance, secure a poor wage, and so keep body and soul together without loss of honour) should be encouraged to emigrate to lands where women are of some value. It is true that they have not, in most cases, been taught to use their hands in household work; but this would quickly be remedied if the girls' clubs, which are happily increasing in our cities, would afford the necessary teaching in household matters such as cookery, baking, and washing. Some of them have already emigrated a few of their members; and these should be encouraged to keep in touch with their club, so that in this way others might gain courage to venture across the sea. For it is a remarkable fact that the respectable girls of the poorest classes can only with much difficulty be induced to emigrate; their lives in our cities appear to stunt their powers of imagination, and they, having never experienced anything but bitter hardship, appear unable to grasp the idea of a life under good conditions, and only think of the inducements held out to emigrate as so many 'travellers' tales,' unless they are endorsed by one of their own acquaintances.

Every club or home for working girls should institute a special branch for the purpose of emigrating those members who are eligible; the excellent Y.W.C.A. homes now open throughout Canada offer the best facilities for such young women, who should be expected to repay the small cost of their passage in easy instalments, and would thus eventually become the helpers of others, without any taint of pauperism to mar their independence.

Now that our Education Board is at long last awakening to the necessity of training children through their hands, we may hope that cooks, nurses, and other capable women will eventually be provided for the nation, instead of girls with a smattering of quite unnecessary subjects in their heads, idle hands, and foolish notions with regard to household work. It is the fault of those who have so failed to educate our girls in wholesome ways that good servants are scarce: for those who understand cooking (or indeed any other practical household subject) are always ready to use their trained intelligence, and will not be at a loss to obtain a good position in life in any country.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ON PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK.

By LAWRENCE B. JUPP.

THE timepieces of to-day appear to be deficient in individuality, to lack longevity. The hurry-scurry of modern-day conditions of life seems to preclude the possibility of extreme horological old age—at all events to war against it unceasingly. Our watches and our clocks are turned out according to approved pattern, uncompromisingly correct in design—as advertised. They remind us of an obvious type of well-groomed sartorial humanity, faultless in figural curves, possessing a similarity of exactitude which, when taken in the mass, is dolefully depressing. Perhaps the gravest charge we have to bring against the chronometer of to-day is just this same irritating exactitude, this habit of aggressive punctuality. It has done away with so much of the pleasing uncertainty of temporal existence, except in those dear, remote, old-world places—now, alas! so few and far between—where Time is not a stealthy enemy whose every forward movement is to be vigilantly anticipated, but rather an easy-going, happy-go-lucky acquaintance, of whose vagaries we are tolerantly complaisant. To give an instance.

Mrs C., of Honeycomb Farm, in the little, wood-embowered hamlet of Beeswax, possessed a clock, a cherished heirloom, a stubborn, recalcitrant timepiece which had not done a hand's turn, not a single stroke, for over twenty years—an altogether incorrigible piece of mechanism. To Mrs C. came an itinerant vendor of cheap alarm atrocities, whose strident, unmusical voices were guaranteed to make day or night (as desired) hideous, at a duly appointed hour, by reason of their long-sustained summons; or should they fail in this, their manifest duty, your money would be punctiliously refunded—upon application. Noise enough to arouse the Seven Sluggards of Ephesus, and the correct time positively guaranteed, all for four and elevenpence! Autolycus waxed eloquent as he dwelt upon his theme—he was young, and full of a lively hope; but Mrs C. shook a comely head. Without a word she led the artless youth through the wicket-gate at which he had modestly lingered, doubtless deterred less by a spirit of meek humility than by the irrefragable fact that old Trusty, the despot of the household, tyrannical despite disabilities of age and toothless gums, was emitting a most disconcerting succession of

strange, rumbling, subternal sounds from his coign of vantage beneath the mossed old apple-tree. Good Mrs C. piloted the man of commerce past the Scylla of Trusty collie on the one hand and the Charybdis of Grandfather C. (with his knotted blackthorn loose held in his palsied, knuckled fist) on the other—the worthy old gentleman had early in life conceived a distaste for strangers of the commercial variety—and so up the trim garden path, bordered by sweet-scented stocks, fragrant thyme, and marjoram, to the latticed porch of the cottage, ivy-wreathed and flanked by the tall spires of flowering hollyhocks. Without let or hindrance she conducted the visitor through her neat, spotless parlour—no gimcrack furniture there, you may be sure: settle, table, chairs, all made to stand the unflinching test of time; with, maybe, a side-glance at the contumacious clock—and thence into the kitchen, scrubbed and scoured until the very boards shone. The back-door was open, letting in a little vagrant breeze weary of wandering over the downs by holt and spinney, its breath odorous with meadow-sweet and marsh-mallow. Beyond the kitchen-garden, with its rows of homely vegetables, lay a leafy orchard bathed in golden sunshine, but with green arbours of cool shade. From the stables came the stamping and pawing of impatient horses, the jingling of heavy harness. Thrush and blackbird carolled full-throated from the elms that fringed a grassy lane; the cawing of contented rooks sounded subdued and far away. Nibbling rabbits scuttled off into the cover of a brambly hedgerow with a comical bobbing of their frisky white tails. The timorous hare crouched closer in his form.

'D'you see that nail, young man?' questioned Mrs C., indicating the rusty head of a tenpenny nail that stuck out of the door-step at an acute angle.

Autolycus intimated that he was in full possession of his visual faculties.

'When the shadow of that nail falls across the threshold, this way—see?—I know that the sun's right overhead—twelve o'clock, noon, and my man will be expectin' his dinner,' said Mrs C. concisely. 'So wot would I want with a noo clock? The old un in the parlour lasted my father's time and his father's before him, and I reckon it'll do me as well. Though I'm sure

you're kindly welcome to take a glass o' cider after your long walk.'

Autolycus resigned his point, nor contentiously raised the vexed question of cloudy weather. The combination of the clock that wouldn't go and the nail that registered the hour approximately by the artful aid of the sun, to say nothing of Mrs C.'s obvious determination of character, decided him that further parley would mean wasted breath, and waste in any shape or form was abhorrent to his commercial instincts. Besides, the free draught of cider would be half-a-pint, possibly a pint, on the right side of the ledger, so he accepted the good the gods in the buxom guise of Mrs C. saw fit to provide, and went upon his way, after partaking of a quart—no less!—of superlative cider to console him for his signal failure to dispose of an eight-day alarm-clock dirt cheap at four and elevenpence. And here let me state in parenthesis that, all said and done, he made no bad deal of it, for the cider at Honeycomb Farm is, or was, calculated to set a man at peace with himself and the whole world. *Verbum sapienti sat est.* I write as one having authority.

I have had considerable practice in putting back the clock; the delicate operation has always possessed a singular fascination for me, despite the brief paternal warning fittingly coupled with the presentation of my first watch, 'Don't meddle too much with the hands, my boy, or you'll ruin the works.' Now this watch was a comparatively modern-day piece of craftsmanship—a vastly inferior specimen of the horologist's art, the cheap sort of timepiece that is occasionally offered by enterprising but insolvent grocers as a valuable prize in their great guessing competition. Boy-like, I investigated the works before the watch had been mine a week, and the proportions of the mainspring, which, when suddenly released from durance vile, sprang out on me like a Jack-in-the-box, would in itself have furnished good material for a guessing competition. Meanwhile big hand and little hand spun madly round the face of the dial with a velocity which half-amazed, half-awed me. They stopped at last of their own accord; and thereafter, as nothing would coax them into even the semblance of activity, in a moment of pardonable disgust I swapped the preposterous affair with Smith minor, of the Lower Second (my form), for two penn'orth of caramels (an adhesive sweetmeat) and his pedigree guinea-pig Bobs.

A tall, asthmatical grandfather's clock stood sentinel at the head of the first flight of stairs in the old house at home—a wheezy, ancient timepiece, which suffered from a complication of undiagnosed disorders. In the centre of its dial, when the clock was fulfilling its mechanical obligations—a rare occurrence—the counterfeit presentment of a full-rigged ship, with every sail religiously set, rocked suavely to and fro on the painted bosom of a most unconvincing ocean.

The landing whereon it mounted guard was a favourite observatory of us children. On the one hand we could look down into an entrance-hall hung with antlers, grinning fox-masks, and other sylvan trophies of the chase; on the other—with a little assistance, such, for instance, as a footstool afforded—we could command a bird's-eye view of a real old-fashioned flower-garden. A row of straw-thatched beehives stood in the shelter of a southward-facing wall—a wall of temptation in the warm solstice days of summer, when the plump, golden-cheeked peaches flushed crimson as the amorist sun waned with them, and the busy humming of homing bees came to us in a drowsy monotone when the long, bright hours drew in to eventide. Throughout June's leafy month the garden was a riot of roses—great, heavy-headed, sleepy roses, creamy-cheeked, pink-lipped, incomparably sweet, and some a swarthy crimson, deepening almost to a velvet purple as their thirsty petals gaped for the nectardews of night.

On an ever-memorable day my brother Jim and I decided to investigate the interior of grandfather's clock. We had been reading prohibited literature, I fear, in which occurred a ghastly tale concerning a similar but more sinister timepiece which, upon being opened on some pretext or another, was found to contain the cramped and crumbling skeleton of a murdered man. So, in fearful joy and ecstatic trembling, we proceeded with the aid of a blunt chisel to force the old case so cunningly carved and figured. It was always kept strictly locked, by the way. But, alack! *horribile dictu*, we discovered too late that we had made no due allowance for the nice equilibrium of grandfather's clock. For a dreadful moment—an eternity of suspense—it stood there tottering in an aggravatingly senile fashion, then overbalanced and crashed downstairs, carrying with it in its perilous fall one footstool and a couple of too-frightened-even-to-scream small boys. The paternal and maternal vengeance was happily averted by reason of Jim's sprained wrist and my lacerated leg, but we got what is sometimes colloquially spoken of as 'the father and the mother of a talking-to.' As for the poor old clock—like its predecessor, whose virtues, and, *inter alia*, those of its aged proprietor, were aforetime commemorated in touching elegiac verse—from that hour of fell disaster (fell in more senses than one) 'it stopped short, never to go again.'

My second watch was the birthday gift of a maternal aunt, a serious-minded, rigorous woman with a natural taste for theology, or a taste for natural theology, a distinction which, I presume—although not a specialist in the subject—perceives some sort of subtle difference. Well, this second timepiece of mine was a plain silver hunter of vast dimensions, the kind of watch which is frequently referred to in the vernacular as 'a turnip.' Indeed, so obese was it that my juvenile waistcoat pocket was all too small for its

bulk, and I had perforce to find accommodation for it in the outer breast-pocket of my abbreviated jacket. Now the watch was a genuine antique, a family heirloom, and as such to be highly prized. In fact, it remains in my safe-keeping to this very day; but, alas! it has not gone for many a long year, and its coat of protecting mail is sadly tarnished by the unsparing touch of time. The relic originally belonged to my great-uncle Peter, who was reputed to have worn it on the fateful field of Waterloo, on which sanguinary occasion, it seems, he served as a subaltern in a regiment of the line. A dent in the massive silver case, I was credibly informed, had been made by the impact of a spent bullet; but this romantic assertion, together with its corollary that my great-uncle's life was thereby saved (no great boon, all said and done, for, if family chronicles err not, his subsequent career left much to be desired), I have ever considered open to serious doubt. The gallant young officer's private correspondence (still extant), penned just prior to Napoleon's final downfall, leaves one with the settled conviction that at that period his few valuables were for the time being in lawful detention, owing to an unliquidated hotel bill. But I had no unworthy doubts in the happy days of my youth, and Great-uncle Peter's memory could have wished for no more staunch believer, no more ardent admirer, than myself. The bloodiest battle of my adolescent days had for *casus belli* Jones major's unwarrantable assertion that my boasted forebear was 'a frog-eating fraud;' I repeat the exact words of the alliterative but defamatory statement. Great-uncle Peter's reputation was definitely re-established, after an encounter which long remained on record in our school annals as the most inspiring affair of its kind that had ever occurred at St Biddulph's.

It was at this period that I contracted the habit of putting back the clock, or, more precisely speaking, of putting back the watch. Ye gods, how that ancient timepiece galloped! What a loud, raucous tick it had! It seemed to be perpetually engaged in a match with the flying hours, outdistancing them as easily as poor Great-uncle Peter, in his own meteoric career, outran the constable, to make use of a metaphor that had the sanction of our forefathers. The abstruse calculations I perforce worked out in order to ascertain the correct time of day resulted in the paternal decision that I showed a gratifying taste for the higher mathematics, which predilection must be encouraged at any cost. The cost in mere sordid cash, as subsequently demonstrated to the eminent dissatisfaction of all concerned, was emphatically my father's, for in the published list of successful candidates in the Mathematical Tripos of the university of which I was an undistinguished member my name was conspicuous by its absence. How is it that those days which should be the happiest of our youthful existence are so frequently embittered for us by the well-

meaning but misapplied dictates of our nearest and dearest relations? For my part, I still feel that primarily I owe my first overwhelming disappointment in life to Great-uncle Peter's strident-voiced chronometer.

I suppose, taking the facts of my own case for data, this insidious practice of putting back the clock must inevitably result in a deterioration of the faculties which make for self-aggrandisement and what is spoken of under the generic title of worldly success. One can hardly imagine a Richelieu, a Napoleon, or a Wellington—to take at haphazard the names of three men notable for the mark they left on the world's concerns—engaged in such a profitless occupation. Of course there were others who lived before the days of horological exactitude, or inexactitude, to whom this remark equally applies. The man of affairs must look forward rather than back; his attitude must be one of anticipation, not retrospection. The multi-millionaires of to-day—the gormandising Jack Horners of finance, who in their corners (of wheat, of oil, or what not) have a finger in every pie, and who swallow fat plums with a gluttonous avidity—live by forestalling time; anticipation is the very breath of their financial being. The contagion of acquisitiveness, the baleful bacillus of greed, has infected the whole wide world.

But as old age steals almost imperceptibly upon us, as the warning hands of the horologe of life creep slowly and inexorably round the face of the dial towards the hours of darkness and of night, then, regardless of the forward flight of time, our thoughts turn retrospectively to the half-forgotten past—we put the clock back. A curious anomaly this, hoary old age wandering at will through the misty meadows of childhood, where the shadows are beginning to close in so fast—shadows winged with the purpurate splendours of the departing day. Each day, as it declines in a welter of crimson and gold, shot with the ruddy flames of its own vast funeral-pyre, serves but to remind us that although our eyes may look upon the risen sun of to-morrow's dawn, its encarnined setting may find us homeless and outcast, night wanderers in the illimitable unknown. There are so many of the old familiar faces, long loved and lost awhile, that will greet us when we have trodden the dark valley (we say), taking comfort in the kindly thought; and yet, despite our faith, nature's firm grip is not so easily released:

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

So, half-impatiently, we turn aside from the inevitable while we may, and live once more in memories our faded, twilight lives. And if in the sombre hours of moonless nights we suddenly awaken from sleep to the grim reality that confronts us somewhere out there in the starlit

gloom, we find that the haunting doubts which beset us are after all only the fearful misgivings of a little child who gropes bewildered in the darkness—the Father's arms are about us, and the might of His surpassing love encompasseth us like a strong wall of defence. And the great 'horologe of eternity,' sonorous-voiced, which cannot err by so much as the fraction of a second, speaks on incessantly, 'For ever—never! Never—for ever!'

It might reasonably be supposed that when the Fates ordained that I must leave my native land for the shores of a sunnier clime I should once and for all renounce the bad habit of putting back the clock. 'Remember, it's ruination to the works,' to paraphrase my father's remark of long years ago. And of all countries, the new-born, vigorous island-continent which has taken me into the bosom of her adoption seems to my mind the one *par excellence* whose sons should look before them, not behind. Lot's wife looked back, and she became as the salt of the earth—though not in the generally accepted sense of the phrase. And yet I find that the nudging, stealthy, side-glancing practice stays by me still. From this pleasant homestead I can gaze out upon a cultivated, fertile valley, green now with young grain, and girdled by solemn hills, shaggy with primeval forest growths. Beyond the rushy brook that threads the vale, the smoke of a little township curls above the tree-tops. I put the clock of time back barely fifty years, and see

an almost infinitesimally small strip of clearing littered with a débris of smouldering tree-stumps. Near by stands a tent whose ragged canvas flaps and flutters in the breeze. A man is ploughing—a sunburnt, haggard man. His rude implement is the work of his own hands; clumsily yoked together, a horse and a bullock are the means of its propulsion. Another man lies in the shade of a big red-gum; one of his legs is roughly bandaged; a rifle rests across his knees. A week ago he was wounded in a treacherous attack by natives; the barbed spear-head is still embedded in his flesh. To-day he keeps watch and ward whilst his comrade toils, lest the wily enemy be lurking somewhere in the thick cover of the surrounding bush.

So much for this picture of the past. Had I the power or the inclination to put forward the hands of the clock of time, who knows what I might not see here in this lonely outpost, this integral part of Empire! What flourishing city, the centre of a wide, populous district entirely given over to the saving labour by which, in the sweat of his brow, man earns his daily bread—these broad wheat-fields of my vision, fast-whitening unto harvest 'lest street-bred people die?' And whatever the future may hold, whatever the past has wrought, the present calls aloud to the sons of the forerunners who dwell in the homeland beyond the seas: 'Come over and help us. Be fruitful; multiply exceedingly, and replenish the earth.'

THE GOLD TRAIN.

CHAPTER II.

'LOOK! Is not that old François?' I asked of Jeanne ere she closed the door. 'And he has no greatcoat on.'

'Well, that's his fault,' she answered, 'for he is very rich. Oh yes, he is,' she continued in a low voice as she saw my amazement. 'All the world except his *patron* knows that; but he keeps his money in Paris, at the Comptoir d'Escompte, and he goes there once a quarter to see it's all right. When he comes home it is as much as he can do to walk straight. Ah yes, he knows how to enjoy himself. But, monsieur, don't you say a word about it. If the *patron* knew François had money, instead of giving him six francs a week and any scraps he can get, he would only pay *le pauvre diable* three. As you know, he and I came from the same village in Normandy.'

Often, when I had watched the old soldier, in his old green baize apron that covered his ragged clothes, mechanically beeswaxing the *parquet*, I had felt sad as I thought of his future; I had pictured him in his old age dying like a dog in some hovel, or perchance in a huge hospital, only to finish up on the slate slab in the dis-

section-room, and I could hardly believe her words.

'But how did he get his money?'

'I cannot tell you that—perhaps he would tell you for some white wine; but I know he did very well in the Italian campaign. He brought his money home to his mother, and buried it as usual. Then the Mexican campaign arose. He, thinking he would do the same again, volunteered for it; but in a few months he came back such a wreck with fever that he left the service. But he was naturally very strong, and he quite recovered. We had in our village a very rich Jewish financier, who lived at the château; he and his wife were very good and kind to every one. François was a fine shot and very brave, and the financier made him his under-keeper. Madame had a maid named Jaqueline, of whom she was very fond, and who had been with her seven years. Jaqueline was very pretty, and, moreover, shrewd and clever, and François married her. It was quite a grand wedding, and monsieur and madame paid for everything, besides adding one thousand francs to her *dot*, which was already a good one, as she had saved up a great deal.

Of course François had told Jaqueline about his money.

'Now, monsieur, the financier was a friend of Monsieur Lesseps, and he had been to the Suez Canal when the Empress opened it. Jaqueline asked madame to ask her husband what to do with the money François had got, and he very kindly bought him some shares in the Suez Canal, at that time worth one thousand two hundred francs, for that was more than fifteen years ago. I don't suppose he has many, but I know that now they are worth more than two thousand four hundred francs. In 1868 one child was born, then another in 1869. In July 1870 the war broke out. François would have liked to join his regiment, but his wife was going to have another child. Whether it was the war or not, anyway, in August, when the baby was born she died, and the child too. As soon as war was declared the financier found that business took him to England, but both he and his wife were very good to François, and paid his wife's sister five hundred francs a year to take care of the two remaining boys till they were old enough to get their own living. Poor François was beside himself with grief at the loss of his wife; he did not care if he lived or died. Then it was that the Franks Tireurs first appeared, and François joined them, and he played the devil's own game with *Messieurs les Prussiens*. They said he one day shot a dozen of them dead, one after another. Of course I was only a girl at the time, and very likely this is an exaggeration; but you ask him, monsieur. But,' she added in a low voice, 'don't you tell him I told you he had any money.'

This of course I promised, and set off from the cottage intent on getting something from the old soldier, though he was so modest that I doubted if I should get much. As it was the strongest wine, the first thing I did was to buy a bottle of Sauterne, and also some cigarettes; and, thanks to these, after I had mentioned what Antoine's wife had told me about some wonderful guns and the feats he had performed with them, I soon got the facts out of him.

The old fellow's eyes shone with satisfaction. 'Ah,' he chuckled, 'that was a fine day's work. It is not altogether true, but I will tell you what she was alluding to. You must understand, monsieur, that my late good master—who, alas! lost his money or I should not be here—like many landowners, found the money to get up bands of Franks Tireurs. He had a very clever steward, named Borda, and he sent from England some very good guns and revolvers, and also a couple of American guns such as no one had ever seen before, for they were made on the revolver principle, and fired five shots one after another. Borda made himself captain, and I was his lieutenant. Altogether we had twenty men under us. Borda fell ill in November, and I became captain. Only he and I had those American

guns, and then I took his as well. I had under me a very daring young fellow named Louis, and he carried it for me. One day I knew there were Uhlans about, and I chose my own ground, in a field that rose steeply behind me with a wood at the top, and, for that matter, at the right also. There was a mill at the side of the road, which went across an island of some size; a stream flowed behind the miller's house and some cottages; another ran at the bottom of a field which slanted down from the road to it. During the winter the ground was a regular bog. I took up my position behind a low hedge at the side of this latter stream, which was about two hundred and fifty mètres from the cottages. I had waited some hours, and began to think that, after all, the Germans had taken some other route. "Attention!" whispered Louis, for a well-trained dog I had with me had pricked up his ears; and soon we saw a *peloton* of Uhlans coming along. There were about twenty-five of them, and they halted at the mill. The American guns were essentially sporting guns—a sort of *fusils de luxe*; they were wonderfully accurate, but the bullet was really too small for military purposes, and not a bit of use for stopping horses unless they were right upon you.

'The oncoming Uhlans were very close together. Raising my weapon, I fired deliberately at one after another. Taken completely by surprise, as they were, several of their horses darted off, and some men fell. Giving my gun to Louis to reload, I took the other. Seeing me, as they thought, alone, the Germans could not make it out. A young lieutenant rallied them in spite of my bullets which were whizzing round them, and, knowing nothing of the swampy ground before him, placed himself at their head, and came galloping toward me. They were going at such a pace down the slant that the foremost could not pull up till their horses were up to their fetlocks. Some were thrown, while others dismounted and ran back. It was the easiest thing for me to pick them off with such a gun; but as a matter of fact, so far as I know, only three were killed, while I certainly wounded a dozen. They took refuge in the mill.

'For a time Louis and I remained watching them. About a dozen must have formed up behind the mill, for suddenly they made a dash. I thought they were falling back to rejoin their main body; but after they were out of sight, they came back, crossed over the bridge, and, to my surprise, got into the field where I was. As for me, I was perfectly reckless, my blood was up, and I did not care what happened; but I was fond of Louis.

"Run, my lad," I shouted; "you have something to live for. But leave me that gun."

'I insisted, and he went. I had ten bullets, and there were not more than a dozen of these Uhlans. Besides, I had two American revolvers. I ran up the slope a little, and then kneeling

down, covered the foremost and fired. How I should have fared I cannot say, as the Germans suddenly pulled up. The reports of my gun had brought some of my own men. The Uhlans saw them, and that was enough. There was a crackling fire behind, and they turned and fled. I emptied the two guns into them; but I doubt at that range if I did much good. Besides, the light was getting bad; though there was plenty of light afterwards, for when they had placed their wounded in the miller's carts, they burned the mill and all the cottages. In fact, it was a second Abhis.*

The old fellow had finished the bottle by this time, and it was not till next day that I learnt how he got his money during the Italian campaign. But that is a long story by itself; and, moreover, before I left he had told me all about his financial affairs, though he had not the faintest idea that it was Jeanne who had first told me that he had got a son.

The violet season was now past. Still, I often went to the cottage, as the inmates interested me as types of the French peasantry; but as far as the old mother was concerned I was disappointed. I felt she could tell me so much, and yet she was so taciturn. I mentioned this fact to François.

'Ah, monsieur,' he said emphatically, holding up his first finger and speaking in a low voice, 'talk to her about the war, *les trains d'or*, and then, *mon Dieu*, you will see, *elle n'aura pas de bride*' (she will let herself go).

Later on the elder Madame Delahaye caught a bad cold. I told her I would get her a particular medicine in Paris, which I did, and I went to see how it had agreed with her. It had done wonders; she was altogether a different woman, and quite talkative, and I soon induced her to speak of the war. She spoke of her two sons with some feeling; she was proud of them, for they had died fighting bravely for their country. But of her husband's death she said little or nothing.

'Ah, monsieur, you can never realise what we went through during the siege. First of all the baby died, for we had no milk, and my daughter was half-starved—that was in October. We could get no wood, not even enough to make a tiny coffin; and we buried it in an oyster-basket. Then fever broke out, and the boy caught it; for the doctors were too busy to come, and he died too. Ah, it was awful, especially when the shells fell into Paris, on the *rive gauche*! One fell into a school and killed and wounded fourteen children. Thank God, however, their shells did not get as far as Montmartre; but I used to think of the Empress safe in England who had brought all these misfortunes upon us, and then

I said to myself, "Some get justice in heaven above, and some get it down below; but there is none here."

'And did you see the Uhlans,' I asked, 'ride down the Champs Elysées and stack their lances in the Place de la Concorde?'

'No, monsieur; I stopped at home that day. The shame of that was too horrible; I could not bring myself to go and see them. Apart from trampling on us when we were down, they took two provinces from us.'

'Ah yes,' I said, wishing to lead her on, 'and they took your money.'

Thanks to François's prompting, I knew this inquiry would wake up the old woman; but I was not prepared for what followed, for hitherto she had been speaking in a casual, monotonous tone. All at once her whole frame quivered and her keen bright eyes flashed with rage and anger.

'Ah, you are right,' she almost hissed, as she rose from her chair, clenching her skinny, claw-like hands. 'Those devils took our money; ay, and I tell you they took mine—I, who had sweated and toiled in a baking sun, and had shivered and coughed in the snow, to get it.'

She was so carried away at this bitter thought that for a few moments she could not speak. Then she calmed herself.

'Yes, monsieur, I saw those villains actually take it. After the siege I went into the suburbs, and lived near the little station where my son-in-law was made stationmaster. One might be came and said in a low voice, "Great things will happen to-morrow. Great precautions will be taken. It is a secret; no one will know; but the first train will start from Paris with forty million pounds in it."

'Every official, every *facteur*, went about telling every one in a mysterious tone the same great secret of Ponchonell. The result was there was not a man, woman, or child who did not know it. They crowded near the little station, which they were not allowed to enter, all gesticulating, cursing, and swearing. As for me, I would not go out. Besides, from my window I could see the line.

'I wanted to see *le train d'or*, and yet I did not. First I went into a back-room and said I would not; but something drew me back, and then I said I would, and I did. There were soldiers on the line and at the station and by the bridges. Not a train was run either way. All was perfectly still but for the telegraph bell, which tinkled continually. Then the crowd said, "Peh! peh! *Il vient*." But it did not come, and many went into the Hôtel de Chemin de Fer. Some fools laughed and even made jokes, and many went back into the cafés. Then an engine came along by itself. This brought the people out; and almost immediately afterwards, coming slowly round the curve, we saw the great black engine of the horrible train. There

* A village near Chartres, where some Bavarian Hussars were surprised and shot in cold blood by Mobiles and Franches Tirailleurs. For this the whole village was afterwards burned to the ground.

ere soldiers in the first and last carriages, I relieve; but the gold—yes, my gold—was in the ordinary gray luggage-wagons, with "eight men and forty horses" in them.'

'How many?' I asked.

'Oh, I cannot tell you. There was no laughter then; the sight of it seemed to make the crowd so mad, and they cursed and swore. As for me, I did not know for the time what I was about.

I leant out of the window and shook my fists and cried, "*Les voleurs; les cochons!*" Ah, mon Dieu, it was awful; it was a nightmare!'

'And did you see the other four trains?'

'*Ma foi! non.* That one was enough. I could not have borne it. Besides, I came back here to find only the blackened walls of my old

cottage standing, and I had enough to do to build this new one.'

Bismarck admitted that he erred in making the French pay an indemnity of only two hundred million sterling. He owned he had not imagined the depth of the peasants' stockings. Let there be no mistake about this: his successor will not make the same mistake. If ever the Uhlans ride down Piccadilly and stack their lances in Trafalgar Square, if ever the gold-trains start for Harwich with forty millions in each, there will be rather more than five of them. We may think ourselves lucky if there are only ten.

THE END.

A MOTOR TRIP THROUGH THE HEART OF CEYLON.

It was at midday early in February that we started out from the Hotel Suisse, so charmingly situated above Kandy Lake, hoping to reach Anuradhapura by evening, a distance of eighty-six miles.

Our car was a powerful one, and well fitted for the roads we had to traverse, which were terrible in places, and very narrow. To our Eurasian driver speed seemed the main object, especially when going through crowded villages, when he appeared to be possessed of a lust to kill. We avoided women and children by a hair's-breadth, only to run over an unfortunate dog or chicken a few yards farther on; and it required the longest protest finally to persuade him to drive at a reasonable pace.

The road as far as Dambulla, a distance of forty-five miles, is extremely beautiful and very picturesque, crowded as far as Matale with pedestrians and bullock-carts. Indeed, I was much surprised at the number of people we met on the road, and could well imagine their Cingalese and Tamil curses at the dust we left behind us.

After leaving Kandy, the first place of interest we came to was Katugastola. It is here that the elephants belonging to W. Dunnville Dissawa, a great Kandyan chief, come down for their daily bath in the Mahaweli-ganga. This is a sight that should not be missed. The animals seem to be gifted with an intelligence almost human, and will do anything within reason that their masters ask them. They are very fond of having their photograph taken. A beautiful view had from this point, looking across the water to the distant mountains.

Proceeding on our way through Wategama, with its cocoa estates, we come to Matale, about fifteen miles from Kandy. It is a prosperous little town, with a large bazaar, and is surrounded by cocoa and rubber plantations. The road now comes very steep in places, and the turns are often dangerous. Since leaving Kandy we have

descended a good many hundred feet, and the heat becomes more apparent, although the car is an open one, with the hood up to keep off the rays of the sun. The country is to a great extent paddy-field (rice-ground), intermixed with tea, cocoa, and rubber, and conspicuous everywhere is a tiny red flower, which I believe was introduced by a lady into her garden some little time ago, and has now spread over a very large portion of the country, so well suited is it to the soil and climate. The plant is becoming a great nuisance owing to its wandering habit.

At Dambulla we called a halt for tea, which we had at the rest-house, of which the reader will hear more later, as we were destined to spend a night there on our return journey. From Dambulla to Anuradhapura the aspect of the country changes; the long, dusty, red road becomes narrower, and is cut through the midst of the jungle in a straight line. The only houses we passed were those of large goat and buffalo farms. In many places we found the road covered with hundreds of goats, which, like the cattle, wander about as they please, and rarely seem to have any one to look after them. In Ceylon the buffalo in a wild state is only met with in out-of-the-way jungles and the thick grassy districts, where it affords very good sport. The tame animal is very useful in the paddy-fields, and is common all over the island. It is not a safe beast for the white man to interfere with, though the native can handle it with impunity. I am told that these animals have been known on several occasions to charge a motor-car, much to the detriment of the machine, and perhaps even more so to themselves; but we had no such experience, though their attitude was always threatening.

The jungle between Dambulla and Anuradhapura is very flat till within a few miles of the latter place. The trees are not particularly large, but the undergrowth is very thick. Every now

and then one comes upon a beautiful little lake glistening in the tropical sun, and this seems to add a freshness to everything. These lakes are shallow, and for the most part full of reeds, and are a great haunt of wildfowl. Except upon these sheets of water there is rather a strange absence of bird-life. We saw plenty of jungle fowl, and at rare intervals the coppersmith and golden oriole, and a good many parrots of the small green variety, which utter such a disturbing shriek. Birds of gorgeous colouring seem to be scarce in Ceylon. Rubber and tea plantations are to some extent responsible for this, owing to the clearance of timber necessary to make planting possible.

I was quite sorry when the day's journey came to an end, and Anuradhapura hove in sight. After passing the Brazen Palace on our left, an immense collection of sixteen hundred monoliths standing vertically out of the ground, we wended our way through the long bazaar, and found the rest-house situated in a small park at the far end of the town. Rest-house, I call it, but it has all the pretensions of an hotel, and is wonderfully comfortable, considering how far removed it is from European civilisation.

Even at seven o'clock in the evening the heat was stifling, and after a cool drink and then dinner we made a short expedition through the native bazaar. There we found little of interest, and no curios to tempt us; yet we invested in a few strings of native beads. Although we only paid a few cents a string for them, I believe this was about three times their proper price.

Having a busy day on the morrow, we turned in early, but did not get much sleep, as the native tom-toms kept up a continuous clanging till midnight; and, when they stopped, the wild animals in the jungle never ceased calling and howling till daybreak. Jackals were the chief offenders; they are very common in Ceylon, and hunt all night with a sustained yelping and barking. These creatures have been known to make nocturnal visits to the bedrooms on the ground-floor of the rest-house, and when discovered take refuge under the bed and refuse to move!

Next morning we were out by seven o'clock, with the idea of getting through as much sight-seeing as possible before the intense heat set in.

I shall not attempt to give a description of the archæology and the wonders of the buried cities of Ceylon, as the subject has already been fully treated by pens far abler than mine. Suffice it to say that a very pleasant morning was spent among the ruins and dagobas of King Dutugemunu, King Dewanampiya Tissa, and King Walagam Bahu. The most enjoyable half-hour was a visit to the high priest in the Ruwanweli Dagoba. Although I could not talk a word of his lingo, and our conversation was entirely by signs, we became great friends, and before parting he gave me a most refreshing drink from a king cocoa-nut, and presented me

with a small brass image of Buddha. In return I felt bound to give him five rupees toward the excavation work going on round the dagoba, for which he was duly grateful.

The morning ended with a visit to the monkeys and the sacred bo-tree. These monkeys have a royal time, and must consume many dozens of bananas *per diem*; they are not a bit shy, and will eat out of one's hand.

After tiffin and a long siesta, we motored to Minitale, about eight miles from Anuradhapura. From the nearest point one can get in a motor there is a long climb, first through jungle, and then up one thousand eight hundred and forty steps! At the summit is situated the Ambustola Dagoba. This is said to be the spot where Mahinda, the son of King Asoka, met King Dewanampiya Tissa, whom, after a lengthy conversation, he converted to Buddhism. This was followed by the conversion of his queen and large numbers of the people, so that in a short time Buddhism became the national religion of the country. By far the most interesting thing in Minitale, in fact more interesting than anything I had yet seen, was Mahinda's bed, about a quarter of a mile from the dagoba. It is simply a flat slab under a stone arch, but in a most dangerous and precipitous position. The stone itself is so freely covered with candle-grease that it is almost impossible to walk upon it without slipping. From here one gets perhaps the finest view of Ceylon, situated as one is a thousand feet up on the edge of a dizzy precipice. The beautiful jungle stretches away in the distance for scores of miles, as far as the eye can see, and here and there a hill covered with thick foliage rises up as if to break the monotony. Just below the cliff is a waterhole frequented nearly every morning and evening by wild elephants, leopards, and bears. Again I made great friends with the priest, perhaps with the hope of obtaining another Buddha. After he had accepted several of my cigarettes he conducted me round his treasures, but showed no signs of parting with any, so I had to go away unsatisfied.

Everywhere I was struck with the hospitality of the people. They always seem glad to see one. In their religion they are surprisingly devout. This in a way seems strange, and is highly creditable to them, for their priests are becoming a corrupt body of men. In many places they no longer cover their faces when passing a woman, as was the old custom. With few exceptions they will readily accept money. They are a dirty lot, and in no sense of the word leaders of men, and do not set a good example to the natives.

After again spending the night at Anuradhapura rest-house, we started at 8 a.m. for Trincomalee. The road traversed is very lonely, but in good condition, and takes one through some of the finest jungle scenery in Ceylon. Here the growth is thicker and the trees

larger. There are more signs of bird-life, and monkeys of various kinds leap from tree to tree. These animals had a great game, very amusing to themselves, but hardly so to people passing underneath. It was as follows: there had been a good deal of rain in the night, and the trees were soaking; these trees met overhead on each side of the road, and just as one passed underneath an enormous monkey would jump from one branch to another, and shake the trees in such a way as to send down a perfect shower-bath on the road below, thus soaking the unfortunate passer-by.

A few miles out of Trincomalee we joined the main road from Dambulla to Kandy. The approach is very striking. Thick scrub and undergrowth extend almost to the water's edge. There are many beautiful palms growing round the numerous bays and inlets and on the little islands. The place is not large, and its old-time glory is now past. No longer is it a British naval base, and Fort Frederick, empty and forsaken, is rapidly becoming a ruin. It was originally an old Dutch stronghold, and stands out boldly on a picturesque rocky promontory. Near by is the Swami Rock, the resort of hundreds of Hindu pilgrims every year. This is a particularly sacred spot.

From the top of the fort there is a beautiful view of the surrounding country and the outer harbour, a large bay several miles across, and very deep. The inner harbour is not so deep, and ships can anchor there. There are many small islands close in to the shore, called the Sober Islands. No spirituous liquor can be procured on them.

After a short excursion into the native part of the town, where I saw little of interest, we returned to the rest-house, and were greeted by its owner, Tamby, who is one of the best-known characters in the island. He has a fund of recollections of Trincomalee and its inhabitants. His visitors' book is very interesting, possessing, as it does, the names of many great admirals and distinguished men, both civil and military. I shall never forget the tiffin this grand old gentleman placed before us. It was a marvel, including turtle soup, gray mullet, turtle steaks, mango curry, and ending up with Cadbury's chocolates! The old fellow stood over you the whole time, and became greatly annoyed and perturbed if you did not have at least two helpings of every dish. Fortunately the rest of the day was to be spent motoring, so I did ample justice to all that was put before me.

The feast over, we went on to the veranda, to

find the place surrounded by vendors of tortoises, shells, and sponges. They were all very keen on doing a little business, and were very jealous if we bought from one and not from another. The shells of Trincomalee are well known, and are not found elsewhere in Ceylon.

It being impossible to get back to Kandy that night, we decided to stop at Dambulla rest-house, sixty-eight miles from Trincomalee. The journey was without incident. We passed the beautiful Kanthalai tank, the home of the alligator, and on through alternate patches of jungle and open country. We stopped to pick up a large tortoise which was taking its evening walk, and we passed large herds of goats. One of these animals, as soon as it saw the car, took a violent fit in the middle of the road, and was promptly run over. The rest-house at Dambulla is a hot, dark, and uncomfortable building, with no conveniences of any sort. The food compared most unfavourably with that of Anuradhapura and Trincomalee. However, there we were, and there we had to make the best of it. Hitherto mosquitoes had been conspicuous only by their absence; at Dambulla they kept up a continual warfare during our short stay. The night was magnificent, with myriads of stars, and that curious, dreamy, never-ending hum of insect life which one hears nowhere else but in the East. At almost every house in the village little children were sitting repeating their lessons for next morning's school. We were cordially invited into one house, where a pretty song, accompanied by a tom-tom, was sung to us by a native musician. The song was said to be an ode to some Cingalese king of bygone ages, and was a very popular one.

I got up at six o'clock next morning, feeling rather unrefreshed after a night of mosquito-hunting, and went with my friend up to the rock temple, situated on an enormous boulder one thousand feet above the village. This rock temple was built by King Walagam Bahu about 110 B.C., and was used by him as a refuge when his kingdom was occupied by Malabar invaders. There are five different compartments, all containing numerous paintings and figures of the Buddha. The large recumbent Buddha is a beautiful piece of work. The priests in possession of this temple appeared to me to be the most loathsome, unwashed blackguards, cringing and money-grubbing. I was glad to see the last of them, and after breakfast at the rest-house we had a delightful drive back to Kandy. Thus came to an end a most enjoyable and interesting expedition.



A DEAL IN PIGS.

By MARY FARRAR.

FARMER THORNDYKE leaned over the fence of the pig-sty and rubbed his hands slowly and reflectively. 'Yes, ma'am,' he admitted at last, with grudging praise, 'it's a very fair litter you've got there. But prices are down all round just now, an' you mustn't expect to get what they might be worth in good times.'

'That's a pity,' replied Mrs Jenkins, proudly surveying her six plump, healthy little pigs; 'for, though I says it myself, I'm sure I've never set eyes on a finer lot.'

'Well, now,' said Farmer Thorndyke, shaking his head with a depreciating air, 'I wouldn't go so far as that; but I will say as maybe I've seen worse. An' what might you be asking apiece for 'em, ma'am?' he inquired, casting a sharp side-glance at Mrs Jenkins from a pair of half-closed, crafty eyes, and scratching the back of the nearest pigling with his whip in pretended carelessness.

Martha Jenkins hesitated for a moment. She knew her visitor's reputation as a hard man at a bargain, and yet she was most anxious to effect a sale. Since her husband's death nearly a year ago she had striven to keep her little cottage home together and support herself and two small children by means of her pigs and poultry, and the occasional sale of a little garden produce to a few kindly neighbours who were glad to assist the young widow in any way they could. In spite of every effort she had found it difficult to make ends meet, and during the last month or two her pretty face had lost its colour and grown pinched and careworn, while her soft dark hair showed streaks of premature gray. But whatever she lacked herself, it was evident that her children had never yet felt the touch of want, for the bonny rosy-cheeked boy who clutched his mother's skirts and peeped roguishly at the farmer from their safe shelter was a picture of sturdy health and happiness.

The widow had done very badly of late with her poultry, and had hoped that the money she received for the litter of pigs would pay the rent that was owing and tide her over the winter until her vegetables and fowls would be bringing something in again. So, whether market prices were up or down, she knew she must sell the piglings for what she could get with as little delay as possible, and Mr Thorndyke appeared at present to be her likeliest bidder.

The shrewd farmer, for all his slow speech and lumbering gait, was perfectly aware of her predicament, and expected in consequence to drive a good bargain. No consideration for the widow and the fatherless children embarrassed his calculations, and his only doubt was how far he could beat her down if he stuck out long enough.

'Well,' answered Martha at length, 'I don't

want to ask too much, sir; but it's the best litter I've heard tell of anywhere about, and they're in the pink of condition. I'll take fifteen shillings apiece, and they're worth every penny of it.'

'Then you'll never sell 'em,' said Mr Thorndyke with a loud laugh of derision. 'Why, that's double market price as things are going just now. It may be a fair litter; but, after all, pigs is worth only what they'll fetch, ma'am. It's no wonder you find it hard to get on if you ask such fancy prices. You women never understand business. It takes a man to buy an' sell things reasonable.'

Mrs Jenkins flushed and bit her lip to keep back the angry words with which she longed to resent his contemptuous manner. Beggars must not be choosers, and she must come down in price rather than lose her customer.

'Then, of course,' she replied quietly, 'as you are a man, I may be sure of fair dealing from you. If you say fifteen shillings is too much I'll take your word for it, for a gentleman like you would never try to cheat a defenceless widow with two little fatherless bairns to keep. I know the pigs ought to fetch more if times were good; but I'll take twelve shillings if—if you can let me have the money soon.'

For an instant it was the farmer's turn to hesitate, while a feeling akin to shame came over him. But it was only transitory, for his lifelong habit of driving hard bargains overmastered him, and the temptation to take advantage of the widow's inexperience was greater than he could resist. 'Now that's a bit more likely,' he said, with an approving nod and what was intended for an ingratiating smile; 'but you're still too high, missis. If you want to call it a deal you must say ten shillings a head, an' I only say that to oblige you. You can have the cash this minute if you'll only speak the word, ma'am, an' as I've got my hoes an' trap waiting I can take the pigs away with me at once. Come now, is it settled? I can't stop all day.'

'Oh dear! I couldn't let them go at ten shillings,' said Mrs Jenkins in dismay, her pleasant vision of the nice little sum her piglings were to earn gradually vanishing into thin air. 'I couldn't afford it, Mr Thorndyke; indeed I couldn't.'

'Well, then, I'll have to be off,' said the farmer, though not offering to move from the fence. 'I reckon you ought to know your own business best; an' if there's any one as'll give you twelve shillings or fifteen, of course it'd be foolish of you to take my ten. But that there's my price, ma'am, an' I can't go beyond it.'

Martha Jenkins was on the verge of perplexed and anxious tears. She felt that her simple wis-

were no match for the farmer's cunning, yet she knew instinctively that he was trying to get the better of her. If only, she thought longingly, Joe Bilberry had been there to advise her, she would have felt secure from any attempt at fraud. Joe's little hillside farm at the opposite end of the village was not to be compared with Mr Thorndyke's rich acres; but he was a true and honest-hearted man, who would have stood by her and befriended her, both for her dead husband's sake and her own. But of course it was useless to go on wishing for Joe when he wasn't there, and she must decide as well as she could for herself. It seemed to her the wisest plan to try to get rid of her visitor, sending him away hopeful, while she gained a little time to think the matter over.

'Couldn't you give me a bit of time to think about it?' she asked timidly. 'There's no such hurry as all that, is there? I'd just like to turn it over in my mind for a day or two.'

'Take as long as you please,' responded the farmer, secretly convinced that he had already won his point, and that it would be his own fault if he failed to buy the litter dirt cheap, perhaps for even less than ten shillings apiece. 'You'll come round to my price in the end, you'll see. I only want to act fair by you; but there was a drop all round last week, an' ten shillings is a handsome offer. I wouldn't say as much to any one but you,' he went on, leering at the widow in a would-be fascinating manner; 'but there, missis, I shall be quite satisfied if you'll just throw in a kiss for luck.' He advanced clumsily in Martha's direction, and succeeded in getting one arm round her trim waist. But she quickly released herself and beat a hasty retreat toward her kitchen door, her little boy uttering a terrified shriek at the sight of his mother's evident alarm.

'That you don't,' she cried as soon as she had reached the shelter of the cottage porch; 'and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for trying to take advantage of them that's poor and has no one to look after them. There's neither pigs nor kisses for you here, Mr Thorndyke, and so I'll wish you good-morning.'

'Take it easy, missis,' pleaded the farmer, considerably discomfited, and speaking through the crack of the door just before it closed in his face. 'I meant no harm at all, an' we'll leave the kiss out if you're so mighty particular. But I like a woman with spirit, I do, an' I'll call round again in a few days to see if we can't come to terms. Mine's a good price, an' I reckon you'll not get a better, so I'd advise you to take it while you've got the chance.' He turned on his heel and drove off, congratulating himself on having accomplished a rare stroke of business, and regarding the litter of pigs as practically his property if he chose to stick to his munificent offer. As for the kiss, why, she had only made all that fuss and to-do for a bit of show, he

thought, for he could scarcely believe that a fine young woman could be seriously offended at such a compliment to her good looks.

Meanwhile Martha was left with feelings not far removed from actual despair. She was divided between indignation at the farmer's attempted salute, and anxiety lest she had sent him finally away and might be unable to sell her piglings after all, for no one else had as yet shown any strong desire to possess them. Reluctant as she was to dispose of them at the price she had been offered, she realised that even that would be better than nothing. She had almost determined to eat humble-pie, and send a message after Farmer Thorndyke before he had time to change his mind, when a knock at the door roused her from her painful reflections. On opening it she was surprised and delighted to see Joe Bilberry, the very friend for whose kindly counsel she had secretly longed. Joe had been her childish sweetheart in bygone school-days, before she laughed at his dull ways and gave him the cold shoulder for handsome Tom Jenkins. Since her husband's death he had not once crossed her threshold, and Martha did not dare to look into her own heart and ask herself why his apparent defection had so sorely grieved her.

'I've heard, Martha,' he began, smiling awkwardly, 'that you have got a fine litter o' pigs to sell, and I've been wonderin' if we couldn't come to terms. I'm just wantin' some young uns to fatten. Would it be troublin' you too much to let me have a sight o' them now; leastways, o' course, I mean if you haven't got a customer for them already?'

Martha slipped on her lilac print hood again, unaccountably comforted by a single glance at Joe's plain, honest face, and led the way down her little garden, hiding her reddened eyes as much as possible from her new visitor's scrutiny. After a careful and business-like inspection of the litter, Joe Bilberry announced that he would be glad to give a pound each for the six piglings.

Before he could say more Martha had stopped him with an astonished cry. 'Why, Joe, Farmer Thorndyke's just been here and offered me ten shillings apiece, and he said *that* was too much, as prices were down very low.'

'You didn't take it, I hope?' said Joe anxiously. 'What a wicked shame to try to cheat you like that; for it would be cheating, and no mistake! Prices have been better lately than they've been for months.'

'Oh Joe, I wouldn't have believed a man could be so mean, and him with all his fine talk about women not understanding things! But are you certain? Isn't your price too high? I hadn't expected at the most to get more than fifteen shillings apiece. But I won't take charity from you, Joe,' she added, looking up at him in quick alarm; 'it hasn't come to that yet. I'll take naught but a fair price, and glad to get it, if you're really quite sure they're worth it.'

'I wouldn't insult you, Martha, by offering anything that wasn't fair,' he replied eagerly. 'They'd very likely fetch more at market, but that's all I can afford. We're old friends, lass, and you can trust me to tell you what's right, can't you? I don't want to hurry you, but if you'll let me have them I'll send for them to-night, and you can have the money at once. Folks sometimes find it convenient-like to—have a bit o' ready-money in the house,' he stammered, growing hot and red in his endeavour to put the matter delicately. 'Now what do you say, Martha? Is it a bargain?'

'Yes, Joe; and thank you kindly for coming just in time. You've saved me from letting Farmer Thorndyke have them for half the price. I ought not to mind an old friend like you knowing that I did want the money very badly. It's been a terrible pinch of late to make ends meet.'

Joe listened with tender sympathy while she told him of some of her struggles and shifts to keep her humble home together, ending with the recent interview with Farmer Thorndyke and his attempt to seal his bargain with a kiss.

The expression on the young fellow's face as he heard of this concluding episode augured ill for the farmer if he met with him on his way home.

'You should have told me about this before,' he said reproachfully. 'I'd no idea things were going so hard with you; and you might have known how glad I'd have been to give you a bit o' help. As for that Thorndyke, I should just like to give him a piece o' my mind I can tell you. I'll pay him out in some way; you see if I don't. I've got a plan in my head now, if I can only work it out all right. But, anyhow, Martha, you've no call to be afraid o' his insults any more if—you'll do as I want you to.'

He came to a sudden embarrassed pause, and she looked up with innocent wonder into his eyes, and then flushed with swift comprehension.

'You know what I mean, don't you?' Joe stumbled on, breathing heavily in the strong effort to express his feelings. 'I've wanted to ask you to have me this ever so long, but I thought it wasn't fair and square not to wait the year out. I'm all alone at the farm up yonder, and it wants a woman to look after things. It's not much o' a place yet, but it's payin' rare and well, and with you to help me, Martha lass, we shall be the happiest couple in Yorkshire. The bairns are fond o' me already, and I reckon they'd soon learn to like me for a father. Couldn't you learn to care for me a bit too?'

'Oh, I couldn't, Joe—at least, I mean I *could*, because I *do*,' cried Martha, putting her hands in his with a little happy sob.

It was an extremely incoherent answer; but it seemed to be entirely satisfactory to Joe Bilberry, for he gently drew the tired, careworn woman into his arms. 'There,' he said, with a confident,

protecting smile, 'you're safe now, lass; and neither Farmer Thorndyke nor anybody else will dare to cheat or worry you again.'

During the next few days, wherever Mr Thorndyke's business took him, he constantly heard rumours of a litter of pigs for immediate sale at Joe Bilberry's little farmstead—'the finest litter,' so his informants told him, 'in all the countryside.' By a strange coincidence, nearly every one he met seemed to be talking of the wonderful bargain to be made out of Bilberry's pigs, and it was not long before the bargain-loving farmer was duly impressed by the story. He felt that he really could not allow such an exceptional litter to become the property of any one else, and he determined to be the lucky purchaser, to spite Mrs Jenkins, if for no other reason. 'It'll just about serve Martha Jenkins right,' he thought, with angry memories of the reception his tender advances had received. 'I'll buy Bilberry's pigs at once, no matter what price he asks; an' then I'll drive past her cottage with them, an' let her see that she's not the only one with fine pigs to sell. If she treats me different an' comes down to a nice low figure, I don't know but what I might perhaps take hers as well just out of kindness; but she'll have to mind her manners this time.'

He soon found time to drive to Joe's little farm, but it was not so easy as he had expected to arrange the deal in pigs. By skilful references to other customers Joe gradually raised the amount, until in the end Mr Thorndyke agreed to pay a stiff price for the litter. Even then he thought he was making a good bargain, and cheerfully planked down thirty shillings for each of the prime young piglings, congratulating himself that they were certainly much finer animals than those he had seen a few days earlier in Martha Jenkins's sty. He packed his precious purchase carefully at the back of his roomy cart, and drove home in triumph through the village, pausing at the front gate of the widow's tiny cottage. Martha was bending over some flowers in her little garden-plot, and looked up in surprise when the wheels stopped.

'Hi, missis!' the farmer called arrogantly. 'I've got something here to show you. I'm not so sure that I can do with that litter of yours now, because I've just bought one that's a deal finer. Have you come down to my price yet?'

'No,' she answered; 'I don't need to, because I've sold them already for more than I ever expected to get;' and her eyes twinkled merrily as she approached the cart and observed its contents.

'Sold them!' shouted Mr Thorndyke, a most uncomfortable suspicion stealing into his mind. 'Why, I was here only two or three days ago. Who can have bought them in this time? I lay he's got a bad bargain, whoever he is, if he's given you more than I offered; they were a poor litter, not to be named alongside o' this.'

'Well, that's very strange,' remarked Mrs Jenkins quietly, 'seeing as how it's my pigs you've got in your cart there.'

'Yours? Nonsense! How can they be? What do you mean? I've just bought these pigs from Joe Bilberry up at the hill-farm. They're fatter an' finer in every way than yours.'

'Ah, that explains it,' said Martha, 'because I sold them to Mr Bilberry the very day you called, and even a few days at that age makes a difference when they're well fed. I'd know my own piglings anywhere, but I expect you were that eager to make a bargain that you didn't take much notice. Folks that's so anxious to get the best of others sometimes get the worst of it, you see, after all.'

'Well, I'm—I'm danged!' spluttered the farmer, red with mortification. 'To think that I've gone an' paid thirty shillings apiece for pigs that I could have had for less than half!' He mopped his heated face with his handkerchief while he tried to pull himself together and cover his retreat. 'You've clean done me this time, missis,' he said, with a hoarse laugh at his own expense, 'an' I don't say but what I may have deserved it a bit; but if you'll try to keep it quiet you shall name your own price for your next litter, an' however high it is I'll promise not to beat you down. My! I reckon nobody would have dreamt I'd ever be taken in so easy. Gee-up!'

As he drove away Martha almost pitied him, and felt that her wrongs had been amply avenged.

Later in the day Joe Bilberry poured a little heap of bright sovereigns upon her kitchen table,

and gleefully described his interview with the avaricious farmer. 'It was just child's-play to take him in, Martha. I'd only got to set the tale about that I had a fine litter to sell, and he was that eager to crow over you that he overreached himself. He scarce looked at the pigs after the first glance; but out comes his purse and he lays down the cash at once, for fear somebody else should get hold o' them.'

'But I can't possibly take all this,' protested Martha. 'At the most I could only take the six pounds you offered me; the rest is yours, your fair profit on the sale;' and she pushed some of the shining coins away.

'You'll have to take the lot,' said Joe commandingly. 'It's yours by rights, for I've just been acting as your agent. And, anyhow, what difference does it make? All I have will be yours soon, and the sooner the better, lass, as far as I'm concerned. I'd have spoken long before if I'd known about your troubles; but how could a fellow guess when you always looked so proud-like and independent?'

'I was so—so dreadfully afraid,' stammered Martha, 'that you'd know how poor I was, and maybe might ask me out of pity.'

'Then you did really *want* me to ask you?' he inquired, holding her at arm's-length and gazing at her blushes with delight.

'Yes, of course I did, Joe,' said Martha simply, raising her happy eyes to his, 'but—but only if you truly loved me.'

And the next moment, if Farmer Thorndyke had been present, he would have found that the bargain was sealed with a kiss after all.

THE PASSING OF THE LONG-BOW.

DID ENGLAND MAKE A MISTAKE?

By JOHN HENRY RAE.

THERE is perhaps no weapon with which so much romance is associated as the old English long-bow. Its gradual perfection in the hands of the English archer, its undisputed supremacy as a missile weapon for nearly two centuries, its decline and eventual abandonment by the country of which it had so long been the pride, form an episode in European military history as interesting as it is unique. But when the bow was superseded by the hand-gun, it fell never to rise again as a weapon of war in English hands; and for centuries all that has remained to us of the long-bow and the English archer is the glamour of a vanished type and the fading memory of fights long past.

The struggle between the bow and the hand-gun was a long and doubtful one. For a lengthened period the two weapons were found in the English army side by side. But toward the end of the sixteenth century the bow lost ground rapidly, and the last fight of any import-

ance in which it was used was the repulse of the Spanish Armada. There were many at the time, however (and there have been many since), who thought that the bow had not been beaten on its merits, and saw its disappearance as a military weapon with regret. A recent military writer maintains that the long-bow was the most deadly weapon of all time until the introduction of the modern rifle. In these circumstances it would not be uninteresting to endeavour to trace the causes which led to the disuse of the yew-stave, and to inquire whether England did not make a mistake in totally abandoning a weapon which had done her such splendid service in the past.

There is little doubt that the long-bow—as distinct from the short-bow used by the Normans at Hastings—originated in South Wales. From this district its use spread all over England. It was employed with success in some of the earlier battles against Scotland, notably at Falkirk (1298). At Bannockburn, however—the only

occasion on which the whole power of England was beaten by a numerically inferior force—the bow received a severe set back. The lesson was taken to heart, and tactics were adopted to prevent the dispersal of the archer force by a sudden attack of cavalry. At Halidon Hill (1333) the bow may be said to have regained its laurels; but it was in the French war under Edward the Third that the weapon really came to its own, and the palmy days of the English archer may be reckoned as extending roughly from Sluys (1340) and Crécy (1346) to Flodden Field (1513). During this period the soldiery of England were probably the most dreaded in Europe, and this was largely due to her almost invincible archers. It mattered little who the foe was—Spaniard, Frenchman, or hardy Scot—the result was almost always the same: given anything like equal odds, the defeat of a brave enemy by men equally brave and armed with a superior weapon.

The range of the long-bow in the hands of the Bowman of the time was four hundred yards for the heavy war-arrow and much farther for a lighter shaft. As regards accuracy, as late as 1557 Giovanni Michiel, the Venetian, writes: 'They draw the bow with such force and dexterity at the same time, that some are said to pierce corslets and body-armour; and there are few among them, even those who are moderately practised, who will not undertake at a convenient distance, either aiming point-blank or in the air (as they generally do, that the arrow may fly farther), to hit within an inch and a half of the mark.'

Many modern archers have doubted this range and accuracy, but the drastic training of the old English Bowman must be borne in mind. To the modern archer, archery is but a pastime, and is usually adopted by him as a grown man; but, as Creasy says, 'the education of the English archer began at an early age. The little boy had placed in his hands a little bow suited to his strength and stature; and as the lad grew into youth and manhood, so were the length and power increased until he could wield with ease and certainty "the mighty bow" which in those ages was the badge and sign of an English yeoman. . . . The old English archer was trained to his work while his limbs had the suppleness of boyhood, and the power then acquired of employing the whole strength of the body in the right manner, at the right moment, and in the right direction, was improved and increased every year, every month, and every week by constant and careful practice.' Auxiliary exercises were also employed, and a rigid and abnormal strength in the left arm was obtained by pitting boy against boy, each holding a staff at arm's-length in the left hand to see which could stand the strain the longer. All this led to a trained strength and steadiness which enabled the archer not only to draw the weighty bow but also to control the weapon. A man may

draw a bow as far as pulling back the cord goes, but may be very far from doing so with sufficient ease to give the arrow the proper 'loose'; and thus a strong pull may mean a weak and ineffective shot. Few modern archers can properly control a bow with a pull of sixty pounds; while what is almost the only remaining and representative specimen of the old long-bow—the Flodden bow—has a pull estimated at from eighty to ninety pounds.

The effect of the arrow-flight of a body of archers perhaps six or eight deep may be imagined. The old archer was an expert at 'dropping shots,' and thus rank after rank could shoot with effect over the heads or shoulders of the line in front. At the battle of Homildon Hill (1402) against the Scots, it is said that the English men-at-arms never drew sword, the fight being won by the archers alone. It was here that the Earl of Douglas (accounted in armour which had taken three years to make), with about eighty other lords and gentlemen in full panoply, charged the line of archers. But no armour could resist the shafts. The earl was wounded and captured, as were all his companions that were not slain. Armour, however, was gradually becoming more nearly arrow-proof, and the fifteenth century had not far advanced before the knight was absolutely locked in with plates, and from such a surface an arrow, however strongly shot, would have a tendency to glance if striking at all obliquely.

The long-bow was essentially an English weapon. Foreigners never took kindly to it; and even in Scotland and Ireland the bows were weaker and the archers less expert than in the sister country. The long-bow was represented on the Continent by the cross-bow; and when the hand-gun (or arquebuss) made its appearance toward the second half of the fifteenth century, it was readily adopted in preference to the less powerful and almost equally cumbersome weapon. In England, however, the arquebuss made ground but slowly, and the bow seems to have continued to be the favourite weapon for the first half of the sixteenth century. About this period the real cause of the displacing of the long-bow began to make itself felt. It is evident that a steadily increasing difficulty was found in inducing the archer to undergo the constant and severe training from childhood up by which alone the bow could be shown to be the deadly weapon it was. It is impossible to force the inclinations of a free people, and the regular forces of the time were but an armed handful round the throne. Statute after statute was passed striving to enforce the old training, only to be but loosely observed or evaded altogether. It is probable that it was this that really led to the downfall of the bow. For the rivalry between the hand-gun and the long-bow soon ceased to be the rivalry between the arquebuser and the Bowman of old, but rather an ever-

increasing appearance of superiority in the firearm as compared with a better weapon in the hands of a decadent archery.

Many and keen were the arguments for and against the bow. It was maintained that as the use of the weapon depended so much on bodily strength, an archer weakened by the hardships of a campaign could not draw it with effect; also that an archer force could be surprised at dawn and easily defeated before the Bowman could supply his numbed limbs sufficiently to discharge his shaft. Over and above, the arrow from the strongest bow would not penetrate armour when striking at an angle as readily as would the bullet from the hand-gun. The friends of the bow retorted that the archer could discharge four shots for every one from the clumsy arquebuss, that archers could be massed eight-deep and yet every shaft would tell, that the marksmanship of the archer was far superior, and also that the archer had no cloud of smoke at once to betray his position and obscure his aim. With regard to the first objection to the bow quoted above, we may recall that Agincourt was won by an army which had lost half its numbers by the ravages of dysentery; and in respect to the second, it must be remembered that the archer carried, in addition to his bow, a sword, a short battle-axe, or a 'brown-bill,' the last-named a particularly murderous weapon at close quarters.

It would appear, in the light of subsequent experience, that the hand-gun had one permanent advantage in that the weapon could be discharged with much less physical exertion than the bow could be drawn. It had also the temporary advantage of a somewhat greater power of penetrating armour than had the glancing arrow, even when the latter was shot by the strongest archer. This superiority was, however, soon to be lost, for the new strategy which demanded long marches and rapid movements by troops led to the almost total disappearance of armour. The hand-gun, even in an early form, had a somewhat longer range than the bow; thus we read that a horse could be stopped by a ball at five hundred to six hundred yards. But at this distance the marksmanship was deplorable; and, moreover, the general penetrating power of the arrow, which was much heavier than the bullet, appears to have been about the same at effective ranges, oblique shots at plate armour always excepted. Experiments made by Mr C. J. Longman in 1893 seemed to show that there was little in it as regards penetration between the old long-bow and the service musket of 1842; in other words, that the British soldier of early Victorian days was armed with a weapon of little or no greater penetrative power than that in use five hundred years before.

The bow appears to have had the permanent advantage over all such weapons as the arquebuss or musket of a much more rapid discharge and a greater accuracy of aim. Thus, while it would

certainly appear that, in expert hands and in the open, the bow was the superior weapon against unarmoured troops, yet by the irony of fate this superiority could never be proved by an actual test, for by the time armour was abandoned the bow itself in warfare was as dead as the dodo.

The heavier and more powerful musket displaced the arquebuss about 1570, and soon became the standard weapon for infantry. It was first used in conjunction with the pike, and subsequently with the bayonet. So long as musket was opposed to musket the defects of the weapon were probably overlooked. Marshal Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, however, declared that it took a man's weight in bullets to kill a man! This does not say much for the accuracy of the firearm when we remember the comparatively close quarters at which fighting took place. The shortcomings of the musket, indeed, had been foreshadowed in various fights in the Civil War, and still more significantly at Killiecrankie (1689); but in the famous 'Forty-five' they were shown to the full. At Prestonpans a body of Highlanders about two thousand five hundred strong, armed with claymores and targe, charged a nearly equal force of trained musketeers. Sir Walter Scott tells us that the regular infantry behaved well, and met the charging Highlanders with a well-delivered volley. They never had a chance to fire another. The volley, it is said, merely wounded fourteen men in the Highland line, and the rest swept on and drove the musket-men into utter and headlong rout. Contrast this with the encounter of the Highlanders who formed the Scottish right wing at Flodden with the Lancashire and Cheshire archers. Here the archers, advancing with the pikemen, utterly dispersed the clansmen—men who were armed almost identically with the victors of Prestonpans. There seems little doubt that if the Hanoverian forces at Prestonpans had consisted half of archers and half of musket and bayonet men, not a Highlander would have reached the line. Prince Charlie, instead of gaining a brilliant victory, would have met with a crushing defeat, and the 'Forty-five' would in all probability have been snuffed out as soon as it began. Falkirk was but a repetition of Prestonpans, the fire of the regulars being quite unable to keep the Highlanders out wherever the nature of the ground permitted the latter to charge the royal line. At Culloden the victory was won by the regulars over a starving force of little more than one-half of their own numbers, and of this force two-thirds only were engaged. Even then the Highlanders cleared the first line of muskets and bayonets, and were stopped only by the second line.

It is probable that the weak points of the firearm did not escape notice, for all through the reigns of the Stuart kings proposals to reintroduce the bow were made, but nothing practical was done. It was late in the day when no less a

personage than Benjamin Franklin in 1776 recommended to General Lee the revival of bows and arrows as good weapons 'not wisely laid aside.' The advice, however, was well-timed. What had been impracticable in the days of the yeoman army was a possibility with a standing army of professional soldiers—men who were paid a certain wage to do a certain drill. Moreover, years afterwards, Suwarrow, the Russian Napoleon, declared 'the bullet a fool, the bayonet a hero.' Imagine the Black Prince casting this slur on the arrow as compared with the pike!

Let us suppose the military authorities of what was then no longer England but Britain had thought it worth while to follow the advice of the American philosopher, and had set themselves methodically to revive the ancient archery. Let us imagine that eight thousand selected and sturdy lads had been recruited much as they are to-day for the navy, but at a still earlier age. Let us imagine the old books on the subject carefully studied, and the old system carefully taught. Great would have been the astonishment on the Continent at this sensational departure by the British; but there would have been method in their madness this time! It would be too much to anticipate that the first generation of boys, however well trained, would show, on arriving at manhood, the old skill. But what man has done man can do, and it would not be unreasonable to expect the second generation of archers to be of the old Crécy and Poitiers type. Their arrival at the full powers of manhood would agree with the closing stages of the Napoleonic wars. A few skirmishes toward the end of the Peninsular war would have enabled them to see something of actual warfare, and then let us suppose the archer force placed at the disposal of Wellington for the Waterloo campaign. The story of that famous battle would probably have had to be rewritten. One of its greatest features was the charges on the allied squares by the French cavalry. These squares were composed partly of British troops and partly of Omteida's and Kielmansegge's brigades. It is claimed by all French and admitted by a few British writers that some of the squares were broken. This may well be, as some of the non-British squares were observed to be in a nervous and shaky condition. Had the squares in question been stiffened by two ranks of bowmen behind the two front ranks of musket and bayonet men the result would probably have been different. As regards the Cuirassiers, the old order of Poitiers would have been given: 'Aim at the horses.' The mailed horsemen themselves could have been left to the musket-bullets, but few would have got near the squares. The effect of arrows on horses is well known, for the shaft, remaining and rankling in the wound, renders each animal so struck absolutely unmanageable. Against the unarmoured lancers, dragoons, and horse-grenadiers the rapid discharge of well-aimed

shafts would have told with terrible effect. There can be little doubt that if archers had been mingled with ordinary infantry in the doubtful squares, not a square would have been broken, and the repulse of the French cavalry, instead of being partial, would have been murderous and complete.

Or let it be supposed that Wellington had held a portion of his archers in reserve, and had brought them into action just at the moment when the Old Guard was making its famous advance. The splendid Frenchmen—for splendid they were—would have found themselves face to face with an anachronism, with a weapon new to them, but as old as the hills, and in capable hands the most deadly engine of destruction that unarmoured men had so far been called upon to face. It was the weapon before which their ancestors had quailed at Crécy, at Poitiers, and on many a field of bygone days as stern as Waterloo itself. It is said by a French writer that the Old Guard was met by a fire so tremendous that the troops who were supporting the famous column could not hear their own pieces go off in their hands; they seemed to be merely flashing in the pan. But still more dreadful would have been the almost silent sleet of death which would have poured on the crowded battalions from the British archer line. Utterly unprotected and massed in close column, they could but have fallen in slaughtered heaps. We are told that Wellington prayed for 'night or Blücher'; but it seems probable that if he had had eight thousand archers of the old type in his already composite army, the battle might have been won before night—and without Blücher.

The question in these days is, of course, purely an academic one. Whatever the relative merits of bow and musket, both are completely outclassed by the modern rifle. It would appear, however, that if England had retained, or revived, her long-bow as a weapon for but a portion of her army, her military history in some instances would have been strangely altered, pride in the archer would have mingled with pride in many a brilliant bayonet-charge, and up to comparatively recent times the nation in its moments of enthusiasm would have

Drunk all together to the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

CORSTOPTITUM.

AND Roman feet once trod those cobbles stons,
Passing along this street, beneath the shade
Of colonnaded porch. And Romans, too,
Gathered—the while the northern day would fade
Into black night—around the Forum here;
Or pressed around the cistern there to fill
Their Samian jars, against the next day's need,
Out of the very spout that lies there still.
All scattered fragments of a misty past,
All broken relics of a noble race
Which crumbled like thy walls, Corstoptitum.
Soft rest the dust upon this sacred place!

D. M. M. FRASER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

A THING that is not so easily done as it was once is to assert a striking independence of character and to gain a sort of appreciative recognition of originality of attitude to the world and peculiarity of temperament. These are days of standards and of standardisation. It is easier to make large quantities of a thing, and to make them quite good, when there is a standard mould in which to shape the plastic material, or when there are gauges and cutting-machines which will fashion a thousand pieces of something of precisely the same dimensions every way. Besides, such standardisation makes for a certain perfection, a smoothness of working, and a general efficiency; and efficiency is everything in this century. So standardisation is nearly everything also, and we find that there has been some of it among men, and that a tendency toward it increases. Are not people more alike than they used to be? That is partly because so many of them live precisely the same kind of life in the towns and big cities. They travel by the same tube railways, eat at the same restaurants at the same time and of the same food, read the same books and newspapers, take the same forms of recreation; and it is required of them that they shall do the same kind of work that others do, and to the same extent think in a similar way. For this is convenient. This world of the topmost speed is not then hindered in its movement. When one man dies or otherwise departs, another is dropped to his little slot, and it is as if nothing had happened. For such reasons, and because we are so materialistic and practical, the abnormal long men are not much encouraged, even though, when a man has quite made a success of himself, he is considered to be interesting. Consider the people who have been at the head of things for the last twenty years or so, the most prominent persons in different walks of life, and see how even these leaders are tending toward a standardisation of themselves, how similar they are, how very practical and suitable to their times they endeavour to be, how fine a regard they have for the latter-day conventions, and how they do not assert a striking originality, a peculiar personality. They do not desire to become impossible; they prefer to be uninteresting. Our statesmen are plain;

writers, poets, and artists are highly practical and sane; and even the modern sportsmen constantly restrain themselves. This is bad for future biographies, and I believe we are coming near to the end of those that will touch our fancy and make us realise the infinite possibilities of development of the human mind and temperament. The other night a number of men who know much of many things discussed round a table in the smoking-room of a club the rather broad and indefinite question as to who were the most interesting men of the last hundred years; but it was not so broad and indefinite as it seemed at the first thought, for to qualify them as being interesting we demanded of our subjects a certain success in the world, a measure of power and influence, a high form of intellect, wit, a strong independence of feeling, and fully expressed originality in character and act. Above all, we asked for fineness of temperament. Let us not say how many great men were turned down by this casual tribunal, harsh in its judgments and difficult to satisfy. It did not qualify a dead man that in his life he had done great work for the world. Cecil Rhodes was high in favour. Toward the end of the sitting the name of another item in the human pageant of that past time was mentioned in passing, and mentioned again. It was given consideration afterward, more of it; and, *mirabile dictu*, this tribunal, to its own surprise, came to elect this chance nomination to one of the few places that it had awarded to those who should be immortals. Prime Ministers, poets laureate, great painters of the Academy, bishops, engineers, financiers were left knocking at the door. But the tribunal felt that it had conscientiously asserted its own independence and done a good thing ere it rose and went off to bed.

* * *

By a curious coincidence, which was not anticipated at the time, some days later a biography, the first of an official or any other kind, of this man who had been put among the great was published, and I glanced through the preface. I saw that he who had been chosen was set down by one who knew him well to have been in politics a 'thoroughly disinterested man;' and be assured that such a kind is extremely rare. He

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sought neither office nor honour. He was French by descent, but he was brought up in England, educated at Eton and Cambridge, lived and worked in our country, and was one of us. Yet he was French in his method of forming opinions, in his outlook on life, and in his peculiarity of wit. He took a curiously detached view of English ideals which was at times disconcerting even to people who thought that they understood him. He held that ideals were only entitled to respect when they were translated into material currency. He would ask concerning some fervid prophet, 'How much £ s. d. does he believe in what he says?' You will perceive that he was a most inveterate cynic; indeed he was. He said to Mr Algar Labouchere Thorold, who was the writer of this preface and the intensely interesting book that follows it, referring in a whimsical way to a colleague, that 'the mere denial of the existence of God did not entitle a man's opinion to be taken without scrutiny on matters of greater importance.' As the comment goes, no 'mere' Englishman could have said that. He disliked injustice on rational and, as it were, æsthetic grounds. He had no passionate love of virtue, public or private; he thought it, on the whole, a sound investment; but then even sound investments sometimes go wrong. In his personal outlook on things he was as completely non-religious as a man could be. He was not anti-religious. He fully recognised the utility of religious belief in others, perhaps even in society at large, and 'he based this recognition not so much on the hardness of men's hearts as on the thickness of their heads.' Then it is remarked that he was constitutionally suspicious of strong feelings or enthusiasms of any kind. He used to say that all sensible people smoked in order to protect themselves against such disturbing factors. He was most sociable and courteous in his personal relations with others, retaining even in old age the fine manners of an earlier generation. He was immensely kind-hearted, and he would suffer fools, if not gladly, at least with politeness and equanimity. He had a passionate love for children. In general habit of mind he was a direct descendant of Voltaire; in character he was more like Fontenelle. 'He had Fontenelle's moral scepticism, his personal confidence in reason, qualified by his distrust of most people's reasoning powers, and his profound sense of the dangers of enthusiasm. People called him a cynic. . . . But he was a kind-hearted, even an affectionate cynic.' We know him as a politician; but his life was half-spent before he took up politics, and he did so then that he might find a means of self-expression, and they were really largely an amusement to him. Mr Thorold says that he loved watching the spectacle of life, and he came to find in the game of politics a sort of concentrated version of life as a whole. Then he had a certain half-childish love of mischief

which he was not always at pains to restrain, and which found in the intrigues of parties and groups abundant scope for exercise. He would say what all others dared not, though they thought it. He had an originality of mind which consisted in the complete absence of those conventional superstructures which imprison most of us, says Mr Thorold. Some one asked him once if he liked a certain lady. 'Oh yes, I like her well enough,' was the response; 'but I should not mind if she dropped down dead in front of me on the carpet.'

* * *

A remark in this preface suits well the position that we have advanced: 'We choose a possible type of humanity—Aristotle, or some other Greek, gave an exhaustive list of them—and see ourselves in the part we have selected. According to our imaginative power and our strength of will we succeed more or less in playing that part at least for social purposes. Years pass, and the mask grows to the face, as in the case of Mr Beerbohm's *Happy Hypocrite*, and our friends and acquaintances cease in time to distinguish between our pose and our character. But there are moments when the mask cracks, and close observers have their surprise.' But our man did anything but pose. Partly because of his pride, and partly because of his indolence, he was a terribly sincere person. If he had been willing to condescend to insincerity he would have been too lazy to keep up the fraud for long. So Mr Thorold is right when he says that 'a person who says neither more nor less than exactly what he means, and means exactly what he says, not because he thinks he ought to do so, or wishes to be understood as doing so, but because so, and not otherwise, his nature spontaneously expresses itself, is in our present social state almost unintelligible.' Upon this one recalls that an eminent and experienced politician, talking to friends the other evening, said that he did not believe that an average of one word in six or one sentiment in six that was uttered in either House of Parliament in these days came from the heart and soul of the speaker; and that a certain sort of half-sincerity was cultivated, leading to that being said which it was felt might possibly be good for others, even if it were not believed in by the speaker, and if not good for everybody was good for the party purpose and good for the speaker's prospects. It was the opinion of convenience that was thus uttered, that which it is good to say, and which fits in with the scheme of things, and not that which one's soul demands should be said. And then the biographer says of this interesting subject that whatever else he was or was not, everybody is agreed that he was the greatest English wit since Sheridan. Then, in truth, the tribunal must be overwhelmingly justified in selecting him as one of the most

interesting men of the last hundred years; indeed, should he not be placed before many others? 'His gently modulated voice had a good deal to do with his conversational success, and the bland, quiet manner with which the most startling remarks would be accompanied gave them weight, if not point. Still, even in cold print many of his sayings and appreciations will live as long as men laugh from intellectual motives. "I do not mind Mr Gladstone always having an ace up his sleeve; but I do object to his always saying that Providence put it there," was an observation drawn out gently one evening in the lobby of the House of Commons, and is a specimen of hundreds. He had no intention of being witty, but supposed his quips and paradoxes to represent the bare facts expressed with the greatest economy of language.' This surely was a man of the most supreme interest, and everybody will have recognised, though I have been stating the ingredients that they might be considered for their value without the prejudice of the name of the person who consisted of them, that he was the late Mr Henry Labouchere. Beyond doubt he is a subject of the dead past who improves with keeping and with considered acquaintance, as in such a splendid story as this one by Algar Labouchere Thorold, entitled *The Life of Henry Labouchere* (Constable & Co.). Many long years ago, in early days in London, I had the satisfaction of meeting Mr Labouchere, and coming to understand something of that peculiar fascination that he could exercise, the magnetism of his personality; to realise that he was an individual and not merely a standardised unit in a cosmos of modern arrangement.

* * *

No book of life is fuller of such good stories, and some of them may be picked out not merely because they are good, but because they will help to show the wondrous quickness of imagination, the intense individuality, of this man. He was no ordinary young person in his youngest days. He had a disposition to poke into life. One day in his Eton time he found his supply of pocket-money to be at high-water mark, and conceived the idea of being a man about town for an hour or two. Thereupon he dressed himself with scrupulous care, went forth, entered the best hotel in the place, engaged a private room, and in a lordly manner ordered a bowl of punch. The waiter stared, but he brought up the liquor and went away. Young Labouchere tried a sip of it, and found it to be exceedingly disagreeable to his taste. Consequently he poured the rest into the lower compartment of an antique sideboard, waiting a little to see whether it would run out on to the carpet. The drawer being watertight, it did not, and so, thus satisfied, he rang the bell and ordered the amazed waiter to bring him a second bowl of punch. When the servant had gone he poured this also

into the sideboard, and after the lapse of a suitable interval rang the bell for the bill, gave the waiter a handsome tip, and swaggered majestically out of the hotel, conscious that he had won the admiration and respect of the whole staff. When he was an undergraduate at Cambridge he took French leave to London once, and was then unexpectedly confronted one morning in the Strand by his father, who seemed very much annoyed to see him there when he imagined him to be occupied by his studies. But, as usual, he was keen-witted enough for the occasion. His father, on seeing him, had given him a cold greeting. The son, instantly resolved, returned it with a surprised stare. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said, 'I think you have made a mistake. I have not the honour of your acquaintance.' Was it possible, as this wise father might have thought, that he did not know his own son? Labouchere the younger pushed quickly by, and was lost in the crowd. Looking at his watch, he found that by running he could just catch a train for Cambridge. He did so, and there ensued that which he had foreseen. Mr Labouchere, senior, having finished the business he had in hand, took the next train for Cambridge, and on reaching the University he was ushered into his son's study, where he found him absorbed in work. He made no reference to the rencontre in the Strand, being now persuaded that it was an hallucination, and as such it might have reflected seriously upon himself.

* * *

The political side of a book such as this appeals less to people like ourselves who prefer to deal more in human nature than in politics; but then we must remember that Mr Labouchere treated politics just as a game, and as a light, fast game for volleys and cracks and a shout or two, and not as a heavy, ponderous study, with long faces to be worn and the most solemn severity of mien, as if Heaven were taking full notice of what was done, and preferred that the note of tragedy should be predominant. He was once discussing the Bradlaugh matter with his constituents at Northampton, and he gave them a description of his leave-taking with Mr Gladstone, then Prime Minister, thus: 'And, men of Northampton, that grand old man said to me, as he patted me on the shoulder, "Henry, my boy, bring him back! bring him back!"' 'Him,' in this case, was of course the member for Northampton, and it is clear the speaker was indulging freely in political license of a kind as free as the poetic. Nobody could imagine Mr Gladstone patting 'Labby' on the back and calling him 'Henry, my boy,' because these two people in temperament, ideas, and attitude to life were as far apart as the poles, and in a sense it was a triumph and enigma of Liberalism that they could both be in the same party, and honestly in it. Mr Gladstone did not like Mr Labouchere. At

another time he said of his 'revered leader,' as he once called him, 'I really believe that to get into power he would not only give up Ireland, but Mrs Gladstone and Herbert.' He would give a new form to the ace-up-the-sleeve story by saying that Mr Gladstone could not refrain from bringing that omnipotent card down his sleeve 'even when he had only to play fair to win the trick.' His comments on a host of other political and otherwise prominent personages are pungent, epigrammatic, and well remembered. 'I like Cecil Rhodes,' he said once. 'I like his porter and sandwiches. An entirely honest, heavy person.'

* * *

But what an extraordinary diversity of career! When he left Cambridge he did so under some suspicion of not having done quite the right thing at an examination—a suspicion against which he protested forcibly and with logic. He came to town, and lived over 'Evans's' in Covent Garden. He lost large sums of money by gambling here and in Germany and Mexico. A circus girl fascinated him, he fell in love with her, and he followed the circus. He was a newspaper proprietor, a theatrical manager, and the most intimate friend of the leading actors of that school and time of which Henry Irving was king. Irving, at a banquet, was once telling some tales of his career, and turned to his old friend with the remark, 'And to think, Labby, that I was once receiving five pounds a week from you!' To which there was the answer, 'Three pounds, Henry, my boy; only three.' His 'Letters of a Besieged Resident' from the beleaguered Paris in 1870-71 were wonderful things of their kind. The spirit of adventure moved him to live among American Indians, and he became much attached to the United States and the political and social institutions thereof. He was associated with the British Embassy at Washington, and from there he was sent to look after some Irish 'patriots' at Boston. But on this expedition an old passion asserted itself in a small way; he gambled away all the money he had, and it was lucky for him that at a restaurant he was mistaken for the 'patriot Meagher,' and because of this was given a good meal for nothing. Going on with diplomacy, he proceeded from Washington to Munich, and in turn to Stockholm, Frankfort, St Petersburg, Dresden, and Constantinople. Stories of these diplomatic days are delightful, they are so completely Laboucherian. It is related that during his year at St Petersburg he fell in love with the wife of one of the gentlemen about the Court. A tall, smart young Frenchman did the same

thing. At a Court function they were both standing near to the object of their admiration, and it seemed to Labouchere that the Frenchman was making marked advances in the lady's favour; but, as it happened, for some reason or another he was called away. In his eagerness to seize the opportunity and advance his own suit, Labouchere inadvertently tipped his cup of black coffee over the lady's magnificent yellow satin train. He was in despair; but, seeing that she had not yet noticed the tragedy, he slipped the cup and saucer into his tail-coat pocket, and then, with an air of commiseration, drew her attention to the ruined gown. 'Who did it?' she exclaimed furiously. Labouchere put his finger to his lips, at the same time looking significantly at the form of his rival, at that moment disappearing through the doorway. 'I know who did it,' he said, 'but wild horses would not induce me to tell you.' Of course the lady had followed the direction of his glance, and she exclaimed, 'That ruffian! I will never speak to him again as long as I live.' There is no definite information as to what happened afterward.

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The manner in which his diplomatic career came to an end is interesting. In the summer of 1864 he was at Baden-Baden enjoying the relaxation of a little gambling after his strenuous work in the service of his country. While there he received from Lord Russell, the Foreign Secretary, the usual stereotyped announcement of his promotion in the diplomatic service. He was to go as Second Secretary to Buenos Ayres. He is said to have replied as follows: 'I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's despatch, informing me of my promotion as Second Secretary to Her Majesty's Legation at Buenos Ayres. I beg to state that if residing at Baden-Baden I can fulfil those duties I shall be pleased to accept the appointment.' This was the second time he had played a joke on Lord Russell, and now he was politely told that there was no further need for his services. It was after this that his political life began. He was a joker to the very last. On the afternoon of the day before he died a spirit-lamp was overturned in his room. He had been dozing, but he opened his eyes at the sound of the little commotion caused by the accident and perceived the flare-up. 'Flames!' he murmured interrogatively. 'Not yet, I think.' Some people say that it was a tragedy that such a brilliant man should have accomplished hardly anything, that his life was wasted. But he did live.



FARMING AND CLIMATE IN MASHONALAND.

By E. B. BAKER, B.S.A. Police.

I AM interested in Rhodesian agriculture on the ground that farming must presumably form the original basis of the prosperity of any country, and is on that account a dignified and laudable mode of procuring a living. It is not, perhaps, an easy road to wealth. A moderate capital is, of course, essential. I think it is agreed that five hundred pounds is the lowest estimate of the sum required to start with, and one thousand pounds is not too much for any one having no previous experience of the methods employed in Rhodesia; but five hundred pounds should be sufficient for one who has acquired a knowledge of the conditions by working for a short period on an already established farm. The majority who try can at least secure a competence; some have even amassed a fair amount of wealth.

The British South Africa Company offers every inducement to intending settlers of the right sort, practical farmers who can use their opportunity to the advantage of themselves and the country. Land can be leased or bought on easy terms, and great concessions are available to *bona-fide* farmers for the importation of stock and implements.

The principal crop on every farm is maize (mealies). The country is suitable for its growth, and there is a ready market for all descriptions; though farmers are now concentrating their efforts more particularly on scientific cultivation from selected seed of the higher-class varieties. Concessionary rates for the freight of mealies are at present allowed on the Government railways; but in view of the large quantities still imported into Rhodesia, farmers are more likely to be interested in the rapidly increasing local demand. Prices are stimulated by the influx of settlers and the growing development of the mining industry. The whole question of seed selection and other points in connection with the growing of maize as well as other crops has been very ably dealt with by Mr G. M. Odium—himself a Rhodesian farmer of long standing and experience—in the *Rhodesian Opinion*.

For those having some knowledge of its culture, tobacco should prove remunerative. The demand at present appears to be for the higher grades of Virginia and Turkish leaf, both of which can be grown with excellent results on suitable soil. Such soil, I should say, will be found included, to a greater or less extent, in most areas selected for farming. On this question, too—involving as it does considerations of general policy with regard to the sale of tobacco—settlers would do well to consult Mr Odium's notes.

Experiments have been made both by Govern-

ment agents and by private agriculturists in the cultivation of wheat, cotton, coffee, fruits, and other produce. The results plainly indicate the eminent suitability of the climate and soil for almost every kind of crop, and in all probability only an organised and consistent supply need be established to render them profitable to the growers. Certain difficulties are, of course, presented in the packing and exportation of fruit. Green forage and lucerne are always saleable; and, in the neighbourhood of a mine particularly, pumpkins and ground-nuts are sure of finding a purchaser. Regular markets for the disposal of fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, and fowls are held either daily or twice a week in the towns. Oranges, bananas, and peaches are the fruits most commonly grown; but almost any kind can be raised without great difficulty.

In certain parts large numbers of sheep and goats are kept in thriving condition. The whole of the high plateau lying eastward from Salisbury to the border is the most suitable portion of Mashonaland for stock-raising and also for many forms of agriculture. The quality of the wool exported to Europe is said to be excellent. The fact that a well-known firm of ranchers engaged in the manufacture of meat-extract, and with large interests at stake, has recently acquired a considerable tract of land for stock-raising purposes speaks for itself. The native cattle are a small and hardy breed, the cows giving milk of rich quality, though in small quantity. Pigs should certainly be reared; they are cheaply fed with suitable leavings of farm-produce, and ham and bacon of a very high standard of excellence can be obtained. The establishment of central factories for dealing with the supply of pigs would be a measure beneficial alike to the farmer and the consumer. As with sheep and goats, so with pigs, the native stocks may be cheaply purchased at certain times in the year, and will be found hardy and obviously suited to the country. It is usual, however, to improve the strain by introducing a few higher-class animals, such as Angora or Persian rams and Yorkshire or Berkshire boars.

Dairy-farming is a not unprofitable branch of the industry. Eggs especially command high prices, as the supply is not equal to the demand. A good-laying strain of English birds will be found to give better results than the native fowls, as the latter are very prone to certain diseases. The native hens do, however, make excellent mothers.

One of the most important points for a newcomer to observe is the necessity of selecting a site on which to commence operations, having

due regard to certain recognised rules. After a preliminary study of the conditions, which he will be able to make while still working for his board and lodging on an established farm, the new-comer will be in a position to estimate the relative importance of the considerations presented to him in his selection—for example, size of the farm (the largest are three thousand morgen—about six thousand acres), distance from the railway, nature of the soil, position as regards townships, and the water available for all purposes, but more especially for irrigation. It is extremely likely that much of the discontent occasionally manifested by disappointed settlers is due more to their own negligence in taking up land without due regard to the factors essential for profitable development than to any misleading statements on the part of officials.

The intending immigrant would do well to understand that it was never claimed for Rhodesia that fortunes are to be acquired with ease and celerity in the farming industry with only a small capital at the start. The facts remain that many prosperous farmers commenced work with far less than five hundred pounds (the minimum suggested for the new-comer), and that here, as in other ventures, capital ensures substantial returns in proportion to its amount. Difficulties exist, and possible set-backs have to be reckoned with; but the administration has repeatedly proved its readiness to help settlers in dealing with several crises which have occurred in the short history of Rhodesia; and in what country, in this or any other continent, have not similar difficulties to be faced? Cattle sickness has caused serious loss; but rigorous measures for its suppression have been enforced, with decidedly encouraging results. So far as I am aware, the disease has now been stamped out.

Locusts have in past years seriously damaged the prospects of various crops; but so effective were the measures adopted by the Department of Agriculture of Southern Rhodesia in the year 1907, and since then carried out each spring if necessary, that the number of locusts has decreased enormously. The apparatus used is a spraying-pump of considerable force. Only the *voetgangers*—that is, the young locusts which have not acquired the use of their wings—can be effectively operated on. In the spring, when the first rains fall, the millions of eggs deposited in the sand hatch out, and the crawling swarm make for the nearest patch of young grass. Their direction having been noted, the grass towards which they are moving is sprayed with a weak solution of arsenite of soda, sweetened with a little sugar. The *voetgangers*, on coming to the sweet grass, feed greedily, and in a few hours are all dead. The Government lends the pumps and gives the necessary poison and sugar to as many farmers as care to protect their crops in this manner, and a supply is kept at each

police station, where some member of the corps is always in readiness to undertake the destruction of any swarm reported in the district. When the scheme was first inaugurated a few casualties occurred among farm stock, owing to the printed directions issued by the Agricultural Department being misunderstood or carelessly carried out. A few simple precautions will prevent the possibility of danger to stock feeding in the vicinity of a poisoned area. Such areas resume their normal condition about twenty-four hours after spraying, or sooner if rain has fallen. Precautionary measures are fully indicated in the Government instructions, issued free of application.

It will, I suppose, hardly be necessary to remind the prospective settler that in opening up virgin ground for farming he will have to arrange for the erection of suitable buildings. Before his future is assured he will find it sufficient to employ natives to build a house of poles and mud, with a thatched roof. Such a house, say fifty feet by eighteen feet, and divided into two or three rooms, could be built well enough to last for ten or twelve years, with occasional repairs. The cost would be perhaps twenty pounds or less, according to the time of year, district, and materials available. This form of dwelling is comfortable, and is naturally suggested by the climatic conditions. Similarly constructed huts to serve as kitchen, &c., can be added at a trifling expense. In time these huts will give place to more substantial buildings of brick with iron roofs. There is, of course, no reason why permanent buildings should not be erected when the farm is first occupied; no great outlay would be entailed, especially if the farmer makes his own bricks and has some knowledge of brick-laying.

It is advisable to lose no time in acquiring some proficiency in the local native dialect. Any one who has not the time or inclination to learn the Chizwina language will find that 'kitchen Kaffir'—an unlovely mixture of English, Dutch, Zulu, and scraps of dialect—will serve his need for all practical purposes. Natives from all parts can be quickly accustomed to its use. The Mazwina are essentially an agricultural race, and have no disinclination for farmwork; but the most careful supervision is needed to see that the work is carried out. The average native displays no remarkable intelligence in adapting himself to European methods, nor is he likely to injure himself by excessive industry.

As growing crops are liable to damage by baboons or wild pigs, some kind of fencing may be constructed if funds permit; but it is not generally a matter of urgent necessity. Where grazing-lands abut on the railway line it will be to the farmer's advantage to avail himself of a recent offer made by the Government, wherein the administration has signified its willingness to carry out extensive fencing plans, provided

the farmer does an equal amount on his side of the line. The cost of wire-fencing is relatively high.

Mashonaland is a remarkably well-watered country. Innumerable streams of fair size feed the larger rivers, and few agricultural holdings do not possess a stream running throughout the year. In any case, a dam should be constructed large enough for the storage of water sufficient for the acreage under cultivation. It cannot be too clearly insisted on that a proper system of irrigation is a most important factor in successful farming.

On the whole, the climate of Mashonaland is a temperate and healthy one. Roughly speaking, the high plateau, extending northwards from about the nineteenth parallel of south latitude, and east of thirty-one degrees east longitude, may be said to be perfectly suited to European settlers. The country falling away to the south and west is in some respects less salubrious, and exceptions to the general rule can be found in any part of the country. It is evidently to a great extent a matter of constitution whether a person maintains good health or not. Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia, stands about five thousand feet above sea-level, and the climate there and in the whole of the country indicated as being within the more healthy zone is little short of ideal, especially in the winter months—say April to September.

Certain rules should be observed with regard to habits and conduct generally. Moderation in eating and drinking is essential; the digestive organs are mainly responsible for the general state of health, and to be guided by the recognised principles in the way of food is the surest way of ensuring power to resist disease. It is a good plan to abstain from any form of alcoholic liquor during the hours when the sun is above the horizon. In many cases a little stimulant is beneficial after sundown, by assisting digestion and restoring vitality after long or fatiguing work. Sufficient exercise should be taken, but exposure to the sun in the hottest part of the day should be avoided if possible.

In selecting a site, in any part of the country, on which to build, one's choice is affected chiefly by considerations of health; and since it has been clearly demonstrated that freedom from mosquitoes is synonymous with immunity from malaria, it is plain that the settler must be guided by ascertained facts in regard to the habits of those insects. Malaria is, of course, the one common form of disease prevalent in Rhodesia. I have no intention of here plagiarising medical treatises on the subject of malaria. It is sufficient to remind any one who is interested in the matter that quinine is the one sure prophylactic, and practically the only antidote to malarial germs; and, further, to refer him to a short but valuable publication by an authority, *Malaria: its History, Prevention, and Cure*, by

Dr Andrew Fleming, C.M.G., Medical Director of the Chartered Company.

The rains begin to fall in most districts in October, the last and the first two months of each year being notable for heavy storms; but by the end of March the dry season has usually set in. The heat, especially in the lower parts of Mashonaland, is considerable during the summer months, but it is less noticeable on account of the cooling rains. In the winter the days are pleasantly warm, while the air is dry and bracing. Care should be taken at this time of year to avoid being chilled by a sudden fall in the temperature which often takes place about sundown. The early mornings in June and July are frequently extremely cold in comparison with the normal temperature in the daytime, and by contrast appear more severe than is actually the case. Standing water, if exposed during the night, will be found thinly coated with ice, and the first rains of the spring season are sometimes accompanied by hail. So far as I am aware, snow has not been recorded in the history of the country.

Only the lightest clothing is generally worn; but the careless habit of wearing at any time of year only thin cotton clothing while the body is exposed to the sun's rays is extremely unwise. It is essential that the spine as well as the head should be well protected. Some light flannel or woollen garment should be worn next the skin. Although cotton alone does not afford sufficient protection, light flannel answers the purpose. Khaki-coloured flannel shirts are both convenient and suitable when one is travelling or shooting in the veldt. In winter thicker clothing is needed, and for the reason given above it is advisable to assume some extra garment at sundown, even though no change in the temperature be perceptible. Leather leggings will be found almost a necessity when one is shooting; all clothing, in fact, should be proof against the sharp grass-seeds which are encountered in the veldt in autumn.

There are a number of hospitals in Mashonaland, one being established by the administration at most large centres. Others are under private management. Simple cases of malaria can be treated at home. Neglect of proper precautions in guarding against fever or in its treatment in its less malignant forms is apt to entail serious complications necessitating admission to hospital.

Although it has been said that the high veldt is healthier than the low-lying districts, much of the dry sandy veldt, situated fifteen hundred feet or more below Salisbury, is equally healthy for many people. Broad belts of this description enclosing the Mazoe, Sabi, Mniati, and other rivers are inhabited by Europeans without detriment to their health. Even the worst places, consisting of mixed granite and black soil, in low country, are found by some to be quite suitable for occupation. It is noticed that

a change of climate, such as is incurred by moving from the low veldt to the highest during the winter, has sometimes reacted on the health of any one who has long been accustomed to the warmer localities. Terrific thunderstorms are experienced during the wet season, particularly in November and December. Taking into consideration the violence of the storms and the impossibility of taking specific precautions against accidents, it is remarkable how few casualties due to lightning are recorded.

A few remarks on travelling may not be out of place here. The railway facilities are unusually convenient and extensive, considering that Rhodesia has only recently celebrated her twenty-first birthday. The railway runs direct from Capetown, *via* Bulawayo; the journey to Salisbury, a distance of sixteen hundred and sixty miles, occupying about four days. A dining-saloon is attached to passenger trains; and if bedding is not taken, it can be obtained at a small charge on board the train. No discomfort is entailed in such conditions, the arrangements being, in fact, thoroughly comfortable and up to date. From Beira, *via* Umtali, the journey takes thirty-six hours. The main line serves stations in the Hartley district, Gatooma, &c. on the south, and Rusape, Umtali, and others on the east. Lomagundi is reached by a branch-line from Salisbury; Abercorn and Mazoe are accessible by a similar off-shoot; and it is hoped that the Melsetter district will before long be linked up with Umtali.

At present carts carrying mails to several outlying stations take a few passengers, but the fares are comparatively high. Once established in the country, the settler finds a natural and suitable means of transport in his own wagon. Fitted with a tent stretched over the rear part, a wagon forms a very comfortable sleeping-place. When the party consists of men only the tent can be dispensed with. A large bucksail, such as is always carried, can be laid over the wagon and its contents, and will reach to the ground on all sides, thus affording full protection from wind or rain to those sleeping on the ground under the wagon. Care should be taken to dig trenches near the wagon, on the sides from which the ground slopes, to carry off the water if it is raining; it is a matter of a few minutes' work, and the traveller thereby obviates the

possibility of being aroused in the night by a stream of water creeping down his neck. Travelling on horseback is, to my mind, even more enjoyable than driving in a Cape-cart or a 'spider,' although either of the latter, with a team of six or eight mules, is generally preferred by those who can command the use of them.

When one is riding, a pack-animal will be taken to carry food and blankets, or carriers may be employed. If the latter are taken, the daily journey will not exceed twenty-five miles, and that rate of travelling can only be maintained if the carriers have half-loads, and then for not many successive days. The full load for a carrier is sixty pounds if the bulk is not too great. Loads of that weight can be carried for eighteen or twenty miles daily for a month or longer. Pack-mules carry about two hundred pounds, donkeys from fifty to eighty pounds, according to size, disposition, &c. Pack-saddles should be used, and the weight of the baggage should be carefully distributed on each side of, and not bearing directly on, the spine.

With a little practice, pack-animals soon learn to follow a rider without being led, and can be trusted to arrive at their destination not long after the leader; though a tempting patch of herbage may lure them to a temporary halt for refreshment. Needless to say, if the pack is insecurely fastened, the animals are likely, if not watched, to arrive minus your belongings.

On the main roads the larger rivers are provided with punts or boats attached to an overhead wire-cable, and worked by means of ropes by some one sitting in the boat. If the flood is heavy, a saving of time can be effected by unloading the wagons and conveying the goods across in the boat. Except in extreme cases, the draught-animals can pull the empty wagons, running or floating, through the drift, to be loaded again on the farther bank. Riding or pack animals should be off-saddled, and will swim behind the boat if held on a rein. If it is absolutely necessary for the rider to take to the water, he should swim on the up-stream side of the horse, and keep the animal's head against the current by pulling on the rein nearest to himself. Some rivers have overhead cages in place of boats. These are safer than they look; but, of course, they are useless so far as animals are concerned.

THE HYDRO-AEROPLANE.

By BREECH SCREW.

IN view of the great size and speed of the present-day hydro-aeroplane, how very difficult it is to believe that the forerunner of this type of aerial craft, the first successful waterplane, was constructed only three years ago! And yet such is the case.

In 1901 a machine was built by the late Ingenieur Wilhelm Kress, but it hardly fulfilled the true functions of a waterplane, as it was unable to leave the surface of the water owing to insufficient engine-power.

Nine years of research and experiment followed.

The work accomplished during all that time was marked by that singleness of purpose and indomitable perseverance which make failure impossible in any enterprise. For the labours of the investigators Archdeacon, Bleriot, Hargreaves, and many others whose names are landmarks in the annals of aviation were crowned with success when Henri Fabre, on 21st May 1910, in a small and lightly loaded machine, rose from the water and flew a distance of six hundred yards. How do the capabilities of that tiny machine, the joy of its maker, and its transient flight the culminating point of years of endeavour, compare with those of the waterplane of to-day?

Quite recently there appeared in the *Times* and in some of the aeronautical papers particulars of a waterplane lately constructed in France. This craft has been designed for the purpose of attacking airships and warships. On its trials its two motors developed two hundred horse-power, and its speed was sixty-two miles per hour. The weight of this vessel in flying order is four tons, and it can carry ten persons. Its scope of action is six hundred and twenty miles.

Broadly speaking, waterplanes may be divided into two types: first, the flying-boat; and, secondly, aeroplanes which use floats instead of wheels. The flying-boat, as its name implies, is to all intents and purposes a boat which carries above it the planes and engine. In the second type the disposition of the floats varies with the make of the machine. Some waterplanes have a central float with wing tip-floats for lateral balance, while others possess three main floats, two in front and one in rear.

The opinion of experts is that the flying-boat will eventually become as large as a torpedo-boat destroyer, and that the horse-power of its engines will run into thousands; and the day cannot be far away when, for pleasure purposes, the flying-boat will take the place of the steam-yacht and the motor-boat. Indeed, the congestion of traffic that prevails in most of our larger towns leads one to believe that, sooner or later, the aeroplane will be used as an everyday mode of conveyance. The aeroplane, owing to the span of its wings, can scarcely be termed a 'door to door' vehicle; but when roofs become flat, as they are all bound to do in the near future, then aerial craft will fly from roof to roof.

Reference has previously been made to the hydrovol in this *Journal*. This machine, which was designed by an officer of the Italian navy, possesses several original features. In case of accidents the occupants can leave the body of this waterplane and use the understructure as a raft. The wings, too, can be quickly cut away and a sail erected in the event of the machine becoming disabled in stormy weather.

The Monaco meeting for hydro-aeroplanes, which took place last April, clearly showed that, in spite of numerous mishaps to machines, the

waterplane possessed to a large extent the powers of ocean-going craft. A very interesting account of the first race for the Grand Prix was given in *Aeronautics*.

The weather was so bad on the day fixed for the race that the rules governing the contest were altered so as to allow pilots to raise their machines from the calm waters inside the harbour, instead of manipulating them on the open sea. A performance which calls for special praise was that of Moineau on a Breguet hydro-biplane, with a two hundred horse-power Canton-Unne engine.

After three or four competitors had left, the remainder were informed that no assistance could be given to machines damaged outside the harbour, as the sea was too rough for any class of vessel smaller than a destroyer. When Moineau started the wind was blowing at a velocity of over fifty miles per hour, and the waves were quite ten feet in height. Disdaining to make use of the altered conditions mentioned, Moineau drove his machine right into the terrific sea which was raging outside the breakwater. Sometimes his craft was almost lost sight of from the shore, at other times the whole of it was plainly visible, and it seemed certain that the machine would be overturned.

Gathering speed, however, the Breguet at length rose from the foam-covered surface, and flew off toward Beaulieu. The journey from that place to San Remo, a distance of twenty-two miles, was covered in eight minutes. Deeds like that of Moineau do more for the cause of aviation than pages of aeronautical literature.

The difficulties a pilot of waterplanes has to contend with in his endeavours to make skilful descents and ascents are not generally recognised. When the sea is calm and the pilot is flying above it, he can see a long way down into its depths, and it is not at all easy for him to judge within fifteen or twenty feet of the exact whereabouts of its surface; and unless he takes care to come down to the water on an even keel he is pretty certain to smash that float which reaches the surface first. When the sea is rough the task of the pilot is, if anything, more formidable, for he has to alight on a very uneven surface, and he may be out of his reckoning by as much as ten or twenty feet.

To raise his machine from the surface of smooth waters is a performance of which the trained airman makes light; but when the waves are high the machine has to follow their contour, and the pilot must needs handle his craft with consummate skill to make it rise from the sea in such critical circumstances.

The hydro-aeroplane is essentially a naval craft; almost every fleet has its complement of parent ships whose business it is to look after the waterplane, and to carry spare parts, repairing tools, &c. for that machine. Some of these ships are fitted with devices by means of which the waterplane can be launched from the vessel's

deck; others use a derrick and tackle for hoisting the machine out of the water and for lowering it. The American navy employs a launching arrangement fashioned on the lines of a catapult, with compressed air as the motive-power.

In maritime warfare of the future the water-plane will be used for reconnaissance work, for attacking hostile aerial craft, and for discovering the whereabouts of the unfriendly submarine. The last may not be its most important duty, but it is a task which the waterplane, and the waterplane alone, can successfully carry out.

During our war with America in 1812 an attempt was made by a diving-vessel of our opponents to destroy the *Ramillies*, a ship of seventy-four guns, commanded by Sir Thomas Hardy, which was blockading the port of New London. That attempt was termed 'a most atrocious proceeding,' and Sir Thomas adopted a very ingenious plan for preventing any further attack being made on his ship by this diving-vessel. He ordered one hundred American prisoners of war to be brought on board his ship,

and then notified their Government that in the event of the *Ramillies* being torpedoed those persons would share the fate of himself and his crew. The friends and relatives of the prisoners were so alarmed at the threats of Sir Thomas that public meetings were held, and petitions presented to the American Government to induce its executive to prohibit the use of the diving-vessel and its armament in future naval warfare.

Until a year or two ago the submarine had become such a pest that it was considered that narrow waters would be practically closed to the battleship and battle-cruiser in time of war. But the waterplane has now taken upon itself the part played by the hostages of Sir Thomas; it is the antidote to the submarine. It has been proved beyond a doubt that air-craft when flying at low or medium altitudes in the sky can see the undersea-boat when it is submerged.

The offensive action of the waterplane against the submarine is a problem which is still engaging the attention of aviators. Its successful solution cannot be far off.

A P O S T I L S.

By Lieutenant-Colonel JAMES T. JOHNSTON.

I AM often asked why, in these days of free and circulating libraries, I go on buying books. The reason is that I like to make marginal notes, and to mark passages that please me and which I wish to recall—two unpardonable offences in a borrowed volume. My collection of books, not worthy the name of 'library,' is no 'tan-house reeking of morocco leather,' like that of the wealthy bibliomaniac derisively described by La Bruyère; it is decidedly limited, since I do not care to possess any book that is 'no good for reading,' as D. G. Rossetti, when a lad, used to say of his father's learned tomes. Each of my volumes is a personal friend—in many cases, it must be confessed, shabbily clad (Lamb used to say that in some respects the better a book is the less it demands from binding); but its pages are to my mind considerably enriched by copious marginal references. My copy of the *Noctes* is, I must own, somewhat untidy, so scored and annotated are its pages with apostils and references to other authors who have treated the same subject more fully or in a different manner, thus affording additional information and amusement; a notion rendered in more figurative language by Vicesimus Knox when he wrote that 'the more numerous the ideas which a volume furnishes the more valuable it is to be considered, as that garden or orchard is the best which abounds in the greatest plenty and variety of fruits and flowers. Some of the fruits and flowers are indeed exotic; but if the flowers are beautiful, sweet-scented, and curious, and the fruit rich and high-flavoured, who can complain but the

peevish and discontented! You entered the garden in expectation of the common productions of this climate, and you are agreeably surprised with the magnolia and the pine-apple.'

Despite the Ettrick Shepherd's avowed hatred of 'a correct quotation,' there is one blot in these otherwise delightful symposia; and that is the carelessness displayed in this respect, and to a scholar it is a serious one. Boswell, in the Advertisement to the First Edition of his *Life of Johnson*, says that he has been extremely careful as to the exactness of his quotations, holding that there is a respect due to the public which should oblige every author to attend to this. My object, however, is not to find fault, but to furnish a few minutes' light reading to any that may have the leisure and inclination.

The prodigious suppers consumed in the blue parlour remind one of the old Roman excesses when Apicius, Vitellius (facetiously translated by the schoolboy 'Victual us'), and other *erudite gule* expended large fortunes on the indulgence of the inner man, and would appear to belie Christopher North's boast that he had never been hungry in his life; like a certain Lord Russell, who, according to Pope, would go out with his dogs every day solely to hunt for an appetite, and when asked one day by a beggar for something because he was almost famished with hunger, said he envied such a lucky dog too much to relieve him. It was, perhaps, with a view to throwing off the superfluities of these heavy meals that the members of this cotene would often recreate their minds by violent

exercise; for we find them one evening at leap-frog; on another steeplechasing on chairs around the room, like the great Samuel Clarke; and on another engaging in a jumping competition, like Cardinal Richelieu, who was once discovered vieing with his servant as to which should reach the highest point of a wall.

Though the *Noctes* abounds in samples of lengthy post-prandial eloquence after the bottle had circulated freely, an open avowal is made of positive dislike to long speeches. A certain tribe in South Africa, we have been told lately, boasts a delightful system of dealing with this nuisance. It appears that they have an unwritten law that every public orator must stand on only one leg when he is addressing an audience. As soon as he has to place the other leg on the ground his oratory is brought to a close. What could be simpler? And conceive the thunders of applause when a man was observed to be wobbling! At a recent public dinner in London, at the Hotel Cecil, another plan was adopted by the chairman, who, holding that the toast-list at City dinners is invariably too long and the speeches are too dull, had had everything he desired to say printed, and a copy handed to each guest; for example, after proposing the health of his predecessor in office, he intimated, 'For speech see page 8.' The Lord Mayor was the guest of the evening, but his speech was not included in those printed. However, on rising, he quieted all apprehension by announcing that he would 'play the game, and imitate the owl who sat on an oak:

The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
So let us be like that old bird.'

The time thus saved was devoted to a long and most enjoyable programme of music.

It has been truly said, I think by Admiral Sir C. Fitzgerald, that there are three things necessary for an after-dinner speech. The first is to be able to stand up, the second to be able to speak up, and the third (perhaps the most important) to be able to shut up.

From time to time appears a rhyming impression on some puzzling name. That on the famous diarist Pepys is too well known to bear repetition; but another on a well-known author, composed, I believe, by himself, is equally good:

Tell me, is it right or decent
To refer to Walter Bésant?
Or may I for couplet *creant*
Couple you with Walter Bésant?
Or do eager maidens pant
After novels by Bésant?

A valuable lesson in pronunciation was given to a quondam Bishop of St David's who had confided to an old Welsh clergyman the difficulty he experienced in mastering the Welsh *Ū*. 'Put the tip of your apostolic tongue in the roof of your episcopal mouth, my lord, and then hiss like a gander.'

Against the comic translation of the well-known line, '*Naturam expellas,*'

Kick the confounded sconn'rels to Auld Nick;
'Tis kick and come again, and come again and kick,

my notes literally tumble over one another, and form a distinct series of analecta in themselves. 'The Green Man and Still' was formerly a favourite name for inns near London. A French traveller, who was staying at the celebrated hotel of this name at Blackheath, is reported to have headed his letters from the *Hôtel de l'Homme Vert et Tranquille*; which recalls the mythical Parisian proprietor who entered in his visitors' book our Bishop of Bath and Wells as *L'Evêque de Bain et Puite*, and our Bishop of Sodor and Man as *L'Evêque de Siphon et d'Homme*. Baron Oppenheim, the well-known Cologne banker, who died recently, had a distinct vein of humour. One day, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* relates, on arriving at a Swiss hotel he was asked to enter his name in the visitors' book. 'What is the meaning of this?' he asked mine host, pointing to the last entry, 'R. de Paris.' 'That,' explained the proprietor, 'is the signature of Baron Rothschild of Paris, who is not anxious that too many people should know that he is staying here.' 'Very good,' replied the Baron; 'I will follow his example;' and he wrote simply 'O. de Cologne.' D'Israeli tells of an unlucky slip by the French translator of his *Curiosities of Literature*. In his article 'The Bibliomaniac' occurs this sentence: 'It was facetiously observed, these collections are not without a *Locke on the Human Understanding*.' Puzzled, no doubt, by the word 'facetiously', the translator rendered the passage, '*Mettant, comme on l'a très judicieusement fait observer, l'entendement humain sous la clef*.' The book and author alluded to had quite escaped the translator.

In the margin against Hazlitt's neat epigram on Christopher North's crest are so many references that it is no easy matter to make a selection, but perhaps this is the best. Lord Dalhousie, when Governor-General of British North America, being a saving man, planted Wolfe's plain with oats; whereupon was written:

Some men love honour,
Other men love groats;
Here Wolfe reaped laurels,
Lord Dalhousie oats.

And this mention of oats reminds one of the old vicar who had detected his groom stealing his grain. The vicar had not decided what course to take, and meantime the groom had gone to the curate and asked the latter to plead for him. The old vicar heard his curate out, but looked obdurate; so, as a last resource, the curate quoted Scripture as a plea for leniency, and said we were taught when a man took 'away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' 'That's true,' said the vicar dryly; 'and so, as the fellow has taken my oats, I am going to give him the sack.'

The question of 'memorials' cropped up one

night, when the necessity for one to the Bard of Avon was thus summarily dismissed. 'Monuments! Some men have been so glorious that to build up something in stone to perpetuate that glory seems of all futile attempts the most futile, and either to betray a sinful distrust of their immortality or a wretched ignorance of the "Power divine of sacred memories," which will reign on earth, in eternal youth, ages and ages and ages after the elements have dissolved the brass or marble on which were vainly engraven the consecrated and undying names. . . . A monument to Shakespeare! . . . Look into the human heart. Till the planets and the passions, the affections and the fixed stars, are extinguished, his name 'cannot die.' I am here referred to Milton's lines:

What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory! Great Heir of Fame!
What needst thou such weak witness of thy fame?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a living monument.

And to Carlyle's expression of the like sentiment in his *Past and Present*: 'Richard Arkwright too will have his Monument a thousand years hence: all Lancashire and Yorkshire, and how many other shires and countries, with their machineries and industries, for his monument! A true pyramid or "flame-mountain," flaming with steam fires and useful labour over wide continents, usefully towards the Stars, to a certain height; how much grander than your foolish Cheops Pyramids or Sakkara clay ones!'

The discussion on cheap literature between North and Tickler at Buchanan Lodge very naturally conjures up visions of the old-time chap-books, sundry copies of which repose on my shelves, in which the woodcuts are monstrous and the letterpress coarse. Such anecdotes as this apparently tickled our forefathers: 'A West Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy who was waiting observed a mosquito hovering around his face. Quasi eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose and immediately fly off. "Ah," exclaimed the negro, "me blessed glad see you burn your foot." A better class of publications were the *Burton* books, which treated of miscellaneous subjects in popular form. Who was their real author is a matter of doubt. The name of Robert Burton figures on the title-pages; but Nathaniel Crouch, a bookseller, is supposed to have composed them about the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. Half-a-dozen titles will give a good idea of the heterogeneous nature of these little volumes, nearly all of which are in the Greville Library in the British Museum: *Miracles of Art and Nature, Emblems, Martyrs in Flames, Divine Banquet, Two Journeys to Jerusalem,*

Ingenious Riddles. Their circulation was at first confined to the masses, and they were sold only by small booksellers at fairs, &c.; but after some years they became a favourite object with collectors and curio-hunters, when their price rapidly advanced. Boswell gives us this interesting letter concerning them:

'To Mr Dilly, Bookseller in the Poultry.

SIR,—There is in the world a set of books which used to be sold by the booksellers on the bridge, and which I must entreat you to procure me. They are called *Burton's Books*; the title of one is "Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England." I believe there are about five or six of them; they seem very proper to allure backward readers; be so kind as to get them for me, and send me them with the best printed edition of *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*.—I am, &c.,

SAM. JOHNSON.

'Jan. 6, 1784.'

Dr Johnson considerably underestimated their number, as the list given by Lowndes in his *Bibliographer's Manual* includes some forty-six volumes.

There is much to amuse as well as to inform in these seventy-and-one nights, or 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1822-35, of which forty-one at least were written by Professor Wilson. Take, for instance, the discourse upon shaving and the wearing of beards, in which Tickler facetiously remarks that Moses Edrehi has doubtless a mouth, but challenges any one present to say what is the form of his lips; akin to Mark Tapley's contemptuous observation on Montague Tigg: 'Him! I could see him a little better if he'd shave himself and get his hair cut.' The Ettrick Shepherd moralises delightfully on the subject. 'Ye see, I ha'e mony and mony a time thoct that he wha first introduced shaving amang us was are o' the greatest foes o' the human race. Just think, man, o' the awfu' wark it is on a cauld Sabbath morning, when the week's bristles are as sturdy as the teeth of a horse-kame, and the burn water winna boil, and the kirk-bell's ringing, and the wife a' riggit out, and the gig at the door, and the rawzor haggit like a saw. Trumbull o' Selkirk makes good rawzors, but the weans are unco fond o' playing wi' mine, puir things. Od keep us! it gars me grew but to think o' the first rasp; and after a' the sark-neck's blacken'd wi' your bluid, and your face is a bonny sicht to put before a congregation, battered ower wi' brown paper or tufts o' beaver aff yer hat. Oh! I'm clean for the lang beard.' He evidently was not an adept at manipulating a razor, like Macaulay, whose nephew tells us that after his uncle had sailed for India there were found in his chambers between fifty and sixty strops hacked into strips and splinters, and razors without beginning or end. At one time

Macaulay hurt his hand, and was reduced to send for a barber. After the operation he asked what was to pay. 'Oh sir,' said the man, 'whatever you usually give the person who shaves you.' 'In that case,' said Macaulay, 'I should give you a great gash on each cheek.'

But I must bring these idle and rambling notes to an end, and in so doing must carefully avoid the conventional 'FINIS,' lest some wit should adapt the pointed couplet :

FINIS ! an error, or a lie, my friend !
Of writing foolish books—there is no End.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A DOMESTIC ELECTROLYTIC BLEACHER.

THE preservation of household linen probably constitutes one of the most pressing domestic problems. No matter how careful we are, accidents are inevitable, and the damask is liable to be stained with tea, coffee, wine, fruit, or ink. The removal of these unsightly marks, while effective under present laundry conditions, is often destructive to the fabric, owing to the corrosive action of the chemicals employed. It has been realised that the most reliable bleaching specific is an electrolytic solution ; but hitherto the expense has prevented the adoption of this system except in the largest and most up-to-date laundries. Realising present serious disadvantages and the beneficial results from a small and inexpensive electrical apparatus, a well-known electrical engineer, Mr T. J. Niblett, M.Inst.E.E., has designed a simple apparatus which he describes as an electro-blanchisseur. Although intended especially for the home, it is equally applicable in its larger sizes to private and public establishments—laundries, hotels, restaurants, hydros, hospitals, infirmaries—and to yachts. The solution produced by this apparatus removes all stains, and can be employed without apprehension for the renovation of the most delicate fabrics, such as laces and curtains ; further, it is non-poisonous and odourless, and is very cheap, being produced from common salt and water under the action of the electric current, the approximate cost of the concentrated solution being one penny per gallon. The apparatus can be fitted up in a few minutes, and can be run off any continuous-current electric circuit. The solution bleaches white cotton and linen goods to perfection, and, unlike the chloride of lime generally employed for such work, does not rot the fabric. It must be noted that the electrolytic agent will not remove dirt, which must be taken out in the usual manner ; but it will eradicate all stains, even mildew, and the discoloured spots so treated do not become weak places. Another fact is that, as the electrolytic solution is a powerful and odourless germicide, every article subjected to it is sterilised. By diluting the solution it can be used for general cleansing purposes, such as the washing of floors. A building may thus be kept in an absolutely antiseptic condition, so that the injurious germs which lurk in every home, and cannot be destroyed by

the ordinary cleansing processes, will not escape when the electrolysed solution is employed.

MOTOR-SPIRIT FROM WASTE OIL.

The increasing cost of petrol, owing to the decrease in the supply of oils adapted to the profitable rectification of this form of liquid fuel, combined with the circumstance that the great majority of the sources of supply are held by powerful interests in a position to keep supply below demand, has stimulated the search for efficient substitutes. Already there are several synthetic petrols on the market, which are giving varying results. But primary attention at the moment is being centred on the discovery of Mr Lamplough, who has evolved a simple, automatic, and inexpensive method of converting waste oil into an efficient light spirit suited to high-speed internal-combustion engines. The process is a chemical one. Steam at a temperature of 600 degrees Fahrenheit is brought into contact with the heavy oil, the two flowing together through a retort, in each of the tubes of which there is a nickel rod. When the steam, oil, and nickel meet a chemical action results, the outcome of which is that the hydrogen contained in the steam combines with the oil. Previous to such treatment the oil had an excess of carbon, but as a result of this chemical action it contains an excess of hydrogen, and is thereby converted into a light spirit comparable with petrol. Of course, the conversion is not complete, a certain proportion forming a gas which cannot be reconverted into liquid, but can be used for heating the retorts instead of being permitted to escape ; and although the heaviest residues in the oil resist the treatment, these can be utilised for the production of other products. As a result of experiments which have been carried out, the yield of motor-spirit is about 43 per cent. ; but recently this proportion has been increased. The process is absolutely automatic and inexpensive ; while the resultant product, which has been stringently tested, has proved eminently satisfactory. The process and the oil obtained thereby have received the approbation of Professor Vernon Boys, F.R.S., who is probably the greatest British expert in matters pertaining to fuels and power-gases. One great advantage of the process is that the spirit requires no chemical or other treatment after it has been produced. The

development of this valuable discovery is being followed with intense interest, a plant capable of producing one thousand five hundred gallons per day having been laid down in Kent as an initial installation.

WAX INLAY—A NEW AND FASCINATING HOBBY.

The coming of winter, with its long evenings, is the time for the practice of various interesting and possibly lucrative hobbies. An attraction in this direction is wax inlay. The particular charm of this is that it offers a means of improving the appearance of fretwork, the idea of the ingenious inventor being to offer a simple means of carrying out beautiful designs by means of variously coloured wax. The fretwork is laid flat upon a prepared glass surface so treated that the hot wax will not adhere to the glass. The wax is melted in small holders, and is carefully poured into the interstices, completely filling them, and presenting a flat surface on both sides. By the manipulation of the molten coloured materials a great variety of design is obtainable, and when the work is carefully executed and the surfaces polished the result is not unlike mosaic or enamel work. It certainly serves to enhance the appearance of the fretwork. To those of artistic inclination the process is exceedingly fascinating, inasmuch as the combinations of colour are numerous, and many fine effects are obtainable.

PORTABLE BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORIES FOR THE BATTLEFIELD.

While shot and shell claim a considerable proportion of victims on the battlefield, their toll is insignificant in comparison with that reaped by disease. The two most dreaded scourges in warfare are cholera and typhoid. No campaign has been waged where either or both of these dire maladies have not secured a foothold and wrought wholesale destruction. The ravages of cholera during the Balkan war are still fresh in the minds of the public. Strenuous efforts have been made to combat these insidious enemies, but the most comprehensive and scientific system is that which has been suggested by two prominent European savants. They propose that a special institution should be created to prosecute research and experiments, the organisation being completed during time of peace, and immediately available and in a position to proceed to the front on the outbreak of hostilities. Such an organisation should comprise a large staff of expert bacteriologists, a battery of portable laboratories which could be established in the camps and moved from point to point with the army, and an efficient staff of nurses skilled in the art of ministering to those suffering from the epidemics incidental to the battlefield. One European country has already embraced the idea. It has acquired twelve portable laboratories capable of

being carried from place to place in a trunk, and set up in a few minutes. In addition, large quantities of serums and vaccines for treating dysentery, cholera, and enteric are carried, the laboratories being equipped with every facility for completing investigations, bacteriological tests, microscopical examinations, and other work associated with the prevention of disease. Other Powers are also considering the matter, and the suggestion is to be discussed at the next general meeting of the Red Cross Societies at Geneva with a view to immediate and general action. Anything which can minimise the horrors of war and subjugate disease will confer the greatest benefit on humanity.

TEACHING LANGUAGES BY PHONOGRAPH.

While it is possible for foreign languages to be mastered by home study, such a method suffers from one serious disadvantage. Pronunciation cannot be acquired, residence in the home of the language being generally admitted to be necessary. But recently an easier method has been devised. This is by means of the phonograph, wherewith pronunciation can be communicated with absolute accuracy. In the linguaphone system, as it is called, the records are prepared by distinguished speakers of the various languages, so that correctness of pronunciation is assured. One great advantage of a record so prepared is that it cannot change in accent, inflection, or intonation. Consequently speech becomes standardised, so that the results are far better than if one studied under an instructor not of the highest class. Another great advantage of the phonograph method is that the lesson may be taken whenever and wherever required, and can be repeated as often as desired until every detail has been mastered thoroughly. Moreover, the system is easy, it is inexpensive, and the student masters the greatest difficulties unconsciously. A complete equipment comprises a machine, thirty records, six blanks, and a text-book of the desired language, the records containing about three thousand words. The system is carried out upon what is known as the pictorial method. One picture serves for each lesson, and each article in the picture is numbered, and its title in the language studied set forth, the description being supplemented by notes. In addition, each book comprises a complete grammar, easily and simply arranged, with exercises, a list of irregular and defective verbs, and a full vocabulary. By means of the blanks the pupil is able to make his own record of a lesson, and then, by comparing it with the original, to ascertain his errors in pronunciation. As the blanks may be cleaned the number provided is adequate for the course of study. Judging from the results so far achieved with the linguaphone system, it affords another method of imparting a conversational knowledge of a particular language, while study

of the pictorial lessons and the grammar provides a sound knowledge of the tongue. Many schools are now teaching languages by this extremely economical system.

ELECTRIC COOKING AS A SOLUTION OF THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

The deficiency in the supply of domestic servants constitutes an everyday problem in the household, but inventive effort is endeavouring to find a remedy. The perfection of the electrically driven, light, and inexpensive vacuum cleaner may oust the unhygienic broom in the collecting of dust; while the perfection of the electric cooker is overcoming difficulty in the kitchen. At the present moment electric cooking is in its infancy, but its development is proceeding by leaps and bounds; and with it cooking operations are rendered easier, simpler, cleaner, and more economical than with gas or coal fires. The manipulation of the stove is mastered within a short time, joints and poultry lose little during the process, and are far better cooked, as well as more tasty and nutritious. Moreover, the operation is much cleaner, healthier, and cooler to conduct. In London and in the provincial centres the electric restaurant is already in evidence; while many large establishments, such as schools and other institutions, have adopted the electric cooker. At present the great handicap is the relatively high cost of electric current, combined with the fact that the hiring of electric stoves upon the same principle as gas stoves has not been arranged. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, it has been found from experience that in London the average cost of cooking by this means in a household of five or six persons does not exceed fivepence per day. Although current for cooking purposes is supplied at a lower rate than for lighting, the cost per unit must be reduced considerably before electricity can be considered a real rival to gas for cooking, inasmuch as the average housewife regards the matter purely from the financial standpoint, and ignores the other advantages which really counterbalance the difference in the cost of the source of heat. Electricity has already appeared upon the table, where the water may be boiled for the tea, coffee, or cocoa; while the table-toaster is another inexpensive item which is meeting with great success. There is no denying the fact that electricity in its domestic applications will help to solve the servant problem, because nothing simpler can be conceived than the movement of a switch to do this or that, while the degree of heat can be controlled to a nicety. Moreover, by means of electricity cooking becomes a pleasure.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

It is claimed that trolol, a new explosive discovered by Lieutenant Harold C. Woodward, an

officer of the New York National Guard, is the safest high explosive known. Its inventor proposes to present his discovery to the United States Government without fee or reward. The formula was discovered in an old volume that had been presented to German officials at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. In the book were two thousand formulæ for high explosives. A brother of Lieutenant Woodward tried five formulæ at random, and found them all either worthless or inferior to explosives now in use. He tried a sixth at random, and found it extraordinarily safe and good, but rather weak as compared with the best dynamite; but from it he developed trolol, which can be exploded only by fulminate of mercury, the substance used to explode dynamite. In a testing experiment at Fort Wadsworth the trolol was packed into a twelve-inch shell, and this was fired at armour-plate one thousand yards distant. The shell struck the armour-plate with a velocity of two thousand seven hundred and fifty feet per second; but the trolol remained unexploded, in spite of the terrific concussion. Six ounces of trolol, it is said, will do the work of twelve ounces of dynamite. Dynamite deteriorates in water or on the water, and under certain atmospheric conditions; but trolol can be soaked in water for years without deterioration, and can be carried wet or dry. In appearance it resembles wet brown sugar, and is made up in sticks like dynamite. The fulminate of mercury, which must be kept yards away from dynamite lest a premature explosion result, may be placed within six inches of trolol without danger.

TREES AND SAND.

The American *Outlook* mentions that an agricultural colony in Palestine has applied to the United States Forest Service for advice in planting trees to bind the drifting sands of the Mediterranean. The colony is near Jaffa, the ancient Joppa of the Bible; and there is being developed in connection with it a seaside resort, with hotel, villas, bath-houses, and gardens. The experts of the service point out that the reclamation of sand-dunes is not a serious problem in the eastern United States, because the prevailing winds are from the land, and the sand is blown into the sea. On the west coast the situation is more serious. The most notable American example of reclaimed sand areas there is furnished by Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, where grasses, acacias, and, later, trees and shrubs have converted sand wastes into pleasure-grounds of great beauty. The attention of the Palestine colony is called to the wonderful reclamation of the Landes, in France, where a wealth-producing forest of maritime pine—the source of the French turpentine—has been grown to take the place of shifting dunes. As an instance of what has been done in Scotland, Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, who has been called the 'Father of Scottish Planting,'

aided by his wife, transformed his estate of Tynninghame, in East Lothian, by tree-planting at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Lady Haddington planted from sixty to seventy acres of pure sand close to the shore of the Firth of Forth with trees. These proved a success, and many more acres were afterwards planted along the sands on the shore, where they flourish to-day.

ANIMAL RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

A merciful man is usually one who is merciful to his beast, and he who is otherwise may be looked upon with suspicion in higher matters. There has been issued from the office of the *Animals' Guardian*, 22A Regent Street, London, a volume of papers by various writers on the wrongs suffered by animals at the hand of man, entitled *The Under Dog*, edited by Sidney Trist. This is quite a useful and powerful plea for greater consideration of the lower animals, for their deliverance from the evils arising from commercial and agricultural exploitation, and from maltreatment in connection with our pleasures and sports. Men of the best type of humanity, when allied with a sympathetic nature, have invariably been foremost in defence of the rights and claims of animals. Mr A. M. F. Cole, who writes upon the traffic in worn-out and diseased horses, does not see any reason to prevent our Government prohibiting this trade. The horrors of the plume trade have often been pointed out and condemned here. These are discussed and condemned by Mr James Buckland and Madame Sarah Grand. Captain F. W. von Herbert writes of 'Animals in War,' and Mr S. Trist on 'Wounded Horses in War;' and it is noted that of the six hundred and sixty-nine thousand five hundred and seventy-five horses, mules, and donkeys provided for the South

African war, sixteen thousand were reported as lost on the voyage, and four hundred thousand expended on war. Mr J. S. Hurdall writes on the unnecessary docking of horses, Mr C. W. Forward on 'Slaughter-House Cruelties,' and Mr Paddison on 'Humane Slaughtering in Practice.' The Jewish methods of slaughter are emphatically condemned. Butchers are not unreasonable men, and when a safer and more humane method than the pole-axe is forthcoming they will no doubt adopt it. In the hands of a careful man, accustomed to firearms, the Greener pistol is described as a serviceable instrument for the slaughter of all animals, large or small. The subjects of torture of trained animals, bearing-reins, treatment of pit-ponies, and trappings also find a place in the volume.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

GHOSTS.

Oh, is it the musical sighing
Of the wind in the dark fir-tree;
Oh, is it the gray gull's crying,
Or the lonesome note of the sea,
That falls on my ear so faintly,
As the twilight shadows spread;
That touches my heart so gently,
Like the voices of friends long dead!

And is it the mist that's rising
From the restless, white-capped waves!
Soft, swirling mist uprising
From dim, forgotten caves?
My heart within me is burning;
Say, is it the mist I see;
Or my spirit-friends returning
From the ocean to speak with me?

MAVIE JACK.

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EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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CHRISTMAS 1913.

THE HOUR OF REDEMPTION.

By MARIAN BOWER.

A GIRL stood at the foot of the shallow steps leading up to the Château Clejeux. Before her was an expanse of green; immediately at her feet was the wide terrace, which was bordered with light balusters of stone, diversified with figures of classical design set all the way along at regular intervals.

But the girl—she was seemingly about nineteen—with her pretty hair covered by the fashionable powder, her stiff, brocaded skirts held up in one white hand, which trembled as she kept it down by her side, glanced quickly, fearfully even, behind her up to the stately white house. She knew she had but this moment. She knew that this was her one and only chance of a word apart, of a word of any real significance, with the young man who stood facing her on the terrace but a pace below.

'*Mon cousin*,' faltered the girl with the great eyes as blue as forget-me-nots when they first open, 'is it true that you are setting out this very evening for Paris?'

The man thus addressed looked up into the pretty troubled face; he saw the lips that, do what their owner would, just trembled, and he hesitated before he answered. His irresolution lasted but a moment; but in that little space of

time, while a peacock spread his tail over the balusters, and his peahen coquettishly put her head round the wheel of a stone Penelope, Maximilien de Clejeux took one of those definite turns which mark out life. He decided that ambition, not love, should prevail; that when another stood in the way of his advancement, that other must suffer and be forgotten.

He was what might be called a poor relation, brought up in the great château by his cousin, the reigning duke. The girl who was watching him was even poorer. Mademoiselle Claire-Marie de Berthier was that somewhat terrible thing in modern France, a young girl without a penny for the wedding *dot*. At that time, in the early years of Louis the Sixteenth's reign, the fate of portionless maidens was even worse. The best they could hope for was the cloister. His neighbours considered it a proof of the old duke's unusually quixotic mind that he had kept the girl with him so long.

In a moment, while the sun still shone and the trees whispered softly, the verdict came.

Maximilien bowed low, picked up the girl's other hand—it grew cold under his touch—and raised it to his lips.

'Alas, dear cousin!' he said, with his eyes cast down on the flags, 'it is but too true. I

leave to-night. I am poor. I hate being poor. I go to seek my fortune in Paris.'

Claire-Marie heard and understood. She retained sufficient composure to sweep a deep curtsy to the man who threw her heart back to her. The young man turned on his heel, and the girl wheeled about. She went slowly up the steps. At the end of the terrace Maximilien waited and looked back. He saw the stately, tall figure, and sighed; he put out a hand impetuously, stood with it extended as if Claire-Marie had but to beckon and he would go; but the lady had her pride of race; not once did the dainty head turn aside; not once did she pause.

All this had happened more than ten years ago, and now Maximilien de Clejeux was returning to the old town of Blois, where he had been sent by Robespierre to make life hideous to those who, like himself, had been born aristocrats. The Citizen Maximilien—for of course he had dropped anything so inconvenient as the name of long descent—had been drawn into the ugly, blood-stained stream of the Revolution by his selfish seeking for gain, for personal advancement, until it had become a question of swimming with the stream or losing his head. He was thinking of these things as he walked over the fertile strip of land which is cut off from the old town of Blois by the broad, swift-flowing Loire. He was returning slowly, by no means pleased with his day's work, for he had not come on the trace of a single 'pestilential,' as the nobles were insultingly dubbed. Well-born men and women were each worth so much coin of the realm to those who could betray them and drag them off to prison. As he paced slowly along, his mind would go back to other days. The picture of Claire-Marie came before him. She had married, he knew. The duke had completed his benevolence toward the orphan of a brother-officer of his youth by giving her such a dowry as secured her a husband, not in the first rank of the nobility, not in the first bloom of his manhood, but an honest gentleman who loved the girl, who was proud of her, who was grateful for the affection that Claire-Marie gave him. Maximilien knew now, he had long known, that in putting love behind him for advancement he had banished it not for a day, not for a year, but for all time. Whether he married or whether he remained single, whether he mounted to the top of the ladder of success or fell before he was half-way up, he realised that never again would his heart go out; that never again would he be moved by a woman's smile, by the light in her eyes, by the quiver of her lips, as he had been that once when the world was young with him.

He said a hard word to himself as these disturbing reflections obtruded into his mind. He was about to cross the many-arched stone bridge which spans the great river and leads

straight into Blois, when to the right of him the willows fringing the water's edge were blown aside by a sudden, fierce gust of wind. The waving green leaves dipped nearly level with the dusty road; the river itself was ruffled with swelling rolls of water; but Maximilien heeded neither the trees nor the Loire, for his sharp glance had detected a child beneath the shelter of the greenness.

Instantly he stepped aside. He surveyed the child. It was a little girl of about five years old. The mite was dressed in poor clothes, her face was sunburnt, her bare arms too were tanned; but Maximilien smiled grimly as he looked down at her.

'She was born a "pestilent," I'll warrant,' he muttered.

He put out his hand. Heaven only knows what was his purpose; but remember that the mere sight of blood breeds ferocity, that the guillotine had worked day after day in the open gravelled space on the crest of the hill facing the great castle in Blois, and that he and his fellow-commissioner were responsible for the heads that rolled off there.

But as Maximilien put out his arm the child stirred and opened her eyes. She saw the man standing over her, and she hesitated a moment whether to cry or to smile; then, moved by that marvellous unreasoning wisdom which children display, she lifted her two arms and looked up confidently.

The man in the red cap and the blue uniform coat, with the tri-coloured rosette pinned on to the lapel, stepped back. His face darkened and grew stern. 'A "pestilential,"' he muttered again.

The little girl struggled to her feet. She tottered out from her bed under the willows and held up her face again.

Then Maximilien saw something that made him pause. The little girl had blue eyes—eyes that were unusually, gloriously blue. He had never been able to look at eyes of that shade and go his way in peace. He had put most things behind him; but, as a flower or a scent disturbs other men, this thrill remained to him.

'*Nom d'un chien!*' he muttered. But the child came yet nearer, and the wide blue eyes never left his face; seemingly this little girl would not be discouraged by a frowning brow, by an unresponsive manner.

She began to speak; she babbled of 'maman,' begged to be taken back to her; she alluded to picking flowers in the grass, to dwelling under trees in little houses that were not houses, but which were all poor *maman* had now.

Maximilien listened grimly. 'So,' he muttered, summing up all those baby lips had betrayed, 'there are "pestilentials" still in hiding about here in holes under trees.'

He made a step to the bridge. Let the child roam the fields till she fell exhausted; let her slip into the river and be drowned; what did it

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atter to him? He made another step up the steep span.

Not a sound had come from that mite he was leaving behind, no wailing, no screaming. He looked over his shoulder. The little girl stood in the middle of the white road now. Crushed in her hand was a tuft of withered flowers; her blue eyes were watching him, and her confidence had not yet died out of her face.

Maximilien swung his head away. He looked over the river toward the old town. If he wanted to make a fool of himself about a child, there were twenty there, each of them with reproachably patriotic mothers, each of them quite able, and willing, to pipe out in their tiny,ute-like voices, '*A bas les aristocrates!*'

Suddenly something he did not understand seemed to tug at him. He made three hasty steps back and stood before the little girl. Will you come with me, little one?' he said.

The child thrust her withered posy into his hand. He took her in his arms, and she lifted her face to his; he bent his own to hers, and as his head went down the mite sealed the bargain, and she put her two little arms around his neck.

With this little girl held tight to him, Maximilien stood on the great road leading straight up the country to Paris, to that Paris here at this very moment Robespierre reigned and terror filled every nook and corner of the great city. The first gleam of sunset lighted up the water before him, behind him the sky was aglow with the orange tint of evening, and over the town of Blois, where the castle rose up to the highest point in the city, was a soft veil of mist. Maximilien looked before him, and saw all the tenderness of the approaching twilight; and his eyes roamed it was suddenly borne in on him that this child had come to him, that she was to be the substitute for the love that he had missed and now longed for.

He clasped the little form yet tighter, breasted the rise of the bridge, and entered the town. He made his way up the main street, which began at the cathedral, and which had for its apex at castle added to by king after king as a royal residence. Half-way up the hill Maximilien turned to the right. He mounted a steep flight of steps, with old houses, old even then, on each hand. One retained the carved timber front of the time of Henri de Navarre; another showed traces of Renaissance ornament; then, at the head of the flight, there opened out a second *place* resembling that before the great steeple, but smaller.

One side of the open gravelled space finished the city wall; the second led along down the hill on the opposite side; the fourth was taken up by the front of a magnificent house. This was the Hôtel Thouriot. It had been built by a bygone Chancellor of the Royal Exchequer. Owing by the lordly pleasure-houses such officials raised for themselves all over France, 1913.]

the office must have been even then one of profit to unscrupulous holders. This house, though it was more than two hundred years old, still retained the great gargoyles branching out over the *place*, the heavy door, the fine mouldings.

Maximilien and his fellow-commissioner, one Jacques Jordain, made this house their home, their place of business other than the trying of prisoners. Maximilien, with the child still on one arm, used the other to raise the knocker on the great door. It was opened slowly and after a considerable interval.

'Good-evening, citizen,' began Maximilien pleasantly to the scowling, unwashed individual in shirt-sleeves, with his red cap on his head, who represented the doorkeeper of the establishment. 'Has the Citizen Jordain returned from his duties? I have news for him.'

The stout man began a wheezing, asthmatical cough instead of answering.

All men take their own way of asserting their independence. This was that of the stout doorkeeper—'the official,' as he was called, lest his patriotic spirit might be hurt by the suggestion of an honest calling.

Before the spluttering ceased, another voice joined in.

'I am here, Citizen Maximilien,' came in a loud tone.

Maximilien pushed back the half-open door on the left and entered the great room of the old house. There were still gilding and blue and scarlet on the ceiling; there were still delicately carved wood panels in the lower halves of the three long windows facing the street; the great mantelshelf still rose, with its wealth of ornament in stone, right up to the ceiling; only Jordain, to attest his zeal for *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, employed his spare time in defacing the shields with armorial bearings on them which ran in a band along the front of the shelf.

Maximilien walked into the beautiful room, and up to the great oak table pushed before the empty hearth. Jordain was eating his evening meal there. He had a plate of food before him, a bottle of wine at his elbow.

Maximilien cast one anxious glance at the big red face. Jordain was a man of different moods. Sometimes he was morose; sometimes he was jovial. This seemed to be a day when, in his opinion, the world had gone well with him.

'Good-evening, citizen,' began Maximilien.

The big man grunted, reached along the table for a length of bread, and cut a round off it with the big knife he employed alike for all the purposes of his meal. With the implement still in his hand, he at last had leisure to look up. Instantly he saw the child, and, just like Maximilien before him, he had no doubt about her origin. He got heavily on to his large feet and pushed back his chair. '*Nom de nom,*' he growled, 'what vermin have you got there?'

Maximilien faced him steadily. He knew

that his own aristocratic origin was a fact that slept, but that was not forgotten. He knew that Jordain was ready at the first provocation to call forth the remembrance of it against him.

For just one instant Maximilien's innate selfishness struggled within him. He asked himself if it were worth while to risk his position, his prospects—nay, possibly his head—for the sake of a child. The next moment he faced Jordain resolutely. 'That is just what I want to speak to you about,' he answered boldly. 'I found this little girl'—

Jordain came nearer. He looked again at the sleeping form. 'Fool!' he roared; 'can't you see she is the child of a "pestilential"?' She has aristocrat—curse them all!—written all over her.'

The tall man stepped back, threw up his head, and looked at Jordain with his lip curling. '*Ma foi, citoyen!*' he replied in his cold, smooth voice, 'do you think no one has eyes in his head but you? I saw it as soon as the willows parted and showed her.'

'Then, *nom de nom!*' interrupted Jordain grimly, 'you had better have left her where she was. What are we to do with her? Mother Guillotine has a famous appetite, to be sure, but I don't see how she can make a mouthful of a brat like that.'

'She will not have the chance,' cried Maximilien hotly.

'Why not?' returned Jordain in a sharp voice.

Maximilien stepped a pace back. Every moment, as the danger increased, his wits were growing more alert.

'*Citoyen,*' he said, 'I refer you to the Code. I advise you to look up the section which deals with pardons.'

'Eh!' muttered the big, fat man. He put his hands into his pockets and took a step forward. Reading presented difficulties to the second in command in Blois; therefore the commissioner especially disliked any allusion to the copy of the laws.

'I said,' repeated Maximilien, pursuing his advantage, 'that I advise you to look up the section of the law dealing with pardons.'

'What has the Code to do with that brat?' cried the big man.

Maximilien turned aside. He put the child down on a wide seat, covered her with the cloak which hung on a hook by the window, and even lifted one little hand and arranged it in a more comfortable fashion. Then he raised himself and looked at Jordain with that smile on his lips which always made the fervid patriot, who had started life in a tannery, long to prescribe his co-commissioner as an aristocrat.

'I shall take care of the little girl, *citoyen,*' he said. 'I advise you to do the same. She has earned the esteem of all good patriots.'

'What?' roared Jordain. 'What do you mean, man?'

Instead of answering directly, Maximilien went across to where lay, scattered on the top of a fine old walnut chest, printed copies of several of those arbitrary decrees which it pleased Robespierre and his fellow-Terrorists to label laws. There was one somewhere relating to pardons, defining the circumstances under which they might be bestowed. Maximilien found it at the bottom of the pile. He and Jordain had thought so little of mercy since they came to Blois that this enactment was pushed right underneath. He took up the coarse sheet, and, passing over the bombastic opening, scanned the paragraphs until he came to the one that would suit his purpose. 'Subdivision 9, *citoyen,*' he called out. 'Will you read it for yourself?'

Jordain stood up. He planted his feet wide apart and thrust out his lower lip. 'I think nothing of book learning,' he retorted. 'Book learning isn't equality; it's privilege, since some take to it and others don't.'

Maximilien smiled at the retort. Then he began to recite the enactment aloud. The clause he selected enjoined that if any *ci-devant* gave information leading to the capture of other 'pestilentials,' then he or she was to receive full pardon. He read to the end, then dropped the sheet on to the floor, and it went spinning along the bright polished boards until it lay just beneath Jordain's chair.

'There, *citoyen,*' remarked Maximilien in his most superior tone, 'you are answered out of the pages of the Code itself. This little *citoyenne* has already told us that there are "pestilentials" in hiding down by the river. When she wakes I warrant she will proclaim her further right to the clemency of the law, and give us yet more precise information.'

Jordain laughed sourly. 'There is a *ci-devant* duchess out in the open,' he muttered, 'and there are a few thousand francs on her head. If you are right, and the child tells me where to look and find—mind you, find—I shall say nothing; but though there might be those who would not think much of your way of interpreting the law.'

Maximilien smiled. He was willing enough to let the matter go thus for the time being. Every moment gained was a moment's advantage to him. Something would turn up. He would bribe Jordain, and keep him good-humoured and, above all, acquiescent, somehow.

The big fat man walked over to the child. 'Let us hear what she has to say now,' he was beginning.

But Maximilien was by him almost before he had finished. 'Not at all,' he said firmly. 'You will frighten our little Marianne if you wake her with a start. We will call her Marianne, since she has already served the great and glorious Republic so well.'

Jordain grunted, but he had to desist. He removed his coat, sat down in his shirt-sleeves—he could never take his ease with his full comple-

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ment of garments upon him—produced a pipe, and sat unusually silent. Maximilien wondered what the big man could be thinking about. Jacques Jordain had been called from the staining of hides in a tannery to rule over Blois, but he did not often indulge in any complicated mental calculations. At length he knocked out his great pipe, picked up the sheet of paper that had fallen at his feet, and looked at the tall man seated near the child. Maximilien fancied he was about to ask his help; but in a moment Jordain turned away, a slow smile like the grin of a wily fox overspread his features, and he made for the door. Once on the other side of it, even before he was out in the street, he stopped to chuckle to himself. He called to the 'official' to unbar the second door. Maximilien might do it for himself, but Jordain found the novelty of being let out too refreshing to dispense with willingly. He lounged into the street, and began to roll with his heavy strides down toward the cathedral. The clerk who made such entries as were written in the official book relating to trials was a friend of his. Jordain pardoned him his sin of education because he could be put to use.

But before the ex-tanner lost sight of the tall-fronted house he looked back and leered at it. 'Who,' he muttered aloud, 'can say that Jacques Jordain has not a head on his shoulders?'

The next day Jordain announced that Maximilien might preside at the revolutionary tribunal alone; for his part, he was going into the country to indulge in what he facetiously called 'a little head-hunting.'

Maximilien saw him go, welcomed his going. All at once the ex-aristocrat felt utterly wearied of this trafficking in human lives. He actually hurried back from that pitiful travesty of justice, the trial of 'pestilents,' quite a couple of hours before the ordinary time. He wanted to see Marianne again. He confessed this unreservedly to himself. He called the little girl by that name; he was careful to do so. The nickname that had originally designated the figure of Liberty on the new coinage had now come to be applied to the present form of government, and he hoped that the mere fact of her being known by it might do something to ensure the little girl's safety. He had been so eager to be back again—or so he put it to himself—that he had declined to sign the warrants for the day. If he dared not acquit a single man or woman, he had at least put them back until Jordain returned. The *commis official*, Jordain's friend, when he saw that his long list of names lacked the signature of a commissioner, had looked up so suspiciously that Maximilien had been forced to clear himself.

'*Voyons, citoyen,*' he began with a laugh, for he was always light and easy when there was longer ahead, 'I am never a greedy man. I signed all last week. There is some money there.

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It is Jordain's turn now; and as the commissioner is your very good friend, you may remind him that I make the business over to you as well as to him.'

The individual possessed of what Jordain called 'book learning' bowed. He meditatively fingered the tag of ribbon, blue, white, red, held down by a great seal. He looked at the space left vacant for the commissioner's signature.

'*C'est bon, citoyen,*' he returned with condescension. 'I am glad you practise the civic virtues. I will wait on the *Citoyen Jordain* later in the day, and bring the list with me. The sovereign people must not be defrauded of their amusement.'

Maximilien assented again. He sighed with satisfaction to think that his share in the matter had been arranged so easily. Yet as he went up the hill, such was the uncertainty of the time, such the suspicion of it, that he stopped short once to ask himself if there could be anything at the back of the clerk's easy acquiescence. And he had guessed aright. The clerk had a brother who did a carrying business with Paris. The packman had returned to Blois the previous evening. He had ventured to whisper to the *commis official*, behind the locked door and with fearful eyes on the window, that there were rumours in Paris that Robespierre's position was not so secure as it had been; that the population there, sated with blood and terror, was only awaiting a leader to rise and demand that the guillotine should be thrown down.

So for that summer morning, with the green trees waving in the wind and the vines in full leaf, with the sky without a cloud to fleck the blue, and the soft breeze murmuring to the swift-flowing Loire, the prisoners were put back into the church, and Maximilien, as he stood before the door of the house where he had left Marianne, smiled softly to himself. The child drew him, attracted him strangely. There was something wistful and elusive about her. Even Jordain, as Maximilien told himself with almost paternal fondness, had been softened. He had coaxed the child that morning as the three of them drank their coffee, and had shown no disposition to be harsh with her.

Maximilien rapped peremptorily at the great door. It was opened by the same surly door-keeper.

'There is no hurry, *citoyen,*' began the man insolently, and he finished with his wheeze and cough.

Maximilien was about to brush him aside, when the man winked at him. 'I have got a queer parishioner here, waiting for the commissioner,' he said.

'Who is it?' asked Maximilien sharply, suddenly afraid for the little girl within.

The doorkeeper stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. 'I mean what I say,' he went on. 'You had not been gone ten minutes

when there came a knock at the door. I knew it was a woman by the sound. Women always let go a knocker as if they expected every one in the house to run and let them in. But this *citoyenne* had come to the wrong place. I let her wait. When I did open the door, there was a woman in such a hurry that I had hardly got it unbarred before she was inside. She asked me, an official of the great and glorious Republic, if the commissioner was at home, just as if she were a *ci-devant* demanding her carriage of a lackey. I should have marched the woman then and there down to that little place of rest for "pestilents," but she had a paper in her hand. I'm no scholar—especially when I have left my spectacles at home—but I knew the commissioners' seal. So I made safe. I shut her in the wood-cellar. If she is a *ci-devant*, the place is too good for her; if she is all right, she wants taking down.'

Maximilien smiled at this philosophy. He could afford to. Women came to the commissioners on so many and such various errands that he was by no means surprised to hear that one was now demanding speech of him. He looked down at the stout guard. 'I agree with you, *citoyen*,' he said. 'The woman will be no worse for an acquaintance with the wood-cellar. Suppose she has yet a further dose of your excellent medicine while I rest a while?'

The stout official agreed heartily. Maximilien passed into the big room. He found the little girl, who was playing with a doll. The mite ran to him; he lifted her up, dropped on to a seat, and put the child on his knee. He began to untie the sash of tri-coloured ribbon that he had bought for her that very morning just that he might have the pleasure of fastening it round her baby waist again; he undid the two rosettes of the same pattern that held back her hair. His fingers lingered among the curls, and he arranged them with quite a woman's joy in such little services.

At length the stout doorkeeper came in. '*Citoyen*'—the portly individual began; but the little girl had even a smile for him. She slid off Maximilien's knee and drew the man's attention to her doll.

'You do look a nice little maid in those pretty ribbons,' said the functionary, as if he were amazed with himself for being so gracious.

Maximilien was sitting in a high-backed chair. He had pushed it round until it faced, not the window looking on to the street, but the small door which led into the inner court. The door was half-open; the sunshine struck slantwise from the open colonnade on the opposite side, and fell across the fountain, dripping, dripping, dripping in the warmth, turning the water as it fell into a shower of red and blue and green and gold. Maximilien looked up from this restful scene to mark the man's attitude to the little girl.

'Yes,' he returned heartily, 'you are right. We have made a good little *citoyenne* of her already.'

But if the asthmatical doorkeeper allowed himself a moment's relaxation, it was a moment's only.

'Never mind the child, *citoyen*,' he admonished. 'Think of the business of the Republic. The wood-cellar has still its occupant; and, *nom de nom* / I think she must have heard you come in, for she is rattling at the door fit to break the locks, and they are the property of our great Republic.'

Maximilien, recalled to this present of blood, of cruelty, that had appeared to him so perfectly satisfactory only twenty-four hours earlier, sighed, and then, recollecting prudence, suppressed the sound before it was fully audible.

'You are right, *citoyen*,' he answered. 'The work of the nation must be done. Bring the woman in here.'

'*Très bien*,' returned the doorkeeper. He went across the room, then turned round abruptly. 'You can see the woman without me, I suppose?' he suggested. 'I want my dinner. There was a pig killed in our quarter last night, and I sent my wife to see if there was not a bit for one who had the ear of the commissioners. I'm partial to pork myself, but it must be done to a turn.'

Maximilien laughed, and assured the stout man that he could cope with one woman by himself; then, as soon as the doorkeeper had shuffled over the polished floor and reached the passage, Maximilien kissed the little girl once again, put her doll into her arms—he had bought it too when he bought the sash—and led her out into the courtyard. 'Stay here, little one, and be very wise,' he said to her.

He turned about—leaving the little creature, who had greeted the showering fountain with a cry of pleasure just as if it were an old friend restored to her—and shut the little door behind him. He looked at it as he pushed it to. He saw the gleams of brightness coming through the open-work of the carving; he listened to the child's happy laugh. Then he slowly fastened the solid shutter against the door. He shut out the sunshine, shut out the laughter too; on the other hand, he had secured the door against a coarse voice going out to the fountain and the laughter. Next he changed the position of the high chair. He drew it into the middle of the room, seated himself, and squared his shoulders. He wished to look the commissioner, the functionary with life and death in his hands.

In a moment some one was pushed into the room. In another moment Maximilien and the woman who was doubtless here to demand grace of him were alone together.

He waited—waited for an excited voice to pour forth a voluble complaint. But not a

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sound broke the stillness. Surprised, Maximilien lifted his head. He looked in the direction of the door, cast one hasty glance upward, and then sprang to his feet. '*Ciel!*' he muttered, using a word that had not passed his lips for years.

He stood stock-still, his eyes protruding in their dismay, his neck craned. He put his hand down to his side, and as his fingers touched his sword they trembled so that the scabbard rattled against the attachment.

The woman before him saw his dismay. She walked a pace nearer. She was tall, and though she was no longer in her first youth, she was slight. Her face was sunburnt, there were hollows of weariness in her cheeks, and a dragged look of fatigue under her eyes, but the eyes themselves were blue.

It was the woman, in the poor cotton gown, soiled and bedraggled, with a crushed mob cap on her head, who spoke first.

'You recognise me?' she said; and the three simple words were so uttered that they were an accusation in themselves.

Maximilien bowed his head. 'Yes,' he ground out. 'You are Claire-Marie.'

The woman stepped back with a jerk. 'I am Madame la Marquise de Montjoie to one of Robespierre's creatures,' she retorted haughtily.

'Hush!' breathed Maximilien, and he looked about him fearfully, as if he feared the very inanimate objects in the room might find tongues and betray such an imprudence.

The tall woman smiled scornfully. She was about to speak again, but Maximilien thrust in a word before her. 'Why did you come here?' he protested. 'Why did you appear at this door? Why did you show yourself? Do you not realise that I am watched all day, every moment; that'—

He never finished. Madame de Montjoie threw up her head. She began to speak in a low, vibrating voice. 'I came boldly through the streets,' she answered. 'No man questioned me, for I had something to show'—

'What had you to show?' cried out the man before her.

The woman paused, and looked at him hard. 'Did you think I was coming to ask help from you for myself?' she demanded. 'Did you think I did not know that I was safer in that hole by the river, shivering whenever the rain came down for fear the Loire might rise and swamp all the resting-place I possessed, than with you in this house?'

'Then why,' interrupted Maximilien, 'did you come?'

The woman waited a moment, and looked about her searchingly, inquiringly. There were the little worn shoes, that the child had worn when Maximilien found her, still lying under the chair where he had put them when he changed them for better ones, and this weary,

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composed woman was evidently answered by the sight of them, for her eyes went no farther along, but her lips quivered and the tears started forth.

But almost before the man who was watching her—with his dismay, his anxiety, growing every second, his glance resting on the tired face—could be sure of the emotion, it was subdued.

'You found a child down by the river last evening?' Madame de Montjoie went on.

'I did,' answered Maximilien.

'You brought her here?' the vibrating voice resumed.

'I did,' answered the first commissioner of Blois again.

'You have her here now?' madame continued.

'Yes,' returned Maximilien. 'She is playing by the fountain. She is well; she is happy.'

'She is my child, my daughter,' shot out Claire-Marie.

Maximilien sprang a pace nearer. He must have known what was coming, and yet when he heard the words they startled him, as a timid hare is startled by a gunshot. 'Yours!' he groaned. 'Yours!'

'My only child,' returned Madame de Montjoie.

Maximilien dropped his hands to his sides. He went and flung himself on to the wide bench.

'She is in the garden, playing by the fountain,' he stupidly reiterated.

The tall woman turned quickly to the shuttered door. She paused before it and seemed to be listening, but not a sound came through. She turned about again. She walked back to the man who sat huddled up with the bright sunshine falling on, mocking, his working face. 'No,' she began as if she were putting the desire of her heart aside, 'I have something more to say to you. Then I will see my baby; I will kiss her; I will hold her in my arms—for the last time.'

'For the last time?' mumbled Maximilien.

Madame de Montjoie stood up before him. She waved the stammering sound aside with an accent of disdain. 'You have ordained that so yourself,' she accused.

'Myself!' he muttered, looking up at her.

The woman facing him smiled bitterly. 'You found my baby down by the river last evening,' she returned. 'You used this little happy child as a bait to draw forth the mother. You chose your decoy well. I have lost no time in giving myself up. I know how little one can trust you, how dead you must be to honour, to humanity; but when you have rolled the head of Claire-Marie, whom you once professed to love, down into the basket under the guillotine, will you not, for very shame, lest judgment come on you while you are here below, deal tenderly, righteously, with the child

whose mother bought her baby's future happiness from you at your own price, at the price of all you and such as you had left her to pay with—her life?

She paused. The sun blazed yet more fiercely into the room; the hot July sun was nearly at its full. Maximilien rose, staggering.

'I do not understand,' he muttered. 'What bargain have I made? What price have I asked you to pay?'

'What price—what bargain?' echoed the woman scornfully. 'Are you so ashamed of your own deeds that you dare not even remember them? Did you not cause the notice to be nailed on the post at the foot of the bridge? You calculated well, whatever you say now.'

'What notice?' cried Maximilien.

'What notice?' repeated Madame de Montjoie. 'See for yourself. I have brought it with me. I carried it ready to show if I were questioned, if I were stopped. I carried it, as I knew it would bring me before you, that it would at least ensure my having speech with you face to face.'

She felt in the folds under her fichu and brought out a paper. She extended her arm. She thrust the sheet toward the faltering, shrinking man. It was a printed proclamation, signed with the red seal of a commissioner, and in the blank space left for special enactments were a few lines of precise, clerkly writing.

Maximilien read the brief announcement. He dropped his arm. He knew now why Jordain had hurried out the previous evening, why he had visited the prison clerk.

It was a cleverly calculated piece of brutality. It gave notice that a little girl of about five had been found at the foot of the bridge, and that she had been taken to the house of the commissioner. It stated that this child evidently belonged to a *ci-devant*, and that the little girl would therefore be dealt with as her origin justified unless her mother gave herself up in her stead.

When Maximilien had recovered himself a little he opened his hand, let the proclamation drop to the floor as if it hurt him, burned him, even to hold it. He had always known that Jordain was deep, but he had hardly thought him capable of anything so well calculated.

He slowly raised his eyes to the woman watching him. 'As there is a heaven above,' he said deliberately, weightily, 'I did not write this. I did not have it posted. I did not know that it had been issued. There are two commissioners for Blois. Jordain, my colleague, must have done it.'

'Is that true?' demanded Claire-Marie.

'It is true,' returned Maximilien.

The woman raised her eyes to the man's dark, sombre ones.

Maximilien saw the hesitancy, the doubt, in them. The look swept him off his balance, hurried him into the expression of the one hidden truth of his life. 'It is true,' he averred. 'As I love you, as I have always loved you, it is true!'

The impetuous words rang out in the room. Maximilien hardly knew that he was saying them until the sound of the words echoed back to him. He stood stock-still, stunned by what had passed, by what he already knew he would have to face. He came a step nearer.

'It is true,' he reiterated, throwing out both hands. 'As I live, as I breathe, as the sun is shining now, I love you.'

Then, as he said this, as the great sward rang forth, the door opened, and Jacques Jordain blustered into the room.

Jordain banged the door behind him and strode angrily toward Maximilien. He looked at the tall woman. '*Nom de nom*, commissioner!' he fumed, 'you have got the better of me again. I have waited since breakfast-time for this "pestilential" to come out and show herself on the bridge, and, *nom de nom*! she must have crossed as soon as it was light, since she has come here and given herself up to you.'

Maximilien looked at the red, angry face. 'No,' he cried back to the ex-tanner, throwing prudence to the winds, 'she has not given herself up to me.'

'Then'—began Jordain.

It was Madame de Montjoie who turned on him. 'I am ready to give up my life to you or any man if you will but see that my child does not suffer,' she said.

'Eh?' questioned Jordain, in sheer amazement at the ready acquiescence.

Madame de Montjoie repeated her words.

Jordain looked at her for a moment. He felt almost benevolent to her since she was making the path smooth for him to draw several thousand francs of blood-money.

'Good,' he grunted, and he laughed grimly.

'The head of the *ci-devant* Duchesse de Cosene is worth'—

'I am no duchess,' thrust in Claire-Marie.

'What?' roared Jordain.

'The Duchesse de Cosene has escaped. She is safe in England,' the woman informed him.

Jordain dropped into a chair. He rasped his unshaven chin with his thumb. 'How do I know you are not lying to me?' he went on. 'The duchess is posted as being in hiding in this district. She is a very special bit of goods, and Robespierre is willing to pay for her at the price of luxuries. The information says she has a child, a girl, with her.'

'Of eight years old at least,' put in the woman.

Jordain reflected on that. He scratched among his thick mop of hair this time. He was not

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sure but that the circular of descriptions did say eight years old. He rose heavily and went over to the mass of papers on the walnut chest.

'Here, you, *citoyen*,' he said to Maximilien—for, like all people of his kind, his manners left him whenever he was put out—'you just look, since you are better at reading than I am. The price list for female vanities is here somewhere; see if the "pestilent" is right.'

Maximilien drew back. He could not turn over those sheets, he could not read bargainings for blood, traffickings in human lives, with Claire-Marie's blue eyes on him.

'The *ci-devant* is right,' he said. 'The child of the duchess is given as over eight.'

Jordain kicked along a footstool, he was so put out. He came back and stood before the tall woman. 'Who are you, then?' he demanded.

He was answered at once.

'*Peste!*' he grunted, hanging his lower lip. 'There is nothing worth speaking of to be made out of a marquise; they are as common as flies in June.'

He went and sat down. 'Where is the child?' he suddenly demanded of Maximilien.

'In the courtyard,' came the short answer.

'Fetch her in, then,' said the ex-tanner in the manner of one who had suddenly taken command.

Maximilien waited a moment. He wanted to refuse to do this bloated, red-faced man's bidding; but what was to be gained by refusing a trifle? If a contest of wills were to come—and Maximilien felt it must—he would keep his nerve for that. He opened the heavy shutter. The sunlight burst through the spaces between the carving; the sound of singing came through too.

'Ah!' cried out Claire-Marie involuntarily, and her face quivered.

Maximilien opened the carved door. The child ran to him. He took her little hand in his. He asked her if she had enjoyed playing by the falling water. Claire-Marie should at least see that the child trusted him, and had no fear of him. He led her into the room. She had but entered when her piping voice rang out with joy. The next moment the little girl was in her mother's arms. Her pretty face was buried against the soiled dimity gown.

The mother and child stood so; then Claire-Marie drew herself up. She looked over the curly childish head at the heavy-jowled tanner.

'Monsieur,' she said, purposely using a word which was in itself enough to condemn her, 'this is my child. Keep your part of the bargain. I will fulfil mine.'

Jordain looked back at her, narrowing his small eyes. He began to smile significantly. 'That child is a great deal to you?' he said.

Madame de Montjoie did not answer him.

'You don't mind the guillotine—your kind
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never seem to. But the little girl will be left behind.'

'Your proclamation promised safety and good care for the child if the mother gave herself up,' Claire-Marie reminded him.

'That is as may be,' retorted Jordain, brushing his pledged word aside with a gesture. 'But you can make the promise sure if you like, or otherwise I may forget it. I want money. I mean to have money. Robespierre may be a great man, but he never thinks zealous patriots want payment. You have to feed the little barber, anyway. Say you are the Duchesse de Cosene. It is all the same to you, and the child will fare all the better for the little mistake.'

Silence followed this proposal. Madame de Montjoie never answered.

Suddenly Maximilien got up and walked across the room. He stood by the side of the stout man bulging over the graceful leather-covered chair. '*Citoyen*'—— he began.

'Well?' returned Jordain in a surly voice.

'*Citoyen*,' went on Maximilien, 'it grieves me to think that you should want for money. I have a little hoard I have never used.'

He paused. He knew he was saying a dangerous thing. It was an epoch when it was worse than imprudent to own to wealth, but he was too hurried, too agitated, to estimate all the risks. The gay summer sun came through the three long windows, patterned the polished floor with markings of light and shade, and threw all its brightness into a pool of white down near to Claire-Marie.

'Eh?' questioned Jordain very slowly. He rose ponderously, inch by inch. 'What are you driving at?' he asked when the two men stood, one facing the other.

Maximilien stepped back a pace. '*Citoyen* Jordain,' he said, 'what will you take to forget that you have ever seen this lady here?'

The fateful words rang out in the room. They seemed to strike against the high mantelpiece, and to bound back again.

Claire-Marie looked at the friend of her youth. 'What do you mean?' she cried.

She was answered by the tanner. The good patriot had had time to think, to appraise, to determine. He had always hated the aristocrat with whom he was associated, and that had sharpened his wits. He drew himself upright and puffed out his chest. 'It means,' he roared, 'that the chief commissioner has been guilty of an attempt to bribe another commissioner to forget his duty. That is treason. Treason is punished with death, with the confiscation also of the guilty party's goods.' The stout man finished, and he sat down. He spread out his square-tipped fingers over his knees, and looked first at Claire-Marie, then at Maximilien. 'I have caught you at last, my fine friend,' he said to the tall man before him.

Maximilien saw the trap and all his danger. He smiled slowly. 'Pardon, my friend,' he returned very suavely, 'you are perhaps a little deaf. You may not have heard aright. You have no witness to confirm what you allege.'

Jordain smiled in his turn, and he smiled evilly. 'That woman heard you,' he said.

'I will never repeat what I heard,' answered Madame de Montjoie.

'Not to save your neck?' suggested Jordain.

'Not to save my life ten times over,' Madame de Montjoie flung back at him.

Jordain's face worked even more significantly than before. He rose and thrust a hand into his pocket. 'Then,' he said, 'I issued the proclamation. I claim the child. It takes a long time to starve a child to death. One can do it a bit at a time; and she won't die for a beating now and again, or for'—

But the hideous threat was never finished. At length Claire-Marie's composure left her. She knew such a revenge had been taken before on a helpless child, and that it might be taken again. 'Monster!' she cried, 'even you cannot be so cruel as that.'

Jordain began to laugh again.

But Maximilien sprang on him, and dragged him by the arm. 'Stop!' he commanded in a voice of thunder. 'You need not search for a witness, *citoyen*. I will repeat before the tribunal what I have said now. That, as you say, will condemn me. My goods will be forfeited to the man who laid the charge against me.'

He finished, and drew himself up. He crossed the room and came nearer to Claire-Marie. He looked down; she looked up. They smiled—smiled as they had not done since the old days at the Château Clejeux, when death was at their elbow.

There was a moment's pause while Jordain ruminated upon the position of affairs. Then the little girl looked up from her mother's skirts. She glanced at Maximilien; she peeped out at Jordain. Some children do the right thing from the moment they are able to walk. Some women can never do it at all. Claire-Marie's daughter was one of the former. She trotted across to the red-faced man.

'*Voyons*,' she said to him, 'you have not kissed my doll this morning.'

The coarse man laughed with a sharp explosive sound. Maximilien looked back at him. Madame de Montjoie stood, a sob kept under in her throat.

Then, while the three waited, while the white wings of mercy maybe hovered over Jacques Jordain's head, the doorkeeper returned from his meal, and thrust his face into the room.

'The citizen clerk from the Court,' he announced.

'He says he is pressed. The people clamour for the guillotine, and the list is not yet signed.'

The moment of better things had passed.

Jordain grinned. The lean-faced little clerk with the sharp nose stepped in. He was about to present his sheet, to fuss over his zeal, when Jordain stopped him.

'*Citoyen*,' he said, 'that rubbish can wait for to-day. I have something better for the people of Blois than just seeing one aristocrat walk up the steps after the other. I accuse the Commissioner Maximilien of treason. I denounce him as a traitor. I accuse him of endeavouring to bribe me, an incorruptible servant of the Republic, to let a *ci-devant* go.' The coarse voice ceased.

The little clerk edged sideways. 'Ahem!' coughed this very prudent functionary.

Jordain looked angrily back at his old friend. He was not receiving the encouragement he had expected. 'Eh?' he questioned sharply.

The clerk folded the sheet he held in his hands into neat, small squares. He thought, while his fingers worked, of Maximilien's hint about participating in the spoils. There might be something to be got out of him; there was assuredly nothing to be obtained from Jordain, who was known all over Blois as a very tight-fisted customer. Moreover—and this weighed the most of all—there were those rumours from Paris to be considered. If Robespierre fell, with him assuredly men like Jordain would go. The clerk thought there might be more to be made out of sparing than striking at this juncture.

'Yes,' he answered dubiously. 'But the witness, *citoyen*?'

The tanner smiled grimly. He looked at the little child playing with her doll; he looked at the tall woman; he looked at Maximilien.

The man whose sins were scarlet, who had ruled his course by love of self, and by that alone, suddenly rose above greed, above even the thought for his own life. 'I make no defence,' he proclaimed. 'What the commissioner has said is true.'

He stepped back and folded his arms. He had said all he could, done all he could. He had always shrunk with horror from the thought of death; now, when he could almost feel its cold breath, he could smile before it.

Jordain leaned forward and tapped his old ally on the arm.

'You hear?' he said.

'I do,' the little clerk was bound to confess.

'Then,' said Jordain, all at once very pompous, 'fetch the cart. There is no need for a trial. The enemy of the people can be driven straight to the Place. This woman had better go with him. Ring the bells of the town that all the people may know that there is something especial for them.'

The little clerk picked up a sheet and sidled from the room. Jordain waited a moment. He walked to the window, looked out, and then, with never a glance at the man or the woman he left behind, he too hastened out of the room.

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Maximilien crept nearer to Claire-Marie. They had probably but a moment together. He glanced at the window, at the sunlight coming through, and he listened. He expected the tramp of feet. Jordain must have sent the doorkeeper to summon a company of the Guards. In a moment he would be dragged away from Claire-Marie. In another moment he would be pinioned, insulted as he had seen others insulted.

But no one came into the long room. The little child, tired with playing in the sunshine, dropped on the floor, and, with the doll in her arms, closed her pretty blue eyes and leaned her little curly head against the side of the wide seat.

Maximilien stepped nearer to Claire-Marie. He looked at her—looked humbly at her.

'I could not save you,' he bewailed; 'but I can at least die with you.'

The tall woman, with the worn face, heard. She knew that at last this man had done his uttermost for her.

'You did what you could,' she answered gently. 'You did all you could. May God, in His mercy, help my child!'

She put out her hand. Maximilien bent; he pressed it to his lips; he held it gently.

'This is our last hour together,' he said, as if to excuse himself for keeping his grasp on the cold fingers.

They stood together waiting. The moments passed. No one came in to them; no one disturbed them. There was a strange hush everywhere, a strange stillness. The sunshine was brighter, hotter than ever; a fly buzzed on the window-pane; the hot air crept into the large room. The man and the woman stood waiting. In one minute more, in two—

They stood near together. They spoke no word. What was there to say? Life was so nearly at an end for them—life which he had so spoiled, life which had dealt so cruelly with her.

Then suddenly all the bells of the town began to ring; from every steeple, from every spire, broke forth a deafening volley of sound. The very air seemed to vibrate, as if hundreds of metal tongues were clapping against their molten cases.

Maximilien looked down at Claire-Marie. 'We are indeed making a joyful occasion,' he said with a touch of that carelessness which, with the high courage accompanying it, was a characteristic of the wall-born at that time.

Claire-Marie just smiled back at him. The little child on the floor slept on, slept through the din and the clamour as the tall woman hoped, prayed, she might sleep through the moment of parting.

Then, with a start, Maximilien drew still nearer to the woman he loved; his eyes looked into her eyes, and the supreme wail of his heart broke forth. 'If only I might have died for you!' he cried.

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He waited. Claire-Marie waited. They both listened.

There was a sound of a horse's hoofs without, of a horse breasting the steep paved rise of the hill as fast as it could go, of a cart dragging after it.

Claire-Marie just shivered. Maximilien put his arm around her. She let her head slip down and rest against him.

'You forgive me, Claire-Marie?' he whispered to her.

She raised her blue eyes, those wonderful blue eyes that no tears, no fatigue, no privation had been able to dim.

'Forgive!' she returned. 'I love you. I have loved you always, even as you have loved me.'

Maximilien answered with a long, sighing breath. Now he clasped her in his arms; now he held her close.

The cart drew up before the door, and he only pressed her the closer to him. Without, about the house, the mob was gathering. The summer air was filled with the voices, with the volume, of coarse, clamorous sound.

Maximilien pressed the woman he loved still closer. They would be thrust into the cart together. It was but such a little way down the hill, and then up to the Grande Place on the other side. The mob would go with them, would mock them, would hoot at them; the very children would shriek shrilly at them. Would they even hear? They would be together, together for the first time for years, for the last time in this life.

The yelling grew louder. Every bell seemed to be clanging with twenty loud notes.

The door opened hastily. Maximilien wheeled about. The sleeping child never stirred. Claire-Marie drew herself up.

It was the clerk who entered, his yellow face convulsed with excitement.

'Citoyen,' he cried to Maximilien, 'in Paris Robespierre has fallen. The guillotine is overturned. You will not forget, *citoyen*, when the new régime is arranged, that I spoke up for you, that I would have saved you if I could?'

Maximilien stepped back. Claire-Marie slipped from his arms. She was down by her child; she was on her knees by the little one. She was bidding the little girl wake, kiss her, laugh, for they were to live, and not to die.

Maximilien pushed away the wily clerk. He stooped over the woman on her knees. He took up the child and held her in his arms as he looked down at Claire-Marie. Without, the bells still swung and clashed. Without, the populace went wild to-day because the guillotine, which they had clamoured for the previous evening, was overthrown; and within the cathedral men and women rejoiced, not knowing why they were still alive or to what they owed the gift of life.

IN QUEST OF A DIAMOND KING.

By THOMAS HAKE.

CHAPTER I.

A MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

UNDER an electric lamp, in a snug state cabin, sat two men, both of a seafaring type, facing each other. Lying on the table between them, poised on a piece of cotton-wool, was a monster diamond of dazzling brilliance. In every feature these men—both middle-aged, muscular, and broad-shouldered—were strikingly unlike. One wore a beard trimmed to a peak; the other was close-shaven. The face of the close-shaven one was stern and uninviting, on occasion even repulsive; while the face of the bearded one was frank and genial. Absorbed in their talk as they bent over this big diamond, the men showed no sign whatever of being conscious that the owner of a pair of bright dark eyes watched them keenly from beneath a large panther-skin rug, where she was nestling in a shadowy corner of the cabin.

Lifting up the diamond gingerly between forefinger and thumb, the close-shaven seafarer addressed his companion in an awed whisper. 'Wonderful!' said he; 'wonderful! I say, Dalroy, what might *she* be worth?'

Dalroy, whose brow seemed to expand, while the other's contracted with covetous wrinkles, stroked his beard, and broke into a low, self-satisfied chuckle. 'Fifty thousand,' said he; 'not a cent less.'

'What! fifty thousand dollars?'

'Ay, Paul Wratislaw, that's my figure! And, what's better,' said Dalroy, taking the diamond from his companion and dexterously twisting it about until every facet scintillated like flashes of fairy lightning, 'what's still better, there's more of 'em where this came from.'

'Ay, down the Cape way. What, mate?'

Dalroy nodded. 'Down the Cape way; and tucked up under the sand,' said he, 'safe and sound. And, what's best of all, I've pegged the ground and registered my find, so I'm all right!'

A short silence followed, during which Paul Wratislaw's greedy eyes travelled restlessly between the diamond and Dalroy's face. At last he said, 'Look here, mate, what might you be thinking to do?'

'Thinking to do? I'm going to ask Phil Harmond's father to fix up a syndicate and float a company. That's my project! And if that famous London banker will only consent there'll be millions in it—millions!'

While still speaking Dalroy replaced the diamond on the cotton-wool and leant back meditatively. The men again sat for a while in silence, listening to the swish of the waves against the portholes as the screw-steamer *Fortunatus* forged ahead, making all speed toward the port of London.

'Philip Harmond's father!' said Paul Wratislaw in a low voice, as though questioning himself rather than Dalroy. 'Going to him with your diamond—Philip Harmond's father, eh, mate?'

At mention of the name Philip Harmond the watchful eyes behind the panther-skin became more keenly fixed than ever upon Paul Wratislaw's face.

'Ay,' said Dalroy, 'I shall make straight for Harmond's Bank the moment we get into port.'

'It's the wrong shop, mate,' said Wratislaw abruptly.

'The wrong shop? What! ain't it good enough?'

'Ay, you might say *too* good,' said Wratislaw. 'But Russian or Turkish loans are more in their way of business. Diamonds, I reckon, ain't exactly in Harmond's line.'

'Think not?'

'Sure of it. Ask old Nick.'

'Who's he?'

'My brother. Did I never tell you about my brother Nicholas? He's a marvel.'

'In what way?'

'Finance. No one his equal in London,' said Wratislaw, 'at floating companies, diamond-mines in particular. He's in touch with every great diamond house in Europe.'

'Is he, though?' said Dalroy, seemingly impressed.

He now took from the capacious pocket of his pilot coat a small red morocco case with the initials R. D. stamped upon it in large gilt letters, and placed the diamond inside.

'I'd like to meet old Nick,' said he.

'Would you, indeed? Well, why not, mate?' said the other. 'He's mostly always at home—Wratislaw's Wharf, Southwark. Why not look him up on your way to Harmond's Bank?'

Dalroy buttoned his pilot coat round his broad chest and rose to his feet. 'Come on deck,' said he. 'We'll have a confab about your brother over a cigar. In touch with every great diamond house in Europe, is he! Ah!'

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No sooner were they gone than the girl cast the rug aside, lifted herself upon her elbow, and stared like one waking out of a dream toward the space under the lamp where the two men had sat in earnest talk a moment ago. Her eyes expressed deep anxiety and dread; seemed, indeed, still filled with a picture of those two figures with that great sparkling diamond between them. And so absorbed was she in her contemplation of the mental vision—so lost in thought—that she was quite unaware that a young fellow in a smart yachting cap and jacket was standing at the entrance to the cabin and regarding her with evident concern.

'Marion!' said he in a low voice.

She sprang up and stood before him, a tall, daintily shaped beauty. Passing her hand across her brow, she looked into his questioning face in a dazed sort of way. 'Phil,' said she with sudden eagerness, 'did you see my father step on deck a minute ago?'

'Yes. That piratical old chap Paul Wratislaw was with him,' said he. 'He was clinging to your father's arm as if he never meant to let go! Why do you ask?'

'I thought I'd been dreaming about them. But I haven't. It was all real.'

'What was all real?'

'Don't ask me. Come!' said she abruptly. 'I'm beginning to feel choked down here. Let us go on deck.'

He looked with a swift glance into her face, but questioned her no further. Then he led the way out.

On deck there was a good sprinkling of passengers, for it was a calm night, though somewhat chilly and dark. Phil Harmond soon found a corner, furnished with a couple of deck-chairs, in the aft part of the great screw-steamer, whose voyage was now nearly at an end. Here he and Marion settled down, side by side, as they had done on many a night during this, for them, only too short a journey from the Cape.

'Our last evening together, Marion,' said Phil; 'we are nearly home now!' And he pointed as he spoke toward a lighthouse, luminous against the dark, distant horizon. 'Are you sorry?'

Marion Dalroy's glance followed his own to where the revolving beacon flashed intermittently upon the night. The sight brought back to her recollection the haunting picture of the diamond flashing under the lamp in the saloon cabin.

'Marion,' he went on, taking her hand in his, 'they have been the happiest evenings I have ever known. The—— Why, my dear, how you're trembling! Are you cold?'

'No, Phil; no! I'm a bit upset, I think,' she replied. 'It's nothing. An odd thought crossed my mind. It's gone now; it's nothing at all.'

'Marion,' said Phil earnestly, 'let me share this thought with you! Haven't I won the right?'

She nestled nearer to his side. 'Dear Phil,' 1913.]

she whispered, 'you have indeed! for I love you—you know I do. Yes, I am worried. It's about my dear, impetuous, simple-minded father. I—I wish—— But don't let us talk about it to-night. To-morrow, if need be, I'll tell you everything.'

'Why not to-night?'

'I cannot!' she replied. 'I didn't come on deck for that. I want for an hour to forget, if I can, all about it. I want to hear you talk about your father. Yes, Phil, *your* father, the "greatest banker in London," as people call him. I came on deck to-night to hear you talk, as I'm never tired of doing, about your splendid mansion in Eaton Square. Not that the princely home is what I care so much about. It's your own little study there, with the arm-chair by the fireside, that interests me; the water-colours on your study walls, painted by you in your college days; the bookcase with those books of travel by land and sea—the books, I mean, about the places you've been visiting in your two years' wanderings.'

'Ah, those wanderings!' he interposed.

'Dear Marion, they brought me to you!'

And so they talked, as lovers do, of how and where and when they met. And while still talking there, late into the night, that distant lighthouse began to take a weird, half-conscious hold upon Marion's fancy. Even when she retired to her berth at last, and fell asleep, it haunted her. That large diamond of her father's shaped itself in her dreams into a big revolving beacon casting out its facet-flashes intermittently, lighting up a dark abyss toward which he was hurrying at headlong speed.

An agonising cry that came from her own lips awoke her at last. The dazzling morning light half-blinded her as she opened her eyes. To her amazement, on looking out of her cabin window, she found that the steamer was lying at anchor in a broad river reach, a river which she soon recognised as the Thames. Their journey was at an end.

That morning Marion saw little of her father. It seemed to her that he avoided her. The thought caused her deep concern. She had never known him avoid her before, and she could not but attribute his unwonted attitude to the influence of Paul Wratislaw.

She found her father in his cabin at last, alone. He was seated at his table, bending over a pile of diamonds, the red morocco case at his elbow. There was no sign of greed upon his face. His pilot coat was thrown open, his cap at the back of his head; and his genial look expressed a genuine admiration of the big gem, held up between his rough finger and thumb. The diamond seemed almost alive, and answering eloquently to the glitter in his laughing eyes, as he twisted it about under the bright rays of morning light that looked in at the porthole, just as he had twisted it about under the electric

lamp on the previous night. The sight brought the whole scene—the scene between Wratislav and her father in the state cabin—vividly back to Marion's mind, and a shudder passed over her.

'Why, Marion,' said Dalroy, glancing into his daughter's troubled face, 'what's wrong?'

She sat down, still agitated. Bending forward, she looked at him with pleading eyes. 'Father, give them to me! Let me take charge of the diamonds. You shall have them all back, every one,' said she, 'at the door of Harmond's Bank.'

A puzzled look came over Dalroy's face. 'What! this big one and all?' said he, as he placed it in the case.

'Yes, father. I've an odd fancy that if I had charge of them as far as the bank door good luck would come of it. You'll not refuse me, will you?'

'Refuse you! Why should I? Come to me in a—well, say in an hour's time,' said he. 'I'm busy at the moment, as you see. But by that time I shall be ready for you. Yes, say in an hour's time.' And he dismissed her with a playful pat on the cheek, as he was often wont to do.

In an hour's time Marion again went to his cabin. She knocked. Getting no answer, she looked in at the door. There was no one there.

As she crossed the saloon to go on deck in search of him she encountered Philip Harmond. 'Phil,' said she, 'what's become of father?'

'Didn't he tell you?' And he looked at her in surprise.

'Didn't he tell me what?'

'About starting without us,' said Phil; 'about going straight away to the bank, and'—

'Gone—without us, Phil?'

'Yes. I thought you knew. I went ashore with him, and saw him into a taxi-cab at the dock gates,' said Phil. 'He asked me to take you to Eaton Square, and then join him at our bank. There he agreed to wait until I turned up, and—' Why, Marion, what's the matter?'

'Phil, what have you done?' and as she spoke her eyes filled with a look of consternation.

'What have you done?'

'Done, my dear Marion? You alarm me.'

She pressed her hands together almost convulsively. 'If I had only told you—told you everything—last night, as you urged me to do,' said she, 'you would never have let father leave the ship alone. I know you never would.'

'Tell me everything now. Perhaps'—

'Too late! Father has shown Paul Wratislav the big diamond. He showed it to him last night. You should have seen the man's look when he caught sight of it! That look has haunted me ever since.'

'What sort of look?'

'A look of murder. I saw it in every line of Paul Wratislav's face,' said Marion in an

awed whisper; 'I saw it written there as plain as day.'

Marion now hastened to quit the ship, accompanied by Philip Harmond. On their way to Eaton Square a strange thing happened. Their taxi-cab had long ago left the great area of docks and drawbridges, and was passing a steep, narrow alley, with a glimpse of the river visible beyond, when Marion suddenly uttered a low cry as she clutched Philip's arm. 'Look! who can that be?'

Philip instantly looked out. As the cab whisked by he caught sight of a shrunken, misshapen man standing within the shadow of an arched doorway let into a lofty wall—a wizened and sallow-faced man—eyeing the cab over his lifted shoulder with a watchful and crafty glance.

'Why, Marion, of whom does that fellow remind you?' asked Philip.

'Wratislav.'

'Paul Wratislav?'

'Yes. When father flashed his big diamond before Wratislav's eyes,' said she, 'that was the look on his face.'

'My dear girl! what odd fancy is this?'

'I don't know. But the look haunts me, Philip—haunts me at every turn.'

CHAPTER II.

A MILLIONAIRE'S SON.

HARMOND'S BANK stood in a quiet and secluded old City courtyard between noisy thoroughfares. The solitary lamp in the centre of the court had just been lighted, and its glimmer fell upon the old edifice. In outward appearance this noted house was still that of the family mansion of bygone days. It occupied one side of the court, and was, in fact, the only house within the precincts, for the houses opposite—a lofty block of modern offices—all turned their backs upon this shady courtyard.

It was past four o'clock. The clerks were gone. The bank porter was closing the iron-bound outer doors. On one side of the entrance hall was a long room, with its now vacant row of cashiers' desks facing narrow, barred windows. On the other side of the hall was the door into the bank-parlour. In this room sat Philip's father, John Harmond, at his great oaken desk. Upon this desk stood a large shaded lamp, throwing its circle of light upon the banker's mass of papers.

The attitude of this man of affairs—this man whose wealth was spoken of as fabulous—was at the moment one of deep dejection. He was resting his elbows upon the desk, his gray head grasped between his twitching hands, and his

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handsome and refined features were almost tragic in expression.

'What's to be done?' he muttered. 'What's to be done now? I dare not tell him! And yet, if I don't, others will. To-morrow all the world will know; to-morrow all the world will learn that Harmond's Bank has'—

He paused abruptly, rose to his feet, and stood rigidly upright, a listening look on his face. He was about to step toward the door, when a voice—a familiar voice—long unheard, caught his ear. He shrank back with a sudden sense of dizziness and sank into his chair, with half-closed eyes.

Next moment Philip stepped into the room.

The banker held out his hands in greeting. 'My son!' said he in a low, trembling voice; 'my son!'

'Why, father, what's this?' and Philip sat down and began to scrutinise his parent's face. 'How you've changed! Have you been ill?'

'No. It's not that.'

'What, then?'

The banker smiled grimly. 'It's the chink of gold,' he said. 'The sound of it breaks my rest, Philip. It breaks my rest at night, and disturbs my peace of mind all day long. But how well you look! Thank God, there's no sign of care on your face. There's consolation in that. Your two years of globe-trotting have improved you vastly. You look strong enough to bear the hateful sound—the hateful thought—of gold, as I could bear it once quite resignedly. Ward off the weakness, if you can, as long as you live.'

Philip looked with a puzzled glance still more closely into the careworn face. 'You're over-worked, sir,' said he, placing his hand caressingly upon his father's. 'Why didn't you order me home long ago to take your place? You must have your turn at globe-trotting now, and leave me to look after our affairs.'

The banker shook his head.

'Father,' said Philip, feigning not to notice this sign of dissent, 'a voyage to Capetown—that's what you need. A brilliant idea! You must go and inspect the new diamond-mines—the Dalroy mines, you know.'

'Ah, the Dalroy diamond-mines,' said the banker with a sudden look of concentration. 'A big affair! Why has your friend failed to keep his appointment with me to-day?'

'What! haven't you seen him?' asked Philip with suppressed consternation in his voice. 'Hasn't Dalroy been here this afternoon?'

'No. And, to tell you the truth,' said the banker, 'it's just as well he has not. I've some startling news to communicate to you, my dear boy. When I have spoken—told you everything—it will be for you to decide whether I should be justified in meeting this wealthy mine-owner—justified, I mean, in undertaking

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to float this vast diamond company about which you wrote to me from Capetown.'

Philip looked inquiringly at his father. 'Startling news?' he repeated.

'Yes, Philip! Upon you it will fall as a piece of news so startling,' said the banker, 'that I can hardly expect you to credit my words. You will think I'm mad; but I'm not, though it's a wonder my brain has not given way under the growing torture I've endured for the last few weeks. I firmly believe it would have driven most men crazy.'

'Father! what is this?'

'I will try to explain. I will try,' said he in a faltering voice which he made a great effort to control. 'I will try to put the facts before you in a few words. I am forced to confess that our vast banking affairs are not prospering. I'll not distress you with details. The trouble began with the fall in certain foreign bonds. What we have to confront now, Philip, is the hideous truth that we are threatened with a crisis—a run upon Harmond's Bank! Think what that would mean, not merely to ourselves, but to every banking house of importance. In one word, it would shake like an earthquake the whole world of finance.'

The banker paused. He sat with his head between his hands again, staring before him, staring with vacant gaze at the appalling disaster his overwrought brain had conjured up.

For some minutes Philip Harmond—the youthful partner in a banking house whose vast credit he had never until now had cause to question—could not find voice to utter a word. One paralysing thought, naturally the first to flash through his mind, held him dumfounded: the thought of his newly won love—Marion Dalroy; the thought of how he could pluck up courage enough to break such news to her. 'Can nothing be done?' The words escaped him half-consciously, like an agonising cry, and though spoken almost inaudibly, caught his father's ear.

'Yes!' said he, suddenly alert. 'One thing can be done. If successful, Philip, it would save the house.'

'What's that?' asked Philip eagerly.

'An advance of half-a-million from your friend—from Robert Dalroy,' said the banker. 'If that could be achieved, confidence in our banking house would be quickly restored.'

'Robert Dalroy!' muttered Philip, with a sudden sense of panic at the thought of what had become of him.

'Yes, Robert Dalroy. Why not? What reason have you for answering me in that strange tone? I have clung to the hope that the project of the diamond-mining company might be carried out in time to avert the crisis; the thought has buoyed me up ever since the steamer left Capetown with you, my dear boy—you and Dalroy—on board. You have arrived—

at last! You have come to me at the eleventh hour. Everything must be settled before we open our bank doors to-morrow morning. By the bye, you've invited Dalroy to stay with us at Eaton Square, I hope?'

'Yes. Marion Dalroy is there now,' said Philip. 'I've just left her.'

'Ah!—Marion. I had forgotten her. Forgive me. What a brilliant match it will be!' said the banker with enthusiasm. 'I congratulate you with all my heart! But—but why do you still look so strangely at me, Philip? My dear boy, can Robert Dalroy refuse his financial aid to save the house—can he possibly refuse—can he, Philip—with his daughter's happiness in the balance? Come, the motor-car is outside. Let us get home. We shall find Robert Dalroy waiting there for us, I've not the least doubt.'

Philip, on the contrary, experienced agonising doubts; but he made no comment. He resolved to withhold from his father the dread which he had shared with Marion ever since Robert Dalroy had quitted the ship that afternoon; the dread that the 'Diamond King'—as he was called in Capetown—had met with foul play. The taxi-cab in which Dalroy had started, professedly for Harmond's Bank, had taken him elsewhere! But whither? That was the crux. Had he gone, as Marion would have it, to a certain riverside wharf owned by Wratislaw's brother? The more Philip conned the situation the more convinced was he that Marion was right. At Wratislaw's Wharf a trap had been laid, and Dalroy, with blind confidence in his wily friend, had stepped into it. Yes, he thought, Marion was right.

But now the banker's motor pulled up at the portico before the mansion in Eaton Square, and Philip looked eagerly toward the great drawing-room windows, brilliant with light, in the forlorn hope that some sign of Robert Dalroy's arrival would relieve his suspense. He saw a shadow for an instant flit across one of the blinds—Marion's shadow; but it seemed somehow only to confirm his fear that she was alone.

In that luxurious drawing-room at Eaton Square, with its blazing fire and brilliant lights, Marion Dalroy was waiting—waiting with keen anxiety—for Philip's return, waiting for news of her father.

The anxiety was becoming almost insupportable, when suddenly the sound of the motor-car stopping outside caught her ear. She rose quickly from her seat near the hearth, and sprang toward one of the windows. But she stopped half-way, and stood with her hand upon the back of a chair, gazing toward the door with listening eyes and parted lips, for she recognised Philip's step upon the stairs.

The door opened. Philip came in hastily. He was alone.

She ran to him and looked up inquiringly into his face; but the terrible truth was only too plainly written there.

'No news of him?' she said. 'Oh Philip! it is, then, as we feared.'

'Courage, my darling!' said he, stroking her hair soothingly. 'I'm now going to Wratislaw's Wharf as quickly as a taxi-cab will take me.'

A pleading look instantly came into Marion's face. 'Let me go with you!'

He looked dismayed. 'To Wratislaw's Wharf, my dear?' said he. 'Don't—don't think of it. Why, the place may be a den of thieves for all we can tell! I've carried a revolver ever since I started on my travels, and I shall not lay it aside to-night. You must wait here, Marion. Your father may come at any moment. He may need you. Who knows!'

'But, Philip, you must not go alone!'

'Yes, dear, alone. Don't worry about me,' he said. 'But come to the library! There's some one waiting there to welcome you, Marion. You know whom I mean?'

At the corner of Eaton Square Philip sprang into a taxi-cab, and went rapidly eastward. And now, as he sat staring out of the window upon the brightly lighted streets through which he passed, staring with eager, searching eyes for the face of Robert Dalroy, he began to realise to the full how much the happiness of each of them—the happiness of Marion, of his own father, and himself—depended on the result of his perilous quest for the Diamond King.

The taxi-cab had now left the busier and brighter thoroughfares. Passing presently into a somewhat crooked and narrow street, dimly lighted, the vehicle pulled up at an arched doorway let into a high wall. On the doorway was painted 'Wratislaw's Wharf,' and hanging on one side of the entrance was an iron bell-pull resembling a rope. As the chauffeur stepped out upon the pavement and rang the bell, creating a deep-toned clang, Philip realised of a sudden that it was at this very spot—within the arched doorway in this very wall—that Marion had taken serious alarm at the sight of a weird-looking cripple eyeing them over his ill-shaped shoulder as they sped by barely an hour ago.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE HOUR OF EBB-TIDE.

THE hollow sound of the bell had hardly ceased when the door was cautiously opened. A sharp-featured girl, short in stature, her eyes small and keen, looked out with a swift, uneasy glance. 'What is it?' said she snappishly, pulling with a jerk a grimy woollen shawl close.

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about her scraggy shoulders. 'W'at might yer want?'

'Mr Wratislaw,' said Philip, as he stepped out upon the pavement. 'Is he within?'

'There's two o' 'em,' said the girl. 'One's mostly at 'ome; t'other's mostly a-seafaring like, t'other is. W'ich one on 'em is yer arter?'

'The seafarer, Paul Wratislaw.'

'E's out,' said the girl.

'Why, in that case I'd like to have a word with his brother,' said Philip.

'Ah! Mr Nick, ye means?' and she cast a rapid glance over her shoulder.

'Yes, Mr Nicholas Wratislaw.'

The girl eyed Philip with a strange, penetrating look. 'Mr Nick's just dropped off.'

'Dropped off?'

'Yes; 'avin' 'is forty winks,' said the girl. Then she added, as though the thought had suddenly come to her, 'W'at might yer name be, mister?'

'Harmond,' said Philip.

The girl looked up swiftly into his face.

'Come in!' said she.

The invitation, as it seemed to Philip, was given in a tone of suppressed eagerness. He had placed his hand upon the gate, suspecting that the girl might suddenly shut him out. But her manner reassured him on that point. He now turned to the chauffeur, paid his fare, and dismissed him. Then, without further word, he passed in at the wall door.

Philip found himself in a yard, dark and uninviting, with the house door half-open a few steps beyond, and a dim light flickering within. At this door the girl stopped, and with her hand upon it beckoned him to follow. He plucked up the courage to comply, but not without a passing shudder at the thought of what the sequel might be to this mysterious adventure.

Still beckoning, but uttering no word, the girl now led the way across a bare hall. A dark and narrow staircase was dimly outlined beyond. Opening a side-door, she ushered Philip into an old-fashioned kitchen, with a grandfather clock standing in a corner behind a ragged-looking arm-chair near a smouldering fire. A well-worn carpet covered the space in front of the hearth. On the kitchen table stood a brazen candlestick, its guttering tallow candle ineffectually lighting up the dresser, where rows of blue chinaware were clumsily arranged upon broad shelves. On an upper shelf, conspicuous in the midst of all this crockery, was a china teapot large enough for entertaining at tea a ship's company. Across the wall facing the fireplace hung a broad, massive curtain of sailcloth, at which Philip looked inquisitively.

'Switch it back,' said the girl. 'Don't yer be afeard. 'E won't bite ye.'

'Who?'

'W'y, Mr Nick o' course!'

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'Nicholas Wratislaw?'

'Yes. Don't I tell ye so?'

Philip drew back the curtain, disclosing a narrow opening leading down by a step or two into an oblong room not unlike an old ship's cabin. At one end was a massive oaken door with a barred window above it. In a recess stood a large deal box used as a table, for upon it was placed, on a Chinese tray, a diminutive globe-shaped lamp, the bright little flame flickering weirdly near a circular opening at the top. Scattered about round the lamp were a number of odd-looking pipes, their round bowls near the centre of the stems. A small china vase, with a spatula dipped into it, stood beside the lamp. Alongside this makeshift table was a pile of bags filled with hemp-seed. Curled up on his side upon this pile was the hunchbacked figure of a man with a wizened, sallow face. His eyes, half-hidden under the heavy lids, had a fixed and lack-lustre expression, as if peering into space.

Philip recognised the man at once. It was the mysterious cripple whom he had caught sight of in the arched doorway of the wall eyeing Marion and himself over his crooked shoulder as they sped by in their taxi-cab that afternoon on their way to Eaton Square.

'Ah!' muttered Philip, 'so that's Nicholas Wratislaw, is it?'

The girl nodded. 'An' 'e's a-'avin' 'is forty winks, I tell ye,' said she. 'Ah ha! don't 'e look 'appy-like? 'E's a-dreamin' about them diamonds, 'e is.'

Philip started. 'Diamonds!' he whispered. 'His—Dalroy's diamonds! The man must be roused—must be roused at once!' And he was about to step into the room.

But the girl caught him quickly by the wrist. 'Stop! 'E can't 'elp ye,' said she. 'Don't ye see them pipes, an' the china jar with the dipper stickin' out o' it?'

'Opium-pipes, aren't they?' queried Philip.

'O' course they be!' said the girl. 'Now do ye understand?'

'Yes. He can't be roused. He's an opium-smoker,' said Philip. 'Isn't that what you mean?'

'That's just w'at I does mean. I means,' said the girl, 'that ye might as well arsk me to wake up the dead!'

Philip regarded the curled-up cripple with a look of blank despair.

'See 'ere,' said the girl. 'It ain't 'im ye wants, I tell ye. It's me. Never ye mind old Nick. Jist ye listen! Liza Ratling knows everythink. She ain't 'alf so daft as she lets 'em think. Wasn't she 'idin' behind this very curtain w'en they all three comes in from the wharf yonder, off old Nick's motor-boat? An' didn't she 'ear 'em a-talkin' about diamonds an' sich-like? I say! I reckons as 'ow 'er father's made o' diamonds, ain't 'e?'

'Her father?'

'Yes, 'er father,' said Liza, jerking her thumb over her shoulder into space. 'When them three came in I peeped through a corner o' this curtain, an' there was 'er father a-pullin' out diamonds from pretty nigh every pocket o' his pilot coat. But the biggest an' the brightest o' the lot—my eye, didn't it sparkle! An' while he was a-tossin' them diamonds about as though they was no more nor bits o' glass bought at a penny bazaar, 'e told them two brothers 'ow 'e'd given 'is gal Marion the slip that a'ternoon.'

'But—but where is Mr Dalroy now?' asked Philip with a gesture of impatience. 'Where is he now?'

'Stop a bit!' said the girl, with a thoughtful frown. 'Might there be sich a place as 'Armond's Bank?'

'Of course there is!'

'The bank w'at's on the p'int o' breakin', ain't it?'

'On the point of breaking?'

'Old Nick's own words! On the p'int o' breakin', says he. "Don't ye put yer dollars into 'Armond's Bank, Mr Dalroy," 'e says. "If ye do ye'll lose everythink." "Lose everythink!" says 'er father. An' up 'e starts. "I'm an old pilot," 'e says, "an' Phil 'Armond's my friend; an', w'at's more, 'e's my gal's young man! D'yer think I'm not good for riskin' a million o' dollars? I'll steer that bank into port!" An' then says 'e, "I'll take a taxi to 'Armond's Bank straight away." But they wasn't goin' to let 'im slip so easy—not they! The seafarin' one says, "I can land ye at 'Armond's Bank," says 'e, "in no time. Ye've only jist got to jump aboard Nick's motor-boat, an' there ye are. Sit down, mate, while me an' old Nick brings 'er alongside. We'll be ready to start in two ticks." An' out 'e stepped at the wharf door before the diamond chap could open 'is mouth. The moment they was gone I peeps round the curtain an' says in a loud whisper like, "Mister, come 'ere, quick!" says I. "Don't look round; don't speak; listen!" An' up 'e jumps an' sidles up to the curtain an' nods 'is 'ead an' puts 'is 'and to 'is ear. "Yer life's in danger," says I. "They've stole the big diamond, they 'ave, an' they's goin' to drug ye aboard that 'ere motor-boat," says I, "an' drown ye down-stream at ebb-tide." At which word he shivers a bit an' buttons 'is pilot coat about 'im, but goes on a-noddin'. "Now, see 'ere," says I; "ye've only got to play their game an' ye'll win. Pretend to drink, an' then to drop sound asleep like in the cabin, an' ye'll be left alone. Don't show fight! If ye does," says I, "they'll"—I was going to say "murder ye," only the wharf door opens, an' in they comes. But the diamond chap didn't want no more straight tips, I could see! 'E went out wi' 'em to the motor-boat as friendly as ever, 'e did. After a bit old

Nick came back alone, an' went hobblin' upstairs in the darkness, as I've known 'im do many's a time. At last 'e came down again an' curled 'isself up on them bags yonder to 'ave his smoke.'

'But—Mr Dalroy—what?'

'Ark!' she interposed.

At this moment the grandfather clock began to strike.

'Six!' cried she.

Next moment she had drawn the curtain across the opening and shut the sleeper from view.

'Waking up?' asked Philip, with an eager, questioning look.

'Wakin' up? No, not 'e!' said the girl. 'Can't ye see what's goin' to 'appen! It's six o'clock, an' the tide's begun to ebb. In a minute or two I reckon old Nick's brother will come in at the wharf door. Ye mark my words. Peep behind the curtain an' wait!'

Drawing the curtain an inch aside, Philip peered into the room, his eyes fixed upon the wharf door. And, sure enough, before many minutes had passed a key was turned in the massive lock, the door was softly opened, and Paul Wratiaslaw stepped into the room, leaving the heavy portal slightly open. He glanced about him with a swift, searching glance. His face was flushed, and there was a scared and hunted look in his eyes. His whole appearance was one of semi-intoxication, as he now staggered forward and placed his hand swiftly and roughly upon his brother's shoulder.

'Nick!' said he in a raucous voice, 'the diamond—the big diamond—where is it!'

The vehement appeal brought no response from the sleeper.

'For mercy's sake, wake up, man!' Paul exclaimed, shaking the sleeper still more roughly. 'postulated, shaking the sleeper still more roughly. 'Dalroy has escaped! He may drop upon us at any moment. I got him aboard the motor-boat and gave him a good stiff dose, and he seemed to go off sound enough in the starboard bunk in no time. Then I left him, and went ashore to have a glass or two at the "Anchor" while waiting for the ebb-tide. When I returned aboard—do you hear me, Nick!—when I returned aboard he had gone—vanished! He has looked winked us, I tell you, and the game's up. Where's the diamond?'

Still getting no response, Paul Wratiaslaw—driven to desperation in his fright—caught the sleeper by the collar, and lifting him into a sitting posture, shouted in his ear like a maniac, 'You old numskull! what are you dreaming of, taking your opium-smoke at a time like this! Wasn't it all settled I should steer down to Sheerness at ebb-tide to-night and scuttle the motor-boat with Dalroy aboard? Darn my luck! I've a mind to think you've been playing me false, brother Nick, curse you!—playing me false! And with a vicious thrust he sent brother Nick

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rolling back, an inanimate heap, upon his couch.

At this moment the gate bell rang loudly.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

AN expression of abject terror crossed Paul Wratislaw's face as the sound of the gate bell fell upon his ear. He turned, and with a tottering gait reached the wharf door; and before Philip could arrest him Wratislaw had passed out into the night.

Philip instantly started in pursuit. The man had avowedly stolen the big Dalroy diamond, and, what was still more, conspired with his brother Nicholas to take the life of Marion's father. The young banker's rage and indignation knew no bounds. Robert Dalroy had indeed fallen among thieves!

Philip stepped out upon the wharf. The river lights were glimmering at the mastheads of barges and other craft, but the wharf was in shadow. He peered round in search of the fugitive. A dark figure bungling along toward the wharf stairs caught his eye, and he made his way toward it, with groping outstretched hands, as quickly as the rough and unevenly boarded structure of woodwork would permit.

Wratislaw had reached the wharf stairs; the motor-boat was still lying alongside, and Philip was now almost within arm's-reach of the man; a minute more and he would have had the fellow in his grasp. But suddenly Wratislaw lost his footing, went headlong down the steps, and tumbled with a loud splash into the river, and was carried away like a log on the ebbing tide.

When Philip Harmond presently pushed open the wharf door and re-entered old Nick's opium-den he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'Marion, my dear girl! You here!'

She was standing in the middle of the room, and staring at the sleeper on his hemp-seed couch with a look in her eyes so keen and concentrated that she failed to perceive Philip until the sound of his voice caused her to start round. With a cry of delight she sprang into his arms.

'I've come with father,' said she at last. 'He was greatly alarmed when I told him you had come here alone. But the servant-girl who answered the gate bell quickly eased our minds. What a brave girl she is! Through her warning words father escaped, thank Heaven, and came straight to Eaton Square.'

'But,' said Philip, glancing about him, 'where is he now?'

'Outside,' said Marion, 'in your great motor-car. The girl refused to admit him.'

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'Refused to admit your father?'

'You see, Philip, father's a quick-tempered, impulsive man,' said she, 'and nothing would enrage him more than the sight of this hateful hunchback!'

For a moment she stood lost in thought, and regarding the hunchback more significantly than before.

'Philip,' said she, 'that diamond must be found to-night! It's needed more than you think. And I'm going to try to find out where it's concealed.'

'You! Why, my dear Marion'—

'Don't dissuade me,' she interposed. 'I've just thought of something. Don't dissuade me. I once chanced to hear—it was while travelling with father in China—that opium-smokers could sometimes be enticed to answer questions in their sleep. I'm going to whisper a question in this man's ear. I don't dare hope it will lead to anything; but a mere word, a muttered utterance, might give us a clue. Don't dissuade me, Philip!'

He looked from Marion toward the sleeping hunchback. 'It's a forlorn hope,' said he.

'That may be. But, dear Philip, the diamond is priceless now. Go to father; he will explain. It's priceless! And—and, Philip, tell him that if he attempts to enter the house all chance of finding the diamond will be lost. That will keep him outside, if anything will.'

'Yes; but, Marion, leave you here alone?'

'Yes, you—you'll come back as quickly as you can, dear, won't you?'

By way of answer Philip pressed her tenderly in his embrace. Then he hurried out.

Robert Dalroy was pacing up and down on the pavement between the motor-car and the door in the wall, as though he were pacing the deck, in his capacity of pilot, conscious of rocks ahead. But the moment he saw Philip he linked the young fellow's arm firmly in his own and eagerly whispered in his ear, 'Found it?'

'Not yet. But there's a chance. Marion has just hit on a plan,' said Philip, 'by which the diamond may possibly be unearthed.'

Still with his arm in Philip's, Dalroy resumed his restless pacing. 'Paul Wratislaw—the cur!—has cut and run, hasn't he?'

'Yes,' said Philip; 'and he's beyond our reach, I fancy, for he has fallen into the river, and there's little doubt he's drowned.'

'Drowned!'

Philip told Dalroy of Wratislaw's flight in a few words. 'I've sent a search-party after him; but I doubt if they'll succeed,' said he, 'in finding the miscreant, alive or dead.'

'God forgive him!' said Dalroy in a low, impressive voice. 'And as to that old opium-smoker, he'd have gone out with the ebb-tide too at his brother's heels if that plucky servant-girl hadn't seen my drift and shut me out.'

And he cast a meaning glance toward the door in the wall.

'You have good reason, I must admit,' said Philip, 'to hate those two men; they stole from you a valuable diamond; they nearly took your life. But already justice has overtaken one of them; the other will get his deserts before long. And now,' he added, 'let me go back to Marion.'

'Stop! Give me a minute,' said Dalroy, 'and then I'll come to anchor in the motor-car and leave all to you. Don't think I care a straw about that diamond, Phil, except for Marion's sake and yours.'

'For Marion's sake and mine?'

'Yes, dear boy,' went on Dalroy. 'I can explain my meaning in two words. When I reached Eaton Square I found Marion with your father in his library. A great man, Philip—a great master of finance! I soon found that out! And I wasn't slow to tell him that a report had reached me that Harmond's Bank was shaky. I put it to him point-blank: Was it true or false?'

'What was his reply?' said Philip.

'His reply? He frankly admitted that financial help was needed to avert a crisis.'

'He'll not live to face it,' said Philip, 'if a crisis should come about. Can anything be done?'

Dalroy stopped suddenly and took from his pocket the morocco case.

'My boy,' said he, 'I can't see what can be done until that diamond is back here again. I've told your father so. In fact, I've come to look upon that big diamond as my mascot. You may call me a superstitious old pilot if you like. Perhaps I am. But I can promise no financial help to Harmond's Bank till it's restored to me. No syndicate can ever be formed, no mining company floated, by any help of mine unless that diamond is found, and found to-night!'

At the threshold of the opium-den, his hand upon the lifted curtain, Philip paused. A weird scene, surely, this quaintly furnished anteroom in an old warehouse, lighted by a dim little lamp on a makeshift table, the death-like stillness broken only by the soft-toned, persuasive whisper of a bewitching girl bending over a sleeping hunchback; while the distant sounds on the river outside—the loud pulsations of steam-tugs mingling with the shrill and ghostly night-cries—served to make the stillness within all the more apparent.

Of a sudden, while still bending her ear over the sleeper, seemingly listening for coherent mutterings, Marion pressed her hand to her forehead as if piecing together some puzzling communication. Then she started up erect, and looked with a quick and searching glance round the room.

Philip stepped eagerly toward her. 'What is it, dear?'

A slight smile broke over Marion's face. 'It sounds like—like——'

'What?'

'Rafter,' said she; 'that's all.'

They looked blankly each into the other's face.

'Marion,' said Philip at last, 'shall we take Liza into our confidence?'

'Yes,' Marion quickly acquiesced. 'It's our one chance.'

They lifted the curtain and stepped into the kitchen together. They discovered Liza seated with her elbows on the table and her head between her hands, staring at the tallow candle with wide-open eyes.

'Liza,' said Philip, 'we want to consult you about——'

'Rafter!' Liza interposed. 'I heard ye. Stop a bit; let me think.' And, pressing her hands more closely to her temples, she stared more intently at the smoking flame. 'It's years ago,' she muttered—'years ago! An' I was such a mite! Like enough it's one o' my old dreams, that 'ere dream about the rafter. Ah, there was a 'ammer, an' a knockin' o' course; yus, so there was! But w'at was *that* for!' She now lifted up the candle, and, shading it with her hand, cast her glance upon a rusty hammer standing upright at a corner of the mantelpiece. 'Reach that down, Mr 'Armond, if you'll be so kind,' said she, pointing to the tool. 'Ye're taller than I be. Thank'el! An' now, if ye beant' afeard o' the creaky stairs, an' maybe a scamperin' o' rats about the haunted rooms, follow me.'

Philip glanced into Marion's face. She was pale; but she at once placed her hand trustingly in his and said, 'We're not in the least afraid, Liza; show us the way. We'll follow you.'

Liza now led them across the hall, and, with the flaring candle in one hand and the rusty hammer in the other, began to mount the dark and narrow staircase of which Philip had gained a dim glimpse when first entering the house. It soon became evident that the place was an old riverside residence, transformed into a warehouse. There were three or four doorways on every landing—doorways that led into more or less commodious apartments—but the doors to most of them had disappeared.

The girl paused frequently to look in at one of these doorways, with a searching glance at the grimy walls and ceilings, and at the piles of merchandise on every side with which many of the rooms were crowded; but it was not until they reached the garret floor that she uttered a word.

'That's it,' said she, pointing with the hammer to a closed door; 'that's it, I reckon. That's the room! I was a kid when I fust crept in there one night behind old Nick. Or—or did I dream it?'

While still questioning herself on this point.
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Liza lifted the latch, and, pushing the door wide open, went in.

It was a large garret, lumbered on all sides with dilapidated packing-boxes and discarded jute-bags, but with a clear space in the centre of the loosely boarded floor. Overhead great beams supporting the roof intersected each other like the cross-beams in the hold of an antique hulk. Raising the light above her head, the girl peered round, glancing quickly from one rafter to the other.

'Ketch a hold o' the candle, Mr 'Armond. Thank 'e! An' now,' said Liza, 'I'm goin' to do what I saw old Nick do w'en I was a bloomin' kid.'

With this she pushed one of the largest and less dilapidated of the empty boxes beneath one of the crossed beams, barely a foot from the lean-to. She now began to give a quick succession of sharp strokes with the hammer along the side of the beam, scarcely missing an inch of space in her methodical tapping.

Suddenly this tapping took effect. An oblong wooden block, inserted in the rafter with rare skill, began to recede at the hammered point, while the other extremity of the same block began to protrude. It now became evident that this detached block moved on a pivot. A narrow aperture in the rafter, on each side of the revolving block, was now revealed.

'The candle—quick!' said Liza excitedly.

Philip at once handed her the light. His heart beat fast. Marion's was beating fast too; he felt the throbbing as he pressed her hand responsively in his own.

Liza peered closely into one of the apertures while holding the candle within an inch of the other. Next moment she began to give vent to her feelings in a sort of war-dance on the rickety box. 'Look!' cried she—'look! There it is! It's a-flashin' at me out o' its 'ole like a larfin' eye. There it is!'

The little dinner-party at Eaton Square that night was a bright, almost a merry one considering the intense mental strain all four of those present had been subjected to during the day. But all suspense had been removed at last. The big diamond—Dalroy's 'mascot,' as he called it—had been restored to its place in the morocco case; and Dalroy had readily expressed his willingness to advance the 'dollars' needed in order to revive the credit of Harmond's Bank.

The Dalroy Mining Company was in due course floated—floated without a hitch, and it proved to be a huge success—an enterprise, in fact, that enhanced the fortunes of all concerned. By that time Philip had won Marion Dalroy for his wife, and 'Harmond's' had become a wealthier house than at any period recorded during its brilliant past.

ON THE EMBANKMENT.

I SAID I needs must look upon his face—
How gladly, sadly, wildly!—once again.
I knew that he was lost to name and place,
That I should find—not manhood, but disgrace,
That my own soul would suffer bitterest pain.
Yet, without wavering, my strong soul knew
The thing it had to do.
And so I sought him.

After many years—
Long years of hoping, fearing, weeping, praying—
At last I found him—*there!*
Oh the dark night! the night of blank despair!
But yet through all its lamentable tears
There shone one drenched star. I heard him
saying—

His voice, the old beloved, familiar voice
That even *there* could make my heart rejoice,
Because I loved it so—
I heard him say— But no,
No other human soul would understand,
None else but only me.

Poor trembling hand!
Poor shamed and fallen head!
Come, I will give you warmth, and wine, and
bread,
Solace and rest
Here on my sheltering breast.
Come. The black night is round us; but above—
Look up, look in my eyes—the star of love.

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.

THE FEAR, THE SNARE, AND THE PIT.

BY WALTER RICHARDS,

Author of *Her Majesty's Army, His Majesty's Territorial Army, &c.*

CHAPTER I.

HANDED back the papers Doris had given me to read, and for a time neither of us spoke. The letters of the dead man—her brother and my dearest friend—had laid bare the truth which we had both kept scrupulously hidden from the other, even so far as was possible from ourselves; and they laid bare, too, the treacherous villainy of which we—and especially Doris—had been the victims.

At length I broke the constrained silence by a bitter execration and a passionate vow of vengeance.

'Oh, for pity's sake, Darrell, for pity's sake, do nothing; do not even let him see that you know! It would do no good, and would only make things tenfold worse for me. While you are in the neighbourhood, and seemingly on friendly terms with him, he is—almost—decent to me. And if you only knew what he can be! Promise me—promise me you won't say or do anything!'

'You are asking me a hard thing,' I answered moodily. 'Of course it is of you, and of you only, I am thinking, and surely it would be better for you to leave him!'

'Oh no; not yet, at any rate. After all, I am his wife, and—there is the vow.'

The Carstairs family seemed, I thought half-bitterly, to have made their motto, 'Keep Faith,' into a positive fetish. Ned, her brother, was just the same. Like the knights of old one reads about, he was *loyal quand même*; a promise, with him, was a thing to be kept to the uttermost, 'even though it were to his own hindrance.'

'So you will promise, won't you, and come as usual? I feel so much happier and—and safer, knowing you are here.'

What was I to say? Of course I promised, as I would have promised Doris my life-blood; but I was under no illusions as to what the promise meant. It meant that I was to see as much as possible of the woman I loved with all my heart, and never by act or word to let any one, least of all herself, regard me as more than her friend; and it meant that I was to keep on seemingly cordial terms with her husband, who had stolen her from me and was making her life wretched. Small wonder is it that as I walked back to my own place, and reviewed the position, the burden I had undertaken seemed

well-nigh unbearable. For what had happened was this.

The Carstairs family and my own were neighbours and close friends; the two estates adjoined. Ned and I were chums, and Doris and I boy and girl lovers. Then came the inevitable break. Ned and I both went into the army, though not in the same regiment, and for years Doris and I saw nothing of each other, and of course our 'childish folly' was tacitly ignored. But when Ned and I came together in the South African war, and old times were talked of and old confidences exchanged, somehow I found that the 'childish folly' refused to be ignored any longer. Doris and I sent messages to each other—quite commonplace messages, but they drew us together. Once I wrote to her telling her of some brilliant performance of Ned's; and her answer—though all the world might have read it—was, somehow, to me the most precious piece of paper in existence. Perhaps he did not say so in so many words, but I knew that Ned's dearest wish was that Doris and I should fall in love. Their parents were dead, as were mine, and the girl was living at The Holt with an elderly widowed cousin as companion till her brother should return.

When the back of the war was broken I had to rejoin my regiment in India, my special leave having expired; and within a month of my landing I heard that Ned had died of enteric. By the next post a parcel reached me from Dick Verey, a chum of Ned and myself; it was an old case with one or two of the dear old fellow's belongings, and a small packet addressed to Doris. Attached to it was a paper on which was scrawled: 'Give her this yourself, old man, and do all you can for her if I go under.' From Verey's letter I gathered that Ned had given him the case for me just after he was taken ill, and that after that Brandon, who was on the Medical Staff, took Ned in charge, and devoted himself to him till the end. What actually took place must be told in a few words; it will not bear dwelling on.

Shortly before his death, when he was weak and almost delirious, Ned asked for a pencil and paper, and began a letter to Doris, bidding her farewell, and telling her that his dying wish was that she should marry me, and for her sake without delay; and that he had left all his

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property to her. He could scarcely hold the pencil, and, as a matter of fact, directly after signing it he became comatose, and passed away without regaining consciousness. *Brandon substituted his name for mine*, and on the strength of that letter, and taking advantage of the intense, almost phenomenal, love that existed between the brother and sister, persuaded Doris to marry him.

On my return I had met her at the house of some common friends, and had realised then and there that my sweetheart of old childish days would be my love till death, though no heart but my own must know it. I realised also, to my anguish, that she was unhappy, and things I heard about her husband amply accounted for it.

When, a few days later, I got down to my own place, I went over to The Holt as arranged, and handed Doris the packet. It contained Ned's ring and watch, and one or two of those trifles which are sacred from their very triviality, and with them some business papers and a letter, a brave, simple, loving letter of good-bye. In it occurred these words:

'Dear old Darrell will hand you this. Next to you, little girl, he's the one I care for most in the world, and, as you know, it has always been my hope that you and he might come to care for each other. I wish he were with me now! A man named Brandon, a medico, is very attentive in looking after me. Somehow or other, I don't altogether cotton to him. He doesn't strike me as quite—I was going to say straight or thoroughbred; but it's too bad to give vent to what I dare say are peevish, sick fancies, when I ought to be grateful, for he really takes a lot of trouble. But I don't fancy *you'd* care for him, Do.'

Overcome with grief at the sight of the well-remembered things, and the loving words in the dear handwriting, Doris had unthinkingly included the letter with the other papers she had passed to me. Not till I had read it did she realise what she had done.

'Oh, the letter! I did not mean'—

And then, when she saw by my face that I had read it, a transient blush showed for a brief second in the pale, tear-wet face.

'It—it doesn't matter,' she said in a dreary, hopeless voice; 'nothing makes any difference; only, now you know, and you will just be the friend of old days—the only friend I have that was his too.'

And it was then, because I think neither of us felt able to speak, that there had been that silence, broken by my bitter outburst, and Doris's pitiful appeal, and my promise.

I would keep that promise for her sake; and for her sake and the sake of my dead friend, her brother, and for my own honour's sake, I would keep the vow I had made to myself to allow no sign to escape me of my hopeless, passionate love for Doris Brandon.

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CHAPTER II.

THE next few days passed uneventfully. I had plenty to occupy me at the Manor, but I managed to see the Brandons frequently; and though the enforced curb I put on myself did not grow less galling, I had the satisfaction of hearing from Doris that Brandon still treated her 'decently.' This was something, for from what I learned from other quarters the man was at times a perfect fiend, and a fiend with a morbid genius for cruelty. There were stories about his treatment of animals, sometimes by way of 'experiment,' that I shuddered to listen to. Doris would never say much; I doubt if she thought she ever said anything. After her first half-frenzied outburst she seemed loyal to what she thought her duty: to try to shield the man who, for good or ill, was her husband. But 'to hear with eyes belongs to love's sharp wit,' and I saw enough to convince me that her life was one long terror. To me he was geniality itself, though it did not take long to understand dear old Ned's allusion to his lack of thorough breeding.

One day at lunch Doris seemed out of sorts, and complained of feeling headachy and heavy.

'That's very queer,' said Brandon. 'I've been feeling like that myself. I've half an idea there's something wrong with the heating-range that would account for it. I'll send to Nash to come and look into it. By the way, Lester,' he added, turning to me, 'I've come across something that will interest you, with your antiquarian tastes. I'll tell you about it presently.'

When the servants had left the room he spoke. 'I didn't want to say anything before them, for it's in connection with a hobby of mine. Between ourselves, I'm working out a process for producing artificial marble, and if it turns out as I expect I shall apply for a patent. So I'm keeping it a dead secret. I don't believe even Doris knows anything about it.'

Try as I would I could not prevent an intrusive vision of a quite different state of things—of the husband confiding his hopes and anxieties and difficulties to the wife; of the wife eager and interested, proud of her husband's cleverness and confidence in her, hopeful when things seemed to go wrong, of happy stolen visits together to the scene of work. I glanced at Doris, and wondered whether a similar vision had occurred to her. Very likely not, but I thought there was an added wistfulness in the great dark eyes.

'No,' she said gently; 'but I should like to hear. Is it going on well?'

'Oh, I hope so,' answered Brandon pleasantly. 'But what I wanted to tell you is that I have come across what I verily believe is a prehistoric cave, and, unless I'm utterly mistaken, there are plain indications of mural painting.'

'By Jove, that sounds interesting! I should like to see it.'

'So I thought. How will it be if we go up to-morrow morning, all of us? I expect the little expedition will do you good, Doris. It's about a mile away, not far from the old quarry, but, I flatter myself, quite secure from prying eyes. Can you be here about eleven, Lester?'

But when, the next day, I arrived at The Holt at the appointed time, it was Doris alone who met me, ready dressed for walking.

'My husband is so sorry,' she said, 'but he has had unexpectedly to go into Durford. He will meet us, and wants us to go on; he has told me exactly how to get to the place. Wait till I get Tim Boy.'

She went round to the stable-yard, and I heard her calling the spaniel, an especial pet of hers, as Ned had bought it just before he left home for the last time. Presently she came back, but without the dog.

'The tiresome boy! I'm afraid he's got loose and is off for a rabbit-hunt. I do hope he won't get caught in a trap, or—that my husband won't hear of it. Tim Boy is not a favourite of his, and the dog knows it. Dear old Tim Boy! But I dare say it will be all right.'

And so we started, Doris in better spirits than usual; while, as for myself, was I not with her, and for the time were we not just Doris and Darrell, walking together as in the old days? But a little before we came in sight of the quarry something occurred which brought back its accustomed sadness to her face.

At the corner of the path we came across a great hulking fellow in a sort of nondescript costume, whom I recognised as the half-witted son of one of the lodge-keepers. When he saw Doris his vacant face brightened, and he approached her with a shambling bow.

'Why, Billy,' she said, 'I haven't seen you for a long time!'

He did not speak, but in some mysterious way produced a little bunch of flowers, arranged with better taste than one would have thought him capable of, and awkwardly gave it to Doris.

'Oh, how good of you!' she exclaimed. 'You know my love for wild-flowers, don't you, Billy? But, you poor boy, whatever have you done to your face?'

Across the heavy cheek and overhanging forehead were angry scarlet wales, such as I had seen often enough on a negro's back after receiving 'paternal' chastisement from a Boer.

I think I have never seen such a revelation of hate as in the expression that flashed into the lad's face at the question. But it faded as quickly, and it was in his usual stupid tones that he answered, 'Him—the major.'

I could see that Doris had regretted her question as soon as she had put it, knowing from sad experience what the answer would be.

'I am so sorry, Billy; but—but perhaps Major Brandon did not mean to hurt you really. Perhaps he was feeling cross and ill; he told me

he was not very well, and then people often do things they don't really mean to. Try to think like that, Billy.'

The lad's eyes as he listened to her were like a dog's in their dumb devotion, but he only repeated, 'Him—the major.'

With a broken sigh Doris thanked him again for the flowers, and went on; and I followed her after administering, with a few cheery words, the usual consolation of the average man, the panacea kind little Snagsby was wont to find so efficacious.

'Poor Billy! I'm afraid his devotion to me costs him dear, though I believe the ostensible cause of my husband's dislike to him is that he suspects him of poaching; at any rate he never sees him without a curse or a blow—generally both.'

'Let us hope that, as is sometimes the case with half-witted people, poor Billy is not so sensitive to pain as ordinary folk. But surely that is Brandon by the hut there.'

The major caught sight of us at the same time, and waved a cheery salute. A few minutes' stiffish climb brought us to him. 'Welcome to the arcanum,' he said genially. 'Come along, and I will show you my workshop.'

The ruined hut into which he led us was empty save for a few barrels and tools; but a cunningly concealed door in one corner opened into a spacious cave filled with broken stone, moulds, presses, carboys of chemicals, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the process he was engaged in.

While Doris and I looked round, finding no difficulty in evincing a keen interest in what we saw, Brandon was attending to a mould in a sort of recess at the side, which, he explained, was at a critical stage. When he had done what was necessary he joined us.

'Presently I'll show you some of the stuff I've made; but I know Lester is all impatience to see the cave, so come along.'

He opened a roughly made door, and we found ourselves on the brink of the old stone quarry, down which a fairly wide footpath had been cut.

'This is the way,' he said; 'there's not far to go.'

When we had descended about a dozen paces Brandon stopped opposite an opening, and entering this, we found ourselves in a circular cavern. Though rather dim, it was quite light enough to distinguish things, owing to some natural or artificial shafts giving to the surface. Half-way across the cavern was a wide opening in the ground, and to this Brandon led us.

'There!' he said laconically.

It was a nearly circular pit almost five yards across at the top, but rapidly narrowing at the bottom. The depth appeared to be some fifteen feet, and about three feet from the bottom was a sort of narrow platform jutting out perhaps a third of the diameter.

The pit was just under one of the shaft-like

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openings, and I was able distinctly to see on the side immediately opposite the platform some rude designs undoubtedly coloured.

Brandon handed each of us an electric torch. 'You can see something of the paintings from here,' he said, 'but they want looking at close. They're simply wonderful. I rigged up that platform yesterday afternoon. It's perfectly safe, and we can get to it by this ladder. You go first, Lester, and give a hand to my wife, though she'll scarcely need it. I'll hold the ladder at the top, and you can keep it steady for me at your end; not that it can possibly slip.'

At the slope the descent was easy enough, and when Doris had reached the platform I called out to Brandon that I had hold of the ladder.

'All right. Just leave go for a minute. I want to shift it.'

And then, before I could realise what was being done, the ladder was pulled up, and a devilish chuckling laugh reached our ears.

Like a lurid flash the hideous truth revealed itself to my mind. We were trapped hopelessly, and at the mercy of the cruel fiend who had ensnared us.

'I hope you can see the paintings well,' came a mocking voice from the brink. 'It will be of course evident to so learned an archaeologist as Sir Darrell Lester that they are just a *little* more recent than the palæolithic age, having been, as a matter of fact, executed by myself with some coloured chalk two or three days ago.'

In the ironical voice there was a vibrant intensity which was ominous. Doris shivered slightly and instinctively moved closer to me. I put my hand on hers for a moment, and whispered, 'Courage!'

Then Brandon spoke again, abandoning his mocking suavity, and speaking straight from his venomous heart. 'You fools! You cursed fools! Do you think I don't know your feelings for each other? Do you think I'm not well aware that you know my little manipulation of that stuck-up young cub's letter? You had a headache the other morning, my loving, dutiful wife, and while the drug that gave it you ensured your sleeping, I read your precious brother's letter which the cur there brought you. Well, I'm not taking any chances, and you are going to meet with an accident, my dear wife—you and your precious lover. I'll tell you what the accident is going to be. The great Sir Darrell will probably be able to assure you of its effectiveness. The bottom of the pit is full of carbonic acid gas, *and it is rising*. Those essential "finishing touches" I was so occupied with in the cave above opened a connecting pipe from the generator to this pit. It opens a little to your right. If it doesn't come in quick enough I shall have to make use of a simple little arrangement I have here, and the platform will give way. In case you think I am gassing—pardon the quite unintentioned pun—which
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would be a pity, I'm going to prove the truth of what I say.'

He disappeared for a moment.

Then Doris put her hand into mine. There was a smile on her face. 'I'm not afraid, Darrell, and we are together.'

I put my arm round her and kissed her forehead. 'My darling! my darling!'

And I take God to witness that never till now, when we stood within the shadow of death, had I said a word of love to her.

From the brink came a yelp and a smothered bark, and Brandon reappeared, holding at arm's-length a small dog. A pitiful little moan from Doris showed that she recognised her pet.

'This little brute,' said Brandon, 'is, as you see, very much alive. I've always intended to use it for some little experiments—which, by the way, would not have been so painless as this. Watch.'

He lowered the dog slowly by a thin cord. Doris made a frenzied effort to reach it, and would have fallen but for my arm. At the level of the platform it ceased its struggles, and when it reached the bottom it lay motionless—dead.

'Oh Tim Boy! little Tim Boy! And your mistress, that you loved so, could not save you.' And Doris sobbed bitterly.

'He felt no pain,' I whispered, 'and he will never be tortured now.'

'You see!' hissed the voice above. 'I should say the gas is by now nearly up to your knees. There's just one little fact you may be interested to know. It would be annoying for me if there were too much sympathy for your deplorable fate, so I have prepared a couple of letters from each one of you to the other—you know my skill in handwriting—which will be found on you, and which, as the newspapers put it, "will leave no doubt as to the relations which existed between the parties."'

'You devil!' I groaned.

'I will try to forgive you, Hugh, because I believe you are mad, and even this awful idea of yours is the cunning of a madman.' It was Doris who spoke, and her voice, though it trembled a little, was clear and fearless. 'Even if you kill us, as you are going to do, I do not think God will allow you to stain our memory.'

'Touching charity and faith! It's quite a pity they're misplaced, for I'm not at all mad, and I assure you that your memories will be stained as black as those of any wanton and her paramour can be.'

He lit a cigarette and looked down at us with an expression of inhuman gloating. Our position was absolutely hopeless. Even had he not been watching, by no possible means could the top be reached, while to call out would be absolutely futile. Brandon looked at his watch.

'You will excuse me a moment. I must just see whether the generators are getting exhausted.'

I don't *want* to have to release the platform; it will be so interesting to watch you when the gas reaches your mouths; but I can't stay here for ever.'

He turned away. I lit a match and stooped down with it; it went out a little above my knees. I drew Doris to me.

'It will not be long now, will it?' she whispered.

'Not long, dear. Rest your head against me.'

She obeyed like a child, and I stroked her hair and whispered. But words spoken in the very presence of death are not to be repeated. We let our love have free utterance then, and the love which, living, we must needs have ever striven against, death was about to sanction and make holy.

It seemed almost, as we stood there, that life was even then passing from us. I fancied I could already feel the sweet, faint taste of the gas, its impalpable pressure. And then the stupor was dispelled as by magic. A cautious call came from above, and something touched my cheek. Looking up, I saw the face of Billy, no longer vacuous, but ablaze with excitement. In his hand was a rope.

'It is fastened—safe—safe,' he whispered. 'Let Miss Doris'—'

A hideous oath cut short the sentence. Billy disappeared, and we could hear the sounds of a fierce struggle above. I think Brandon must have realised with a ghastly amazement that it was no longer the cowering idiot with whom he was dealing, but a young giant, whom revenge

for his own wrongs and fury at the danger of his beloved mistress had suddenly taught strength. Every now and again we could see the figures swaying in a savage clutch, and could hear Brandon's hoarse curses and the hissing breathing of his pitiless antagonist. Then there came an agonised, stifled shriek—a guttural laugh of mad triumph, and two bodies locked in an embrace of hate came headlong to the bottom, almost touching us in their fall.

There were one or two faint, convulsive movements, and then both were still in death.

Not many minutes elapsed before I had clambered out, and was able to lower the ladder. But I had to carry Doris; the awful tragedy we had witnessed, following on the agony of our own sufferings, had been too much for her, and for several days her life hung on a thread.

Whether it was right or wrong casuists must decide; but the evidence I gave at the inquest disclosed nothing of Brandon's guilt. The verdict found that both he and the faithful Billy 'died from suffocation by carbonic acid gas, having accidentally fallen to the bottom of a recently discovered pit on the estate of the deceased Major Brandon.' Nothing would have been gained by making known his appalling villainy.

And at last there came a day when, her clear eyes aglow with thankfulness and love, and her husband's arm around her, Doris whispered again—but with what different meaning!—the words she had murmured in that pit of death, 'We are together.'

THE CLOUDS ON THE HILLS.

THE clouds up above us are gloomy,

The mist drifts over the hills,

The valley feels lonely and dreary,

The music has fled from its rills.

The sunshine, though gone but a moment,

Has left nought but dullness and chill;

All nature seems robbed of its glory,

And the wild things are silent and still.

But stop! Glance once more o'er the heather.

Though the clouds fill the sky all around,

There's a glow down below like the sunlight—

A light shining up from the ground.

See the rich ruddy glow of the purple,
And the hue of the bluebells so still.

There is light in the flowers of the valley
Though the clouds drift over the hill.

When life's mists sweep relentlessly o'er us,
And we're lost in the darkness and drift,
When hope's hilltops are all disappointments,

And there's never a break or a rift,
Let us turn from the summits above us
To the calm of the clear running rills;
Oh, there's always a light in the valley,
Though the clouds drift over the hills!

F. BARCLAY RITCHIE.

THE QUICKBREAD HINGE.

By C. EDWARDES.

THIS July morning was destined to be an important one in the life of Andrew Thickett, aged sixty-five, of Thickett Limited, Carmilton; though, mercifully or otherwise, he was not forewarned to that effect.

'Ye'll marry when I give ye leave, my lad; not sooner,' he said to his son John in his private office.

'H'm! That so, sir?' said John, who had in few respectful words reminded his sire that he was six-and-twenty, as prefatory to the news that he proposed to take unto himself a wife.

'That is so,' said Andrew. 'An' pass me yon bill-file.'

John passed him the bill-file, which old Andrew snatched.

Old Andrew had a jowl like a bulldog's—clean-shaven, save for a gray beard-tuft which underlined his exquisite ugliness. But pinned to the lapel of his short gray jacket was a crimson rosebud of great beauty and much perfume. Since his wife's death he had given the best of his leisure to horticulture, and especially roses. This Captal de Buch rosebud did what it could to sanctify his ugliness.

The office clock began to strike eleven.

'Feel no interest at all in the lady, then, dad?' John suggested without emotion.

'Not half as much as I'm thinkin' ye feel in yer own wescuts, o' which ye seem to have an astonishin' variety,' retorted old Andrew, with a glare at John's chest, which wore a conspicuous amber-bodied and black-braided article that morning.

John smiled. 'Oh, come, sir,' he said, still filially, 'I can't believe that of you! I've a couple of thousand pounds of my own, you know.'

But this was naughty of John, though perhaps excusable. The fact that their maternal grandmother had left his sons John and James two thousand pounds apiece to handle with their own young fingers when they were twenty-one had embittered old Andrew most extravagantly against the memory of his late wife's mother. There was a special and deeply insulting proviso about that money. It was *not* to be invested in the firm of Thickett Limited, of the respectability of which, being strongly prejudiced against old Andrew himself, his mother-in-law had no opinion at all worth mentioning. Old Andrew had repeatedly raved about this injunction from beyond the grave, and raved still when he thought of it.

He snorted, purpled, and threw the bill-file on 1913.]

to his private table, where it upset the inkpot. Then he folded his massive arms, shook his gray beard-tuft, and thus delivered himself: 'Ye'll wed when ye've a mind, no doubt; but if ye tell me ye're married a day before ye're thirty, ye'll have to fend for yerself on what money ye've got left out o' that fool of a woman's legacy to ye—just that, an' not a penny more. Ye'll quit the firm, my lad. James too, if he dares defy me in a sim'lar way.'

John nodded. 'I see,' he said reflectively. 'Then it's no use at all my bothering you any more on a subject that disagrees with you. Hallo, who's this?'

It was James; and behind him a small man with pensive blue eyes, ill-fitting light flannel outer garments, a well-scorched Panamá hat, and a portfolio under his arm.

'Come in, Mr Quickbread, please,' said James over his shoulder, kindly, almost coaxingly. 'This gentleman, father,' he proceeded, having closed the door behind him, 'is from America—some place in Michigan State, didn't you say, Mr Quickbread?—though that doesn't matter a bit.'

'George Eliotville,' said the stranger placidly. 'Glad to meet you, gentlemen.' He held out a hand to the frowning head of the firm, which John, and John only, touched.

'How do?' said John. 'What's the business, James?'

'Sit down, Mr Quickbread, won't you?' said James, steering him to a chair, 'and show them those sketches.—Hallo! you've spilt your ink, father! Did you know?' He uttered several quick 'Tut-tut-tuts!' and, having righted the inkpot, dabbed old Andrew's blotting-paper about freely.

But old Andrew's tongue now found its way through the fresh crust of wrath that had formed upon him. 'What the devil do you mean by this intrusion, James?' he thundered. 'I have no appointment with any strangers to-day.'

'Steady on, sir,' said John, with an apologetic glance at the little man on the chair.

James went farther. Abandoning the sopped blotting-scrap, he laid a hand upon old Andrew's shoulder and said, 'Look here, father, you've got to be sensible. Mr Quickbread is a professor of mechanics, mathematics, &c. on his side. He's been doing Europe as a thoughtful pleasure-trip, and it's a jolly good chance for us that his train back to Liverpool last night didn't take him past Carmilton. He has a very smart idea to show you. At least, I think it's smart. So'll

you, John; and I'm sure you will too, sir, if you'll only shelve your old-fashioned prejudices about new notions for about ten minutes. Ah, that's right!

It was right to this extent only. Having shaken off James's hand as if it were something repulsive, old Andrew had plunged on to his own round-backed, well-padded chair. His expression, however, was vile—absolutely vile. 'The Lord give me patience!' he growled in a tone that was anything rather than conventionally prayerful.

The little stranger looked up blandly from the papers he was unfolding upon his knees, and said, 'Amen, Mr Thickett.' Old Andrew's rudeness had had no visible effect upon him; but he chose to take this petition for patience as meant. It was a mistake, but how was he to know that? And then, while John and James were still smiling, he addressed himself deliberately to old Andrew, and somehow or other briefly spell-bound the old chap. Old Andrew's chest rose and fell as if it might explode badly any moment, and he stared. It was a surprise to both his sons that this refined little George Eliotville professor could face so openly inimical a stare and seem so completely indifferent to it as he did while he spoke.

'As I have already told your very polite and obliging son here, Mr Thickett, this little notion of mine dropped upon me when I was smoking a cigarette last night after supper in the hotel. I rather questioned its originality until your son informed me that it was new to him, and in his view valuable. I asked the waiter at supper what industries you have in Carmilton. "Locks and keys and hinges," said he; and then, as I say, I fell to thinking, and struck on this hinge notion. It's a habit with me, Mr Thickett, this kind of thing. In Nuremberg I got the idea for a new toy which I'm taking back with me. And—I dare say you'll laugh, but it's a fact—in Bologna, famous, as you know, for its charming sausages, I snapped on to a certain herb which will make them even more relishing than they are. Sure thing that! But to get back to the hinge. I worked out this kinch of mine in the night, and, upon my word, I was so pleased with the result that I decided to see if I could plant it right away among you trade specialists. Every mother imagines that her own babe's a beauty, Mr Thickett, and that's my position. They said at the hotel that you and Bellinghams in Whitehorse Street are the people in this country for hinges, and I came right along to your place because it was the more proximate of the two. It so happens that I spent more money in Italy than was quite discreet of me. In fact, I'll confess to you I've run things so fine that I'll have to drink water on board ship back to N' York unless I can land a trifle with this hinge idea. And I want you to believe me, my friend, when I assure you that

I'm not mercenary, and that I'm an inventor for the love of it as a rule. But you're fidgeting, and I'll say at once that you may have this hinge notion out and out for a hundred dollars, or twenty pounds sterling, Mr Thickett, paid before five o'clock. I'll have to leave by five, or miss that boat, which would embarrass me extremely. And now, if you will permit me'—

He rose and approached old Andrew with his diagrams.

But old Andrew would not permit him. He wouldn't even bestow an eye upon the papers. 'Take yer rubbish away!' he said with withering contempt.

The little man showed astonishment for the first time in the interview. 'I beg your pardon!' he stammered.

'Be off out o' this wi' ye, I say,' roared the old dolt of a hinge manufacturer. He threw out his great paw backhandedly, as one flips away something offensive. 'D'ye think I was born last night,' he cried out, 'to be took in with such a book yarn! You an' yer hundred dollar notion after a supper o' bread an' cheese! Purfessor ye call yerself. Ye can go an' purfess somewhere else. Teach me summat about hinges, can ye—me, that's been in the trade from a lad o' ten!' He paused for breath.

'Does he mean it?' whispered the little inventor almost incredulously to James in the pause.

John had faced round to the fireplace; he shrugged his shoulders to this question, which James answered in his own way.

'Father, you're hopeless!' said James. 'I tell you it's a grand idea.'

But the visitor could see now very plainly that old Andrew had meant it. The old man's veins bulged on both temples, and he was fingering a black marble letter-weight that must have weighed two pounds.

'My regrets, and good-day to you,' said the little man nervously; after which he beat a rapid retreat from the room, hat, bag, and papers jumbled together in his arms.

James followed him immediately; then John, with another shrug and a rather pitying look at his father.

It was almost a score for his character that the old man said nothing more; but the violence with which he charged at the door when John had gone, and his noisy turning of the key in the lock, was—well, as Professor Quickbread said faintly, and with a wan smile, subsequently, as the three left the factory, it was far from flattering to the self-esteem of those against whom such a demonstration was directed.

The little man was soon comforted, however.

'You must make allowances, Mr Quickbread!'
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said James on one side of him. 'He's very old style—British.'

'Tenth century?' suggested the little man pleasantly.

'Almost,' said James with a smile. 'And we'll give you the twenty pounds.—Won't we, John?'

'Of course,' answered John. 'Fifty, if you weren't too much of a gentleman to ask it.'

They not only gave him the twenty pounds, but lunched him handsomely at the club, and introduced him, as a distinguished American passing through, to the Mayor and other Carmilton notables there present, including Mr Noah Bellingham, their own rival in the hinge-trade. Then they saw him into an earlier train than the five o'clock, spent a quarter of an hour in rather solemn confabulating in the station and refreshment-room, and retraced their steps to the works.

'The old man'll be carrying his temper forward, I expect,' said James on the way.

'Bound to be—with heavy compound interest,' said John. 'But he'll have to see it. A blind man would.'

'Poor old dad! I'm not so sure,' said James.

'Ocular proof—that's what we'll have to fling at him. Strutt'll turn out a specimen in a couple of hours, and then—— By Jove, Jim! I wonder if we've done the wise thing about Bellinghams—that's to say, I'd wonder if it weren't for Elaine. She smooths out my creases pretty neat. But, anyhow, Noah B.'ll have to feel this.'

'He will that,' said James.

'Their hinge profits'll be down 40 per cent. this time next year,' said John.

'Quite that!' said James.

They separated in the yard, John for the workshops and James for the office.

'He'll stand you better than me, Jim, till I'm along with the sample,' said John.

'Well,' said James with a laugh, 'I don't know about that; but I'll risk it.'

As it happened, there was no risk. Old Andrew asked no troublesome questions. He had had a good dinner of roast-pork and suet-pudding (his pet menu), and a pipe afterwards among his roses, and had forgotten Mr Quickbread.

'I've been wantin' one o' you for these invoices, lad,' he greeted James, quite mildly. 'Start on 'em.'

'Right you are, dad!' said James; and for three-quarters of an hour they were thus busy. Then an unusual event befell. In eyes and voice the old man showed signs of drowsiness, which gradually increased until James gave him the necessary twenty seconds of silence to settle him. With his chin beard crushing the Captal de Buch rosebud, he began to snore.

He was still at it, noising horribly, when the 1913.]

brothers came in again together, with elated faces and the first of the new hinges. It was a peach of an invention, nothing less, this Quickbread notion.

'Set it in front of him,' whispered James; and John did so.

Then James coughed sufficiently, and old Andrew awoke and fixed his dull-greenish eyes on his eager bystanding sons.

'What's oop?' he asked, hoarsely and suspiciously.

'That's up, sir,' said John, pointing at the hinge. 'Have a squint at it. Worth twenty pounds, don't you think? There's a fortune in it as certain as the sun's setting. Our Yankee friend'——

And then he had to duck to escape the hinge, which old Andrew hurled forcibly and straight at him. It cut an insurance almanac on the wall instead of John's head.

James picked it up.

'Don't say you're still not open to conviction, dad,' said John, erect and tranquil again.

But old Andrew was grasping his hat from the peg behind his chair. He swung round with the look of an apoplexy. 'Any more o' that,' he observed, with a tiger's eyes to his bulldog face, 'an' I—I'll sack ye both. I'm goin' home—that's what I'm doin'. See to things, both o' ye; an' open the door for me, one o' ye.'

John opened the door, and old Andrew went through. The four clerks in the general office bent low over their desks as he passed, and three of them twitched nervously at the crash with which he banged the outer door behind him.

'Grand slam!' muttered James, seeming disappointed.

But John's spirits were maintained. He drew his brother back into the private office, and shut the door.

'Not even a little slam, my dear chap,' he said. 'Here, let's squat on it. I'm not half done with him; and I tell you what, Jim, that old boy's a parent to be proud of. The closer I weigh him up, the more I think so. There's no half-measures about him. He may be wrong or he may be right in a thing; but he'll stick to it, and that's grit, you know. Same with us too, eh? We've time's pull on him, though, and that's sad—for him. We can't bull his market, and so we'll have to bear it. What's the time? Four-fifteen! I've just had an inspiration. Run off and get Strutt to double that as sharp as he can. I want a pair.'

'What for?' asked James, hesitating, with the Quickbread hinge in his hand.

'Tell you after,' said John. 'Hustle, dear lad!'

James hustled. Also, he hustled that clever craftsman Strutt so successfully that in less than an hour the second hinge was made.

And then both James and John were ready to

leave the office for Sandyside, old Andrew's and their abode, two miles from town.

Wet weather or fine, whether he felt Al or gouty (his only ailment, but an exasperating one), old Andrew always walked to the office and back again twice every working day of the year.

But John and James possessed an imposing motor-car between them, for the saving of time and the impressing of customers. It was an abomination to old Andrew, this car, partly for its own twentieth-century sake, but chiefly because it reminded him, whenever he smelt or saw it, of those two legacies of his mother-in-law which had enabled the lads to purchase it.

'Now then,' said James when John was performing miracles at the wheel amid the trams and traffic of an important street, 'what's the game, John? I'm still in the dark, you know.'

'Think perhaps you'd better stay there a bit longer, old chap,' said John. 'Mind?'

'That's it, is it?' said James.

'That is how I've figured it out, for the sake of domestic peace—yours, old chap, not mine. But I'll tell you this. Lordy! what a shave!'—the car had curled round a constable instead of flattening him. 'I'll tell you this, Jim. I may have to make tracks for a home of my own after supper. Suit me all right if it suits him; but the point is, it oughtn't to suit him.—Now get along; your road's clear.' This to the car.—'And take all the rest as told, Jim, though it isn't. Trust your elder brother.'

James trusted, but whistled.

'Yes, old chap,' said John. 'It's that sort of spec. But cheer up. We've a good card or two up our sleeves. He'll have had his tea, Jim.'

'Yes. What of that?' asked James.

'And he'll be sniffing and snipping the dear roses.'

'Odds on it,' said James.

'Well, keep him so doing, dear boy. Be very kind to him, Jim. If he cusses the midges, cuss too. If he tells you I'm a blamed young ninny to be thinking of a wife at my young time of day, say, "He is, dad!" with all the energy you can raise. Catch on? Give him as much as he'll hold, but keep him out of the house for a good hour from the time we're there. That's all, Jim. Queer name for a bloke, Quickbread, but not so bad for a hinge. The Quickbread hinge! Rather goey, I think. Soaked it in?'

'Like a sponge,' laughed James. 'We're good brothers, we two; ought to have been twins!'

'Not we,' John laughed back. 'We'd have had only one brain between two instead of being two heads in one, lad. And see here, tell him he's sure of a first prize in three sections at the

flower show next week. Little things like that. Well, here we are, then.'

The car purred up a drive and stopped at a fine porch—Ionic style, as heavy as old Andrew himself.

'Just a jiff!' whispered John when James was out. 'Survey the land first. See if he is there.'

James slipped into a shrubbery to the right of the house, and soon returned nodding. 'Gloria, scissors, syringe, pipe—he's enjoying himself!' he reported.

'Good man!' said John. 'And by-by. Keep him there, for your life.'

He darted into the house, found tools, summoned the cook (a large, strong soul) and Nancy the housemaid (not so strong, but strong enough; and in ten minutes the ladies had much of the burden of the dining-room door upon their arms and chests, on its way to the floor.

'Very nice,' said John when it was deposited. 'Come back in a quarter of an hour for the fixing.'

Old Andrew had growled a week about the creaking door. His first words to the family circle that morning were 'Darn the thing!' as he entered for his breakfast. And his following words were a lurid statement about the queerest of it that he, a maker of hinges of world-wide fame, should in his own house be thus intolerably afflicted. It was a mystery to him, moreover, because, as he said, these 'King George' hinges to the door were the best in the market—the market.

'Old lad,' said John as he screwed on the Quickbreads, 'you'll take this fly first inch, or I'm out of it. They're gems.' He wiped his face and called into the corridor, 'Come along, cooky!' and the work of reinstating was carried through. 'Now for it!' he said, and swung the door. It moved like a fish in water, smoothly and without sound.

'How pleased he'll be, Mr John!' said cook.

'Yes,' said John. 'And let's see. Got any mushrooms in? Nuts on mushrooms and fried ham—eh, isn't he, cooky? I saw some mushrooms in a shop.'

There were none in the Sandyside kitchen; but, at a word from John, Nancy rushed for her bicycle. John's order was 'A pound of the best;' and before he had washed his hands, changed his dandy waistcoat for something very moderate in looks, and tested the door afresh, the mushrooms were on a plate by the ham-slices.

And then John must needs get into the car again and drive twenty miles to cool his mind. He was so hot in his mind, for once.

So much hinged—common hinged—on the next hour or two that he felt downright sick about facing the old man. The old man had

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flung that first Quickbread sample at him with such vicious truth of aim! It might have knocked an eye out. If he still felt like that! And even if he didn't, he might so easily be brought to feel like it again when he heard that John meant marrying, and that the young lady was—of all red rags to him!—Noah Bellingham's daughter Elaine. His hatred of his rival Bellingham was a fearfully intense passion, begun when they were antipathetic boys at the same school, and continued through long years of competition in goods and prices.

'Hold hard, dad! Wait a bit. There's something more you'll like to know.' John might hasten to shoot these words at him next, and still not be in time to stop a curse by bell, book, and candle (Carmilton fashion) which would mark them both to the end of their days.

And then it would be howling music indeed for the old chap to be told that he and James between them had in the last year acquired jointly a third interest in Bellinghams' works and profits. It had been whispered some time that Noah B. was not flush of cash; but what would the old man yell out when he learned that his own sons had taken advantage of the position to finance Noah B. with that mother-in-law money—and more, for it had swelled under good management—which his own fingers had ached to handle? He wouldn't see their long-sighted shrewdness in such a move—not in a minute. And in a minute what might not happen?

It was nearing eight when John looked at his watch, still under the strain of these, for him, very remarkable anxieties. And then all his clouds melted. 'It's settled one way or t' other by now,' he mused as he turned the car. And back he bowled to Carmilton and Sandyside, to be met in the hall by old Andrew himself, with a fork in his hand and a mushroom on the fork! With such rapidity and thoughtlessness did the old man bolt from the supper-table when James said, 'That's John, dad, at last!'

Behind old Andrew came James, smiling and nodding.

'Eh, John lad!' said old Andrew huskily, 'but I'm glad ye're back safe. I thought summat had happened. Coom in!' He led John in, by the arm, as far as the door-hinges. 'Ye've beat me, fair,' he said, eyeing the Quickbreads. 'They're marvels—just marvels. An' so're my two lads, darn 'em both!' he cried, with ferocious glee, as he smote John's back with the flat of his hand, hard. 'An' wed that

wench o' Noah's soon as ever ye can, John, my boy!' he roared next. 'Eh, but ye've cut his comb fine between ye. Reckoned she'd catch a lord, Noah did, I lay, with her pianny-playin' an' them big black eyes o' hern. Well, serve him right. An' what you two've got to do, now I'm retirin', is to shove him off his perch an' combine the businesses. Eh, but ye've been smart, the pair o' ye! I'm proud o' ye, John; same as I'm proud o' your brother James here. Coom along. Sit down. I know everythin', ye see. James has told me. An' I'm retirin' next balance. Chuckin' that thing at ye this arternoon showed me as my head ain't what it should be. Supposin' I'd hit ye—only supposin'! An' I did ought to ha' been civil to that Yankee chap besides. It's a gem, you hinge. More than he looked like; but then looks ain't everythin', or where'd I be? Sit down an' have some 'am an' mushrooms, John. They're champion.'

John sat down. 'So you've undercut me, old chap!' he murmured, with an unsteady gaze at James.

'Had to, John.—You were in such a lovely humour for it, weren't you, dad?' said James.

But old Andrew was still master at Sandyside. He held up his finger at James, and then wagged it at John. 'We'm as we'm made, lads, an' no more about it,' he said, as bulldoggy as ever. 'I've said I'm retirin' next balance, an' no power on earth shall make me alter my mind. Ye've taught me to respect yer grandmother for the first time since I was born.—An' now tuck in at that 'am, John.'

John tucked in. But first his eyes did homage to old Andrew, and he said, 'You're great, sir. I want no better father than you, dad.'

A SOLDIER'S PASSING.

IF in life's camp I saw my tent door darken,

And one I knew not standing at salute:

'Who are you?' 'Orderly Death, sir. Hearken!

I bring a message no man may dispute.'

'Good Corporal Death,' thus would I haste to greet him,

'Stay but your message till the bugle call

"The Advance," that like a soldier I may meet him

From whom you come, the King who captains all.'

Not from a bed, but from the field of battle;

Not mine a cow death underneath a fence,

Nor with sad watchers, listening for the 'rattle,'

The last, low lingering breath ere all is mute;

Not among friends, but foes, may I pass hence,

And, sword in hand, my Captain and King salute.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE HOLY WELL OF RYRIE.

By A. L. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

'It is a thing of no price,' quoth the man, 'for it is rusty.'

'We shall see that,' said the Poor Thing; 'for in my thought it is a good thing to do what our fathers did, and to keep what they kept without question.'

Fables, by R. L. STEVENSON.

THERE is a voice to be heard in the silence of many solitary places which cries to the traveller to listen and to look well upon the land before him. It is a voice inaudible to many, and it breaks off its tale at the very outset, because it is permitted to tell no more; all it can do is to repeat, like the plaintive 'o'ercome o' a sang,' that this scene has beheld wonderful things, whose record has utterly perished, and can never now be imagined or told.

I had heard that voice in other places, but never more plainly than when I first turned my face toward Ryrie and the sea. The sun had some time set when I entered the hired 'machine' in which I was to traverse the five miles which still lay between me and the Manse of Ryrie, after a day in the train.

Two great expanses lay before me—on the one side a wild, bare, flattish country, notable for a lack of trees and human habitations; and on the other a great and lonely waste of leaden waters, turning, turning quietly in the twilight. The coast-line was chiefly low crags; but ahead of us it sloped down in a stretch of links to a broad stretch of desolate sands. The country was beautiful, but with a beauty which was austere and sad beyond description; and the silence of it struck a town-dweller like a blow.

My driver, an old countryman, who had hitherto been rather silent, seemed to divine my thoughts. 'Ay,' he said, 'it's gey lonely an' gey bare.'

'It is,' I said emphatically.

'We've naething for the towerists to come an' look at here,' he continued; 'nae notable castles or anything! We've nae luck ava! We've but the ae auld thing in Ryrie—awfu' auld it is—an' it, ye may say, is inveesible.'

'Dear me,' I said, 'and what may that be?'

'Oh,' he replied, 'it's a Holy Well; an' if a' the tales o' it are true—ay, or the ae half o' them—it was ance a wonderfu' place. It was famous at ae time; it had the name o' mirac'lous po'ers. Ay had it.'

'But the well must be there yet?' I said inquiringly.

'Oh ay,' he made answer; 'but naebody, to see it noo, would ever tak' it for anything but

an ordinar' spring. When my grandfaither was a young lad the watter ran intil an ancient basin o' stane, an' near by there was a great collection o' stanes whaur a chaipel had been. The grund roond aboot had been enclosed; ye could trace whaur the dike had crumbled doon; an' it was kenned to ha'e been a kirkyard that auld that naebody had been buried there i' the memory o' livin' man. But, oh, the plough has been ower it a' thae mony years! An' they've left naething but the wee drappie o' watter that naebody could weel hinder frae runnin'.'

To me it seemed a mean and wanton act of sacrilege, and I said so.

He nodded. 'It was so. But, oh, ye ken, there's no' mony thinks that noo. For ae thing, there's few i' thae days that kens aboot the Holy Well, an' in a whilie there'll be naebod ava! Mony's the time my grandfaither would say to us bairns, "Mind ye, bairns, yon's no' a common well; it's worthy o' respect. Folk has ta'en mony a thing frae it," says he, "but they canna' tak' awa' its po'er." He lived three mile frae the well, but he ne'er gaed by the spot wi'oot bringin' hame his dinner-flagon fu' o' the watter, for it's the grandest watter, mind ye! Ae day, when he got hame, here was a wee chuckie-stane in the bottom o' it. An' he was in the terriblest way aboot that stane. "I maun awa' east wi' it," says he. "Them that tak' a stane frae a Holy Well will lose every doot they ha'e." An' back he trailed wi' that wee bit stane.'

He looked at me with a sort of apologetic glance.

'I'm awfu' for auld stories,' he said with a smile. 'I believe I ken a' the auld anes i' the distric', an' folk whiles laugh at me.'

I was going to assure him that I, for one, did not, when he continued: 'If I might venture to say 't, ye'd better no' let on to the minister—to Mr Innes, ye ken—that I was bletcherin' awa' aboot the Holy Well, for if there's a thing he sets his face against, it's what he ca's supersteection, an' him an' me near fell oot aboot it afore.'

'No, no,' I said, smiling, 'I'll not tell him.'

For a few minutes he was silent, devoting himself to encouraging his horse up a long brae which we had come to, and I fell to thinking with a little amusement, of this light upon the character of my old kinsman, whom I was going to visit.

The Reverend David Innes of Ryrie was an old man between sixty and seventy years of age.

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distant cousin and college companion of my late father. Soon after he was licensed, Mr. Innes was appointed to this obscure rural parish on the east coast of Scotland, where he had ever since contentedly remained, and had fallen into studious, hermit-like mode of life. He was unmarried, and strange legends circulated in the family as to his eccentricities, the chief of which was a lively terror of women and an apprehension that he might be married in spite of himself. At intervals he issued from this seclusion to retreat and ventured on a holiday; but he was always accompanied (and so in a measure protected) by another old minister—a bachelor like himself, Pringle by name—who was his dearest friend.

It was upon one of these bold but perilous nights that he had first sought out my chambers in London, and introduced himself to me.

‘I christened ye, and ye’ve my name,’ he said, on this occasion, with an old-fashioned directness which I found rather touching; ‘and I have often been on my mind that I’ve never come before to see how you’re getting on in the world.’

When he found that I did so but indifferently, as a writer and journalist, his interest was aroused, and thereafter I had a visit at intervals from my old godfather, and an annual letter (of the queerest pedantic turn) urging me to spend a holiday with him. And now, after an illness, I was at last on my way to a house.

We were now nearing the summit of the bleak ridge overlooking the sea, and my driver spoke again.

‘We’ll sune be in sicht o’ the manse noo,’ he said—‘that is, as muckle o’ it as ye can see in its licht.’

The windings of the road, together with its high hedges, prevented one from seeing what was on the top of the ridge; but now the hedges, as a sharp turn, ceased, as if bitten off by the sea-winds (which I believe was actually the case), and I beheld the house whither I was bound.

It was now grown very dark; only one bar of greenish light still lingered in the western sky, and against it the Manse of Ryrie stood on the east of the ridge, in a clump of trees, strongly silhouetted as a vague bulk. A mass of darkness, black as sin, no light visible in any window on its side, it might well have stood for a warlock’s dwelling, an accursed place, the scene of some wickedness beyond the ordinary, anything rather than a quiet house of generations of the servants of God.

Thus, at least, it impressed me then. And this effect was heightened by a singular and ugly landmark which stood close at hand on the roadside. A few dozen yards ahead of us, where the manse loaning branched off from the highway at right angles, there rose a great grey obelisk, to all appearance a monument of 1913.]

the dead, hedged about by a cluster of dwarfish fir-trees, and enclosed by a railing. Come upon suddenly in such a light it was no less than startling; it stood against the sky like a black, admonitory finger uplifted; and it would be hard to say which of the pair I liked least, the manse or the ill-favoured sentinel at its gate.

‘Why, what’s this?’ I exclaimed sharply.

‘Oh, it’s just a moniment,’ my driver rather unnecessarily replied; adding, ‘There’s naebodie buried ablow it, ye ken; it was putten up till a former minister o’ Ryrie that—that was drowned.’

‘Drowned here?’ I asked.

‘Just out yonder,’ he said briefly, indicating the bay with a jerk of his head, and then concentrated his attention on turning the trap into the rough and narrow byway leading to the manse.

A few minutes later we were in sight of the proper front of the house; and here, it was agreeable to find, were lighted windows and an open door, where my godfather stood, in a cheerful beam of light, awaiting me.

He had in no way altered since last I had seen him, two years ago. Here was the same little old man, with a deeply wrinkled face that was both shrewd and kind, and very imperfectly shaved; his linen of a dubious freshness, a red pocket-handkerchief depending from a bulging coat-pocket, his waistcoat not innocent of snuff. But there was something in his eager welcome which made one put aside these things. He took me across a stone-flagged hail into a long, low-roofed parlour, where the table was set for a meal.

‘Ye’ll be glad o’ your supper,’ he said presently, ‘and Mirren—that’s my house-keeper—has it ready; it’s just been waiting on ye.’

The door, on these words, was opened by Mirren herself—for the manse boasted but the one servant—armed with a well laden-tray. She was a big woman, with gray hair and a great face with flabby, pendulous cheeks; one of the flattest, plainest, and grimmest faces surely ever bestowed on woman. She was, indeed, more like a harsh-featured man in woman’s dress. Material things prevailed in that large countenance; there was something inexpressibly wooden and unimaginative in her whole aspect, and I could not have pictured her swayed by any feminine weakness or susceptibility. Her cooking, however, was beyond reproach, and I said so to her master later on.

‘Ay, Mirren’s a good servant,’ he said. ‘She has been with me now for something like fifteen years. There’s an Eastern proverb—a grand saying—“Woman is a calamity; but no house should be without this evil.” And it’s true, ye know.’

I laughed.

It was but natural, and an improvement. On his side of the house, our forebears were plain people; his father had been a well-to-do farmer. A broad and homely speech had been the language of his youth, and he used it in private still; even grammar, at times, following the tall hat, and being laid aside. And yet (so I maintain) he was a gentleman; at ease with what he humbly called 'the gentry,' never a vulgar man. As the old phrase is, it was a wonder to see him.

Breakfast being over, his first act was to lead me forth to view the monument, a feature of the landscape on which I had not dwelt, but for which I perceived he had a great (and surely fortunate) admiration.

Even when seen in the cheerful morning light it was no whit more pleasant to look upon. Nay, rather, a good light revealed it to be sordidly ugly, and falling into a sad decay. The weather had peeled and corroded the stone, the slab of white marble containing the inscription was cracked across and foully discoloured, and the iron railings bent and devoured with rust.

Leaning upon them, I read the inscription :

ERECTED
BY THE PARISHIONERS
TO
THE MEMORY OF
THE REVD. MR ADAM TRAILL, A.M.,
MINR. OF RYRIE FROM
1800 TILL 1830.

It was very brief indeed, making no comment on the man, good or bad, and lacking even the usual text; and I felt a curiosity as to whether this were merely our national reticence, or if it had its root in economy, as the thrifty 'Minr.' suggested. There was ample space for more lettering.

'Ay, it's a handsome edifice—very handsome,' my godfather said with complacency, and fortunately took my admiration for granted.

'The inscription tells very little,' I said, discreetly fleeing the topic of beauty. 'This Mr Traill came to a tragic sort of end, didn't he!'

The old man turned sharply. 'Eh! Who told ye that!'

'The man who drove me here,' I replied. 'But he told me very little; he only said that Mr Traill had been drowned in the bay.'

My godfather nodded. 'Ah, well,' he said, 'there ye have the story. And as to how it happened I doubt if anybody could tell ye that, for the man was alone. It was an accident; no one saw it, and his body was never recovered.'

'So my driver said,' I remarked.

The old man did not look well pleased. 'Sam'l Motion is a blethering body,' he said, 1913.]

'very forward with strangers. But I have to employ him; he comes to my kirk, and is the only carrier we have.'

'He has a very suitable name,' I said, and my godfather's face relaxed into a grin.

'Ay,' he said, 'he has so. I mind telling him once it applied to his tongue as well. Ay, we've some curious names here.'

With these words (to my relief) he turned away, and brought our inspection of the gloomy monument to a close.

As we returned to the house, 'Well,' he said, eyeing me kindly, 'and what will ye do with yourself, eh?'

'Oh, I'm all right,' I replied cheerfully, 'I can entertain myself. I shall explore the parish; and then I want to get some writing done, of course.'

At this he brightened visibly, and I suddenly remembered that he had once told me how he spent all his spare time in perfecting some sort of text-book for students of Hebrew.

'You must not make a stranger of me,' I said, 'but go on with your daily work as if I were not here.'

'Well, well,' he said, 'please yourself, and ye'll please me. I was just thinking of your work last night, and wishing I could supply ye with some material for a story; but I could think of nothing' (he pronounced it 'nawthing') 'except that there was once a man hanged away east at Murie's Craig.'

For the life of me I could not help laughing at this extraordinary offer of material for a work of fiction.

'Ye think ye could make nothing of that?' he asked hopefully.

I shook my head, when all at once Sam'l Motion's story came to my remembrance.

'There is something you could tell me about,' I said, with some little craft. 'I remember hearing somewhere an old story to the effect that there is a Holy Well in your parish. Can you direct me to it!'

The carrier had spoken true. My godfather's expression underwent an abrupt change. His upper lip—always a long and notable feature—drew down in a portentous manner, and he eyed me with plain disapproval.

'No, there's no Holy Well here,' he said resolutely; 'nor, for the matter of that, anywhere else! There's a spring of good, clean water in a field by the sea; it will be that you are meaning. It's true that in the days of our blinded, ignorant forefathers it was called a Holy Well. And (would ye believe it?) it's not so many years since an antiquarian body, a fine gentleman, came to see the place, and called here to ask about it, and if I knew what saint it was dedicated to. "Man!" I said, "I wonder at ye. This talk of saints is just a ful-de-ral! In their day, I'm positive, they were all just plain, sinful bodies like you and me! No, I can tell ye

nothing," says I. "Supersteetion—and scandal—are two things I set my face against."

He paused, and then relenting, as if he felt he had been ungracious to a guest, 'Look,' he said, turning, 'd'ye see that eastmost field projecting a bittie into the sea? Ay! Well, then, it's yonder. There's a very green patch round it caused by the moisture from the spring; ye'll easily find it. But don't be carried away by a rideeculous and fanciful name. There's nothing to see.'

In spite of the disapproval and discouragement, I found my way to the spot much later in the afternoon—when the old man had gone to a christening some distance away—although I did not think it necessary to tell him where I was going.

The patch of green—a very large, neat oblong, as extensive as a small garden—was visible a long way off, and, seen near at hand, was strikingly luxuriant compared with the rest of the field. As the crop was turnips it was easy to reach the spring, and, once there, I saw that my godfather and the carrier were right; there was indeed nothing to see. Surely no place of its kind had ever less to reward the eyes of the curious than the Holy Well of Ryrie.

Near the centre of the green patch the turnip-drills were broken by a tangle of grass four or five feet square, and in the midst of this there lay a large boulder, very smooth and worn. From under this a tiny stream of water flowed into a hollow, about the size of a wash-hand basin, which it had wrought out for itself in the gravelly soil, and, escaping again at the side of the hollow, disappeared at once into the ground again.

This was all that time and men had left of the Holy Well, a place so sad and desolate that, by the look of it, it might have been the 'Wearie Well at the Warldis' Ende' of the fairy tale. It was the close of a sunless day; a chill rising wind whistled in the wiry grass of the shore, and ruffled the great expanse of leaden waters—'the flode so gray,' as the old romancer calls it; and overhead a seabird piped and mewed mournfully. And yet, if there was any virtue in an old name, this spot must once have been different. What manner of pilgrims, ceremonies, and reverence might it not have known! What saintly voyager of old might not have blessed it! I had read enough about the apostles of our islands who brought the Cross to us over the sea in frail coracles to set my imagination on a far journey.

The tradition of a chapel by the well proved that one holy man—more probably a small pious community—had dwelt and laboured here, breaking the silence with canticles and orisons; casting their nets in these gray waters for sustenance, and on that bleak shore for the slippery souls of men. And now they and their work were alike forgotten; the very man who held their office

to-day counting all their toil ill done, the work of evil, and striving to efface the very name of the Holy Well. Soon, no doubt, as the carrier had said, there would be no one left to speak of what it had been. And yet, even as that reflection crossed my mind, the green patch suddenly stood before me in a new light, and took on an arresting significance. To the old carrier, even, its greenness had but a gross cause, and my godfather would have it that it was the mere sign of water in a thirsty land. And they were so far right. But as I stood there, thinking of all these old things and the traditional sanctity of the place, it seemed to me to border on the miraculous how man had destroyed the boundaries of the consecrated land, and they renewed themselves year by year. The very seed sown by the thief and those who followed him rose up as annual witnesses against them, these dumb green things speaking 'with most miraculous organ' when men were silent. I wondered, did the original desecrator of the ground watch the growth of the first crop with indifference, with greedy satisfaction, or maybe with dread, as that handwriting which accused him grew more legible day by day! I could imagine him alternately stealing out to view it, and fleeing from the sight of that page. Yes, I turned from the place with some strange thoughts for company, the chiefest being this, that the Holy Well of Ryrie was a place cast down indeed, but not destroyed. I felt a strong anger against my old relative up yonder, and his attitude toward it; and although I resolved not to speak to him of the place again, I also decided to ask for more of its history from Sam'l Motion at a fitting opportunity.

That evening I went for a long walk, and did not reach the manse until it was nearly dark. Neither it nor its gloomy companion, the monument, looked a whit more cheerful than before; sinister, ill-favoured, and evil were a few of the adjectives which I applied to the two as I looked at them. And as I went up the leaning toward that black and silent bulk among the trees it pleased me, childishly, to enter into the spirit of the scene, to walk in a fairy-tale of the darker sort, and to be a traveller drawing near unaware to a wizard's dwelling.

No house could better have looked the part. I felt like an actor who is admirably played up to by his fellows, and conjured up something very near to real apprehension as I entered the shrubbery, saying to myself that we only lacked the appearing of the warlock himself.

But I was in the case of the child who rubs a match, and yet is terrified at the flame. And so, when the warlock (admirably presented by the manse gardener) did at that moment actually cross my path with a startling suddenness, he gave me a shock in which there was no make-believe at all. It was by this time almost dark; and as I passed the mysterious assembly of

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m, fantastic shapes which now stood for the rubbery, a very tall man noiselessly detached itself from one of them, as if it had split in two, and silently moved away across the lawn, appearing in the direction of the outhouses. I was of a quite extraordinarily tall stature, and carried a spade over his shoulder. That is I saw, and yet I have no word for the sensation I experienced at the sight of him. I had seen a child in make-believe. Well! I shrank and leaped when I came upon this stealthy creature as if I had been a child in reality, and when I entered the house the next minute I was as much irritated with myself as with him.

'What a queer, uncanny-looking gardener you are!' I said to my godfather, who was deep in book. 'In this light he might pass for a warlock or a bogle.'

'Ah, well, he might!' my old relative rejoined cheerfully, as if it were rather an advantage an otherwise. 'Yes, many people remark on Tolmie's appearance. But I believe ye're the first who has likened him to a bogle. See what is to have imagination!'

See what it was indeed! I began to think it is not without its drawbacks. Many times at evening I thought upon that undesirable servitor, Mr Tolmie, and speculated as to whether in the light of day he was capable of producing dread in the beholder. For that, at least, was the right word.

CHAPTER III.

[NEXT day being Sunday, my daylight meeting with the gardener was delayed; and I further learned from his master that Tolmie only came thrice a week, so that it seemed the encounter might be still longer postponed. By the time his day came round I had forgotten about him, so much had my interest in the creature worn off.

On Sunday in the manse there is no need for us to dwell. It was a day of extra activity, as fits mansees, and also a day of cold meals. The church was some distance inland, and stood beside the smithy and the eight or ten cottages which were the best that Ryrie could do to simulate a village; and I realised a little more how utterly my old relative had been cast away, as it were, from this bleak coast when I heard the able and striking sermon which he preached to a handful of labourers and fisherfolk.

On Monday we returned to our daily round, and I so continued the most of that week.

I was now settling down to life in Ryrie, and led it well—with one exception. Out of doors, particularly on the beach, the silence and the loneliness had an actual charm. But in the manse it was somehow different. During these days I had

come to the conclusion that it was, in truth, an eerie old house, whose outward look spoke true; in the evenings, when the shutters were barred and the lamps lit, I thought that the silence which closed in upon us, on that lonely ridge, had something in it which I had almost called terrible. It felt to me like some dread thing encompassing us. The old ballad came to my mind:

They steekit doors, they steekit yetts,
Close to the cheek and chin;
They steekit a'—but a little wicket,
And LAMMIKIN crap in!

But indeed we were in worse case. The Lammikin had not only entered long ago, but was established in the house, a dread presence of silence that had now sat in these empty chambers about us for (I suppose) close on forty years. And I felt, on these long autumnal nights, as if that presence, not yet content with what it already had, came forth, traversed the passages, and pressed upon our doors. I could only marvel at Mirren and her master, who never seemed to have discovered that it was an eerie house at all. Truly, they were the right people to live in it! Mirren was not imaginative, and my old godfather's flights of fancy, although active enough, and infinitely agitating to him, were restricted to more material things. As I sat with him at night, feeling the strange, unnameable pressure of that silence without, in spite of his cheerful company and diverting stories, I sometimes wondered what it must feel like to sit there habitually alone, as he did.

That I was actually to make the experiment I never dreamed. But so it came to pass most unexpectedly.

It was upon the Thursday that, when I came in to tea from one of my excursions, I found my godfather pacing about the parlour, and an open telegram lying on the table.

'Just look at this!' he cried. 'Here's Pringle asking me to go through and take his duties for the week-end, as he's ill.' He looked at me apologetically. 'I'll have to go,' he said; 'and yet to leave a visitor like this is a queer-like way of doing. After all, it's not for long, and I'll be back as soon as I can; it's not often I have cheerful company waiting for me at home.'

So saying, he disappeared, to send various telegrams, to look out a suitable sermon, and to pack, for Mr Pringle's parish was near the Border, and an early start was essential next day to secure a good train.

The stir of these preparations, trifling though they were, seemed to me to diminish the usual blank silence of the old house that night. I did not feel it until I had gone up to my room; but there I felt it again. What was that presence? I went to the window and lifted the blind, half-mechanically, as if I really expected to see the something which was so plainly to be felt. And there, in the moonlight, standing beside the dis-

used pig-sties, I saw the gardener again, as it might have been the incarnation of my fancies. It would seem that the night was the time of his activities; here he was again, at an hour when other men's work was over, and yet he was not to be seen by day. I confess my opinion of him did not rise; visions of poaching or theft rose to my mind, and I recalled his master's words that 'many people remarked on his looks.' He looked as ugly and furtive a figure as one could wish to see, and with a sudden impulse I let the blind fall again, and said to myself I should mention these nocturnal visitations to his simple-minded master.

We breakfasted early next morning. The day was gray, lowering, and very chill. My godfather had sent for Sam'l Motion's trap, and its arrival caused quite a stir in the manse.

Mirren's entrance and announcement, 'Yonder's the machine!' was made in as portentous a note as if she indicated the scaffold to her master. Indeed, I had the feeling that to him there was a certain alarm in any excursion like this; and as he took farewell of me, uneasily arrayed in spotless linen, and braced to adventure himself in the world of womenkind, he did not seem to be without forebodings. I thought that he looked about the little parlour as if he asked himself, 'Shall I still be single when I return?' and could give no confident answer. It was only after he had been gone some hours that I remembered I had never told him about the gardener.

I had, indeed, never realised the utter loneliness of my old kinsman's daily life in that old house until I was left alone in it myself; and, seeing that there was no real need for me to be here, my first thought was, why had I not announced that I would go to the nearest village for a change, and stay at the inn till his return? But it was too late now; and if I wrote to him, and went off, I was certain he would consider it a reflection on his house and hospitality. After all, it was only a week-end, and I should be out most of the day.

But I had forgotten the weather. The grayness of morning gradually developed into a smoke-like 'haar' blowing in from the sea, and two hours after Mr Innes left the day had declared itself hopelessly wet, and a drenching rain was spraying on the windows.

I tried a walk, but there was neither sense nor cheerfulness in that; and the afternoon found me with a book, in the parlour, feeling that I had been there all my life. Finally, on a pretext of getting more matches, I found my way to the kitchen to see how my fellow-captive did.

But she—no doubt owing to the temperament with which she was blessed—did remarkably well. There was a fine fire, she was baking, and altogether it was a pleasant change from the parlour. Up till now Mirren had preserved a

grim demeanour toward me; the wooden countenance had never betrayed any more familiar or friendly sentiment; but to-day I fancied it exhibited something nearer cordiality than I had yet seen. Having secured my matches, I still lingered, and she did not seem to be surprised.

'I doot ye'll be missin' the minister,' she said, proceeding to roll out another scone. She spoke in the slow sing-song of that coast, ending each sentence tragically on a low note; and she addressed me with an air that had something almost parental in it, as if I were a child to be looked after in her master's absence.

I admitted that I missed him very much. 'You must find this house rather lonely and eerie in the long nights,' I added.

But this was an unfortunate remark, and caused a discouraging return to what I may call the Early Wooden period.

'Eerie?' she repeated, bringing her large face to bear upon me. 'Not a grain! Them that has plenty ado ne'er fashes themsel's wi' sic havers.' A loud sniff, evidently directed at all branches of literature, followed this statement. 'I doot if ye bade here lang ye would be nae better nor auld Mr M'Eachern, him that was here afore the minister. He lived in a perfect terror o' bogles an' de'il's, an' sic-like. He was Hieland, ye see, an' terrible supersticious; an' d'ye ken, it grew on him that muckle that at the hinder end he would hardly gang out o' the manse after gloamin', an' carried on in the daftest-like way—lichts kept burnin' in his chalmers a' the nicht through, and sic-like manoeuvres.'

I felt more sympathy with the late Mr M'Eachern than it would have been prudent to show; but I permitted myself to ask, 'And what was he afraid of?'

'Ye may weel ask,' she replied in a deep note of irony, laying a fresh scone delicately on the girdle as she spoke. 'What could the body see waur nor himsel'? But, 'deed, by that time the man was auld; some said he was hardly wise; he had bidden ower lang his lane. As for bogles—hou! it's weel kenned there's nae sic thing.' So saying, she struck her hands vigorously together to rid them of flour, and might in the act have been casting off all superstitious weakness too.

I believe I was on the point of entering upon a defence of bogles, however futile it must have been to such an audience, when the latch of the outer door was lifted, and a great wiping of boots was audible from the scullery.

'That'll be Tolmie,' the housekeeper said. 'Will ye ha'e any letters to post?'

I had, but for a minute I did not answer her. The gardener came in as she spoke, and he was not my tall man. Here was a person so little and bent in the legs as to be practically deformed, an oddity; without question a figure

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to be remarked on, as his master had said, but entirely different from that other.

Who was that other? After I had given Tolmie my letters I returned to the parlour with a variety of food for thought. Or so, at least, I found it—in Ryrie. In town, probably, I should have paid little attention to the identity of a stranger I had seen, or to the story of Mr M'Eachern. But here, they took on a different value. Who my tall man was was a question that might easily be settled in time; and Mirren's story, therefore, took the first place.

Others, it seemed, besides myself had dwelt uneasily in the Manse of Ryrie; it was interesting that this should have come out, but hardly pleasant to me then. Doubtless that old, lone minister had sat here, many a time, as I did now, listening to the rain coursing upon the roof, watching another weary night close in, with no hope of a break in its solitude, feeling darkness return to press heavily upon the door. Oh, I knew well how he had felt!

That was an interminable evening. For very idleness and weariness I rose a dozen times from my futile writing, lifted the blind, and looked out—at first into utter darkness, but latterly into dim, inconstant moonlight. The moon had risen, and the clouds which scoured across it were thinning.

At last I prepared to go upstairs. But once again that drawn blind tempted me. I looked out, and there was the tall man crossing the lawn! It so chanced that a very unpleasant image of him was in my mind's eye as I lifted the blind, and, as I responded to the actual sight of him there, with a leap of the nerves my anger boiled over. This was too much; he had no right here, and should be seen off the premises forthwith. For the first time I remembered that the church plate (which was old and valuable) was kept in the manse, in accordance with the usual innocent and foolish custom; lying, moreover, in a lidless box in my godfather's bedroom.

Two minutes later I was out, armed with a stick, and stealing toward the outhouses, in which direction the tall man had gone.

The outhouses formed three sides of a square—on the right the barn, on the left the byres and stable, and in the middle a row of pig-sties. The last were enclosed by a low wall, and only roofed in at one corner, and being open to the sky, were full of drifted fallen leaves, the accumulation of years.

As I peeped round the stable wall into the courtyard, there was my tall man beside the farthest sty; and on that instant, evidently assured he was alone, he leaped the wall into it and began to dig.

It sounds an ordinary employment, and till then I had thought it so. But then I had never seen any one dig as did the tall man, and he lent his character to the employment. It was dreadful

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—that is the word. No one ever dug like this for mere bread; it might have been for life he dug. The moon shone out clear now for a minute, and showed his labouring back, the leaves flying under his tool; a dreadful rage and frantic activity, in short, which I could not endure to see.

'Hi, there! Stop!' I cried.

The digger leaped as if he had been struck, flinging away his tool, and clapped his hands to his head with a gesture of despair. But I could not be very sure of this last. For as I sprang forward, determined to know what he was and what he did, another cloud coursed over the moon, and a great shadow suddenly flitted across the farmyard. It passed in a second, but in that second the tall man was gone. Next minute I had leaped into the sty, and then stood staring.

There was no spade there; there had been no digging! And as I looked at the drifted leaves underfoot, beaten flat and caked from long lying there, at last I knew what the tall man was.

No one could ever lay hands on such as he. If I had never before regarded the manse as a place to be hastened to, a place of cheerful human security to be sought, I did so then as I fled into it.

I must allow that this feeling did not long continue. As I sat up there, on a pretence of reading, until the small hours of next day, I found it undesirable enough. The wind had gradually risen to a gale as the rain abated, and now stormed in the trees about the house, whirling twigs and leaves round it in a wild and pattering dance. During the lulls a menacing roar came up from the bay. And to my thinking there was yet a third activity about me that night, the worst of all, although it was both inaudible and unseen. I could not divest myself of the idea that the silent presence that had sat so long in the Manse of Ryrie had had its rest disturbed and was afoot. Its black nest had been shaken, and to my mind it flew abroad from one empty chamber to another, as restless as the leaves in the gale. When they were caught up without I fancied a horrid unseen stir on the old staircase; when the blast died away I felt a black presence withdrawn to the farthest chamber, to hide, and spring forth again.

See what it was, as my godfather had said, to have imagination! I saw it, to my cost, that interminable night.

CHAPTER IV.

'MIRREN,' I said next morning as she brought in the breakfast, 'where does Motion the carrier live?'

'Ye're no' seekin' him, are ye?' my self-constituted parent and jailer inquired. 'Ye're

no' gaun awa', and the minister hasna said when he's comin' yet.'

With these words she settled the question in her mind as requiring no further answer, and proceeded to set out eggs and bacon as if no more was to be said.

'Oh, I just wanted to know where he lived,' I said lightly; and at that, bringing her large countenance to bear on me disapprovingly, she furnished me with the desired information; although I was obliged to assure her that, whatever I wished it for, it was not for purposes of flight from the manse.

She had been nearer the mark than she dreamed. I believe that but for the fear of offending my godfather with a leave-taking which I could not explain I might really have gone. To tell him all I knew would have been, at the best, showing pictures to a blind man. And here, too, curiosity stepped in. I wanted to stay, at least, until I knew more of this business, for indeed I knew very little. It was the history of the manse I wanted to learn, and hence my anxiety to call upon Sam'l Motion.

I found him at home, and after the usual remarks upon the weather he lit upon Mirren's conversational opening of yesterday.

'Ye'll be missin' the minister?' he said; and it was evident that he thought I was about to seek distraction in driving. But here was an immediate chance, and I took it.

'Why, yes,' I said, 'I am. But, for all that, I have too much company up yonder; and that is what I came here about.'

He turned upon me with a searching look, but all he permitted himself to say was a cautious, 'Ay?'

'Mr Motion,' I said, 'do you remember telling me that you knew all the old stories hereabouts? Well, I want to know the past history of the manse.'

Sam'l made no instant reply. He laid a large and dirty hand on each knee, favoured me with an exhaustive stare of the greatest interest, and then said, 'Ay, man, I'm dootin' ye've met wi' the Lang Man o' Ryrie!'

'I rather fancy I have,' I replied dryly.

Sam'l again examined me, and coughed in a cautious manner.

'Ah, weel, I daur say I could tell ye something. Oh ay! But the minister maunna hear o' it, mind ye! For, as ye'll ken by now, he sets his face against scandal an' supersteection, an' this story is fu' o' baith. Deed, it's naething else.'

I assured him that would be all right, and Sam'l nodded.

'I jist wondered, when ye cam', if ye would be ane o' them that sees him,' he said. 'The minister, o' course onybody micht ken he's no ane; an' weel for him! But puir auld Mr M'Eachern, they said he had a sair time

o' it wi' the Lang Man. Ye would see him somewhere about the swines' houses!' he asked abruptly.

'Yes, an extraordinarily tall man.'

'That's him!' the carrier said.

'Yes; but who is he?' I cried impatiently.

'Wha is he! Wha would it be but Mr Traill?'

'Mr Traill!' I echoed.

The carrier nodded grimly.

'Jist him—the Reverend Adam Traill, A.M., late minister o' Ryrie, as you ill-faured stane says. That's wha it is! An' if ye speir why he canna rest, it's said to be because he meddled wi' the Holy Well.'

And before I could express my surprise and interest at this news he began the story of 'scandal and supersteection.'

'It was in the year eighteen hunder that the Reverend Adam Traill cam' to Ryrie. He was then nearin' middle age; a lang man, notable for his height, like Saul the son o' Kiah; an' nae sooner was he settled in the parish than folk saw whatten a kind o' ministry that would be! For I'se warrant he wasna notable for speeritual gifts. There was a story gaed aboot that the Lang Man o' Ryrie—as they cam' to ca' him—had been stappit into the ministry against his will, an' it was the best thing ye could say for him. Whatever was the richt way o' it, there he was, an' there he bided. He farmed the glebe, he rode a braw horse, an' to get ailler an' to spend it was a' he cared for. He was a single man, so he had but himself to spend it on. An' mony said it was as ill-gotten as it was ill-spent, for his chief employ up yonder was in rearin' swine. He bred an' trafficked in the ugly brutes, an' was that ta'en up wi' them that his folk were naething till him in comparison; an' it was said mony a time whatten a like wark that was for ane that should ha'e delighted in pure an' holy things! In these days, ye maun ken, folk hereabouts were terrible ill at swine. They were accounted creatures o' evil, awfu' beasts to ha'e aboot ye, no' even canny to speak ower muckle aboot ye, no' even canny to speak ower muckle o'. An', if ye tak' a thought, it's no' wi'out reason. Na; for they're ca'ed unclean in the Auld Testament, an' recorded to ha'e been chosen as a habitation o' deevils in the New. Every soo has the marks on it whaur the deevils gaed in; an' there's naething to show that they ever cam' out o' the race!

'Weel, it's true that lang or Mr Traill cam' to Ryrie the Holy Well had been neglectit, but it was destroyed by time, an' no' by the hand o' man. The stanes that had been the chapel lay scattered yonder; the dike enclosing the kirkyard was a' crum'led doon, but there was the line o' it plain enough, an' nae plough had ever crossed it then. The well i' these days was mair built-in like, an' the watter ran intil an auld, auld stane basin that had a cross scarle in the bottom o' it; an' there was mony a nee

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still that would tak' a sick bairn there, in spite o' the Presbytery—ay, an' threep that it had been cured.

'Mr Traill was soon seen to be a covetous man, ane o' the gear-gatherers, aye lustin' after temporal possessions. An' ae day—that was a black ane for him—what does he do but tak' a notion o' the stanes that lay round about the Holy Well! An' the next thing was that he had the best o' them cairted awa'. A whilie later, when he was havin' another swine's house built at the manse, it gaed aboot that some o' the stanes was them that had come frae the chappel or the well. But wha was to ken for certain, except Mr Traill himsel', an' what d'ye think it signified to the likes o' him? For a' that, some said it would signify till him yet; but that was to be seen. In the meanwhile, the wark that he had started gaed on. The auld stane basin vanished aboot that time; the stanes jist seemed to slip awa'; an' syne the farmer at the Sandness ploughed the field up, close to the well—ay, an' got the grandest craps aff it!

'There was nae denyin' that a sair change had come ower the Holy Well. But as time gaed on there was few to deny that as sair a change had come ower him that had first laid hands on it. I'll no' say naething o' the farmer at the Sandness that was roupit to the door, an' his children begged their bread in Ryrie; an' several others that were aye jaloused o' haein' a hand in the business, an' never throve again.

'But Mr Traill, in thae latter days, had fa'en into a fearfu' way o' livin'. He ne'er had led a seemly life, but now he was a byword. He was terrible heavy on the dram; that bell-pow [bald head] o' his was to be seen in shameful places, an' his auld stotterin' feet travelled on mony a black errand. Bairns wouldna gang by the manse wi'out a bit o' cauld iron in their nieves [hands] for fear o' him an' o' yon evil beasts that ye could hear, on wild an' windy nights, skreichin' like deevils. An' folk nae langer said that it was strange him keepin' them, but rather that they were ower weel agreed. Terrible stories o' him gaed aboot. Seemliness was forgotten a'thegither; yon wee kirkie has witnessed him mountin' to the pu'pit, a black bottle in his pouch, his feet stum'lin' in the holy place. A'budy was just wonderin' what could be the end o' it a', when that end cam'.

'Ae nicht Mr Traill left the manse on ane o' his errands. It was pit-mirk; he was ridin', an' had ta'en the road by the crags, an' him as little fit for it as might be.

'He ne'er entered the Manse o' Ryrie again. His horse, puir brute, was cast up on the sands next day, but no' him. An' them that had ye respectit the Holy Well remarked how Mr Traill had met his death sae near it, an', more—
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over, how him that had built the holy stanes intil a house for swine had come to the same end as thir foul beasts, an' gane "violently down a steep place into the sea."

Sam'l paused impressively for a moment, and then went on.

'Even them that had cried loudest to ha'e the man admonished or deposed was kind o' silenced by that stroke. He was awa' now, onyway; he had been wi' them for lang, an' he was a fine figure o' a man when first he cam'; but, oh, whatten an end! An' so, when some that had little ado wi' their siller had yon monument set up, naebody hindered them. But there was few to help; an' even his friends didna seek to put it in the kirkyard, their excuse bein' that he wasna buried there. An' so it fell out that him that had desecrated holy gr'und had nae place nor memorial in holy gr'und himsel'. Ay, it was remarked on. An' frae that day the manse has aye ha'en an ill name; them that has bided yonder has ne'er thriven weel, an' it's aye ascribed to the Lang Man that canna quit the place. There's ne'er been a bairn in the house since. Young Mr Blackwood died just afore his marriage; Mr Ballingall had a sair time o' it wi' his randy wife; Mr M'Eachern, he was sair pestered wi' the Lang Man himsel', an' got gey droll, puir auld gentleman! An'—

The carrier broke off, plainly on the point of adding my godfather to the list, but recovered himself nimbly.

'An' naebody can deny thae facts,' he continued. 'My grandfaither used to say that the Lang Man maun surely be seekin' something, an' that if a body could find out he might come nae mair. He's aye seen near the swine's houses; but, my certie! naebody that sees him is for bidin' to see what he seeks.'

'I'll tell you what he wants,' I said suddenly. 'He wants something that's buried in one of the sties.' And I related what I had seen.

Sam'l heard me with the liveliest attention. 'D'ye ken what I would do?' he asked eagerly.

'Look for it?'

'I would that! I would howk yonder or I fund it! Man!' he said excitedly, 'now's yer time; the minister's awa'; ye've the place to yersel'.

'Look here, then,' I said; 'I'll go back and do it, and you can come up in the afternoon to see the result.' And with this agreement we parted like a couple of conspirators.

Whatever might be the upshot of this search, I judged it had better be made secretly; and fortune favoured me. Mirren, in her master's absence, was having a terrible upheaval of his study, and the gardener did not come on Saturdays. I confess that I was glad the coast was clear, as I began (with a trifle of shamefacedness) to dig; and if faith had been an essential to finding anything, I had but little of

it then. Yet I dug with a sort of childish vagueness of expectancy and excitement until I unearthed the pig's trough, a cumbrous affair of stone, and common-sense awoke, and told me I was likely to find little else in such a place. And so it was. At last I paused, hot and more than a little humiliated, having turned up all that small enclosure, with but the one thing to show. And then, with a sudden dread of being found employed on such a fool's errand, I set about the task of burying this hidden treasure, and hiding the traces of my search.

It was in the midst of this act that I made the discovery. The trough in another minute would have been consigned to its former place, when something occurred. As I heaved it up sideways the caked mass of leaves and slime which had filled the basin fell out at my feet, and that cake of dried foulness had the imprint of a cross upon it. And then I knew. I looked back at the basin then, 'wi' a cross scarred on the bottom o' it,' and knew it for what it was—the ancient basin of the Holy Well, possibly once a font or holy-water stoup, which had served for years to feed the unclean animals.

By the time the carrier came I had, indeed, something worth the showing. I brought him to the place without a word.

'Look!' I said.

Sam'l was equally laconic. 'Ay, man!' he said, and then, nodding several times, as if many things were explained, 'Oh ay!'

CHAPTER V.

ALL that Saturday night it rained heavily, as if further to purify the ancient basin of the Holy Well. The carrier and I, on our part, had also washed it, and removed it to an unfrequented corner of the garden. Before he left we held a council as to what was to be done with it next. That it must be replaced at the well we were both agreed; and as it was clear this could never be accomplished with the knowledge or consent of my godfather, we decided to do it secretly, and as soon as possible. It was more than likely that my godfather might return on Monday, so we fixed upon a very early hour on Monday morning. Sam'l was to come to the manse by a back-road, bringing a wheelbarrow up under cover of the glebe wall; the basin was to be transferred to it, and he was then to start for the Holy Well by a circuitous route; whilst I (on pretence of an early bathe) was to go openly to the beach, and join him from there. These precautions may seem unnecessary and even absurd, but we thought them needful in case our visit to the well might be observed, and afterward connected with the return of the relic.

'If the minister was to get word that the stane had been here, an' was replaced by folk frae the manse,' Sam'l said, with a face of lively apprehension, 'I mak' little doot that he would bring it back to the swine's house—ay, an' maybe chap it in twa wi' his ain hands.' And I was quite of his mind.

The next day, Sunday, was a dreary day of rain, with a wind that piped and sang in the manse chimneys. I find no need to dwell on any incident of it, or to speak further of the probationer who bicycled over from somewhere to take my godfather's duties, and whom I had to entertain all day in the manse. But, whether I am derided for it or not, I must strongly declare that ever since the day of my digging the old house had felt different to me. We had had no visitant since that I could see. But there was more than that; to my thinking the nameless oppression that overhung the place like a cloud was gone, although whether it would not return was a different question.

Early next morning I set out for the Holy Well. The rain and wind had ceased; the gray seas moved quietly under a gray sky; and all the land was pearly white with a dew that might have passed for hoar-frost, everything was so transfigured with it. An autumnal icy freshness and purity was in the air, and a great stillness. Early as I was, I was not the first live creature at the Holy Well. Quaintly assembled on the field there was drawn up a little white company of sea-mews, silent, solemnly facing eastward, as it might have been the spirits of the old voyaging monk and his companions come back for a little to see the poor and tardy restitution that men were making to the old shrine.

In due time the carrier appeared, cannily advancing under cover of a dike; and presently he stood beside me. I fancied that I detected in him an awkwardness which I myself laboured under, a shyness of what we were about to do, and a desire to conceal it by an assumption of everyday speech and behaviour. In this respect we were a pair of the most discreditable pilgrims, surely, who had ever come to pay our respects to the place; a single spectator would have put us to flight; any one questioning us as to what we did would have invited a ready flood of falsehood; and, even now, I think we were doing our best to hide from each other the feelings and beliefs which had at some trouble brought us there.

Sam'l set down his barrow and drew a long breath.

'Ah, weel, here it is! Will I coup it out now?' said this decadent pilgrim.

'All right,' I answered casually.

I had already scooped out the gravel from the hollow where the basin belonged, so that there was room for it; and the carrier tilted his barrow, telling me to 'kep the basin.'

But there was no need, it seemed, to do so
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As I was in the act of laying my hands on it to guide it into its place, it rolled sideways to the earth, made a turn, and dropped right side up into the hole, splashing a shower of water upon us both. No one could have put it more neatly in.

'See that! See that now!' the carrier cried with a sort of awe. 'Look see! it gaed in itsel' as neat's ye like, wi' the help o' nae man! Dinna shak' off that watter,' he added hastily; 'we didna put it on oursel's, mind that. It was putten on us.'

For a minute a real and devout pilgrim stood confessed before me; so perhaps had some old forebear of his stood and venerated the place; but the next instant Sam'l was himself again.

'We'll better jist pack in thae wee stanes and gravel round aboot,' he said in his old manner, 'an' I'll smoothe out our feetmarks, an' syne we'll be steppin'. Is there nae word frae the minister when he's to be back?'

'Not yet,' I said; 'but there may be a message to-day.'

'I'll send up a bairn to the manse later to see,' the carrier said. 'Oh, he can come now! We're through wi' this, an', I'm tellin' ye, ye'll be through up yonder wi' the Lang Man. We've putten back the stane for him. Things o' evil ha'e been comin' aboot yon house this mony a year. We'll see what comes now.'

I waited behind him a little, and looked at the forsaken field of the Holy Well, overcome by a sudden sense of disappointment. After all, what had we done? The white company of witnesses had dispersed unseen; our poor restoration was accomplished; the place was returning to the accustomed solitude which was now its portion, and it looked as sad as ever.

But just as I thought that, the change came. The sun, breaking through the clouds, suddenly, and for the first time in my experience there, transfigured the great expanse of leaden water in the east. It wrought an incredible change. The sea was no longer 'the sea fiods so gray,' but sparkling to blindness; distance upon distance, one mysterious horizon beyond another, white as the garments of the saints. Far, far away, in the very heart of that molten whiteness, I saw for the first time a tiny fishing-boat slowly making its way toward the bay of Ryrie, travelling along a path of living waters that the eye could scarcely endure to look on; no more miraculous could the bay have looked at the coming of that unknown voyager, now long forgotten, who had blessed the Holy Well.

But that was a light as transient as it was wonderful. As swiftly as if a door were shutting, and with the same effect, a shadow travelling across land and sea made all gray again; and, unwilling to let the latter picture blot out the former one, I turned away quickly and left the 1913.]

place. I have never since ceased to think that it was holy.

Our morning's work had only been done in time. I had not long returned to the manse when a telegram arrived from my godfather, saying that he expected to arrive in the afternoon; and this news was sent to the carrier.

There prevailed within the manse throughout that day such a turmoil of cleaning that I spent the most of it out of doors, and, being rendered homeless for the time, fell to raking the gravel as a contribution to the rejoicings. It would be hard to say when it had received the like attention, and what between its appearance and the thought of something else I had accomplished (also to improve the manse), I awaited 'the machine' with satisfaction.

I was not the first, however, to see its approach. The truth is our clocks were slow, and so I was in the garden when a pounding and scattering of the gravel announced that Mirren was running toward me; and next minute she breathlessly called my name.

'Yonder's the minister comin'!' she cried; 'but, mercy me, he's no' his lane!'

She addressed these last words to me through a hole in the garden hedge, and never had I seen such agitation displayed on that large expanse of face. Ridiculous as it may seem, her words to me suggested but the one thing, and I believe that was the thought in her own mind. For once the wooden housekeeper suffered from imagination. Who was with her master in the fatal 'machine'? Whom did he bring to Ryrie?

No sooner had she made her announcement than she vanished, the gravel scattering before her again; and, as I hurried after her, she disappeared round the corner of the manse to take another observation.

Next minute she looked back, crying, 'Mercy on us! *It's bairns!*' and hurried to meet them.

When I reached the front of the house, simultaneously with 'the machine,' I saw that her astounding statement was true. Here were bairns, two of them, and rather pretty ones at that; a boy of about eight, and a little yellow-haired girl a year or two younger; and my old relative was awkwardly lifting the latter down as I went forward.

'Ay, ay!' he said, 'here I am, ye see; or (to be exact) here we are!' With which he put his hands on the shoulders of the two young persons, propelling them toward Mirren and me. 'This is John and Effie Pringle,' he said, 'my old friend Pringle's grand-nephew and niece—shake hands, bairns—and they've come to pay us a visit because their grand-uncle is ill.—I had no time to send ye word, Mirren; this, ye'll understand, has been a very sudden decease to all of us. But they're good bairns; and—and we'll speak about this again,' he concluded rather

lamely, with a look that was both anxious and apologetic.

Mirren, however, rose to the occasion nobly. Perhaps she reflected that this was infinitely better than it might have been.

'Hout ay; hout ay! Jist that! We'll do our best,' she said to her master; and then, in a voice which she had never employed to us, 'Come awa' in, hinnie.'

As I took some rugs from the carrier he pointed at the retreating figures triumphantly. 'See that!' he said in a low voice. 'See what's comed to Ryrie Manse now! Did I no' tell ye? It's a sign; an' ye'll no' see *him* again. Black things ha'e been hereaboot thae many years; now it's the turn o' white anes!' with which he placed in my arms on the top of my load a white woolly lamb on a green stand, and, grinning broadly, prepared to drive away.

The white things which had come to our old house caused some little upheaval at first, we were so unused to such guests. There were difficulties with regard to tea, for instance, Effie having to be raised to the level of the table by means of books from the study—a suggestion of Mirren's. Our new visitants said grace, depriving their host of his daily office; whilst he looked on admiringly, saying aside to us, 'The creatur's!'

And Mirren had to be kept on the spot, like a work of reference, to be consulted as to what and how much the young persons should have to eat.

Once tea was over and they had gone with her to play with the kitchen cat, I heard their story.

They were singularly friendless little creatures. Their mother had died when the little girl was a baby, and their father three years ago. He was Mr Pringle's nephew and only near relation, and left them but ill-off; and since then they had lived with the old gentleman. Now he had developed a serious ailment which necessitated his getting immediate leave of absence and treatment under a specialist in town. He did not wish to leave the children in the care of the servants he had; he was to go away at once, and avoid worry. Here my godfather, of all people on earth, had stepped in and undertaken to look after the two until Mr Pringle was better.

I cannot say I thought him wise. But the thing was done, and his friend's mind set at rest; and here we were left to make the best of it.

I believe we both had secret misgivings as to

how our guests would take the mention of bed-time. I was nearly as ignorant of children as my old godfather, and was oppressed by a vague idea of having heard that they had to be sung to sleep or told stories to the same end; although I could not picture this task being performed by any inmate of the manse.

But it turned out that my godfather had been singularly fortunate in his accidental choice of children. These two little creatures had seen several changes in their short lives; they were docile and good-tempered, and, it afterwards came out, were not used to being made much of.

They went to bed cheerfully, after greatly embarrassing my godfather by kissing him and saying, 'We like your house.'

I made a mental note of that. I felt that had they come a few days earlier than they did, they would not have volunteered this testimonial. They had come at the right time, and I confess I have never believed it to be a mere accident.

It chanced that I had not a long personal experience of my godfather's experiment at that time. A few days later I was called away to town as suddenly as he had been, but in my case on business. Next time I visited Ryrie I learned from Sam'l Motion that he attributed this, too, to the Holy Well; for I received the offer of a post which was a very good thing for me. I have never quite settled that question; but as to the Manse of Ryrie, I uphold the carrier. The black visitant went for good, and the other guests came to stay. Their grand-uncle died whilst undergoing a cure, and my godfather caused himself to be appointed their guardian.

Thus were the good days now come, and to be witnessed with pleasure. Yet there was one place in Ryrie where no such revival was manifest.

The last time I went down to the Holy Well a bitter wind sang on the crags, the sea-birds piped forlornly, and again I heard the voice one hears in solitary places, crying of past days. And yet, I think it told me more now. It told, too, of the ancient mysteries which no man has hold good through all time, and how men may cast down, but cannot destroy, these things. And above, on the distant ridge, the stern admonitory finger of the monument, uplifted against the sunset, adjured those with eyes to see to respect the Holy Well.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

By ARTHUR F. DICKINS.

A DOCTOR practising in the poorer parts of a large seaport like Liverpool comes into contact with all sorts and conditions of humanity, and goes through some strange experiences. I have had my share of such experiences, and at times have undergone considerable bodily danger in the exercise of my professional duties; but only once have I been concerned in a happening verging on the supernatural.

Having duly qualified for the profession of medicine, I took several voyages to different parts of the world as ship's doctor. During the last of these voyages an aged relative died and left me a small legacy, with which, on my return, I purchased a poor practice in a slum quarter of Liverpool, and it was here that the incident I am going to relate occurred.

I have never been of a superstitious nature, and before the circumstance narrated in the following pages happened I used to laugh scornfully at all tales of ghosts and similar phenomena. I have since kept an open mind on the subject, and have now enough wisdom to prevent me from jeering at things beyond my comprehension.

One evening in the autumn of 1903 I arrived home after a heavy and fatiguing day's work, feeling tired out, and hoping that I might not be disturbed that night. After dinner I smoked a couple of pipes, and was just going to bed, when the street-door bell rang; and as my housekeeper and her maid-of-all-work were out, I opened the door myself. The bell-ringer was a slatternly-looking girl of about sixteen years of age, who informed me that I was wanted at once to attend a case of premature confinement.

Putting on my hat and overcoat, I got together the necessary implements and prepared to follow the girl. Our destination was a low-class lodging-house about half a mile away, and the patient, I gathered from my guide, was a foreign woman who had arrived in England only the same day. The house we were bound for was situated in Duke Street, a street which in the early years of the nineteenth century was the centre of the aristocratic quarter of the town; but at the time of which I am writing the wealthy residents had long since left it, and it then formed, as it does now, part of one of the most squalid districts of the Mersey city. The large Georgian mansions once inhabited by prosperous merchants are now let to warehousemen and the poorer class of lodging-house keepers.

On arriving at our destination I was met by the keeper of the house and his wife, the latter immediately conducting me up to the room in which the patient lay. I learnt from the keeper's

wife, who seemed rather resentful about the matter, that the sick woman and her husband were Danish folk, who had arrived in Liverpool that evening from their native city *en route* for the United States of America.

They had been brought to this house by an emigration agent because the Scandinavian boarding-house to which they were consigned was full. Shortly after their arrival the woman, being suddenly taken unwell, had been put to bed; and the man, a sullen, loutish-looking fellow, who, I was told, seemed to view his wife's sufferings with indifference, had gone out, and had not since returned. Neither the man nor his wife, my informant added, could speak a word of English.

The apartment in which I found myself, after ascending the staircase, was a long room on the first floor of the house, and presented one of the most miserable interiors I have ever seen. The ceiling had fallen away in places, and looked like an ill-regulated chessboard composed of rafters and mortar. The walls were without paper, and in different parts were discoloured and bulged by the effect of damp. The floor was bare, and its boards creaked with the infirmities of age. To complete the depressing aspect of the place, one solitary gas-jet illuminated, or rather failed to illuminate, the room. I noticed that in spite of the depths of decay to which the apartment had fallen, it retained, in its wood-work and the remains of the ceiling mouldings, evidence of the prosperity it had no doubt once enjoyed as the drawing-room of a well-to-do family.

There were six low wooden beds in the room. In addition to that used by the sick woman, two others were occupied—one by a youth who seemed to be fast asleep, and the other by a middle-aged man, who, fully dressed, was lying mumbling music-hall songs with drunken seriousness. In answer to my inquiry, the keeper's wife said that this was really the men's room; but the invalid had collapsed just outside the door, and as the women's apartment was on the next storey, it had been necessary to bring her into this room.

The bed on which my patient was lying fortunately stood immediately under the single gas-jet before alluded to; and after my preliminary glance round I at once went toward it. On reaching it I gave a start of surprise, for the woman I had come to attend—she was little more than a girl—possessed one of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen. Like many of her countrywomen, she was of a very fair

complexion, with flaxen hair; but, unlike most women of her race, her features were extremely delicate and refined. Beautiful though the face was, it attracted more by an apparent pathetic wistfulness than by its undoubted loveliness.

I caused a screen, made of two clothes-horses and some sheets, to be erected round the bed, and then, aided by a woman-lodger who claimed some experience as a midwife, attended to my professional duties. The child, a boy, was born about half-an-hour after I entered the house, but died a few minutes after its birth. Then there came a grim hour's struggle with death for the life of the mother, in which I received good help from my voluntary assistant, who indeed proved herself a woman of experience in this particular work. At the end of the hour honours were about even, for the patient was still living, though in an exhausted condition.

As nothing more could be done at the time, I told my assistant, who had offered to sit up all night with the sick woman, to go and take a cup of tea and some food, whilst I watched in her absence. I also took occasion to have the drunken vocalist removed, as his voice seemed to be growing stronger. He went downstairs, aided by the proprietor of the house, and protesting dismally, to a melancholy tune, that he was 'afraid to go home in the dark.'

I was now, but for the sleeping youth, alone with my patient, whose struggles and screams had ceased through increasing weakness. As I sat looking down on the pale, beautiful young face, my thoughts and conjectures were sad ones. The girl's beauty made it seem probable that she had been courted in her own country. Perhaps some honest, honourable man had sought her hand, but had been repulsed that she might give her life to the man who, from his neglect of her, seemed to be an utter brute.

My musings were interrupted by the patient beginning to speak in a low voice. In a few minutes her voice grew a little stronger, and I could clearly distinguish that I was listening to an unconscious soliloquy, a verbal dream, though I did not understand the language used. I bent my head to hear more clearly, and as I did so I distinctly heard the words 'better land.' These two words were spoken with a strong foreign accent; but I had been told that the woman did not know a word of English, and I was therefore surprised. The soliloquy now began to come more rapidly from the patient's lips; and though for some minutes I heard nothing but a confused jargon of foreign and English words, yet I noticed that the latter seemed to be becoming more frequent, and, strangely enough, the foreign accent seemed to be less marked. Suddenly, to my great astonishment, I heard the following sentence in good English, and with but a faint accent: 'John, the better land—where, oh, where is it!' At this point I had the wit to take my tablets and begin to write down the woman's

words. For some minutes after the sentence given above there was a medley of English words in no apparent order, and then I plainly heard and noted down the following: 'Bless me, my father, bless me; and with thee, to the still cabin and the beechen-tree, let me return.' These words were spoken in perfect English, and with no trace of a foreign accent. I was now rather excited, and with pen in hand waited to hear more. Again for some minutes nothing came but a string of unconnected English words, in which I distinguished the phrase 'better land' several times. Then slowly and distinctly came the following:

'And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same old tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth;
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, oh earth!'

I put the above on my tablet as prose, not finding out till later that it was verse.

When the woman said the word 'earth' she stopped speaking, and did not resume for about five minutes. At the expiration of that time she again spoke; but though I heard many English words, there were no further intelligible sentences. I noted also that the foreign words were becoming more frequent, and that the foreign accent was becoming stronger in the pronunciation of the English. In a few minutes she was again speaking entirely in what I supposed to be her native tongue, but the voice was becoming very weak, and soon ceased altogether.

Shortly after the last words I heard were spoken, the woman who was going to sit up all night with the patient came back, and after giving her some instructions I rose to go, without saying anything of my experiences whilst she was absent.

Before leaving the house I sought the proprietor and his wife, neither of whom had gone to bed. They repeated what I had heard before, that neither the patient nor her husband spoke a word of English. The man who had brought the strangers to the house had assured the proprietor of this. It appeared that the sick woman and her husband had spoken but little together in their own language, and that when spoken to in English they shook their heads as though they did not understand.

On arriving home I sat down, and, having lit my pipe, reviewed the circumstances of the night. The frequent repetition by the patient of the words 'better land' had impressed my imagination, for they seemed familiar to me. I have never been much of a reader, and had read

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practically no poetry; yet I seemed to remember a poem in which the phrase 'the better land' frequently occurred.

I had in my scantily filled bookcase a book of short poetical pieces which I had kept from my schooldays. I now took this book down and began to look through it. I soon found the poem I had thought of; it was by Mrs Hemans, whom I knew only as a name. The poem, which, I have since heard, is one of the best-known in the language, has for its theme a child asking its mother where the better land is. Each verse closes with the refrain, 'Not there, not there, my child!' No particulars of the authoress were given in the book, and after searching in vain for some further work by the same writer, I returned the book to its place and went to bed.

Next morning I called to see the patient, and heard without surprise that she was dead. She had died, I learnt, about three hours after I had left the house. The woman who was attending her did not think it necessary to send for me, as she knew that I could do nothing to avert the end.

I went upstairs to the room where the death took place. The beautiful young mother lay with her dead child by her side; and, familiar with death though I was, I pitied and wondered at the sight as I had never done before.

Before leaving the house I filled in the certificate of death, and wrote a short note giving the medical particulars of the case. I instructed the boarding-house keeper to deliver this note to the Danish consul, who was to be consulted about the burial.

After leaving the house, and before stepping into the hired cab which was waiting for me at the kerbstone, I turned to speak a final word to the mistress of the establishment, who had accompanied me to the door. As I did so I experienced one of the greatest shocks I have ever undergone. Attached to the wall of the house, on the left-hand side of the door, was a wooden tablet bearing this inscription:

FELICIA D. HEMANS,
POETESS,
BORN IN THIS HOUSE,
25TH SEPTEMBER 1793.

I stood with my mouth open, staring at the tablet until the woman of the house asked me if I were ill. I then pulled myself together, and asked the woman what she could tell me of the tablet and Mrs Hemans. This was very little, for she could only inform me that the tablet was there when she and her husband came to the house, and that she knew nothing whatever of Mrs Hemans. In answer to my inquiry she said that the only people who manifested any interest in the matter were American visitors to the city. The woman appeared to be getting bored by my questioning, so after a good look

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at the tablet I stepped into my cab and drove away.

Before going home that evening I entered a bookshop and procured a complete edition of the works of Mrs Hemans. This was a one volume edition, and contained a memoir of the poetess.

The same night, when dinner was over, I lit my pipe and proceeded to make a systematic search in the volume for the sentences which I had written from the dead woman's delivery. I felt sure I should find them.

After searching for some time I came across a poem entitled 'The Graves of a Household,' the last three verses of which, with the exception of one word, were written in my notes from the woman's dictation exactly as they appeared in the book. These were the verses beginning, 'And one—o'er her the myrtle showers,' and ending, 'And naught beyond, oh earth!' The only difference was that the second line of the second verse as taken down on my tablets read, 'Beneath the same *old* tree,' whilst in the edition of the poems which I had bought it read, 'Beneath the same *green* tree.'

The only other coherent sentence in my notes was as follows:

Bless me, my father, bless me; and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen-tree,
Let me return.

This I found word for word in one of Mrs Hemans's poems entitled 'Joan of Arc in Rheims.'

As before stated, I had taken the sentences down in my notes as prose, and it was not until after I had noticed the rhymes in the first example that I found they were verse.

I sat for some time thinking the matter over. According to the only available evidence, the woman could neither speak English nor understand it when spoken by others. But even allowing that she had a knowledge of our tongue, the circumstances were most extraordinary. Here was a poor foreign emigrant who not only knew English, but was conversant with some of the least-known work of an almost forgotten English poetess—I found from the memoir of Mrs Hemans that her vogue had long departed, and that the lines beginning, 'Bless me, oh my father!' were from one of her least-known poems—and who by the merest chance was brought to die in the house where that poetess was born. That these events might happen through pure coincidence, though of course possible, was so very improbable that I felt justified in thinking that here was something that defied human explanation.

About a week after the events related above occurred I called at the office of the Danish consul, and told him the extraordinary story. The consul, a pleasant Danish gentleman, appeared much interested, and on my request promised to make full inquiry concerning the

dead girl, and to let me know the result. He agreed with me that, though the young woman must have been acquainted with the English language, my story was most remarkable.

I heard nothing further of the matter for about a month, but at the expiration of that period received a lengthy letter from the consul giving the result of his inquiries regarding the deceased woman. The particulars given were briefly as follows :

The girl was born and had spent all her life at a village about ten miles from the town of Viborg, in Denmark. Her father, a small farmer, had been a widower for some years, and the girl, his only child, kept house for him. When the girl was about eighteen years of age—she was just twenty at the time of her death—she met a young man belonging to a neighbouring village. This man, who was about ten years older than the girl, had been a sailor, but getting tired of the sea, had returned to his native place, and earned a precarious living as a day-labourer. He was a sullen, loutish fellow, addicted to drinking, and bore a bad name in the neighbourhood; but the girl appeared to be infatuated with him, and in spite of the protests of her relations the couple were married. The girl's father died about eighteen months after the marriage, and left his daughter a small sum of money, with which the husband and wife decided to emigrate to America. From the accounts of people who knew the couple, the girl was a

gentle, winning creature, and was as popular as her husband was otherwise. The information concluded with the statement that the girl was practically illiterate, *and certainly had no knowledge of the English language.*

The consul at the close of his letter insinuated politely that I must have mistaken what I heard or that, being tired, I must have slept and dreamt the whole story. I knew better; but as I found that all the people to whom I told the story put it down to sleep, overwork, imagination, or something similar, and not one of them believed my tale, I soon gave up telling it. It does a professional man no good to be thought queer, and I knew that if I persisted in my story I should soon earn that reputation. I smile rather grimly when I think that had I not been a known testototaler, another cause might have been assigned for my belief in the supernatural character of the circumstances.

The woman's husband was never heard of again to my knowledge, and it was assumed that he had shipped as a hand on a vessel sailing from the Mersey port. His nautical training lends colour to this view.

I have now committed the story to paper, and here affirm that the events related in the narrative truly happened as set down. I have sent an account of the matter to the Psychical Research Society, but, with the exception of a mere acknowledgment of my letter, have received no reply.

FAIRIES.

NURSE says that they are 'Nonsense,' and father says, 'Perhaps;'
But mother knows that they are real, for she has seen them too.
And she and I both *love* the ones that paint the bluebells blue,
And varnish all the buttercups, and tip the daisies red,
And hang the scented flowers on the hawthorns overhead.
We know, though some say, 'Nonsense,' and others say, 'Perhaps'—
We know!

We know that it is fairies that make the blackbirds sing,
And teach them how to build their nests of sticks and moss and hay;
And fairies put the sun to bed and wake him when it's day,
And fairies climb up in the dark and light the stars at night,
And sometimes hang a moon as well to make the sky more bright.
We know it is the fairies that do just everything—
We know!

Nurse says, 'Of all old-fashioned!' and father strokes my hair,
But mother knows that it is true, for she herself told me
That very high up in the blue, beyond where we can see,
There's Some One very kind and dear, and very, very good,
Who tells the fairies when to dress the big trees in the wood,
A sort of Father Fairy King who tells the fairies everything—
We know!

JAY E. FOREST.

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